meaningly: "Not from me, of course;

from yourself. He will prize it more,

that way, and be more careful of it-

Strangely enough, the graceful man

was so awkward that he dropped the

heavy coat, as the girl hesitated; but

when he raised it her quick ear caught,

from lips that scarce moved, the hurried

"Inside pocket-warn him-danger-

With brain whirling from excitement

and conjecture, with no time to think,

the girl took the coat. And ere she could

form one word of query-not direct

enough for exposure if overheard-Fitz-

A moment later, matron and maid,

rebel sympathizer and union loyalist

alike, were close at the long line of

captives, eager for warm drink and

food-more eager still for kindly word

and touch of gentle hand; and bring back

Strong food and steaming coffee, del-

icacies and warm wraps, were urged

upon the needy men, their guards stand-

warned back those pressing too far be-

"Thank you, miss, from my heart!"

Evan Fauntleroy said, cheerily, as he

munched rapidly on a third buttermilk

biscuit. "I'll never forget your face-

Mr. Evan Fauntleroy! 'Tis not often

that gentlemen who have danced with

Bessie Westchester forget her com-

pletely," the girl retorted with a

bright smile and a mock courtesy

that brought a grin to the stolid

"INSIDE POCKET-WARN HIM-DANGER-

OUS PAPER."

face of the sentry at her elbow. But

the meaning in the eyes she fixed on the

youth's belied her levity; and again the

dark arched eyebrows spoke almost as

plainly as words had done a quick cau-

tion to his sense trained in peril of the

underlie her words, and his brain grew

"Your pretty cousin Carolyn is so close

a friend to me, Mr. Fauntleroy, that she

shall send you a message to mend your

memory," Bessie ran on, glibly enough,

she might say too much. "We were

talking of you, only this morning. She

is looking so well-so contented-now. I

would not let her come out; there was

too much risk-from the cold. But,

had she dreamed you were here, she

through me. She leaves for the north,

very soon, to visit her mother and broth-

now. I know that you are glad that

she took no risk-from the weather-

even if you miss seeing her. Perhaps"

-again the girl's glance emphasized

her words strongly and her brows

moved slightly-"she may be looking

fully understood her. His heart flut-

tered under his rough shirt; but he kept

his face calm, though the pleasant sur-

"I am so grateful to you," he an-

swered, jauntily enough, though the

feeling in his voice made it vibrant.

"Tell her, please, that I thank her and

cannot be too glad that she did not risk

put this on, quickly," the girl suddenly

cried, handing him the ulster. It is for

lowed," the sentry called, gruffly, turn-

you, from-a friend."

-a paper-"

"How thoughtless I have been! Here,

"Stand back, there! Only women al-

The sentry was beside her again; and

"So glad you remember me at last!

"IT IS FOR YOU, FROM-A FRIEND."

chester. Oh! yes, we live at the same

old brown house yonder"-she pointed

Fauntleroy's glance answered that he

at you from some window, now."

er. He has been very sick, but is better

alert to unravel it.

"Flattering, that! I owe you one,

your goodness to a stranger."

youd their line.

than of his life and liberty."

ous paper-extreme caution!"

hugh had moved rapidly away.

CHAPTER IX.

A BOON AND ITS RESELT. The movement enickly turned the old general's eyes from the guarded line to the obstacle in this path, surprise now replacing the thoughtful pity in them. But before he could speak the girl was at his stirrup, her own eyes downcast, her voice quiet but beseeching, as she

"Pardon such boldness in a lady, and a stranger to you, Gen. Baldwin. I am Miss Bessie Westchester-"

"Relation of Howard Westchester, formerly of the artillery?" the old sol-

dier asked, quickly. t. "Yes, sir; his youngest child," Mise

Bessie replied, with meekness of a budding saint. We were tent-mates in Mexico, my child," the veteran returned, warmly. "We rode into the Belen gate side by

