

# HORSE-SHOE ROBINSON

A TALE OF THE TORY ASCENDENCY

BY JOHN P. KENNEDY

## CHAPTER XL.

Our fortress is the good green wood,  
Our tent the cypress tree,  
We know the forest round us  
As seamen know the sea.

We know its walls of thorny vines,  
Its glades of reedy grass,  
Its safe and silent islands  
Within the dark morass.—Bryant.

The faithful Horse Shoe being thus left to himself, replenished his pipe, and taking his rifle in his hand, paced to and fro upon the border of the road, holding communion with his own thoughts, carefully weighing the probabilities connected with his present singular expedition, and revolving, after his own fashion, the fortunes of Arthur Butler and Mildred Lindsay.

It was within an hour of midnight, when the sergeant's meditations were interrupted by the tramp of a horse approaching the hut at a gallop. But a few moments elapsed before a traveller, who, in the star-light Horse Shoe could discern to be armed, drew his rein immediately at the door of the dwelling, against which he struck several blows with his weapon, calling out loudly at the same time—

"Miss Wingate—for God's sake, open your door quickly! I have news to tell you, good woman."

"In the name of mercy! who are you?" exclaimed the voice of the dame within, whilst a note of alarm was also heard from her fellow-lodger.

"What do you mean by this racket and clatter?" demanded Horse Shoe, in the midst of the uproar, at the same time laying his hand upon the stranger's bridle rein. "What brings you here, sir?—stand back; the women in that house are under my charge and I won't have them disturbed."

"If you are a friend to Mistress Wingate," said the horseman, sternly, "speak the word; if an enemy, I will shiver your skull with the butt of my musket."

"Don't be rash, good fellow," replied Horse Shoe; "I take it you and me are on the same side. What's afoot that you stir in such a hurry?"

"The Tories are afoot—the devil's afoot! Open, Mistress Wingate—open to Dick Peyton!"

"The Lord preserve us!" ejaculated the mistress of the hotel, as she opened the door. "Bloody Spur, is it you? What ill luck brings you here tonight?"

"A gang of Tories, Mistress Wingate, from the Black River, under that cut-throat Fanning, crossed Peedee this morning at Lowder's Lake. They have been thieving and burning as far as Waggamaw, and are now on the road home by the upper ferry. They will be along here in less than half an hour. Your husband, Bob Wingate, and myself, were sent out by General Marion this morning, to reconnoitre the roads. We fell in with the ruffians, after sunset, below Lumberton, and have tracked them up here. Bob has got a pistol-shot through his arm. He was lucky enough however, to escape their clutches; but believing they had a spite against him, and would ride past his house tonight, he told me to call and give you warning, and help you to drive the cattle back into the swamp."

"How many mought there be, friend?" asked Horse Shoe, calmly.

"Between two and three hundred, at least," said the trooper; "we counted fifty in the vanguard—those that followed made a long column of march. They have stolen a good many horses and cattle, all of which are with them, and several prisoners."

"What ho!—Isaac, Henry Lindsay, fall to, and saddle, boys," shouted Horse Shoe. "Miss Mildred, it will not do to stand. I am sorry to break in upon your rest, but you must be ready to move in a few minutes."

Everything about the hut was now in confusion. Henry and the sergeant were equipping the horses, whilst Isaac was gathering up the baggage. Bloody Spur—to adopt the rider's nom de guerre—had dismounted, and was busy in removing the few articles of value from the hut; the mother and children, meanwhile, were pouring forth loud lamentations.

Mildred, in the midst of this scene of uproar, hurriedly made her preparations for departure; and whilst she was yet engaged in this care, a confused murmur was heard, at some distance up the road—and the rattle of sabres, as well as the hoarse voices and abrupt laughter of men, announced that the freebooters, were at no great distance from the dwelling.

"Merciful heaven!" exclaimed Mildred, giving way for the first time to her fears; "they are fast approaching, and we shall be captured."

