CHAPTER XV. WOMAN'S PLUCK.

FTER this second defeat we could see the guerrillas gathered in a knot, evidently discussing the situation. They talked so loud that we could often catch a word, and their gesticulations were plain to us all. At last the captain took a white handkerchief from his pocket, fixed it to a stick and, holding it over his head, advanced toward

"A flag of truce!" we all exclaimed together.

"He's going to offer us something to eat!" cried Jack. "I knew he wouldn't let us starve!"

I stepped over the breastworks to go and meet the bearer of the flag. Buck

"Tell bim I'll take some fried chicken fo' mine!" I met the captain at the spot where

we had built our fire. His arm was in a sling, and he was very pale. Something told me that he did not relish the work in which he was engaged. "I've come to tell yo'," he said, "that

if yo'll surrender the rest of yo' people "What assurance have I that you will

keep the terms?" "The word of a"- He stopped. I saw that habit had led him to use an expression common among gentlemen in the south, but the word had stuck in his throat.

"Captain," I said, "you are a better man than the company you keep. Satisfy me that the women, the boy and the negro shall go free, and you are welcome to me.'

"The men are divided about the women," he replied, lowering his voice. "Which party holds the balance of

"It's hard to tell." "Then we have no assurance that if

we surrender you can keep your promise to let them go unharmed? "There's no telling. Befo' yo'r escape and the killing yo' all have been doing I could have fixed it, but the men

are exasperated at the damage yo've "Can't you be blind and let us out to-

"No; I've lost more control of my men within the last few days than all the time I've commanded them. If they saw the slightest move on my part to let yo' slip, they'd shoot me, and yo' would never get out alive either. ! can't stand here talking any longer. They'll suspect something. What's yo'r I turned the matter quickly over in

my mind.

"Captain." I said, "I will transmit your proposition. If your terms are accepted, I will go down to your camp, and my friends will follow. If they are not accepted, we will wave to you. In this event you will know that these noble girls, this brave boy, this faithfui negro, prefer to take their chances with

Both of us turned without another word, and in a few minutes the captain was with his men and I had joined my little half starved army. I was received with eager, questioning looks.

"He has made a proposition," I said. "I will give it to you with the information that goes with it. If we will surrender, he promises that all shall go

I paused a moment to watch the expression of their faces. I saw at once that they were all bitterly disappoint-

"I feel bound to state further that the captain has informed me that he cannot surely guarantee your safety, though he would if he could. He tells me that the men are divided, and he does not know himself which party is the stronger. You are not sure of safety, but you have a chance, whereas if we are taken by force the chances ed around, and all seemed to be intent are all against you. Before giving my on him and the girls. Then I saw views I wish to get an expression of Helen step a little to the front, and all opinion from each of you separately. Miss Stanforth, shall we accept the proposition or not? Say yes or no." She curled her lip. "I don't care to

consider such a proposition." "Miss Rutland?" in ber eye.

"Buck?" "Reckon I'd ruther stay whar I am awhile longer, though, by golly, I'm mighty hungry." He spoke the last words ruefully.

"I ain't no traitor man, mars', ef I 'bout gibbin nobody up t' save hisself."

"tiends," I said, and I could not
repress a tremor in my voice, though God knows I tried, "I cannot accept your sacrifice. The guerrillas, having secured me, will doubtless quarrel about you, and the captain and those who are with him may find an opportunity to let you get away under cover

"No, no!" cried all. "We'll stand together."

"How were you to reply?" asked "If the terms were accepted, we were to go down; if rejected, we were to

Helen took off her check bonnet and. tying it to a carbine, stood up on the rocks and waved it to the guerrillas, who were standing below watching for our signal, while our little command

gave as lusty a cheer as their exhaust-ed condition would admit. But the real heroism was yet to come.

I had seen evidence that the woman wing of my army was not to be appailed at any proposition, but it was impossible that I could be prepared for what was to follow. I have sometimes wondered if it was not rather an emanation of genius than heroism, but have invariably concluded that it was

the genius of heroism. The first flush of excitement at the rejection of the terms being over, Jack began to show signs of irritation, a condition I attributed to the gnawing pangs of hunger. She shook her fist at the guerrillas, vowing that if she could ever get her papa again he should scour the country till he had captured every one of them, and when captured she would berself take inexpressible pleasure in making targets of them for pistol practice. Then she would call to them for something to eat. They were too far to hear her, and of course her request would not have been granted if they had. "Captain, good captain, dear captain," she cried, "do let us out of this! That's a dear boy!" Then she

turned to MIss Stanforth. "Helen, what in the world did we come on such an errand as this fo'? Why didn't we send the soldiers?'