"I am so glad!" the girl cried, frankly. That emboldens me; though your unfalling courtesy and kindness; are too well known to prevent any Baltimore girl asking a favor at your hands." "Any favor, my dear young lady,"

the general began, warmly, checking himself suddenly, to add: "that is, any The girl raised to his lar d lustrous

eyes, himid with piteous obsecration as she said: "Not in reason, but in common humanity, l'ask this one, Gen. Baldwin!" Never before had the petted belle

striven to throw so much of glamour into her glance on favored partner in the dance, or best parti at wateringplace, as now was given that gray-haired old soldier. "Well, miss, I think you may safely

ask," he answered, with kindly smile and lifting his plumed hat. "You do not look as if you could ask anything very dreadful."
"Then can we not have permission to

give these poor fellows bread and coffee during their halt?" Spite of her trained tact the woman's lips trembled with anxiety as they formed the plea. "Um! There should be no communieation between prisoners and citizens," the soldier answered, gravely. "Leniency has been so often abused of late, that I issued very strict orders. "But you can stretch them a little,

just this once," she pleaded, eagerly. "My dear young lady," the answer came seriously, almost sternly-"who can tell but the simple kindness might be abused again? I fear I must-" "But were I your daughter, instead of your old comrade's," she urged, quick-

ly. "If you had a son-there!" "I had one son," the veteran said, slowly, but his lips trembled "agallant boy, who sleeps at Cemetery Hill."

He turned his face aside; but the chance shot had gone to his heart. Turning calmly to the girl, he added,

"For his memory-for that of Mexico -I will grant your request. Licutenant, order the captain of the guard-" "He is here, sir." The junior passed to the rear as the captain halted, saluting grimly, with a scowl with anything but kindliness in it towards his charges, as the general said:

"Captain, instruct your guard detail to permit the ladies only the ladies to serve food to the prisoners during the

"My orders are very strict, general," but with heart in her very throat, lest the officer demurred, "from my colonel, in writing."

"Let me see them, sir." Very different was the tone from that the yeteran had used to the girl. "Which is your regiment, sir?"

"Hundred and -th Indiana, sir- would have sent-indeed, you may really Col. Funkitt," the captain answered, accept-her messages of love and cheer extending a paper drawn from his belt. Casting his eye over it, the general

"Ah! I thought so; never been to the front:—Um! my own orders." Then he hastily penciled across the paper: "Abrogated for thirty minutes, at Baltimore only, at 9 a. m., December 8, 1863.— Baldwin, major general, commanding." Handing it back without a word to the guard commander, he turned again to the girl, with lifted hat: 19 ...

"I grant your request, Miss Westchester-for memory's sake and your own. Thirty minutes will be allowed, to the prise would send the color to his frost-"Oh, thank you! thank you so much,

general!" the girl cried; and the little hand went up warmly to the tall soldier's. He tore off his right gauntlet and took it gently in his own, as he stooped from the saddle, and added, "It is scarcely discipline, Miss Bessie;

but it can do no harm; and your own honest face, your father's name, guarantee me that it will not be abused." A scaflet flood dyed the girl's face, and her eyes fell beneath the grave, far ing from Bessie's side and advancing a

therly regard of the old soldier, as he step. released her hand and moved slowly on. Peyton Fitzhugh had lounged away Then she flew to the sidewalk to give from the sidewalk and was approaching the joyous tidings to mother and friends, the line. not omitting another meaning glance t Like a flash, she seized the opportunity, never pausing to note its cause, and

As Gen. Baldwin's eyes turned to that the rapid whisper went straight to group of waiting men and women, they | Evan's brain: "She's well-safe! If you escape, come

encountered a glowing pair of black ones fixed steadily upon him, their own- to us! Be very cautious; breast pocket er standing directly behind Mrs. Gilmor Gray, and wrapped in a heavy, dark ulster. A light of recognition passed | she was saying aloud: over the general's face, and he made movement to check his horse, seeming Yes, I am the same little Bessie Westabout to speak. But the other man, with very slightest shake of his head, put his finger carelessly upon his lip. and the federal commander—the lock of recognition on his face changing to one of contempt-turned his eyes toward the prisoners once more, riding slowly onward. As he passed out of view, his mute interlocutor raised his hat gracefully, saying over that lady's shoulder:

"A very sad spectacle, my dear Mrs.

Turning quickly at the words, the matron started as her glance encountered the placid one of Peyton Fitzhugh.
"A piteous spectacle, indeed," she be-

gan, earnestly; but her younger daughter, coming up at the instant, looked full at the spy as she finished for her:

"And some of them are-Virginians!" "Yes; that tall, coatless youth looks like one," he replied, unperturbed, but with a meaning glance that brought the blood to her cheek.

