The post of the first of the fi

IRENE THE FOUNDLING

Or, The Slave's Revenge.

By the Author of "The Banker of Bedford."

CHAPTER XXII, -Continued,

"Therefore," went on the colonel, slowly and solemply, hoping his words might have effect on his litteners and prevent other desertlons, "you will be taken from here to your place of confisement, there kept until this day week, when you will be taken there-from, led to the field north of this town, at the hour of ten o'clock in the forenoon, and there shot until you are dead, and may the Lord have mercy on your soul.

The colonel sat down, and Diggs, again fainting, was carried back, almost insensible,

to his prison.
When Abner heard of the trial and the decision of the court-mar ial, he endeavored to ersuade the officers to reconsider the case, representing to them that Diggs was imbedile in mind and not ac mally responsible for his deeds. Irene, hearing with horror that the poor fellow was awaiting execution, which was hourly approaching, hastened to Snagtown to plead with the commanding officers in his behalf, and Uncle Dan used his influence too, for poor Diggs' fate, but argument and entreaty were alike unavailing, the the officers declaring that the case was plain, and justice must be done, and an example

Irene visited poor Diggs in prison and found him on the verge of despair. He had wept until his eyes were swollen. He could not eat or sleep, and his abject terror, his want of food and sleep had made him a pitiable-locking object. She remained only a few moments, but they were the only mo-ments of comfort he had since his sentence was passed, for Irene came to tell him it had been arranged that Captain Tompkins should go to Washington to intercede with the President on his behalf. Almost daily Mrs. Williams and Mrs. Jones, who had known army, and so could sympathize with poor Diggs. These were the only faces from the outside world that he saw, except the guards, who were sometimes kind-hearted, allowing him all possible priviliges, but often rough and surly, adding to his misery by coarse taunts and harsh treatment.

A man with a heart of stone might have felt compassion for Diggs. The little fellow's vanity and boasting were gone. He was humble and meek, and he seldom spoke. Even his fellow prisoners treated him with consideration, and endeavored to cheer and encourage him. Captain Tompkins obtained leave of absence, went to the Junction, and took the first train for Washington. He knew that if he could see the President, a pardon would be obtained, but to secure an interview with the President, when the country was in such a condition as it was at that time, was no easy matter. Days and weeks might elapse and leave him still waiting for an opportunity. The village paster found in Digga a ready convert now, but while he professed to have found peace for his soul, he was by no means anxious to quit this world. Hour after hour dragged slowly by, until the day was gone, and no news from Captain Tompkins. The next day and the next came and passed, the dromed man waiting anxiously, hour by hour, the captain's return. He ly, hour by hour, the captain's return. He will one day say so. The Nation is a great had heard of James Bird, the hero of Lake family, and if members of that family are in Erie, celebrated in song and story, how he had been condemned to death and pardoned, and how the messenger came bearing the pardon a few seconds too late, even while the smoke of the executioner's gun yet hung in the air, and feared that this fate would be It was now Wednesday, and the captain had not come and had sent no word. Diggs did nothing but pace his narrow cellhe was closely confined—bemoaning his fate and imploring every one who came to see him dawned, and the captain did not come. Even if he did return, he might not bring the par don. It was a day of agony to poor Diggs. To-morrow, that dread to-morrow, he must die. The minister remained with him most of the day, and Mrs. Jones and Mrs. Williams stayed with him several hours. Singing

bowed in his hands. The fatal morning dawned. Poor Diggs despair had seized him. His most intimate friends would not have recognized that haggard, wild-looking face. The minister, at his request, come early to his cell, also the sympathizing old ladies, who nad passed so many weary hours with him. But the morning hours now seemed to fly. No message or messenger came. The minister looked at his watch. It was only a few minutes before ten. All was silent, save an occasional ach from the prisoner or the old ladies. No one dared speak The minister sat silently holding his watch, noting the swift flying moments, his lips moving in silent prayer for the soul of the man, who was soon to appear at the bar of God.

and prayers were frequently heard from the

cell of the condemned man, who, most of the

time, crouched in the corner with his face

Ten o'clock came. There was a rattling of keys, a sliding of iron bolts and bars, and the

following with the guard.

good man lifted up his voice to that God, whom all the universe worships, in a prayer for a soul about to take flight.

Two soldiers entered and supported the at her side. prisoner beyond the prison walls, the minister

The dread place was reached. Sergeant stood before her.

