

The Herald and News

MY CAPTIVE.

By JOSEPH A. ALTSEHER, Author of "A Soldier of Manhattan," "The Sun of Saratoga," etc.

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CHAPTER VII. It was a bold measure, involving many risks, but I believed that it would succeed if we kept our courage and presence of mind. For at least two or three minutes they would think I was Crowder, victorious, and that would be worth much. When I had taken down the bar, I stopped a moment. "Keep by my side," I said. "Remember that we must become separated by no chance. Here, take this pistol. You can shoot, can't you?" She said "Yes" and took the pistol. Then I opened the door, and we dashed out, running with quick and noiseless steps across the open toward the wood, which rose in a dim line ahead of us. While the window opened toward the campfire of the besiegers the door did not, and we had gone perhaps 50 yards before they saw us. This I knew by the surprised shout that came to us, and looking back I saw them hesitating, as if in doubt about my identity, and at last running toward their horses. I was glad that they would pursue on horseback, and I had taken that probability into consideration when we made our dash from the house, for even at the distance I could see that the dim wood looked dense and a poor place for the use of horses. "Courage, Julia!" I said, taking her hand. "In a minute or two we will be into the woods, and they mean safety." I looked back a second time. The guerrillas had reached their horses, mounted them and turned their heads our way, but in doing it their time had been lost. Unless lamed by some unlucky pistol shot we would surely gain the wood. They fired once and twice, and I heard the thunder of their horses' hoofs, but I had little fear. I still held

let her jerk three or four times, and then I added as an afterthought: "It is very dark here, and there is still danger that we might become separated. I think I will let you hold it a little longer, but I shall endure it merely because it is a military necessity." She gave her hand a most violent jerk, and it nearly slipped from me, but I renewed my grip in time. "Simply a military necessity," I repeated, and, seeing that it was useless, she made no further effort to withdraw her hand. I could not see her face, the darkness being too great, and therefore had little opportunity to judge of her state of mind. We walked on in silence, winding here and there through the wood, with an occasional stop to listen, though we heard nothing but the common noises of a forest—the crackling rustle of dry leaves and twigs, the gentle swaying of some old tree as the wind rocked it and the soft swish of the bushes as they swung back into place after we had passed between.

CHAPTER VIII. JULIA'S REVENGE.

We walked for nearly an hour and during the last three-quarters of it kept straight to the northwest, in which direction I thought Morgan, with his lieutenants, lay, or rather marched. At last the bush began to grow thinner and the trees to stand farther apart. I inferred that we were approaching the end of the forest, and I was not sorry, as the traveling was hard, and I believed that we had lost our pursuers. Presently we came into the open, and I let the girl's hand drop. "Which way are we going now?" she asked. "Wait a moment," I said.