"Come, mamma, sister, we are wasting time." Bessie turned her back abruptly on her handsome "Dr. Fell," covering her wonder if he had eaught her signals to Evan by directions to the

bearers of the coffee-tins. There was general movement by the .women, as news of the merciful order spread, Mrs. Gray and Miss Westehester | him to it-"and the old number is un-

changed-462 Saint -- 's street. You slready near the line. ' "Poor young devil! He looks so remember mamma married again-Mr. ideuced cold," he said, distinctly. Gilmor Gray. Everybody in Baltimore "Stop, Miss Bessie. : Here, give him -yes, anywhere in Maryland-knows Gilmor Gray." With an effort she

a light walking-suit, his hand extend saucily:

As she turned in surprise, Bessie again gulped down the rebellious heart, Westchester saw his tall figure clad in thumping so loud in her throat, adding,

"Sorry you can't stop and call now. Mr. Reb; but some day-when you are paroled, or when we've whipped you all back to the union again, mamma will perhaps open her doors to Carolyn's cousin. Be sure and remember the house, if you did forget me when-" "Fall in, there! 'Tention, pris'ners! Fall in!"

The gruff command rang along the

With final hand shake, low-breathed blessings on either side, and tearful eyes on that of the women, the pitiful column and its grim escort formed, moving slowly up the street. And, watching them with wet lashes so long as they could see, some of those women stood in mid street, unmindful of wind and cold, but with their baskets and coffee cans alike emptied by the effort "To do for those dear ones what woman

Alone in her pity can do!"

Just then the chime of bells broke out sweetly on the frosty air, calling sinful ones to early church. But that goodly throng of gentle women had already offered up the incense of good deed at the highest Altar's foot, had already partaken of the Blessed Sacrament of love and pitying charity.

Bessie Westchester had fled to her home-to the attic-into her friend's

"Brave, good Bess!" Miss Clay cried, stroking the dark hair with hand that trembled strangel". "I saw you speak to him-give him a coat; almost fancied you whispered something." "I did! Oh, Caro, it was so lucky!

The Yankee turned away; I had a second to tell him about you-to warn him about the paper-" "What paper, child?" Miss Clay's

eyes opened wide. "The one left in the coat-pocket-the one he cautioned me was dangerous-" "He? Of whom are you speaking,

ing grim but not unsympathetic, as they "Carolyn, that coat-that warningwas given me by—" She paused a moment, drawing back gently from her friend's arms and dropping her eyes. drained his second cup of coffee and But quickly she raised them again, looking steadily in the other's face, as she said, slowly: "I cannot ask for what you left unfinished. I will not surmise, even, against your wish, why you considered him unworthy for my feet to spurn. But that coat, the paper, and the warning, were given by-

Miss Clay stood rooted to the spot by surprise, staring at the earnest speaker. But a deep red flush rose over cheek and neck and brow, as she cried: "That man? They were given by-"

"By him you swore never to name," Bessie Westchester broke in, gravely. "You must have reason; keep your word. It was Peyton Fitzhugh.

CHAPTER X BETWEEN THE LINES.

Mr. Willie McKee walked restlessly ap and down the bachelor rooms, special pride of his friend Carroll Meredith. Unique they were in decoration; antlers of ten, hung with varied guns, fishingtackle and game bags; rare stuffed specimens on brackets and stands; while the walls showed best reproductions of the sporting triumphs of American and foreign art. But the younger man was alone, as

night fell rapidly over the cold quietude of the city, four days after that Sabbath when the prisoners had passed through Baltimore streets; and with it fell the north wind, that had howled all day, leaving the outer air piercing cold, and presaging a sharp, hard freeze. Raising the sash, McKee peered out anxiously into the fast-growing gloom,

then shutting the window with a bang, and shivering as he muttered: "Growing devilish cold! Why don't he come? His dispatch said five

He poked the fire nervously, lit a border. He knew some meaning would fresh cigar, and threw himself into a great leathern chair, thinking, half

"Um! if Pete has come over, I'll risk it to-night, without waiting for that nameless adviser she trusts so implicitly. If this calm holds, the river will freeze; and then-"

Brisk clatter of hoofs on the stones without brought the thinker to his feet, with the exclamation:

"At last, thank heaven!" But as he waited expectant for Carroll Meredith's entrance, the door banged, a slow, heavy step crossed the hall, and a stout, ruddy-faced Irishwoman, with neat band of grizzled hair low over her forehead, entered the room. "Where is he, Mary?" he queried, impatiently.