Sords and Corporal Grimm had charge of "Oleah!" she exclaimed, in joyous sur Swords and Corporal Grimm had charge of the execution. At the farther extremity of the field was a fresh dug grave—a rude coffin beside it—and, standing in line beneath an oak tree, were twelve soldiers with muskets in their hands. The sight was too much for Diggs and he again fainted. The regimental surgeon administered restoratives, and the officers in onarge advanced to prepare the her lovely gray eyes full with entreaty. prisoner for his fate.

The minister approached Sergeant Swords, asking permission, before this was done, to offer a last prayer. It was granted.

The prayer was long and earnest, appealing to the Ruler of the universe, in universal terms. The minister prayed for the prisoner, he prayed for his executioners; he prayed for the officers who composed the court-martial; he prayed for the soldiers brother once whom I loved—never loved as who were to execute the sentence; he prayed for the army, for both armies, for all the armies in the world, for all the armies that country, the enemy of my happiness, the dehad been, and for all that might be. Having stroyer of all my heart holds dear. Brother! completely finished up the army business. the preacher commenced on civilians, and prayed, and prayed, and prayed, until both soldiers and officers looked at him and at each other in amazement.

"Sergeant," whispered Corporal Grimm, " did you ever hear as long a prayer in your

No," was the whispering reply. "There! "Do you not see, can you not und I'll be hanged if he ain't going back to that you ask impossibilities of me?"

loses!"
The prayer still went on, and on, and on

"Ready, fall in !" came the sharp order. The men rose from the grass and fell in "Oh, hea line, and the sergeant led Diggs over to the you mean?" coffin by the side of the grave; but Diggs, sobbing piteously, clung to him with such tenacity that it was difficult for the sergeant to free himself. He finally succeeded, forced him to kneel by his coffin, put the bandage over his eyes. Just as he stepped away, the clatter of hoofs were heard coming around the

bend in the road. "Attention!" said the sergeant. "Ready!" A loud cry interrupted the order, and a orseman came dashing up the hill.

"Hold !" said Sergeant Swords. "There comes the captain."

On, on he came, waving a paper high over his head. The soldiers rested on their guns. Abner Tompkins was among them in a minnte, and declared the prisoner free by the authority of Abraham Lincoln.

When released, Diggs sprang to his feet, and, in his joy, embraced the preacher, embraced the officers and would have embraced the soldiers, had not one threateningly point-

ed his bayonet at him.
As they returned to the village, all pleased with the happy result, Corporal Grimm,

approaching the minister, said:
"I shall always hereafter be a believer in the saving power of prayer. Praying often and praying long, does the work."

you, no, not even as a sister! Now, let me go!"

CHAPTER XXIII. THE ABDUCTION.

The Union forces stationed at Snagtown did not remain there many days after the event related in the last chapter. Diggs was paroled, and the regiment ordered into winters quarters at the Junction. The retirement of the Union forces was followed by predatory incursions of the Confederates who were encamped just across the Twin Mountains. Small parties on foraging expeditions frequently crossed the latter, and greatly harassed the citizens in and around Snag-

Since the last battle of Snagtown and the Confederate defeat, the peace and quiet of Diggs from his babyhood, came to visit the Tompkins mansion was broken. Mrs. him. They both had sons in the rebel Tompkins openly and warmly avowed her Tompkins openly and warmly avowed her principles, and Mr. Tompkins, old as he was, had almost decided to enlist in the ranks of the Union army and fight for his country.

Irene could range herself with neither party; her sympathies were too equally divided.

"To think," said Mrs. Tompkins to Irene, in her husband's presence, "that the Yan-kees, not content with killing poor, harmless Joe, should attempt to murder Diggs in cold

"How unfair it is," said Mr. Tompkins, "for you to charge the soldiers, who are fighting for our country, with what was purely a mistake in one case, and what, in the other, was the result of laws which have existed in all armies since military law was es-

tablished." "Don't say our country," said Mrs. Tompkins, bitterly. "They are fighting for your cold, frozen North, not for my sunny South, which they are trying to desolate and destroy. Sooner than see them victorious, I would willingly follow both my sons to my grave." Before Mr. Tompkins could reply, Irene

interrupted the discussion.
"Oh, father, mother, do not talk about this dreadful war. It has brought us misery enough; let it not ruin our home. It is all wrong—wrong on both sides—and the world arms against each other, is it any credit to either-can it matter which side is defeated? I know nothing about either side, but I know it is nothing to to take pride or pleasure in. Rather let us pray for its ending, than re-