"Jack," said Helen, "I'm sorry you regret it. I don't. I never regret." "Yo're showin the white feather,"

Jack's eyes glistened with anger. "The white feather! What do yo' mean, yo' little pest? White feather! I'm not afraid of all the guerrillas in Christendom. They won't hurt me. I'm going down there to ask 'em fo' comething to eat. I'll get yo' all off. White feather! I'll show yo'!" She sprang upon the rampart, but I caught her and dragged her back.

'Let me go!" she screamed. "Didn' I tole yo' Missy Jack hab de piggest temper in de souf?" cried Ginger proudily.

"Let her go," said Helen, "and I'll go with her. If those guerrillas who are disposed to protect us can do so, they will succeed as well without you Indeed, your presence as with you. will only tend to irritate them. Come Jack, we'll try it."

I stood aghast at such a plan. I for bade it. The girls were determined. begged, ordered, stormed at them, declaring that for every step they took toward that den of hellhounds I would take two. At last Helen laid her hand on my sleeve and looked me calmly in the eye. "Major Branderstane, I want you to

let me have my way in this matter. You owe it to me. When you were wounded, I took you in and succored you. Since we have been in this place I have obeyed your every order. Jack has flashed unknowingly, unintentionally, a stroke of gentus. Jack is a genius. She has hit on our only chance, She fascinated the guerrillas once, and she'll do it again. She will split them in halves and set one half against the other. But she will need me. Give me that revolver." All this was lost on me. I swore

between them and the rampart. Helen stepped to one side of me. Jack darted to the other. Ginger put his hand on my arm.

"Don't stop Missy Jack, mars'. Missy Jack can do eberyt'ing wid men folks." He turned my face to the eliff. "Look dat a-way, an yo' won't see hit."

When I broke from the old man, Helen and Jack were beyond the rampart. I have seen lifeboat men pull out in a tempestuous sea, breasting a howling wind and madly tossing billows; have seen men march out to battle with almost a certainty of death or mutilation, but I have never looked upon any sight with the mingled terror and admiration that thrilled me as I beheld these two girls, without other weapon than woman's loveliness, descend the rocky slope toward the guerrilla camp. They moved hand in hand, as I have seen graceful ships sail side by side. Helen was the taller and the more commanding, but both walked erect, Helen buoyed by a native courage, Jaqueline confident in the possession of a gift, a genius for bending men to

They had scarcely left us when the guerrillas caught sight of them and stood looking up in stupid wonder. Ginger, Buck and I were staring down upon them, Ginger's eyes starting out of his head, Buck leaning excitedly over the rampart, I clutching my carbine. On went the girls, between the flanking rocks, out upon a gentle swell, through a slight depression, over stones, weeds, brambles, till at last they came within 50 yards of the guerrilla camp. Then came a cheer from the bandits-I knew not whether of triumph or welcome-and the girls en-

tered the camp. What they said, what was said to them, I could not hear. I could only see. Captain Ringold raised his hat and stood with it in his hand. He was evidently speaking, for the men gatherfaces were turned to her. Occasionally she made a gesture, now turning to our little fortress, now pointing the finger of scorn at the guerrillas, as though to shame them or to influence whatever of manliness there might be in them. "No!" cried little Jack, with a snap She was making them a long speech. At least, it seemed so to me, who could see, but not hear. At last there was a cheer. The conference was ended.

Then the little actress, Jaqueline, was evidently using her art. She would whisk up to one of the men, stand before him in a favorite position of hers, "I ain't no traitor man, mars', ef I bent slightly forward, and shake her sir black. Ginger hain't gwine t' talk finger in his face. All the men stood watching her. Occasionally there came burst of laughter, a yell of applause, a clapping of hands, and I knew that Jack was carrying her audience.

Then I could see the figures below beginning to busy themselves about preparations for supper. Helen and Jack took hold as they had done once before, the men permitting them to do the work.

Buck, beside me, chuckled.

"What is it, Buck?" "That consarned Jack's goln roun' har with the skillet in one han' an chawin somep'n she's got in the other. Wish I was thar."

