Heppner

TENTH YEAR

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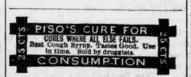
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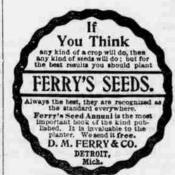
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ABSOLUTELY PURE



The captain nesitated, Mark began to fear that he was thinking of using force rather than let so promising a recruit go.

"Are you sure you'll come back?" "Sarten, cap."

Mark moved away, and it was not until he had got out of sight that he realized he had run a great risk, for he saw that the captain would have detained him had he not believed in his sincerity about enlisting.

Mark went straight to the hotel and paid his bill. He feared the recruiting officer might send for him or have him followed, so without waiting to eat his supper he made a package of his purchases. Jakey took his gun and slung his powder and shot flask over his shoulder. Then the two left the hotel to begin an attempt to leave Chatta-nooga. Their stay had been only from sunrise to sunset, but Mark had gained all the information he was likely to acquire and was anxious to get away with it. True, he did not know where the enemy would strike, but this he would not be likely to learn.

CHAPTER VIII.



He turned to look at the sentinel. Going down to the ferryboat they to carry the soldiers and citizens who were crossing. Mark thought he would try what assurance would do in getting across without a pass. He found the guard more watchful than he expected. "Can't y' pass me 'n my leetle brother, lieutenant?" he asked. "We be'n doen ome traden in Chattanoogy and want ter git home. We be'n buyen some cal-

iker for the women folks." "Old Bragg himself couldn't go over without a pass," responded the officer. "Whar mought I git one?" asked

Mark. "At headquarters, I reckon." Mark turned away. He considered the expediency of going to headquarters and asking for a pass, but regarded this course fraught with too much risk. He determined to make an attempt to get out of town and across the river by the route over which he had entered. knew the ground by this route, and that was a great advantage. If he could steal his way beyond the picket he could doubtless find a method of crossing. Perhaps he might make his way down the river and across at Shell mound, or, still lower, to the mouth of Battle creek. held by the Union forces.

Mark skirted the town on the west, and then took a course directly south till he came to the railroad. This he followed o a point near where he had bivonacked the night before. Crawling to a rise in the ground and motioning Jakey to keep back, he laid down on his stomach

to make a survey. It was nearly dark. Silhouettes of figures were passing between him and a campfire beside the railroad track. Be-yond, the palisades of Lookout mountain stood out boldly against a streak o twilight in the west. Between the track and the river was an open space, over

... Just pass to get by the moket. The river bank would afford some protection. Near where he was it was steep, and the current set directly against it, but lower down by the picket there appeared to be places where a man could walk under the low bluff.

face, so that at times her light was partly obscured. Mark thought of waiting till she had set, but this would not be till after daylight. He made up his

mind to make the attempt at once. Calling Jakey he gave him an account of what he intended to try for, and told him that if it should be necessary to run under fire the boy was to lie down, and, if necessary, give himself up, but on no account to risk being shot. Jakey only half promised, and Mark was obliged to be satisfied with this. Then, waiting for a little while longer for the twilight to entirely disappear and a cloud to obscure the moon, he lay on the ground gathering his forces and getting his mind into that cool state requisite for one who is about to make a very hazardous attempt.

Presently the conditions were favora ble, and he got up and led the way to the river bank, which he proposed to skirt. He left his bundle, but took Jakey's gun, loaded and capped, in his hand. They soon gained the point where they had landed the night before—nearly opposite where Mark had seen the silhouettes on the railroad. Treading as noiselessly as possible, they passed along the river mar-gin under the overhanging bank till they came to a place where the bank was low. Stooping, they proceeded for a short distance till they reached the root of a tree that had been felled long before. Here they paused and listened. Suddenly they heard what sounded like a musket brought from a shoulder down to the hollow of a hand, and a

"Who comes thar?" "Corporal of the guard, with relief." "Advance, corporal, and give the coun

tersign. Then there was some muttering and

footsteps tramping away.

Mark peeped between the roots of the stump toward the point from which the sounds had come. He saw, not a hundred found a boat which had all it could do feet away, a man sitting on a log with his musket resting against his shoulder, the butt on the ground. He was looking listlessiy up at the sky. Presently he took a clay pipe out of his pocket, which he filled, and touching a match lighted it. "He's the river picket," said Mark to

himself. The sentinel sat smoking while Mar meditated. His first thought was, \ did I bring this boy? The situation perilous enough without an enou brance. The guard was facing the space over which they would have to pass to escape; there might be a slight chance for life to make a dash were he alone. but with the boy it was not to be thought of, and Mark was unwilling to leave him. He looked back with a view to retracing the route over which he had come. He was horrified to see a sentinel pacing a hundred yards above. He had

been placed there by the rehef. The only hope was to wait for the man pearest him to relax his watchfulness and attempt to pass him. The sentinel up the river was not to be feared except by going back, for from the nature of the ground the fugitives would be hidden from him if they should go forward.