"Sister," said Henry, with scarcely less alarm, "I will die by your side, before they shall hurt a hair on your head."

Horse Shoe, who at this moment was tightening the girths on Mildred's saddle, paused for an instant to listen, and then said:

"The wind is northeast, young lady, and the voice sounds far tonight. One could hardly expect you to be cool when one of these night-frays is coming on, but there's no occasion to be frightened. Now, ma'am, if you please, I'll leave you into your seat. There," continued the sergeant, setting Mildred upon her horse, "you have got four good legs under you, and by a fair use of them will be as safe as a crowned king. Mister Henry, mount, and ride with your sister slowly down the road, till I overtake you."

Henry obeyed the order.

"Is the portmanteau and the rest of the baggage all safe, Isaac? Don't be flurried, you old sinner, but look about you, before you start off."

"All safe," replied the negro.

"Up and follow your master, then. Hark you, Mr. Bloody Spur," said Horse Shoe, as Isaac rode off, to the trooper, who was still actively em-

ployed in turning the cattle loose from the inclosure, "what is the best road hereabouts for my squad to keep out of the way of these bulles?"

"About a mile from here, take a road that strikes into the woods, upon your right hand," answered the trooper hastily. "It will lead you up the river to the falls of Peedee. If you should meet any of Marion's men, tell them what you have seen; and say Dick Peyton will be along close after you."

"Where is Marion?" asked the sergeant, mounting his horse.

"What man that knows Frank Marion could ever answer that question," said the trooper. "He is everywhere, friend. But you have no time to lose; be off."

As Bloody Spur said this, he disappeared, driving the cattle before him; whilst the mother, laden with an infant and as many pieces of furniture as she could carry, and followed by her terrified children, fled towards the neighboring thicket.

Horse Shoe in a few moments overtook his companions, and, urging them forward at a rapid flight, soon reached the diverging road, along which they journeyed with unabated speed for upwards of a mile.

"How do you hear it, sister?" asked Henry, with concern.

"Ah, brother, with a sore heart to be made so painfully acquainted with these frightful scenes. I lose all thought of my own annoyance, in seeing the calamities that are heaped upon the unoffending family of a man who dares to draw his sword for his country."

"Yes, ma'am," said Horse Shoe, gravely, "these incarnivorous devils have broken the rest of many a good woman in the Carolinas, before they routed you out tonight, ma'am. But it is one of God's marbles to see how you keep up under it."

"Mine's a trifling grievance, good sergeant; I lose but a little repose; that poor mother flies to save her children, uncertain, perhaps, of tomorrow's subsistence; and her husband's life is in daily peril. It is a sad lot. Yet truly," added Mildred with a sigh, "mine is scarcely better. Gracious heaven!" she exclaimed, looking behind her, "they have set fire to the dwelling!"

In the quarter to which she directed her eyes, the horizon was already illuminated with the blaze of Wingate's hut. The light grew brighter for a short interval, and brought into bold relief upon the sky, the tall, dark forms of the stately pines of which the forest was composed.

"They are fools as well as villains," said Horse Shoe, with an angry vehemence; "they have had liquor tonight, or they would hardly kindle up a blaze which should rouse every Whig on Peedee to track them like hounds. It would be sport worth riding to look at, if Marion should get a glimpse of that fire. But these wolves have grown obstreperous ever since Horatio Gates made his fox paw at Camden."

"Oh, it is a most savage war," said Mildred, "that roots up the humble hearth, and fires the lowly roof, where none but defenceless women and children abide. I shudder to think of such wanton barbarity."

"There's the thing, Miss Lindsay, that turns all our blood bitter. Man to man is fair game, all the world over; but this ere stealing of cattle, and burning of houses, and even cutting up the roots of the plants of the earth, and turning of women and children naked into the swamps, in the dead of night! It's a sorry business to tell of a Christian people, and a cowardly business for a nation's that's a boasting of its bravery."

