

cles of every kind. And finally, girdled and guarded by trees and rocks, was the hidden still, where the "dull cold ear of"—corn was changed into the flowing moonshine that maketh glad the heart of man.

The peddler could hardly keep back a shout. He had won his spurs. It was a much larger concern than he had expected. Some hogs were rooting about the sodden earth. The monotonous dripping of water mingled with the grunts of these poetic animals.

Janey leaned against a rock, breathing heavily. The peddler thought he would about as soon touch a wild-cat as speak to her. Nevertheless he did.

"B'long t' your folks?" he said.

"T b'longs to Dick Oscar, an' you know it," said the girl, fiercely. "Now I'm goin' back home."

"You don't know of any more such," said the insatiate peddler, "lyin' round loose up here?—pearls among swine, so to speak."

"I've done enough. An', look here, keep your tongue between yo' teeth. Tell that I fetched you here, an' you won't see many more sun-ups with them spvin' eyes."

Mr. Pond was a tolerable woodsman, and he led Captain Peters and his scouts to the mountain still without trouble. They were all there, the Bleylock boys, the father, and young Oscar. They were hard at work, and, surprised, were

their fate; but Janey was still, brown lids veiling the dull fire of her eyes.

"Janey, my girl," said Oscar, drawing her apart, "I spoke up rough to you t'other day. But don't you mind it. 'Twarn't nuthin' but jealousy."

Her eyes softened. Mountain pinks, as well as some fine ladies, consider jealousy as a tribute to their charms.

"Perhaps I'll never come back," said he.

She seized him by the arm.

"Dick, what can they do t' you?"

"Dunno. Most likely I'll kill somebody tryin' to git away, and be strung."

Janey burst into tears.

"Shouldn't wonder 'f you married one o' the Jareds," he said, piling on the gloom.

"Dick Oscar, I promised to marry you, an' I don't go back from my word."

"No, an' I don't," cried Dick. "There ain't as pretty a shaped girl as you on the Cumberland; an' if ever I do git back—"

He whispered the rest in Janey's ear, and she clung to him, blushing a deep, deep rose.

"S jest one thing I want to know," said old Bleylock, as they tramped to Nashville: "how'd you find us?"

The Captain laughed.

"Been entertainin' a peddler, haven't you? Which



"THE PEDDLER COULD HARDLY KEEP BACK A SHOUT."



"SHE LEANED HER HEAD AGAINST A TREE."

handcuffed without the firing of a gun.

Who so crest-fallen as the toiling, moiling moonshiners? Who so jubilant as the long-whiskered Captain? He would have sung a psalm had he known how. As it was, he chewed a great deal of tobacco, and unbuttoned his flannel shirt for expansion.

The prisoners were halted at the Bleylock cabin for baggage and good-byes. They were to be taken to the penitentiary, and would need a change of socks.

Mrs. Bleylock and Eliza wept and moaned

courteous manner that gentleman listened, struck by her figure, her full voice, and passionate eyes. He promised to use his influence with the President to procure a pardon for Dick Oscar, and Janey was allowed to go to the prison with the cheering news.

The mountain girl was heard of in high cir-

one o' your gals 'd he make up to?"

Father and brothers swore. Dick Oscar nodded to his discernment, with human triumph.

A few lays later a young gal, walked into Nashville who had never been in a city before. She asked but one question—the way to the Governor's house. That accessible mansion was readily found; doors were swinging open; and, announced by a sleepy dandy, Janey Bleylock stood in the Governor's presence.

With a fine and courteous manner that gentleman listened, struck by her figure, her full voice, and passionate eyes. He promised to use his influence with the President to procure a pardon for Dick Oscar, and Janey was allowed to go to the prison with the cheering news.

The mountain girl was heard of in high cir-

cles. Hearts beat warmly in lovely Southern bosoms, and they made a heroine of Janey.

"Why don't you marry here?" said a beautiful enthusiast, who had called to see Janey, and kissed her, "because she knew so well how to love."

"Marry here, and I'll give you a wedding dress."

"So we will," said Dick Oscar, when he was out of prison.

And Janey went home a wife, as if the stars had been diamonds, and strung like a larkspur chain for her neck—father, brothers, husband, sheltering her in their love.

Mrs. Bleylock and Eliza ran to meet them. Eliza thought perhaps some one else would come with them. Had not her lover left her with a kiss and a promise to come back with a gold ring?

The pink ribbon was round her neck. Her lips were parted in a happy, vacant smile.

The old chap whose head looked as if it were stuck on with a pin was in advance. He thrust out his arm as Eliza drew near. "Don't you speak to me!"

"Pappy!"

"Damn your tattlin' tongue! Keep away from my hands!"

