## The Kernlil and News

By JOSEPH A. ALTSHELER, 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

'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 lost was our gain. Unless lamed by somo unlucky pistol shot we would surely gain the wood. They fired once or 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."

rustle of dry leaves and twigs, the gen-

tle swaying of some old tree as the wind

rocked it and the soft swish of the

bushes as they swung back into place

CHAPTER VIII.

JULIA'S REVENGE.

during the last three-quarters of it kept

straight to the northwest, in which di-

rection I thought Morgan, with his lit-

last the bush began to grow thinner

and the trees to stand farther apart. I

end of the forest, and I was not sorry,

that we had lost our pursuers. Present-

ly we came into the open, and I let the

"Wait a moment," I said.

"Which way are we going now?" she

I put two fingers to my lips and

blew between them a whistle, soft and

girl's hand drop.

long and penetrating.

We walked for nearly an hour and

after we had passed between.

Old Put walked up to me, gave his glad, familiar whinny and rubbed his She gave her hand a most violent jerk, nose on my disengaged arm. Then he and it nearly slipped from mo, but I restarted back, and his eyes flamed with newed my grip in time.
"Simply a military necessity," I re-

peated, and, seeing that it was useless, said "It is true I wear a red coat, but she made no further effort to withdraw it is only a disguise, a ruse, and I will her hand. I could not see her face, the get rid of it as soon as I can." darkness being too great, and therefore Ho wagged his head as a sign that had little opportunity to judge of her my apology was sufficient and made no state of mind. We walked on in silence, further protest. I slipped the bridle winding here and there through the over his head, and the girl broke into a wood, with an occasional stop to lisnervous laugh of relief. ten, though we heard nothing but the common noises of a forest-the crackling

'Did you think Old Put would desert comrade?" I asked.

gray light, appeared through the trees.

"Don't be alarmed, Julia, dear," I

and gripped my arm.

said. "See who it is!"

"Wait here just a moment." I continued. I led Old Put a little distance. and gathering up some dry leaves wiped the stains off 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. tle army, lay, or rather marched. At "Get up," I said, and, giving her a hand, I assisted her to jump upon the inferred that we were approaching the back of Old Put, who had received my explanation with perfect confidence and as the traveling was hard, and I believed assumed a protecting air toward her.

"And now once more for Morgan,"

"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 influence with Colonel Tarleton, and I shall ask him to secure your good treatment

The girl cried aloud in a panic of terror ly, and I made no further explanation, for she asked no more, merely saying that she hoped it was no worse than

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, treating them with the 'Don't be angry, old comrade," I lofty scorn of silence, which is supposed to be the most effective of all replies. The road led into hilly country, but I tramped on in my dream, becoming dimly conscious that it was growing light. Afar 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 whinnied 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 walk into a river or over a cliff if you 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 bewhiskered English face and his bestriped English coat and was filled with conusion and dismay.

"Why, he isn't awake even yet!" said the officer, 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 one 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 ad-

"Your bravery and loyalty equal our beauty, Miss Howard," he said. 'England can never suffer when we nave such as you. Don't you remember ne? I'm Lieutenant George Cuthbert, and I had the honor of an introduction to you at Lord Cornwallis' 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 kind soldier, who has been such an assistance and protection to me. Can you direct us by the best road to

"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 har "

"I thank you for your courtesy and information, Lieutenant Cuthbert," sho 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 iuto a mere echo Old Put resumed his former and true character-his figure

birth of the last one my wife used four bot-

tles of MOTHER'S FRIEND. If you had the

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tucky Attorney-at

-Law.

livery.

while in captivity. She spoke with quite an Englishthat 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

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 more 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 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 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

"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 "It's a lie!"

oried the girl, "what's the matter? Have you a fever?" "I was dreaming," I said confusedFOR MALARIA, CHILLS AND FEVER.

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We went on for a long time in

I declined alruptly, saying I

silence, barring a request from the girl

that I ride and let her walk in my

was a cavalryman, with such few oppor-

tunities for walking that I intended to

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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enjoy one when I had it.

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" Newberry

" Ninety-Six.

" Greenwood.

Ar. Hodges 7 00 a m 11 05 a m 8 14 a m 12 10 a n 8 30 a m 12 25 p m 9 30 a m 1 55 p m 9 50 a m 1 55 p m 10 15 a m 2 15 p m Lv. Abbeville. 9 55 a m Ar. Belton.... 10 45 a m 3 50 12 20 pm 4 15 pm Daily Daily No 16. No. 12. STATIONS. Ar. Anderson ... Abboville

Lv. Hodges.... Ar. Greenwood. "Ninety-Six.. Newberry. Lv. Kingville.... " Orangeburg. " Branchville. " Summerville. STATIONS. 11 00 p 7 00 a Lv. Charles on .. Ar 12 00 n 7 41 a "Summerville" .. Columbia .. ... Alston.. . Santue ... Union.

10 15 a 2 00 p " ..... Union .... " 12 45 p 7 10 10 35 a 2 22 p " ..... Pacolet .... " 12 25 p 6 53 10 50 a 2 37 p " .... Pacolet .... " 12 14 p 6 42 11 25 a 3 10 p Ar Spartanburg Lv 11 45 a 6 15 11 80 a 3 49 p Lv Spartanburg Ar 11 22 a 6 00 2 48 p 7 15 p Ar ... Asheville ... Lv 8 00 a 3 05 "P" p. m. "A" a. m. "N" night. DOUBLE DAILY SERVICE BETWEEN CHARLESTON AND GREEN VILLE Pullman palace sleeping cars on Trains 35 an 3, 37 and 38, on A. and C. division. Dining car

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Ar Portsmouth, "700am Washington, N & W H B Boti er, B SP Co... New York, O D S S Co NII Petersburg, Note - | Dally except Sunday Dining cars between New York and Rich-mond, and Hamlet and Savannah on Trains Nos. 31 and 44. † Central Time: § Eastern Time.