"The light of the conflagration had soon died away, and our wanderers pursued their solitary road in darkness, ignorant of the country through which they passed, and uncertain of the point to which they tended. A full hour had gone by in this state of suspense, and Robinson had on more resolved to make a halt, and encamp his party in the woods. Before, however, he could put this sign into execution, he was unexpectedly challenged, from the road-side, with the military demand of—

"Travellers," was the reply.

"Where do you come from, where are you going?"

"The first question I can answer," said Horse Shoe, "and that is, Old Virginia, a fortnight ago, but tonight, from a tolerable snug lodger, where some on mannerly fellows troubled our sleep. But as to where we're going, it's more likely you'll tell that for us."

"You are saucy, sir," replied the sergeant. "Mayhap you mought have heard of a man they call Bloody Spur?"

"He has pricked your pillows for you—has he? Dick Peyton is good at that," said a second questioner.

"Ah, comrades, I understand you now," said Horse Shoe, with alacrity. "Dick Peyton and Bob Wingate both belong to your party. Am I right? We are friends to Marion."

"And therefore friends to us," said the patrol. "Your name, sir, and the number you have in company?"

"Take us to the general, and we will answer that," replied Horse Shoe. "The Tories have set upon Wingate's house and burned it to the ground. It's like we may be able to tell something worth hearing at headquarters. Your man Bloody Spur is in charge to report him, and to say that he would soon follow upon our track. I wonder that he isn't here before now."

"I will remain," said one of the soldiers to his companion; "you shall take charge of the travellers."

The trooper accordingly turned his horse's head and commanded Horse Shoe and his party to follow.

The scout conducted our adventurers along a by-road that led round the head of a marsh, and through

several thickets which, in the darkness of the night, were penetrated with great difficulty; during this ride he interrogated Horse Shoe as to the events of the late irroad of the Tories. He and his comrade had been stationed upon the path where the sergeant encountered them, to direct the out-riding parties of his corps to the spot of Marion's encampment, the policy of this wary officer being to shift his station so frequently as almost equally to defy the search of friend and foe. Payton and Wingate were both expected; and the trooper who remained behind only waited to conduct them to the commanding officer, who had, since the disappearance of daylight, formed a bivouac in this neighborhood. Marion's custom was to order his reconnoitring parties to return to him by designated roads, where videttes were directed to repair in order to inform them of his position—a fact which, as his movements were accomplished with wonderful celerity and secrecy, they were generally unable to ascertain in any other way.

At length, emerging from the thicket, and crossing what seemed, by the splash of the horses' feet, a morass, the party, under the guidance of the scout, came upon a piece of thinly-timbered woodland, which, rising by a gentle slope, furnished what might be called an island of dry ground, that seemed to be only accessible by crossing the circumjacent swamp.

Upon this spot were encamped, in the rudest form of the bivouac, a party of cavalry, which might have amounted to two hundred men. Several fires, whose ruddy glare had been discerned for the last half mile of the journey, were blazing forth from different quarters of the wood, and threw a bold and sharp light upon the figures of men and horses, imparting a feature of lively, picturesque beauty to the scene. The greater portion of the soldiers were stretched beneath the trees, with no other covering than the leafy boughs above them. The horses were picketed in the neighborhood of their riders; and the confused array of saddles, sabres, muskets, rifles, and other warlike instruments, that were hung upon projecting boughs, or leant against the trunks, as they caught the flashes of the frequent fires, seemed to be magnified in number equal to the furniture of twice the force. Sentinels were seen pacing their limits on the outskirts of this company, and small bodies of patrols on horseback moved across the encampment with the regularity of military discipline.

Here and there, as if regardless of rest, or awaiting some soon-expected tour of duty, small knots of men sat together, amusing themselves, by torch-light, at cards; and, more appropriately, others had extended their torpid frames in sleep upon their grassy pallets and knapsack pillows.

