

The Herald and News

MY CAPTIVE.

By JOSEPH A. SHIFFER, Author of "The Sea of Scimitars," "The Sea of Scimitars," etc.

CHAPTER VII THE TEMPLE OF OLD PUT.

My fears found ample justification, for the men soon turned their attention to the horse, and two of them approached him. I looked up at him as he mounted, and he was no longer to blame, for he should have known better. One of the men made a wide circuit and came up carefully behind, while the other approached with equal caution from the front, whistling in a soft and coaxing way and holding out his hand. Evidently the men appreciated the value of a good horse, and no doubt they had stolen enough from part of farmers to have experience. Old Pat never raised his head to look at them, but continued his hunt for blades of grass. He certainly had the appearance of a horse, and I was convinced now that his detour was really at hand.

"I thought you said he was the most intelligent of us three," said the girl ironically, "and here he is, gone to sleep and letting himself be taken, to be used perhaps as a common cart horse."

Her words were an insult to us both, Old Pat and me, but I knew no timely reply, and I endured them in silence.

The man in front, emboldened by Old Pat's gentleness, approached more rapidly and was soon within 15 feet of the horse. Old Pat raised his head, and looking at the man a moment lowered it and went on nipping the grass.

The man holding out his hand stepped forward and seized Old Pat by the neck. The horse, with a neigh that was human in its anger, turned and bit deep into his shoulder. A scream, wilder, more fearful than any I have ever heard before or since, rose from the man's throat and he fell to the earth with his face feet. The girl turned her eyes away in horror as the man was crushed to pulp beneath the fierce feet of the steel-shod hoofs, time for but one cry being given to him, but I kept mine at the crevice, though I will confess that the blood was rather a chilly torrent in my veins.

The other man, the one behind, faced about and fled when he saw the death of his comrade, and the one that I had of him showed fright to the marrow. The horse, raising his head, trotted away over the hill. The moonlight fell upon him there in distorted rays and enlarged him into a gigantic figure. In the gray light he looked like some phantom horse, a wild creature that brought death.

The hand, recovering from the momentary paralysis caused by the sudden acquaintance of their comrade with death, snatched out their pistols and fired at a man in his place, but their aim was wild, for the horse gave no sign of a bullet, trotting steadily on, his figure growing larger and more threatening in the exaggerating rays of the moonlight, until he disappeared beyond the swell of the earth. The thing that had been living lay in the dead grass, and I was glad that it was hidden almost by some rocks and the roll of the earth.

"He is gone, Julia," I said, "and I don't think those men will try to take my horse again."

I laughed a little, with a rather forced gaiety, for the influence of the sudden tragedy was still upon me. Yet I was glad that Old Pat had redeemed him-

self so conclusively from the charge of inaction and delay, which I would never again bring against him, even should they come to be true in the course of the years.

The girl came back to the crevice, and we watched the British for some minutes. After the hasty discharge of the pistols they returned to the tent, making no movement either to pursue Old Pat or to remove the body of their dead comrade. They would have liked well enough to obtain a good horse, but they were not going to bother about such a trifle as a dead man.

"Do you think they will attack us?" asked the girl.

"Well, not yet at least," I replied. "The advantages of the defense are too great, and these men are many rapiers and rapiers. They are not going into a dangerous venture unless the chances are on their side. Perhaps they think we will become frightened and surrender tomorrow."

"You surely will not do that?"

"I had no such intention, worthless rascal as I am, but if you say surrender I will go out and notify them this minute."

"You knew I meant nothing of the kind."

She spoke rather sharply, and leaving the window went back to the table, where she began to clear away. She gathered up the scraps and put them back neatly. Then she trusted the crumbs off in her hand, for lack of any-

thing else, and threw them in the fire, and being done that pushed the table toward the wall. I made no effort to help her, as she did everything with a skill and dispatch, and I was content to watch her. Nor did she say anything to me, but her work done, she turned and sat down at the end of the hearthstone, leaning her head against the wall of the chimney and gazing into the dying fire.

The last log was smoldering on the hearth and threw but a feeble light. I blew out the candle, thinking we might need it in case our enemies made any hostile movement, and the darkness gathered at once in half the room, only a dim light showing as a fringe to the fire.

"I think you'd better go to sleep," I said to the girl. "It is always well to save one's strength, and now is a chance for rest."

"And you?"

"I don't need any sleep. I'll stay at the window and watch."

