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Mark hoped that the preparations the Confederates were making for the expected move would cause them to forget him. He was not destined to be so fortunate. The second day after his capture he was taken before a court martial held in a house occupied by the staff department, to be tried on the charge of

being a spy. The court was assembled and ready to proceed with the case. An officer had been detailed to defend the prisoner, but he had not arrived and the court waited. Presently a clatter of horse's hoofs was heard outside. It stopped before the door of the house, and in another mo-

ment Mark's counsel entered the room. Mark looked at him with astonishnent. In the tall, straight soldier, with black hair and eyes, mustache and goatee, bearing about him that something which indicates "to the manor born," he recognized the officer who had called at the Fains' on the morning he had left them-Captain Cameron Fitz

Hugh. As soon as he entered he beckene I the prisoner to follow him to a corner of the room apart from the others for consultation of the officers and soldiers present making tion. It was not a convenient place for such an important interview, but one charged with being a spy was not likely to get many favors, and the exigencies of the case did not admit of aught ex-

ept the bare forms of justice.
"Will you give the your confidence,
my man, or shall I proceed at random?"
"At random."

give you the word of a Virginia gentlewill do all I can for you. I am a Fitz Hugh."

to be a Fitz Hugh was to be incapable of a dishonorable act. Mark understood him perfectly; indeed his counsel inspired him with every confidence. "I would explain everything to you,

captain, but my secret is not all my own. I would be perfectly willing to trust my fate in your hands if I could honorably do so. You will doubtless fail in your defense, but I thank you for the effort you will make."

The trial was of brief duration. The soldiers in whose company Mark was taken were called and testified to his having masqueraded as a staff officer. Knowing now that he was probably a Union spy, they would have shielded him, but they had already given up the secret. Mark was asked where he lived. He had entered his name at the hotel

as coming from Jasper, so he gave that place as his residence, but when asked what county Jasper was in he could not tell. The maps he had studied, being military maps, did not give the counties. Then some Tennessee soldiers were brought in-the town swarmed with them-who testified that they lived at Jasper and had never seen the prisoner there. The closing evidence against Mark was given by the recruiting officer with whom he had promised to enlist, Hearing that a spy had been taken, and suspecting it might be his promised recruit, he went to the courtroom and there recognized the prisoner. His testimony was sufficient. The court had made up its mind before the prisoner's

counsel had said a word. Captain Fitz Hagh seemed distressed at not being able to bring forth any evidence in behalf of the prisoner. When he arose to speak in Mark's defense the court listened to him with marked attention and respect-indeed they were as favorably impressed with the accused's counsel as they were unfavorably disposed toward the accused. The captain was obliged to content himself with warning the court against convicting a man of being a spy because his identity was not satisfactorily explained and on circumstantial evidence. He asked that the prisoner might have more time than had been given him in which

to gather evidence in his behalf. The court denied this request and proceeded with a verdict. In forty minutes after Mark entered the courtroom he was found guilty of being a spy=
"Have you anything to say why the

sentence of the court should not be passed upon you?"

"No, sir." Captain Fitz Hugh interposed once

more for delay. "I would suggest," he said, "that inas much as some explanation may come to hand bearing on the case the court fix my client's punishment to take place on a day not nearer than a week from to-

day."
"I had intended to fix it for to morrow morning at sunrise," said the president, "but in deference to the prisoner's counsel I will compromis with him midway between a week, as he desires, and tomorrrow, or allowing three days. The sentence of the court is that the prisoner be hanged by the neck until he is dead on the twenty-seventh day of August, eighteen hundred and

sixty-two, or three days from today." Before Mark was led out of the courtroom his counsel approached him. Considering the prejudice against the pris oner, another man would have suffered him to go without a word. Not so Cap a way for him, leaving him alone with the prisoner by withdrawing to another

part of the room, and extended his hand. "One thing is plain to me," he said, "whoever you are, you are a gentleman, and I believe you have sacrificed your life to your sense of duty. I am sorry that you did not trust me with your se-cret. Then I might have done something "If you think it best to trust me, I for you. As it is, I have done nothing.

"It would have availed nothing," said man that I will not betray you, and I Mark. "You have done all you could under any circumstances. Besides, had I told you who I am, you might have He said this unconscious of how it felt it your bounden duty to your cause would sound to a northerner. To him to make known the facts."