"We have seen war in its horrors," exclaimed Mildred, with an involuntary vivacity; "and here it is in all its romance!"

To Horse Shoe these were familiar scenes, and he could not comprehend the source of that sudden interest which had so vividly aroused the admiration of his companions; but asking the guide to conduct them immediately to General Marion, he followed the soldier across the whole extent of the bivouac, until they halted beneath a large tree, near which a few officers were assembled. One of this group was seated on the ground; and close by him, planted in the soil, a blazing pine-faggot flung a broad light upon a saddle, the flap of which the officer had converted, for the occasion, into a writing desk.

"Make way for a squad of travellers picked up on the road tonight," said the scout in a loud voice. "They wish to see General Marion."

In a moment our party was surrounded by the officers, and Horse Shoe, unconsciously dismounting, addressed the person nearest to him:

"A lady, sir, from Virginia, that I started with from her father's house, to fetch to Carolina; but who has been most audaciously unhoused and unbedded in the very middle of the night by a hellish pack of Tories."

"My name is Lindsay, sir," said Henry, riding to the front; "my sister and myself were travelling south, and have been obliged to fly, tonight, before a detachment of horse stealers."

"I hope as much myself," replied Henry.

Marion withdrew, and by the time that he had prepared the letter and put it into Horse Shoe's hands, his troops were in line, waiting their order to march. The general mounted a spirited charger, and galloping to the front of his men, wheeled them into column, and, by a rapid movement, soon left Horse Shoe and his little party, attended by one trooper who had been left as a guide, the only tenants of this lately so busy scene. The change seemed almost like enchantment. The fires and

it adds greatly to my grudge against them."

"I have ventured," said Mildred, "into the field of war, and it does not become me to complain that I have met its vicissitudes."

"Gallantly spoken, madam! May I be allowed to know to whom I am indebted for the honor of this visit?"

"My name is Lindsay, and my father resides at the Dove, Cote in Virginia; under the protection of my brother and a friend, I left home to travel into Carolina."

"A long journey, madam," interrupted Marion; "and you have been sadly vexed tonight, I learn. We have a rude and unquiet country."

"My sister and myself," said Henry, "counted the chances before we set out."

"I would call you but an inexperienced guide, sir," said the General, addressing Henry, and smiling.

"Oh, as to that," replied the youth, "we have an old soldier with us—Horse Shoe Robinson—hem—Stephen Foster, I meant to say."

"Horse Shoe Robinson!" exclaimed Marion, "where is he?"

"Mr. Henry Lindsay, General, and me," said the sergeant, bluntly, "have been practicing a lie to tell the Tories. In case they should take us unawares; but it sticks, you see, in both of our throats. It's the true fact that I'm Horse Shoe himself. This calling me Stephen Foster is only a hanging out of false colors for the benefit of the red-coats and Tories, upon occasion."

"Horse Shoe, good fellow, your hand," said Marion, with vivacity. "I have heard of you before, Miss Lindsay, excuse me. If you please, I have business tonight which is apt imperious to thrust itself between us—our duty to the ladies, Richards."

He continued, addressing a young officer, who stood near him, "see if you can find some refreshment that would be acceptable to the lady and her brother. Horse Shoe, this way: I would speak with you."

Marion now retired towards the place where the writing materials were first noticed, and entered into an examination of the sergeant, as to the particulars of the recent attack upon Wingate's cabin.

Before Robinson had finished his narrative of the events of the night, a horseman dashed up almost at full speed to the spot where Marion stood, and, flinging himself from his saddle whilst his horse stood panting beside him, asked for the General.

"How now, Bloody Spur! What's the news?" demanded Marion.

"The Black River hawks are flying," said the soldier.

"I have heard that already," interrupted the chieftain. "Tell me what else."