"But you need rest as well as I."

"Why do you bother yourself about a villainous rascal who is going to be banged anyway by his justly angry king?"

"I wish you would stop talking that way."

Her tone was rather plaintive. Unobtrusively she was tired and worn by anxiety, and I obeyed her request. I made her wrap her cloak around her, and though she declared stoutly that she would not go to sleep, merely wishing to lean her head against the wall and rest, her eyelids drooped and fell, and in two minutes she was asleep.

The fire sank lower, eating its way along the log until only a few inches of wood were left. The girl slept soundly. The curve of the chimney into the wall formed a kind of nook, and her head and shoulders rested easily there like a picture framed against the rough logs, which were unplastered and not even smoothly hewn. I trusted that she would sleep the night through, and as the fire sank lower and lower and the darkness crept up to the hearthstone, almost hiding her figure, the stillness of midnight came, and I could hear her regular breathing in the dead silence.

though their lazy attitudes showed well enough that it was a job they did not like. For all I could tell at the distance, these men, too, might be asleep sitting.

I watched them for a half-hour or more and grew very tired of the business. The brightness of the moonlight had culminated, and the earth lost its silver tint, shading into a dark, dull gray. The figures of our besiegers grew shadowy and shapeless. It was a time for sleep, and I felt it in all my bones. A sleeper doesn't ask much. If I could have taken my blanket and put myself down on a reasonably smooth piece of turf under the shade of a tree, with the certainty that no enemy would wake me, I would have slept the sleep of the just, or the tired and quiet, which is often as good.

I drew the old pine box up to the window and sat on it, resolved to listen, now that I was tired of looking. I wondered what had become of Old Pat, the man slayer, and tried to discover why I had been such a fool as to distrust him even for a moment.

Thus musing I discovered that the fire had gone out; that I could see nothing in fact, that the room was pitchy dark. I opened my eyes, remembering that all things must be dark to a man with his eyes shut, and saw again the flickering fire and the figure of the girl half reclining in the chimney corner.

This would never do. I was the whole army—horse, foot, artillery and baggage, weapons, commander in chief, colonel, captains and privates—and we could never get sleep all at once. I undertook to walk trisily around the room in order to stir my sluggish blood into wakefulness, but that would wake the girl, and I did not want to do such a cruel thing. I stopped in front of her and looked at her face attentively. Asleep she did not look at all the spirit she was awake. Mingled with her beauty now was a certain wanness, a something that was pathetic, a look

that appened to a man for protection and strength. After all, she was but a girl, and why should I care for the bit of things she said when probably half the time she said them she was sorry?

I went back to the window and looked out once more. The besieging army was taking its comfort. The part which had stretched itself on the ground remained stretched, and the part which watched sagged more than ever toward the horizon. It was a lazy army, that was evident, and I resolved that I would set it an example of superiority.

Having made these brave resolutions, I sat down on the stool and leaned my head once more against the wall, not because I was tired and sleepy, but merely that I might reserve my strength for a crisis, the most necessary thing in the world for a soldier, every man of experience knowing that an army fights better if it goes into battle well fed, well clothed and well rested. It was a good argument, that bore extension, and I closed my eyes that they, too, might have rest, for they felt weary and clogged. Then, do what I would or could, weariness and sleep took charge of me. Tired muscles rose in open and defiant rebellion against mind and will. The combat was short and fierce, but matter triumphed over mind, and in five minutes I was in the midst of a sleep that was heavenly with rest, unpeopled by bad dreams, with my head back against the wall and my breathing long and regular. Meanwhile the bed of coals on the hearth grew smaller and paler. The rim of fire narrowed. Coals turned from black to black and then to gray and crumbled into ashes. The darkness crept up to the very edge of the hearthstone and then invaded it. The girl was completely in the shadows, and the pale glimmer of the fire was but a faint light left in the room.

The sleeping man—the sleeping girl were tired, very tired, and they slept soundly. If they had dreams, they were pleasant ones, and no thought of danger entered into them. The men around the campfire had moved away to the other side of the world, and the little cabin was peaceful for them, inside and outside. Sleeping thus, they did not see the men rise from the campfire and approach the hut, now veiled in a darkness which made such a movement safe. They reached the cabin without alarm or a sign from the watcher who was not watching, and at last the leader tried the shutter of the

window. He pried at it with his knife and moved it a little. Then he put his ear to the crack and could hear nothing within. Replacing his ear with his eye, he could see the feeble glimmer of the fire and nothing more. He was sure that those whom he wished to take were asleep, and he exulted, for a fierce anger mingled with his other desires to recapture both. He pried again at the window, and with greater leverage it yielded further, and he scraped against wood. He stopped and listened again, but the inmates of the cabin never stirred.