"Never," said Fitz Hugh proudly. "1 owe more to myself, more to my sense of honor, more to my birth and breeding, more even to my state than to the Confederacy.'

"Captain Fitz Hugh," said Mark with | negro boy had finished his breakfast. a voice in which there was a slight tremble, "you are of too fine grain. You are too frank, too truthful. Do not feel a moment's regret at not having been able to save me. Mine is but one of thousands of lives that must go out in this great struggle for human liberty. Mine is an ordinary nature. You are fitted for nobler work than war. I trust you will be spared to become an honor to your state and a reunited country.

From the bottom of my heart I thank you."
The men clasped hands, and Mark was led away between two soldiers. "Who vo'?" he asked.

CHAPTER XI. "Don't y' know me?" DE CAUSE OB FREDUM.

On the morning after Jakey's interview with the colored woman through the crack in the jailyard fence Souri Slack was washing dishes by an open window in the kitchen, an addition built of pine boards to one of the united nouses which formed the Slack dwelling. The sun was shining brightly, and a morning glory she had trained up to grow about the window was fresh with dew. Souri's heart felt unusually light. The air was so fresh; the sun was so bright; the morning glory flowers had such a companionable look in them that

Souri was very happy. Suddenly there came to her a quick sinking away from the pleasurable sensation. A sense of danger rushed in to

take its place. Surely something horrible was about to happen. In a moment she heard the clatter of horse's hoofs coming at a gallop. Look-ing up the road, of which she had a view from the window, she saw a horse covered with foam tearing toward her, with a negro boy on his bare back. In a moment the rider was at the fence and had reined in his horse. Wild with haste and excitement, seeing Souri at

the window, he called: "Am dis Slack's place?" "Whar Souri Slack?"

"Hyar."

"Yas." The boy held up a red handkerchief, and then jumping off his horse threw the reins over a picket in the fence, which he vaulted, and running up to the win-dow poked the handkerchief at her. Souri at once recognized the handker-chief she had given Mark. Sewed on to a corner she noticed a piece of dirty cotcloth on which some one had written

Sowi Stock Borner Steeds on a strategillo-

"Whar'd y' git this?" asked Souri, her

"Dunno. Left wid de niggers at Mr. Torbut's plantation. I'ze Mr. Torbut's

nigger."
"Who tole y' ter tote hit hyar?" "Ole nigger what leabe hit."
"What'd he say?"
"Nuffen." And the boy pointed to

the corner as if that was sufficient explanation for any one.
Souri could not read what was written

there, but she knew Mark had been cap-tured, and it was fair to suppose that he vas at or near Chattanooga.

"Waal," she said, "y niggers hev passed this ter m, peckon y' ken pass me back; I'll go 'th y'. Air y' hungry?" "I'ze rid since one o'clock dis mawnin."

"Waal, take yer horse round ter the barn fur a feed, and then come in hyar." The darky showed his white teeth and did as he was bidden. When he came citizens and negroes were passing all the in Souri placed something to eat before him, and then went in to inform her mother of what had happened.



"Whar'd y' git this?" asked Sourt. "Maw," she said, "Jakey's tuk." "La sakes!" exclaimed the mother with

scream. "Air they goen ter hang "Don't know, The sojer's tuk too

Reckon they'll hang him, sarten." "How'd y' know?" Souri told her about giving Mark the nandkerchief and its return "in de ause ob fredum."

"What shall we do?" moaned the nother, rocking in concert with her feelings.

"I'm goen ter Chattanoogy ter find "They'll hang y', too," whined Mrs.

"Reckon not, I mought find a way

ter git Jakey outen jail."
"'N th' sojer foo?"
"Mebbe." "Air y' goen jest's y' air?" Souri thought a while without replying. She would go with the colored boy of course. He could show her the way, and she might pass for some relative. But that would not do. She was white, and the boy was black. Why not dark-

en her face? The idea was a good one.
"Maw," she said, "I'm a-goen out ter find some berries to make me a merlatter," and before her mother could reply was off. When she returned the She told him that she would be ready to go back with him in half an hour. While she was talking to him he fell asleep. Then she thought it would be better to let him sleep all day and travel at night. Time would be lost, but there would be less liability to interruption, so she aroused him with difficulty and conducted him to an old sofa, where he at once dropped off again into slumberland.