"I stayed long enough to secure Wingate's cattle, and then set out for the river to cut loose the boats at the ferry. I did it in good time. Four files followed close upon my heels, who had been sent ahead to make sure of the means of crossing. The fellows found me after my work was done, and chased me good three miles. They will hardly venture, General, to swim the river tonight, with all the thievery they have in their hands; and I rather take it they will halt at the ferry till daylight."

"Then that's a lucky cast, Dick Peyton!" exclaimed Marion. "Ho, there! Peters, wake up that snoring trumpeter. Tell him to sound 'to saddle.' Come lads, up, up. Gentlemen, to your duties!"

Forthwith the trumpet sounded, and with its notes everything asleep started erect. Troopers were seen hurrying across the ground in rapid motion; some hastily buckling on broadswords and slinging their muskets; others equipping the horses; and everywhere torches were passing to and fro in all the agitation of a sudden muster. As soon as Marion had set this mass in action, he repaired to Mildred, and in a manner that I tokened no excitement from the general stir around him, he said—

"I owe you an apology, Miss Lindsay, for this desertion, which I am sure you will excuse when you know that it is caused by my desire to punish the varlets who were to ill-mannered as to intrude upon your slumbers. I hope, however, you will not be a loser by the withdrawal of our people, as I will take measures to put you under the protection of a good friend, the widow of a worthy soldier, Mistress Rachel Markham, who lives but two miles from this, and whose hospitable mansion will afford you a shelter more congenial to your wishes than this broad canopy of ours. A guide shall be ready to conduct you."

"Your kindness, general," said Mildred, "puts me under many obligations."

"Horse Shoe shall take a line of explanation to my friend," added Marion. "And you, Master or Mister Henry, I don't know which—you seem entitled to both—good night, my brave lad; I hope, before long, to hear of your figuring as a gallant soldier of independence."

"I hope as much myself," replied Henry.

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many torches were yet burning, but all was still, except the distant murmur of the receding troops, which grew less and less, until, at last, there reigned the silence of the native forest.

Our travellers waited, almost without exchanging a word, absorbed in

the contemplation of an incident so novel to Mildred and her brother, until the distant tramp of the cavalry could be no longer heard; then, under the direction of the guide, they set out for the residence of Mrs. Markham.

(CONTINUED NEXT FRIDAY.)

## DO NOT KNOW WHAT CAUSES SICKNESS

### Modern People Have Many Names for Same Diseases, According to New Belief.

Does human health depend on one organ alone? This question is becoming widely discussed since L. T. Cooper first advanced his theory that the stomach is the true seat of life and all health dependent upon it.

Among more recent converts to Mr. Cooper's beliefs is Mr. Edgar L. Hinds, living at 6 Tappan Street, Everett, Mass. Mr. Hinds has this to say on the subject:

"I have suffered with stomach trouble for eight years. I was not sick enough to be in bed, but just felt bad all the time. My greatest trouble was that I always felt tired, would get up in the morning feeling as tired as when I went to bed."

"I had a very irregular appetite, and was troubled with dizzy spells. If I stood for any length of time, I would have a dull pain in the lower part of my back. I was nervous and felt all the time as though something terrible was going to happen. I tried many kinds of medicine, but nothing ever helped me."

"I had about given up all hope of ever being in good health again, when I heard so much of Cooper and decided to try his medicine. I took one bottle of his New Discovery and was greatly surprised at the result. I gained 12 pounds in a few weeks. I can now eat anything I wish, and feel like a new man. I cheerfully recommend this medicine to all sufferers from stomach trouble."

It is worth anyone's time, who is not enjoying good health, to learn of Mr. Cooper's wonderful preparations. We are selling them in large quantities. Mighty few people can be sick with a

sound digestion. That is why my medicine is selling at such a tremendous rate. I have convinced many thousands of people that these things are so, and the number is growing by leaps and bounds."