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7 :3 pm Ar ...... Winnsboro...... Lv 10 18 am 9 20 pm Ar..... Charlotte, N. C..... Lv 8 10 am 

...Spartanburg.....

### Florida Central & Peninsular

Trins run by foth Meridian, or Central Time South of Columbia. Time Table in

| Court of Contin One. Lin            | IO I KD  |
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| Effect June 3rd.                    |          |
| SOUTHBOUNI                          | ).       |
| No. 81                              | No. 2    |
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| Lv Philadelphia 3 29pm              | 3 35a    |
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| Ar Jacksonville 7 40pm              | 9 10a    |
| LV Jacksonville 7 45mm              | 9 20a    |
| A) Lake City 9 35pm                 | 11 28a   |
| Ar Live Oak 10 80pm                 | 12 18p   |
| Ar Tallahassee                      | 8 88p    |
| Ar River Junction                   | 5 25p    |
| Ar Mobile                           | 8 05a    |
| Ar New Orleans                      | 7 400    |
| Ar Gainesville                      | 12 01p   |
| Ar Cedar Keys                       | 6 25 p   |
| Ar Ocala 1 15am                     | 1 40p    |
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Jacksonville, Fis.

### WE STARTED ON OUR GREAT CURVE AROUND TARLETON. "Why do you do that?" asked the

the girl's hand in mine, and she made no effort to draw it away. She was running 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.

Ph)

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. "I hope you are not hurt?" asked Julia anxiously.

"Hurt? Not a bit of it!" I replied. "What a blessing these woods are! How dark it is in here, and what a blessing that is too!"

In fact, the wood was our good luck and our best luck at that, for even we on foot found it difficult to make our way through it. Afar we could hear the British cursing in profusion and variety as they strove to force their horses through the dense bush.

"Hold my hand," I said to Julia, "for otherwise I might lose you in all this darkness and density."

"Hold my hand," I said to Julia, "for otherwise I might lose you in all this darkness and density."

But instead of waiting for her to take my hand, which she might at have done, I took hers, and, bidding ner again to step lightly, I led the way, curving among the trees and bushes like a brook winding around the hills in search of a lovel channel. My object was to leave our pursuers at a loss concerning our course, and we soon ceased to bear their swearing or the struggles of their horses. I dropped into a walk, and of course the girl did likewise.

"I think we are safe now," I said. "There is not one chance in a hundred to bring them across our path again. What a fine wood! What a glorious wood! There is no such wood as this in England. It grow here especially for our safety, Julia."

"It did grow up in time," she replied, "but now that you think us safe again you can call me Miss Howard and not Julia."

"It did grow up an time," she replied, "but now that you think us safe again you can call me Miss Howard and not Julia."

Is said to Julia, and the fall of 1897

To the fall of 1897

In the fall of 1897

Foison. I tried the contracted Blood Poison. It cures the worst cases thoroughly and permanently.

My Confilion Could

In the fall of 1897

Foison. I tried did me no good; I was getting vose all the time; my hair came out, ulcers appeared in my throat and month, my body was almost covered with copper colored splotches and offensive sores. I suffered severely from rheumatic pains in my shoulders and arms. My condition could have been my sufferings. I had a little faith left in any medicine. After taking the third bottle I noticed a change in my condition. This was truly encouraging, and I determined to give S. S. S. altoroughly and permanently.

"It did grow up in time," she replied, "but now that you think us safe again you can call me Miss Howard and love been strong and healthy ever since.

I, W. Smth, Lock Box 61, Noblesville, Ind.

"I've Smth, Lock Box 61, Noblesville, Ind.

I've Smth, Lock Box 62, 10 and my hand, which she might at have done, I took hers, and, bidding ner again to step lightly, I led the way, curving among the trees and bushes like a brook winding around the hills in search of a level channel. My object was to leave our pursuers at a loss concerning our course, and we soon ceased to hear their swearing or the struggles of their horses. I dropped into a walk, and of course the girl did likewise.

England. It grow here especially for our safety, Julia."

plied, "but now that you think us safe again you can call me Miss Howard and not Julia."

"That's true, and now that we are safe again I must ask you, Miss Howard, as an especial favor to me, to please quit holding my hand."

"I am not holding your hand, Mr. Marcel!" she replied indignantly. "It is you who are holding mine, but you shall not do so a moment longer." She tried to jerk her hand away. 1

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 "Wait," I said for the third time.

The footsteps approached rapidly, and

figure, gigantic and formidable in the

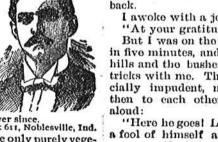
With the accompanied by mucous patches in the mouth, eruptions on the skin, sore throat, copper tions on the skin. colored splotches, swollen glands, aching muscles and bones, the disease is making rapid headway, and far worse symptoms will follow unless the blood is

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.

is the only purely vege-table blood purifier known. \$1,000 is offered for proof that it contains a particle of it contains a particle of mercury, potash or other mineral poison. Send for our free book on Blood Poison; contains valuable information about this disease, with full directions for self treatment. We charge nothing for medical advice; cure yourself at home.

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at the top of my voice: "For heaven's sake, Mr. Marcel,"

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