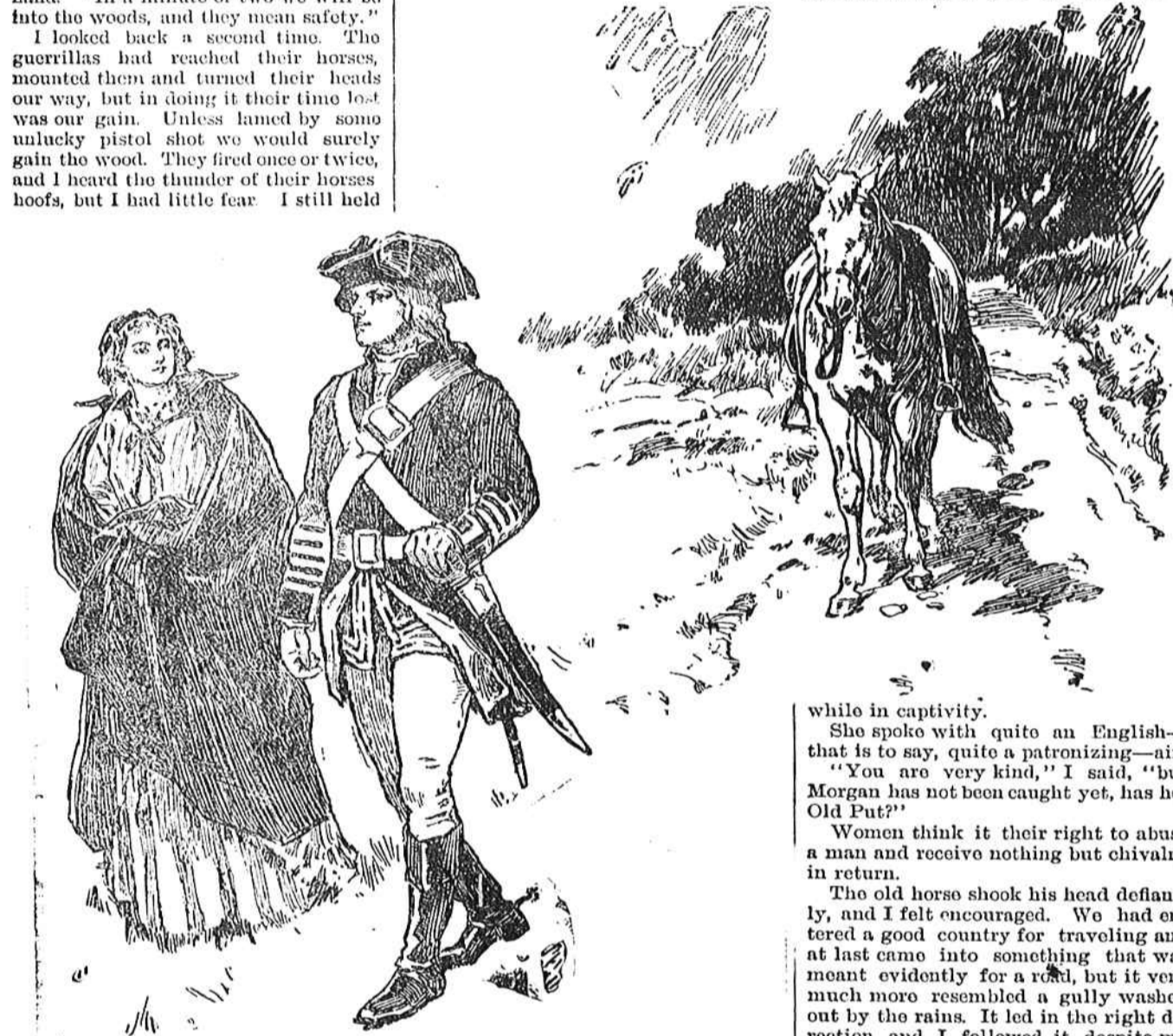
I put two fingers to my lips and blew between them a whistle, soft and long and penetrating. "I heard a sound like that," she said. "I heard a sound like that," she said. "I heard a sound like that," she said.

gray light, appeared through the trees. The girl cried aloud in a panic of terror and gripped my arm. "Don't be alarmed, Julia, dear," I said. "See who it is!" Old Put walked up to me, gave his glad, familiar whinny and rubbed his nose on my disengaged arm. Then he started back, and his eyes flamed with wrath. "Don't be angry, old comrade," I said. "It is true I wear a red coat, but it is only a disguise, a ruse, and I will get rid of it as soon as I can." He wagged his head as a sign that my apology was sufficient and made no further protest. I slipped the bridle over his head, and the girl broke into a nervous laugh of relief. "Did you think Old Put would desert a comrade?" I asked. "Wait here just a moment," I continued. I led Old Put a little distance, and gathering up some dry leaves wiped them from his hoofs. Then I returned with him to her and told her to jump upon his back, but the horse shied away from her, showing aversion and anger. "Never mind, Old Put," I said. "It is all right. She won't beat you again. She likes us both." "It seems to me that you are rather inclusive in your statements," she said. "Get up," I said, and giving her a hand, I assisted her to jump upon the back of Old Put, who had received my explanation with perfect confidence and assumed a protecting air toward her. "And now once more for Morgan," I said. "Which, of course, means Tarleton in the end," she said. "And I want to say, Mr. Marcel, that when the rebel army is taken I shall not forget the service that you have done me at a great risk to yourself. My father has insisted once with Colonel Tarleton, and I shall ask him to secure your good treatment