When supper was served, each man yled with the others to provide for their guests. Jack was seated on the ground, her back resting against a tree, a plate in her lap, a tin cup at her side, evi-



dently making a hearty supper, keep-

other started after the retreating party, but was intercepted. A general fight ensued, some of the men placing themselves between the others and the girls, who were now coming up the hill, quickening their pace at every step. Cocking my carbine, I ran down to join the girls, meeting them midway



After supper we could see that the

conference was resumed between Hel-

en and the guerrillas. She was evi-

dently arguing with them to effect a

purpose. The captain had a good deal to say, but all were taking part in the

debate. Then the girls started for our

fort. One of the men approached the

captain and shook a fist in his face

The captain knocked him down. An-

She waved her bonnet to the querrillas. between the fort and the guerrilla came. First Jack came dashing past me, wild with terror, her checks blanched, her eyes staring. Helen came on more slowly, turning occasionally with hot beeks and flashing eye. Below, · the guerrillas, was a babelswearing, howling and shooting - the protecting party being the stronger and keeping the others at bay. I put my arm behind Helen and hurried her up the steep slope. When we got to the fort, Jack was already there, crouching behind the rampart, her head appearing above it, her eyes as big as saucers.

"Goody gracious, what a fool I was to go down there! Wouldn't do it again fo' anything." a

Helen gave me a hurrled account of the visit. On entering the camp the captain had complimented them upon their brayery, both in the fights that had occurred and in coming out unthey should not go. I planted myself armed, assuring them, looking ominous ly at some of the more cutthroat of his men, that if any man offered them the slightest indignity he would shoot him on the spot. Helen had replied that, whatever they were, she believed they were brave and above injuring a wo-Then she held up to them the magnitude of their crimes and bade them go and enlist in the Confederate army. She succeeded in getting an of St. Luke's to stop and hear his preachfer of a free conduct to all save me. This they persistently refused. After much urging the captain agreed that we should be let alone till the next morning, a promise on which I placed no reliance. Helen begged to be permitted to carry me provisions. This

was also refused.
"I did all I could," she said ruefully, "but I couldn't move even the captain. They wouldn't give me a morsel for

"Oh, Helen," said Jack, "I'm tired of hearing yo' whine!" And, taking off ner sunbonnet, out rolled a liberal supply of corn pone and salt pork.

"You little thief!" cried Helen and threw her arms around her cousin. A second time my life had been saved, at least temporarily, by Jaqueline.

ICONTINUED.

HOW THE TARIFF WORKS .- Mr. Once in a while our boasted 'Yankee shrewdness' is made to play second iddle. A British contractor recently performed a neat trick on an American steel manufacturing concern. The Englishman in question secured a contract for building a section of an elevated railway in Boston. Knowing that because of the curious operations of the American protective tariff he could buy American made steel cheaper in England than Americans could buy it at their own doors he proceeded to take advantage of the fact. The Englishman wrote from England to several American structural iron works asking bids on a certain lot of iron. He selected the best bid and closed the contract. When the contract was proerly signed he cabled the American iron nanufacturer not to ship to Liverpool, but to ship to Boston. The point of the Englishman's joke will not be seen by those who still cling to the idea that Americans can tax themselves rich. Neither will it be seen by those who still labor under the delusion that the foreigner pays the tax."

President McKinley owned a collection of gifts, souvenirs, etc., quite as large as that of Genera. Grant, though not so valuable. Wherever the I resident traveled gifts were pressed upon him. Officers and privates in the Philippines, in Cuba and in Porto Rico would send him curior; articles from those lands by the hundreds. The Mc-Kinley collections from the insular possessious is thus one of the most interesting in the United States. If properly displayed it would fill a large room.

Probably it will eventually be placed in the National Museum at Washing-

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score of physicians, has treated and cured thousands of men and women who had been given up as incurable by local physicians. "Your medicine is the best I have ever taken." writes Mrs. Jennie Dingman, of Rapid Clty, Kalkaska Co., Mich. "Last spring I had a bad cough, got so bad I had to be in bed all the time. My husband thought I had consumption. He wanted me to get a doctor, but thought we would try Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and before I had taken one bettle the cough stopped and I have since had no sign of its returning."

Doctor Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure constipation.