The smile had gone; the vacant look spread over the face that turned helplessly to her brothers.

"You ought to be whipped like a nigger," said Sam Bleylock. "What you tell that peddler 'bout

Oscar's still for? Might 'a known he was foolin' you."

"I didn't tell where the still was."

"Hoh! you lie too." And her father, passing by, struck her with the back of his hand.

"Shame on you, pappy!" and Janey ran to her sister, over whose lips blood was pouring.

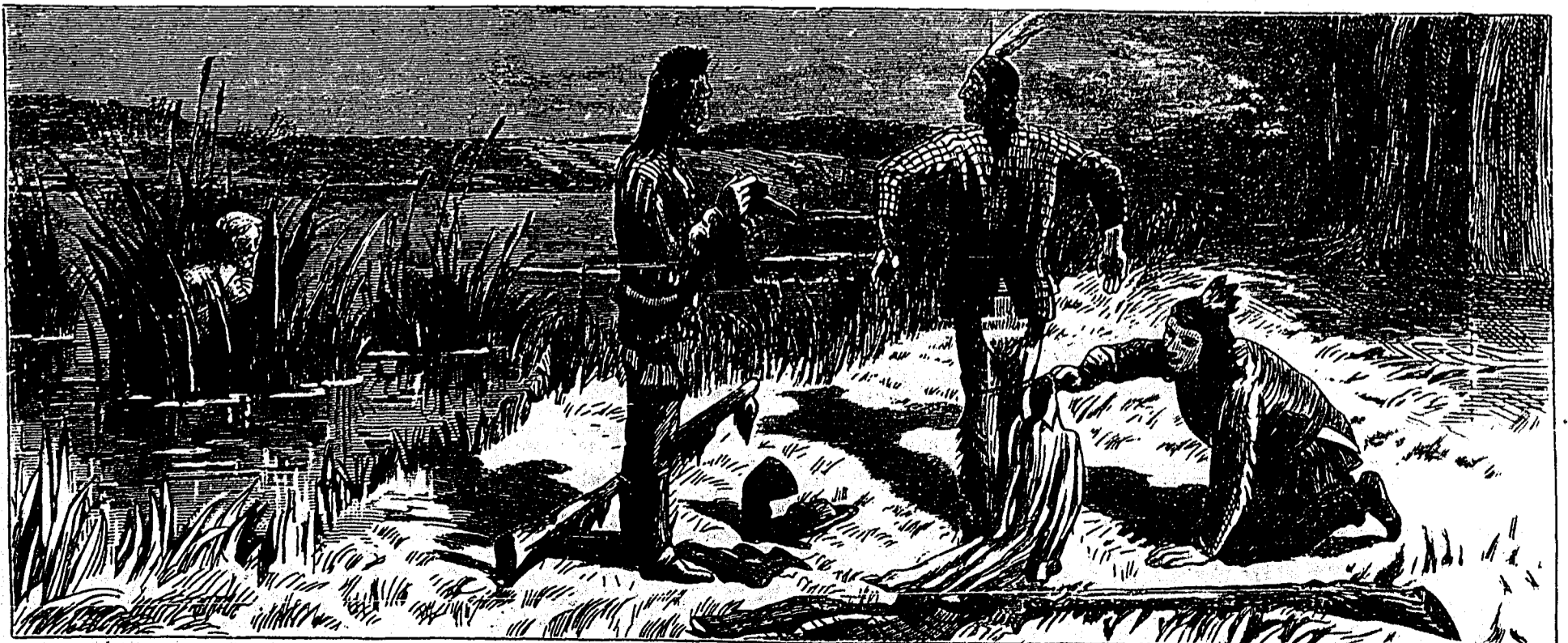
Her husband drew Janey away. "Don't touch her," he said, with a look of disgust; "she ain't fit."

A wild, terrified look swept over Janey's face. Should she grasp at the wind blowing in the tree-tops above her? She caught Dick Oscar's arm, holding it fiercely. Here was something to clasp, to cling to. Her soul shivered in her ardent body.

Afterward Eliza Bleylock seemed to wither away. She repeated her denial of having been a traitor, but no one ever believed her. She worked hard, and was used roughly. She had never been strong. Sometimes she stole away and nursed Janey's baby, that seemed to love her. But never when Dick Oscar was at home.

One day, sitting by the spring alone, too weak since a long while to work, she leaned her head against a tree, and with one moan, too faint to startle the singing-birds, she died.

Her mother and Janey dressed her cleanly, and tied about her neck a pink ribbon that they found in her Bible. And she was buried, with very little said about it, in the valley.



BRITISH COLUMBIA.—TAKE CARE WHERE YOU BATHE.