ly, and I made no further explanation, for she asked no more, merely saying that she hoped it was no worse than that. The trees and bushes did not cease to nod at me and waggle their heads at each other and make jeering remarks about me, but I paid no further attention to them, turning them with the lofty scorn of silence, which is supposed to be the most offensive of all replies. The road led into hilly country, but I tramped on in my dream, becoming dimly conscious that it was growing light. A far off there in the east, just where the sky touched the earth, was a bar of light shining like silver. As I looked it broadened and began to roll up like a great wave of molten silver. On the horizon the hills and trees rose out of the darkness. Old Put turned his face to the daylight and whinnyed approval. An answering whinny came as 20 cavalrymen galloped around a hill, opening in two lines and closing up again, with us in the center. "Wake up! Wake up, man! Why, you'll sleep on in this way," said one of the cavalrymen, leaning over and slapping me vigorously on the shoulder. I awoke and looked up at his bewildered English face and his bespattered English coat and was filled with confusion and dismay. "Why, you isn't awake even yet!" said the other with a laugh. "Are you from Cornwallis?" His tone, though eager, was friendly, and the reason for his question flashed upon me. It was the red coat that I wore, Crowder's coat, which had served me no good turn already. "Yes," I said, "my name's Hinkle, and I'm from Cornwallis with an important message for Tarleton. I was pursued last night by a gang of rebels, who shot my horse, but I escaped them in the wood. An hour ago I overtook Miss Howard here, who also has an important dispatch for Tarleton, and I am trying to pilot myself and her to him at the same time. The officer raised his hat to Miss Howard and regarded her with open admiration. "Your bravery and loyalty equal your beauty, Miss Howard," he said. "England can never suffer when we have such as you. Don't you remember me? I'm Lieutenant George Cuthbert, and I had the honor of an introduction to you at Lord Cornwallis's ball in Charleston some months ago."

"Indeed I do," she said in a tone of recognition, "and I hope that we shall meet again soon under such peaceful circumstances, but now I must hasten on, for my message will not wait, and so must this old soldier, who has been such an assistance and protection to me. Can you direct us by the best road to Tarleton?" "Keep straight on the way you are going," said the officer, "and if you hurry you ought to overtake Tarleton before noon. Have no fear of the rebels, for Tarleton is driving them all ahead of him, except one small party to the south of here, for which we are looking. I'd give you an escort into Tarleton's camp, but I need all my troopers for the task I have in hand."

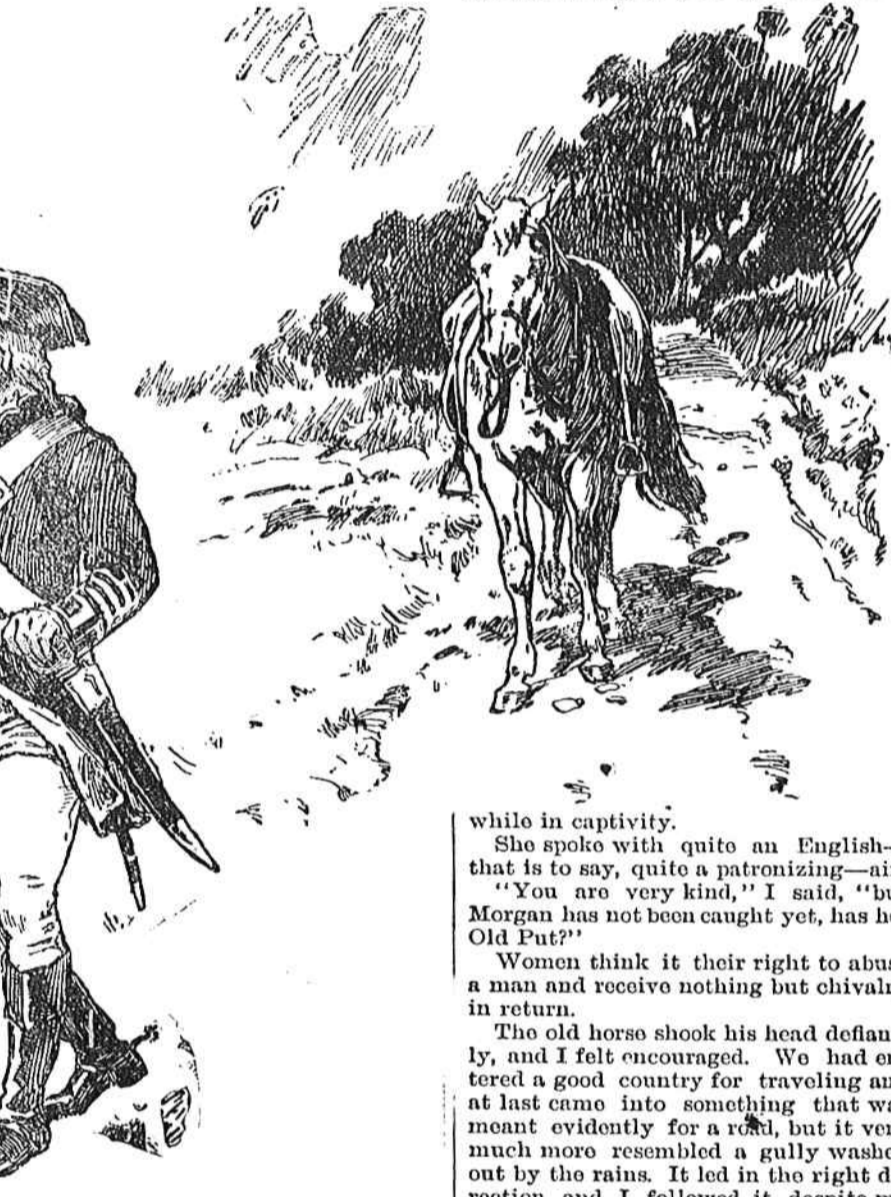
"I thank you for your courtesy and information, Lieutenant Cuthbert," she replied, "and I hope that we will meet again soon in Charleston when all these rebels are taken." "And that will not be long, Miss Howard," he said, with a gallant bow. He gave the word to his troopers, and they galloped on. During this ordeal the behavior of Old Put was something wonderful to see. Though he hated a redcoat as a cat hates a snake, he seemed to understand that he had a part to act and that he must act it well. All his true character disappeared. He was a shambling, drooping horse, with his head down and ready to submit to anything, just an ordinary, oppressed British horse of the lower classes, not a proud spirited American horse, conscious of the Declaration of Independence and the truth that all men and horses are born free and equal. But when the last of the British troops had disappeared around the hill and the gallop of their horses had sunk into a mere echo Old Put resumed his former and true character—his figure