"He's rid aff, sor," the woman answered, "afther lavin' this note for the masther.'

"Was that not he?" "At th' dhoor? Shure it was wan av thim blue-coats, bad luck to 'em! He

fetched this: 'Wid dispatch from hidquarthers,' he sid. I'd like to crack his hid-quarthers, be th' same token!" With an angry toss of her head, she laid the note on the table. It was an official envelope, printed in the corner, "Headquarters department of Maryland, adjutant general's office. Official

business," and directed to Carroll Mere-

dith, Esq., in prim, clerical hand. McKee stared hard at the missive, taking it up more than once, as though his curiosity would force him to open it. Could it be an arrest? he wondered. His friend made frequent trips to "the Ferry," but his ordinary huntsman's life left them presumably without suspicion. Besides, were it an arrest, it would come in very different manner. A warning, perhaps? Yet Meredith had no friends among the federals-had avoided the officers, and even lectured McKee roundly for his courtesies to Maj. Bond for sake of passes. Anyway, no warning could come from that office. What could it mean? Again he took up | see if you had not come." the envelope, handling it as though it burned him, then holding it close to the ruddy blaze, only to find it densely

"Who brought it, Mary?" he asked of the servant, still lingering by the table.

"Virry, sor! A dacint-shpoken lad no', barrin' th' blue," she answered, in an accent that long residence nor long days!" devotion to the Meredith family had been potent to conquer. "He sid it was immavjit; and I sid I'd hand ut to th' masther in three winks av a pig's eye! I wudn't be afther littin' th' likes o' thim know whither he wor in or no." "You are right, Mary. Prudence can do no harm these days. Of course Car-

roll only goes hunting, but--" "Is it that? Shure it's th' bad shot he's grown, thin, fur whin he takes th' longest thrip th' bag comes in th' imptiest. But where he goes, an' whin, is his own bisiness, an' none av th' blue | portant." divil's matther." The woman spoke hotly and honestly, though there was keen twinkle in her eye as she finished. "Very well, Mary," the man an-

swered, looking keenly at her. "I'll give him the letter as soon as he returns." And, as the servant closed the door, McKee resumed his restless walk, with many a glance at the suspicious It was a full hour after nightfall when

Carroll Meredith clattered up, dismounted and entered his own cozy apartment. "Hello, Willie! U-ugh! but it is bit-

ter cold." was his greeting, as he threw off coat and gloves and stood with his back to the fire. "I should have thought you would

ride faster," was the reply. "Here's a letter for you.

"Faster! Selim and I did the thirty miles in an hour less than usual," Meredith answered, taking the letter carelessly. "It was broad day before old Pete paddled into the creek; said the

river was full of transports passing up. Wonder if they can be massing for a

a move this weather.' "Were the creeks freezing?" the other asked, anxiously. "Carroll, if the river freezes, how can we ever get her BCTOSS?" "Upper route-Harper's-and cross

on the ice," Meredith returned, prompt-

"Not if they're massing above Washington. Besides, hang it, she's obstinate as a burro about that cursed anonymous meddler. But for him I'd have had her scross that night." "His information was strictly correct," his friend replied.

"Read your letter," McKee retorted,

abruptly: and the host read, slowly: "'Maj. Bond begs to hand Mr. Carroll Meredith the inclosed, just received from Wheeling, with request for immediate delivery.' Um! polite enough; but I'm getting into good company fast! Notes from-headquarters!" "Read the inclosed, Carroll; it may

be important." "Beyond doubt," the other chaffed back, as he slowly slipped the inclosure from its unscaled envelope. It bore only his name and number, covering a large, stiff sheet of plain paper scrawled over in careless writing, wide-lined and ragged. "Doubtless, Willie, Gen. Baldwin presents his compliments to Mr. Carroll Meredith, and requests his views upon prison discipline. You know he is off on an inspection. Damned if this isn't a puzzler. It might be written in

Chinese. Here, see if you can translate

Meredith tossed the sheet to his friend.