It was about four o'clock in the afternoon when Souri awakened the boy. eeing a mulatto girl standing by him in an old calico dress and a sunbonnet on her head he was astonished.

"Sho nuff!" 'What's yer name?" "Julius. What's yer t'other name?" "Ain't got none!"

"I'm goen with y' t' where y' started from; then I reckon I'll have ter go on "Ole man dar; he tote y' furder."

"Wanl, come along. Eat a snack 'n then we'll go." When Julius had eaten his fill they mour sed the horse, the girl sitting strad-dled behind him. Sourt, in a common calico dress and a very large sunbonnet. girl. Julius took her over hills innumerable, and at midnight drew rein near a large plantation. There they both got and Julius, who had surreptitiously taken one of his master's horses, returned it to the stable. Then he led the way to a row of negro cabins Going to one of them he knocked on the

door. It was opened by the negro with whom Mark and Jakey had staid on the creek between the Fains' and Chat-"Dis de gal," said Julius.

"I show yo' de way. Go righ' of?" "Yas." "Hab t' foot hit. Ain't got no horse." "I can do hit."

The negro was evidently ready and expecting them, for without going back into the cabin he led the way castward.

Souri tramped in his company the rest of the night, and at daybreak they were at his cabin on the creek. There she took a few hours' rest, and after the sun was up ate a breakfast which the old man prepared for her. After this he set out to show her the way to Chattanooga. He asked no questions. All he knew was that his efforts were in "de cause ob fredum," and that was quite enough. The old woman who had brought him the handkerchief had told him where her cabin was in Chattanooga, and he

SEMI-WEEKLY NO. 575.

the jail in Chattanooga. This was all he knew. They crossed the river by the regular while. About ten o'clock in the morning they reached the cabin of the old negress who had started the handker-

seemed to understand that he was to

guide Souri there. She gave him some

information as to a man and a boy at

chief. "Fo' de Lo'd!" exclaimed the woman "How'd yo' git byar so quick?"
"Trabel all night," said the pilot.

"Who dat yaller gal?"
"I'm Souri Slack. Whar's th' jail?" The woman led Souri out to show her the way, and the man left the cabin on his way homeward. Souri was taken to a place where she could see the jail, and the woman told her where to find the crack through which Jakey had con-

versed with her. Souri went to the place alone, and going to the fence hunted till she found the crack. She peeped in, hoping to see her brother, but Jakey was not there. She waited an hour or more, but he did not appear.

Reckon I'm wastin time hyar," she said at last, "I'm goen right in ter git round th' ole woman, ef there is one." And she went to the gate and presented herself before the sentinel.

"What d' y' want?" he asked, Souri didn't know whether the jafler had a wife or not, but she hazarded the

reply:
"De jailer's wife tole me to come in 'n tote de washen. The soldier looked at her doubtfully.

but suffered her to pass in.

She had scarcely entered before she saw a party of soldiers conducting a man from the jail. They passed near her, and she recognized Mark. He was going to his trial. He did not recognize her, darkened as she was, and she was too wise to make herself known. Jakey followed his friend and was going to pass out with him, but was stopped by

the guard. Souri saw tears trickling down the boy's cheeks as he went back and strolled about in the yard. She longed to take him in her arms, but did not dure to even make herself known to him. She did not know where Mark was be ing taken, so going back to the guard

she asked with apparent idle curiosity: "Whar dey goen wid dat man?"

"Reckon thar goen ter try him." 1 TO BE CONTINUED.

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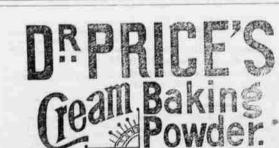
Newark has a most eccentric woman. She is old, and is said to be just as rich as she is eccentric. Her sole compan-lons are cats, and the house fairly swarms with them. She holds an idea that her feline pets are more honest than men, and, therefore, she rolls up the money she receives from rents in small packages and gives them to her eats, saying: "Here passy, put this away for me." Her home is littered with money, it is said. Under the car pets, in the corners, in rat holes and ir every conceivable place bills and coin

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"Goen to Chattenoogy?" asked the old it. Free trial bottles at Siocum-Johnson Drug Co. Large bottles, 50e and \$1.00.

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