WE STARTED ON OUR GREAT CURVE AROUND TARLETON.

the girl's hand in mine, and she made no effort to draw it away. She was leaning with a firm, sure step, and though her face was white and her eye excited, she seemed to retain both her courage and presence of mind. The wood was not as far as I had calculated, and when our pursuers were many yards away we dashed into it at such headlong haste that I tripped over a vine and fell upon my nose, burying it in a pile of soft leaves, which saved it from harm. But I was up again, rejoicing at the accident, for in a wood interlaced with vines horses could make no progress.

"Why do you do that?" asked the girl in a fright, coming toward me. "You will bring them upon us again." "Wait," I repeated, and I blew the whistle a second time. We stood motionless for two minutes, and then I heard a faint crush, crush, as of approaching footsteps. "They are coming!" cried the girl, seizing my arm. "Let us run into the wood again." "Wait," I said for the third time. The footsteps approached rapidly, and a figure, gigantic and formidable in the



WHILE IN CAPTIVITY.

accompanied by numerous patches in the mouth, eruptions on the skin, sore throat, copper colored spots, swollen glands, aching muscles, and bones, the disease is making rapid headway, and far worse symptoms will follow unless the blood is promptly and effectually cleansed of this violent destructive poison. S. S. S. is the only safe and infallible cure for this disease, the only antidote for this specific poison. It cures the worst cases thoroughly and permanently. In the fall of 1897 I contracted this disease. I tried three doctors, but they did me no good; I was getting worse all the time; my hair came out, ulcers appeared in my throat and mouth, my body was almost covered with copper colored spots and offensive sores. I suffered severely from rheumatic pains in my shoulders and arms. My condition could have been no worse; only those afflicted with this disease will understand my sufferings. I had about lost all hope of ever being well again when I decided to try S. S. S. From that time on the improvement was rapid. In three weeks I seemed to have the disease completely under control. The sores were healed and I was soon free from all signs of the disorder. I have been strong and healthy ever since.