A CHURCH OF HIS OWN .- Accord

ing to a newspaper story, there is a probability that Mr. John D. Rockefelter will withdraw from the church he has heretofore affiliated with in Cleveland, O., and build up another church, because of differences with the pastor of the old congregation. Mr. Rockefeller, according to the story, is patronizing a young minister and poposes to assist in establishing a church body for him. The idea of men who can afford it having churches of their own is not new. In Beaufort County, South Carolina, in days when planters were the rich men of the country, a planter who was an Episcopalian and the principal supporter of the parish church, St. Luke's, and with whom the rector made his home, got into a dispute with his friend and guest on church matters. As a consequence, the story goes, he built a church, Methodist in faith-a denomination then just becoming prominent-and ran it in opposition to St. Luke's. It is said that he would drive to the church on Sundays and, taking his stand in front of it, would call on those who were on their way to worship at er. The church erected by the planter has long since disappeared, but the site of it is still known as "Church Hill." The old Episcopal church The old Episcopal church edifice remains, but it is now the pro-

perty of a Methodist congregation.

The old religion, like the old planters,

has passed away from the locality.

Savannah News.

THE AGRICULTURAL FAIR.-James G. Blaine once said that the agricultural fair is the farmer's parliament. This is not so true now as formerly when speechmaking was a conspicuous part of the proceedings. We question if the agricultural fair has not declined in power for good, to a greater or less extent, by eliminating this fea-ture that was intended to serve as mental stimulus as well as entertainment, and the substitution of "attractions" of a decidedly different charac-How the Tariff Works—Mr. Bryan in The Commoner this week is largely based on two general featives the best illustration we have seen gives the best illustration we have seen tures—entertainment and exhibits. of our present tariff laws. He says: The first is made to serve the purpose of drawing people through the gates at 50 cents a head, and the other to serve the purpose of the exhibitors in advertising their wares. Both of these features may be, and usually are, worthy so far as they go, but they do not meet the full purpose of an agri-cultural fair. We believe that a return to the farmer's parliament idea as expressed by Mr. Blaine and a development of this feature would be pro ductive of much good .- Colman's Ru



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useful information is given, especially about the character and proper employ ment of fertinzing materials, with dif-ferent formulas for varying soils. The

by the narrater: "When President Harrison invited me to become a mem ber of his Cabinet," he said, "I deter-Indiana before going to Washington. I bad not been in the town for twenty years. At the railroad station I was met by the village hackman, who knew me when I was a boy. He greeted me as if I had left the town only the day before. On the way to going' hack, I said: 'Well, William, between New York and Boston. what has happened since I have been 'Nothin',' he replied. 'William,' I continued, 'I've been chosen augh."

ROOSEVELT GAVE HIM THE FACTS. street, N. Y., have issued a most attractive little handbook of 90 pages, R osevelt," said a Washington newsentitled "Cotton Culture," presenting paper man, "was when he was a Civilin convenient form many details, facts Service Commissioner. I was carrying and reports of "improved methods of the hod for a morning newspaper and Service Commissioner. I was carrying growing cotton profitably " for the in- was given an assignment to see Mr. formation of cotton farmers who wish Rossevelt touching some civil service to learn how to "make the largest question. When I reached the gentlecrops at the lowest c ... The chap man's home I was shown to the library ers c ver all the subjects relating to and pretty soon Mr. Roosevelt walked the plant, its cultivation, fertilization, in. He came to me and gave me a diseases, insect enemies, etc., and much warm handshake and went right to business by saying:

" 'I'm glad to see you, but sorry, my young friend, you represent the paper you do. The editor of your paper is an publication is of great value to any cotinfamous scoundrel and unmitigated ton grower, and can be had free of liar. Yes, sir, that's just what he is: charge by application to this company at but I know you can't help it. All its New York address, already men- Heaven and earth couldn't keep him from being just what he is. Be good enough to tell him I said this. Now, Ex-Attorney General Miller, says the New York Times, recently told to know and I'll do the best I can by this story, which is there ughly enjoyed blaze away and tell me what you wish

"And then, after delivering himself of his private opinion of my boss, Mr' Roosevelt gave me all the facts I wished mined to visit my boyhood home in and the last word he said to me was to not forget to tell the editor his opinion

The new battleship "Retvisan," built by the Cramps, in Philadelphia, for the Russian government, is said to be the fatest battleship affoat, having the botel in his ramshackle, deep sea averaged 18.8 knots for twelve hours

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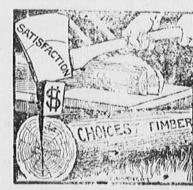
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