Putting his ear to the wide crack that now intervened between the shutter and the wall, he listened again and heard the steady, regular breathing of some one inside and below. He knew it was the breathing of a sleeping man, too loud and strong for a woman, too even for one awake, and he reached up and pulled the shutter wide open on its rude leather hinges. Then he grasped the edge of the window with both hands and pulled himself up.

My sleep grew troubled at last and then turned into a nightmare. Some huge wild beast, after the fashion of beasts in nightmares, was sitting on my chest and blowing his breath in my face, while I had no power to move a muscle, avoiding me, turned itself with a click in the log walls, and the report confined in the small room roared like a cannon shot.

Moved more by impulse and instinct than by thought, I snatched out my own pistol and fired at the head in the window. The man uttered a deep sigh, the body dropped forward and swayed there; I heard the light drip, drip of something on the floor, and then the body fell inside the room.

The girl suddenly awakened by the terrible sounds and half in a maze, cried out in fright and then began to speak in a high, trembling voice, and happily.

"The British have attacked us, I said, 'one of them was in the shut, and I threw him back. Stand out of the range of the window, I did not want her to see the thing lying on the floor under the window, and I showed the table in front of it."

She obeyed, for I spoke the last sentence very sharply. The window was wide open, and expecting to see the face there I held my second pistol ready, but none appeared, and I had no doubt that they feared Crawford was dead.

Taking the risk I reached out an arm, sized the shutter and slammed it shut, securing it as best I could with the leather strap and nail used as a fastening. Then, with my ear near the crevice, I listened, but could not hear our enemies. I feared at first to look out, lest I should receive a bullet, but still hearing nothing I applied my eye and saw that the man had gone back to their fire. They were all there—four I counted them, and knew that none was missing. They were deliberating evidently over the fall of their leader and what next to do, and I took an immediate resolution.

"Light the candle," I said to the girl. "Hold it to the fire. There's enough heat left to start the wick to burning."

and even as I spoke I dragged the dead body into the narrow bay. I dragged the body into the narrow bay, and having done so, I turned to the door. Then I caught a faint light from the tent and Old Pat's head and neck protruded from the door.

"Come, I said, 'you are going to leave this place without your pointing to the man and their heads are turned to us."

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CASTORIA For Infants and Children. The Kind You Have Always Bought Boars the Signature of Dr. H. H. Hutchins. In Use For Over Thirty Years CASTORIA. THE CENTRAL COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

SEA-SIDE RAILWAY. Condensed Schedule in Effect Jan. 1st, 1901. STATIONS: Lv. Charleston, 10:00 a.m., 12:00 p.m., 2:00 p.m., 4:00 p.m., 6:00 p.m., 8:00 p.m. Ar. Charleston, 11:00 a.m., 1:00 p.m., 3:00 p.m., 5:00 p.m., 7:00 p.m., 9:00 p.m.

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VESTIBULE LIMITED WEST-SAL INDIA TRAINS DOUBLE DAILY SERVICE Between New York, Tampa, Atlanta, New Orleans and Points South and West. IN EFFECT NOVEMBER 25th, 1900.

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SHE WAS ASLEEP.

Palpitation, fluttering or irregular weak-ness are an indication of weakness of the nerves or muscles of the heart. A weakness long continued produces deformity and organic disease. If your heart action is weak, make it strong. Build up the muscles and strengthen the nerves with the greatest of all heart remedies, Dr. Miles' Heart Cure. "My wife suffered greatly with palpitation of the heart, smothering spells and loss of sleep. She found immediate relief from Dr. Miles' Heart Cure and after a thorough course her trouble all disappeared." CART. THOS. F. GEORGE, Athens, Ala. Dr. Miles' Heart Cure quiets the nervous heart, regulates its pulsations and builds up its strength as nothing else can. Sold by druggists on a guarantee. Dr. Miles Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind.

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ATLANTIC COAST LINE! FAST LINE Between Charleston and Columbia, Upper South Carolina and North Carolina. PASSENGER DEPARTMENT. WILMINGTON, N. C., JAN. 15th, 1901. CONDENSED SCHEDULE.

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