When the Hair Falls Out. It is a disease which is accompanied by numerous patches in the mouth, eruptions on the skin, sore throat, copper colored spots, swollen glands, aching muscles, and bones, the disease is making rapid headway, and far worse symptoms will follow unless the blood is promptly and effectually cleansed of this violent destructive poison. S. S. S. is the only safe and infallible cure for this disease, the only antidote for this specific poison. It cures the worst cases thoroughly and permanently. In the fall of 1897 I contracted this disease. I tried three doctors, but they did me no good; I was getting worse all the time; my hair came out, ulcers appeared in my throat and mouth, my body was almost covered with copper colored spots and offensive sores. I suffered severely from rheumatic pains in my shoulders and arms. My condition could have been no worse; only those afflicted with this disease will understand my sufferings. I had about lost all hope of ever being well again when I decided to try S. S. S. From that time on the improvement was rapid. In three weeks I seemed to have the disease completely under control. The sores were healed and I was soon free from all signs of the disorder. I have been strong and healthy ever since.

SSS. It contains a particle of mercury, potash or other mineral poison. It contains valuable information about this disease, with full directions for self-treatment. We charge nothing for medicinal advice; cure yourself at home. THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.



While in captivity. She spoke with quite an English—there is to say, quite a patronizing air. "You are very kind," I said, "but Morgan has not been caught yet, has he, Old Put?" Women think it their right to abuse a man and receive nothing but chivalry in return. The old horse shook his head defiantly, and I felt encouraged. We had entered a good country for traveling and at last came into something that was meant evidently for a road, but it very much resembled a gully washed out by the rains. It led in the right direction, and I followed it, despite my persuasion that we were now in territory practically occupied by the British and were much more likely to meet them in the road than in the fields or forest. But I was tired of such difficult traveling, and being extremely anxious to rejoin Morgan, I chose the course which promised the best speed. Old Put carried the girl, and I walked on before, holding his bridle in my hand. I sank into a kind of walking doze—that is, I slept on my feet and with my feet moving. I was but dimly conscious, but I knew that I could put my trust in Old Put and that he would warn me, if she made any attempt to escape. Whether the girl was asleep or wide awake I knew not, for my brain was too tired and dull then to tell me, but looking back once, she seemed to be awake. She had slept well in the hut, while only a short nap had fallen to me. We were in the darkest hours, those that stretch out their length between midnight and dawn, and I walked on over a dim and shadowy world. Sometimes I was not conscious that my feet touched anything but air. This queer feeling that I was walking on nothing lasted for more than half an hour, and then my half sleep took another phase. I came back to earth, and the red clay of the road took on for awhile the color of blood. The trees by the roadside raced past, rows of phantoms, holding out withered arms and making gestures that I did not understand. Once the dead face of Crowder rose up out of the road and confronted me, but when I said, "You were a murderer and worse and compelled me to kill you," and walked boldly at him he melted away like so much smoke, and I laughed aloud at such a poor kind of a ghost that would run at the first fire. "What on earth are you laughing at?" demanded the girl from the horse's back. "I awoke with a jerk and replied: 'At your gratitude.' But I was on the verge of sleep again in five minutes, and the trees and the hills and the bushes were playing new tricks with me. The bushes were especially impudent, nodding to me and then to each other and then saying aloud: 'Here he goes! Look at him—making a fool of himself and wasting his time over an English girl who hates him and all his countrymen!' I picked up a stone, threw it at one excessively impudent bush and shouted at the top of my voice: 'It's a lie!' 'For heaven's sake, Mr. Marcel,' cried the girl, 'what's the matter? Have you a fever?' 'I was dreaming,' I said confusedly.

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Columbia, Newberry & Laurens RR Co. In Effect Nov. 25th, 1900. (Eastern Standard Time.)

Table with columns for Stations, Daily No. 1, Daily No. 2, and times for various routes.

SOUTHERN RAILWAY.

Condensed Schedule in Effect Jan. 15th, 1901.

Table with columns for Stations, Daily No. 1, Daily No. 2, and times for various routes.

VESTIBULED WEST COAST LIMITED TRAINS

DOUBLE DAILY SERVICE Between New York, Tampa, Atlanta, New Orleans and Points South and West.

Table showing train schedules for West Coast Limited, including routes like New York to Tampa, Atlanta, New Orleans, and points south and west.

ATLANTIC COAST LINE!

FAST LINE! Between Charleston and Columbia, Upper South Carolina and North Carolina.

Table showing train schedules for Atlantic Coast Line, including routes like Charleston to Columbia, Upper South Carolina, and North Carolina.

Florida Central & Peninsular

Trains run by both Meridian, or Central Time South of Coler Bay. Time Table in Effect June 3rd.

Table showing train schedules for Florida Central & Peninsular, including routes like Meridian, Central Time, South of Coler Bay, etc.

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