Mark resolved to wait and watch.

The minutes seemed hours, the hours days. The soldier still sat on the log, though now and then he would get up, and leaving his musket leaning on it saunter back and forth on his beat. He well knew there was no enemy to fear: his duty was little more than a form. He began to hum a few strains of "The Suwanee River."

"Poor devil," said Mark to bimself, "he, too, is thinking of home. What a cursed thing war is! If ever I get out of this I'll do no more such duty. Give me an enemy face to face, bullets before me and no gibbet behind me."

But he had said this many a time be-"My good man," talking to the soldier, but without making any sound, "if you will go far enough from that musket you'll never get back to your

Suwanee river.' "Nonsense, Mark," the sentinel seemed to say to him; "a shot would arouse the whole picket post. Besides, if that's your game, why don't you riddle me with Jakey's shotgun?"

Then the stillness was broken by the sound of oars out on the river. How Mark longed for the boat to come and take him from his terrible position! But whoever was working those oars polled on unmindful of the man who so keenly envied the oarsman's freedom. The

unds became fainter and fainter till Mark could hear them no more. He flood of joy and thankfulness welling sighed as if he had lost a dear friend.

"Jakey's comfortable anyway," he said, looking down at the boy. He had dropped asleep, and Mark for the first time in his life envied a human being the protection of weakness. There was innocent childhood, unconscious of danger, sleeping sweetly, the boyish face lighted by the moon.

At last Mark heard the relief coming.

The sentinel took his gun and began to pace his beat. The usual form was proceeded with, and the relief marched to the sentinel up the river. Mark observed the man that had been left on post.

"I hope this fellow will be more in-clined to rest," he mused. But he was disappointed to see the man begin to pace his best energetically. He seemed to fear that if he did not keep moving he would get drowsy. A half hour passed with scarcely a rest, then another half hour. It was tramp, tramp in one direction, turn and tramp.

tramp back again. The clouds which continued to pass over the moon became heavier. If the could find no practicable route. sentinel would only relax his vigilance. these periods of comparative darkness soldier was to keep a proper watch, the clouds might die away. Then there was the morning to come. Mark began to the morning to come. Mark began to lose that coolness which thus far had characterized him. It was the waiting that was wearing him out. that was wearing him out.

In perhaps an hour after the sentinel came on picket he yawned. This was the first sign of hope for Mark. After awhile he sat down on the log and full, and the night was clear excect for clouds that would float lazily over Lookout mountain and across the moon's face, so that at times have light to the moon's face, and the moon's f and his chin sank on his breast. He so intent was he upon seizing the boat roused himself and sank away again. roused himself and sank away again. He would not go to sleep comfortably in accordance with Mark's muttered prayer, but took short naps. Mark considered the feasibility of an attempt to escape between these naps. Without Jakey be would do it: with Jakey it was too hazardons.

At last the soldier slid down on to the

ground, stretched out his legs and rested his back against the log.

Mark's heart went up into his throat

Ex-Sheriff Bowles of Walla Walla Tries to

with a sudden joy.

As near as he could guess there revoking brightness; he looked at a e u an and tried to make sure that he was any certainty.
"I'll risk it," he said.

slowly and fixed his eyes on the soldier. The man did not stir.

Mark turned his back on him and walked a dozen steps noiselessly, picking a place to plant his foot at each step. Halt!

turn and shoot him? No, only an explosion of a burning brand in the campfire at the picket guard on the railroad track. His heart, which had stood still, began

thumping like a drumstick. He turned to look at the sentinel. The man sat there gazing straight at him; at least so he appeared to Mark. The figure as day in the moonlight, though too far for Mark to see the eyes, He cast a quick glance down into Jakey face. He, too, was sleeping peacefully While these two were in slumberland Mark felt himself suspended between heaven and hell. And how still it was Even the hum of insects would have

been a relief. All this occupied but a moment. Mark turned his back again and moved cau-

illi- imagination had never served him suon tricks. Surely he heard the soldier move. He was getting up on his feet. His musket was leveled at an "aim." A sharp sting under the shoulder blade, and a warm stream flowing down his side. Certainly he had been

Nonsense! Away with such freaks of fancy! Suddenly he trod on a rotten branch. It cracked with a sound which eemed to him like the report of a pistol. Again he paused and turned. He saw the sentinel motionless He had slipped farther down, and his hat had fallen farther over his forehead.