it. I don't remember the writing, even."

reaching for his slippers and drawing off one boot, as McKee read aloud: " 'Called off suddenly. Don't delay the hunt for me. Creeks may freeze and ducks fly too high; so go ahead-alone. Regrets to the ladies, especially Miss C. Let her read this, but be careful the heat (from her angry eyes) does not burn it up before she reads my grief between the lines. Ask her to pray for my soul. Thine, "Who in thunder is 'Harry?' I had no engagement to hunt with any fellow -far less any woman," Meredith

growled, pulling on one slipper.
"Who is 'Miss C.? Do you recognize her?" McKee queried in turn. "Divvil a shpat av me! as Mary says,"

the other returned. "Miss Carroll-Crenshaw-Colston? But I've no engagement. It is some stupid joke! If 1 catch the fellow, I'll make him pray for his own soul-" "That's it! He is the man!" McKee

started to his feet. "Damned if you don't read Chinese after all," Meredith replied, staring, "Well, his name?"

"I have no idea; but there's far more than any joke in this. Carroll, its writer is the same who sent the warn-"By George!" the other cried, spring-

ing to feet shod in one slipper and one riding-boot. "Are you sure? Why, man, he would have written to you. No one knows that I ever saw Carolyn "There may be good reason," McKee

persisted. "See: 'Don't delay the hunt.' 'Go ahead alone.' Why, Carroll, it is plain warning to cut and run. And that 'Pray for my soul' is his signature." "It does look that way," Meredith assented, scanning the letter closely, sud-



denly adding: "How in thunder could it have come from Yankee headquarters? Will, it's a trap or a joke."

"It is no joke," was the confident reply. "The words are too exact for coincidence. She must see it, anyway. It will fix her determination to go; and we must get her to the river before the freeze. Wait till I come back."

Hastily pocketing the letter, McKee seized hat and overcoat, sallied into the street, and raced for the Gray mansion. Bessie opened the door for him, her ear -more acute from long and wondering waiting-recognizing his step before his hand touched the bell.

"Well, you are here at last, Willie," was her eager greeting. "I've looked for you four whole days. Where have

"I have been quite busy," he answered, formally. "I have sent daily notes for Miss Clay, inclosed to you." "And without one word for me," the girl replied, with a little pout. "But, Willie, I have watched for you all dayran down from Caro dozens of times to

"I have come now," he answered, with what aimed at dignity but struck pettishness only. "And I must see Miss Clay at once.'

The girl stared at him, surprised, a hot flush stealing to her face and hot words to her lips. But she held thems back, saying, as gently as gravely:

"I saw you," was his quick reply-"at the prisoners'." "Then why did you not come to me? I never saw you once.'

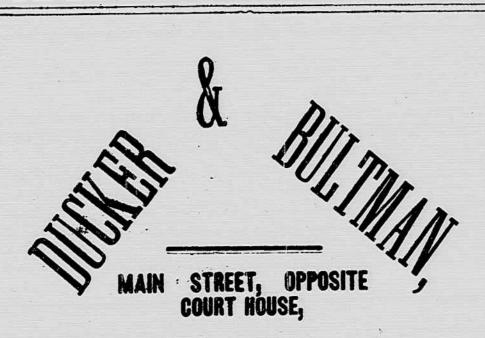
"I presume not!" This was at zero mark. "You were much better employed.' "Perhaps I was: but I always have time to welcome you-Willie, what is

the matter? What have I done, that you should be so dif-" "Nothing." he interrupted, stiffly. "Can I not see Miss Clay? It is very im-"Walk into the parlor," the girl re-

plied, coldly. "I will see if any servants are about." And, without even a glance at him, she ran lightly upstairs. "She didn't seem to mind it a great deal," Mr. McKee said to himself, turning into the empty parlor. "But I was right. She talks one way and acts au-

other. If it had been one of the prisoners any man! But that fellow!" And he stared at his angry-faced reflection in the mirror, with the pat-me-on-theback expression of a man who convinces himself against his will. Then he took out the mysterious note again, reading it very slowly and very carefully; but, somehow, the characters would change to familiar English penmanship, the short, mystical sentences would twist themselves into those meaningful nothings so well remembered in many a differing missive, on theme less important, perhaps, but fateful to his peace of

TO BE CONTINUED.



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