Mr. Cooper, who has met with remarkable success in the sale of his new medicine, believes that the stomach is responsible for most sickness, and that this organ is weak in the present generation. While discussing this theory recently, he said: "I am asked time and again to tell why my medicine has made such a record wherever I have introduced it. My answer always is, 'because it restores the stomach to a normal condition.' No one will deny that today there are more half-sick men and women than ever before. Nothing critical seems to be the matter with them. They are just half-sick most of the time. They don't know really what is the matter with them. I have talked with thousands during the past two years, and few knew indeed what their trouble was. One said nervousness, another said kidney trouble, another liver complaint, some constipation, or heart trouble, or lung trouble. Many had treated, as they called it, for most of these diseases at different times. A very common complaint is 'all run down,' or 'tired all the time,' or 'no appetite.'"

"I know positively that every bit of this chronic ill health is caused by stomach trouble, and nothing else. My New Discovery puts the stomach in sound condition in about six weeks. Mighty few people can be sick with a

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## Honest Jewelry

I can say without fear of successful contradiction that I have the largest, finest and most complete line of Jewelry ever shown in Cherokee county, or this immediate section of the country—a line equal to any carried in cities the size of Charlotte. My goods are as fine as can be made, and that money can buy, in America; and my prices are as low as consistent with high quality.

## High-Grade Work.

Bring your repairing to an expert—one who has made the business a life-study, and learned it from years of practical experience. I guarantee my work in every instance. Come in and let me convince you of the truth of my assertions.

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A handsome line of self-filling Fountain Pens just in. They Are Better Than The Old Style.

### CLERK'S SALE.

By virtue of a decree of foreclosure and sale of the Court of Common Pleas for Cherokee county in the case of T. Robbs, as administrator of the estate of Andy Champion, deceased, plaintiff, vs. Medora Archer, Ella Davis, Vicy Wilson, Ed. Champion, a minor, and P. W. Humphries, defendants. I will sell at Gaffney, S. C., before the court house door, during the legal hours for sales on salesday, Monday, December 2nd, 1907, the following described property, to-wit:

All of that certain lot, parcel or tract of land, lying, situate and being in the town of Gaffney, and fronting Southwest on Gaines street. Beginning on a stake on said street, corner of church lot, and running N. 35 1-2 E. 4 chains to stake on Carroll's line; thence with said line S. 54 1-2 E. 3.12 5-10 chains to stake, Lipscomb's corner; thence S. 35 1-2 W. 4 chains to stake on Gaines street; thence with said street N. 54 1-2 W. 3.12 1-2 chains to a stake, beginning corner, containing one and one-fourth acres, more or less, as appears by plat of R. O. Sams, surveyor, divided the same into four lots, dated January 18th, 1900. Being the same property conveyed to Andy Champion by Peggy Littlejohn by deed dated June 1st, 1901, recorded in office of R. M. C. for said county in Book "E," page 462.

Also that other lot or parcel of land lying in the town of Gaffney, said county and State, known as lot No. 7 on plat made by R. O. Sams on January 26, 1893, fronting on Mills Gap road; commencing at stake on alley and running S. 37 E. 1.10 chains; thence N. 53 E. 2.50 chains to stake, corner of Wesley Jones lot; thence N. 37 W. 1.10 chains to stake on alley; thence with alley S. 53 W. 2.50 chains to beginning corner, containing 27-100 1-2 of an acre, more or less. Being the same lot of land deeded to Andy Champion by R. S. Lipscomb on November 24th, 1894.

The lot described first herein shall be sold in four separate lots in accordance with plat thereof on file in this office by R. O. Sams, surveyor, dated January 18, 1900, and then as a whole, and whichever way it brings the most shall be construed as the legal sale, and a deed or deeds made accordingly.

TERMS OF SALE: Cash. Purchaser to pay for papers.

J. Eb. Jefferies,  
Clk. C. C. Pl's.

Pub. Nov. 15, 22 and 29.

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