Thank God! He moved backward, his eyes fixed or his sleeping enemy, occasionally turning to see where he stepped. He was getting near to cover. In this way he passed to within a few steps of concealment. How he coveted the overhanging bank near to him, yet far enough to be useless should the sentinel awake too

Cachewi This sound was real: it was a sneeze from the picket.

Mark knew that it was a signal of awakening. He darted behind the bank and was out of sight. He heard the sentinel get up shake

himself, give a yawn, a grunt, as if chilled, and begin to pace his teat. Mark moved away cautiously, a great

up through his whole nature. After going a sufficient distance to be out of hearing, he awakened Jakey.

SEMI-WEEKLY NO. 570.

"Jakey! Wake up!" The boy opened his eyes.
"We're beyond the picket."

"Whar's my gun?"
"Oh, blessed childhood," thought Mark, "that in moments of peril can be interested in such trifling things!" "I have your gun here in my hand

It's safe. Stand on your legs, my boy We're going on.' Jakey stood on the ground and rub-bed his eyes with his fists. Once awake

he was awake all over. They moved on down the river toward the base of Lookout mountain, soon leaving the river margin and striking inland behind somerising ground. Find ing a convenient nook in a clump of bushes wherein to leave Jakey, Mark told him to lie down and stay there while he reconnoitered to find a way to

get down the river and to cross it. Mark hunted nearly all night. He not know how to proceed around Look-out mountain, and could find no means would be favorable to flight. But if the of crossing the Tennessee near where he was. At last, looking down from a knoll, he could see the margin of the river at a place where the bank concealed his heart, was a boat moored to the

shore and in it a pair of oars. Going back to the place where he had left Jakey he wakened him, and together was still where he had seen it. Leading the way Mark descended to the bank tiously. He forgot that where there was a boat with oars in it the oarsman would likely not be far away.

He jumped down to the slanting

I TO BE CONTINUED. ATTEMPTED SUICIDE.

Kill His Wife And Himsel

From the E. O. mained a quarter of an hour till the next relief would come. He looked at the suicide on his farm near Walla Walla, moon, which was now shining with pro- Saturday afternoon, by cutting a deep gash in his neck with a pocket knife, asleep. It was impossible to tell with and stabbing himself twice in the breast, each stab an inch deep and two inches in length. Bowles was released from He took Jakey up in his arms very the asylum at Stellacoom about two carefully, hoping not to waken him, fixing the boy's amp body in the hollow of
his left arm. In the right fland he took
the squirrel gan, cocked and capped,
his ranch was sold to pay the mortrage. using the arm at the same time to hold his ranch was sold to pay the mortgage, the child. When all was ready he rose leaving him in a poor financial condition. Being reduced to such circumstances caused his mind to sgain become un-Mark moved slowly forward, his eyes balanced, but his insanity took a differriveted on the sentinel. A few steps ent turn from his former attack, and convinced him that the man really slept. instead of being violent he became melancholy. Friday morning he went to his wife's room and took her by the throat and began choking her, saying Was it the soldier's voice? Should be it would be better for them to die, as there was nothing left to live for. His wife finally succeeded in pacifying bim, and he released his grasp on her throat. At 2 o'clock in the afternoon he went to the barn, and climbed up over the beams, and dropped himself down into the hay and attempted to take his life. He was missed from the house, and found in the barn, covered with blood. A physician was summoned from the city, who says the wounds are not necessarily fatal. As soon as he can be removed, he will be taken to the asylum.

CLARK'S CANYON ITEMS.

Mrs. Brown, of Social Ridge, is visiting elatives in the valley. Eph Eskelson, who has been working in the mountains, has returned to get ready for spring work.

There was preaching at the Clark's canyon school house Sunday by E. A. Miller, which was well attended. Miss Mary and Nora Floreon, who have been attending school in Clark's canyou, have returned home.

There was spelling school at the school house Friday the 17th. Nat Shaw and James Willis were the victors. There was a dance at the head of Clark's canyon tast Friday night, there being 12 ladies and 15 gentlemen present. All had a very enjoyable time.

Mr. Ed. Driekell has a cart for sale. There is plenty of room for three to ride. CLARK'S CANYON CRITIC.

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