joice or sorrow over triumph or defeat." Mrs. Tompkins went sobbing from the room, and the planter went out and seated himself beneath his favorite maple, in his rustic chair. His face was clouded. A barrier was gradually rising between himself and awful thumpin' and thunderin' o' horses feet to save him from his horrible fate, from being his wife—the wife whose love had blessed comin' down the wood path, that leads in the cut off in the prime of life. Thursday his youth and his manhood, the wife whose direction o' Twin Mountains. I think, may her struggles were quite useless. The strong estrangement he had never dreamed of, between whom and himself he had thought no obstacle, material or immaterial, could ever

come. To no one was this sad change more painful than Irene. Left alone in the great, silent room, her heart swelled with pain, her eyes grew dim. Clouds were rising thick and fast about her life : it seemed to her that no ray of light could ever pierce their darkness. She could not stay in the house, it seemed so cold and empty, and she went out, walking almost mechanically from the garden to the

highroad leading past the house.

The road was very pleasant this autumn evening; great caks grew on either side, their brown leaves rustling musically overhead. Irene followed it to the grave-yard, and, like one treading an accustomed path, made her way between the grass-grown graves and paused by the side of a new-made mound.

"Poor Joe?" she sighed. "Your life so sad, your death so terrible and swift. No home, no friends, no hope on earth! Then

why should I mourn for you?"
As with soft fingers, the evening air touched her aching eyes, and the evening stillness fell like balm on her aching heart; but on the stillness suddenly fell the sound of horses' jailer called the name of

'Patrick Henry Diggs!"

The minister and all, in the doomed man's cell, bowed for a moment in silence, then the feet. She started from the grave. The tramp uniform, and she had taken but a few swift steps toward her home, when the horseman galloped down the forest path and drew rein

"Stop, Irene, it is I," said a familiar voice. and the rider sprang from the saddle and

prise. "How you did frighten me !" "You should not be out at this hour alone," said Oleah. Where are you going, Irene?"

"I am going home," she said.
"Well, you need be in no hurry to leave me. It is not often you see me, Irene."

" No," he answered, his head shaking sadly and his lips tremulous with emotion. "When last I was beneath the roof I met an

enemy--" "Oleah," she said, sadly, "I wish that I had never been taken beneath that roof to bring discord between you and your only

"A brother once," he cried bitterly: "a brother loved before. But now he has turned that love to hate. He is the enemy of my Harp no longer on that word, I am not his brother, nor yours. Here, in the face of heaven, I tell you, you must choose. I will not have friendship, or your sisterly affection. Tell me you cannot love me, and I will keave

you and my home forever. Tell me ! I must and will know my fate now !" "How hard you make it for me!" she cried. "Do you not see, can you not understand,

"Irene," he said, in his low, deep, pas The prayer still went on, and on, and on; sionate tones, "you cannot say the words and the soldiers, tired of standing, kneeled; that will send me from you. My life is in tired of kneeling, eat; tired of sitting, lay danger here. Every moment that I stand by cown—and still the prayer went on. It was your side, holding your little, trembling

more time to lose."

" Oleah !" she cried, in such a tone, so firm and sharp, that he pansed involuntarily. "Think what it is you would have me do. Think of the disgrace, the anxiety, the suffering you would cause!"
"There cannot be disgrace for you, when

your husband is by your side; and, as to the aoxiety of my parents, theirs can be no greater than mine has been. My father cares not how much misery I and mine may undergo; reed I care it a few gray hairs are added to his

head! My leve, my darling listen! That old Yankee hunter, Dan Martin, is in the woods, his rifle is certain death five hundred yards away; and every moment I stand here, I do so at the peril of my life."

"Then, dear Oleah, go! Leave me, and "I came for you and I will not go alone,"
"I cannot, cannot."

He seized her in his arms and attempted to place her on his horse. "Oh, let me go!" she cried. "I don't love

Oleah uttered a sharp whistle and four

horsemen, dressed in gray galloped to his side and dismounted. "Help me," said Oleah, briefly.
The next moment Irene was on the charger,

her determined lover holding her before him.

They dashed through the dark wools like the

wind, the four cavalrymen following closely after. Irene resisted and implored in vain. From the moment his strong arms closed round her, Oleah had spoken no word except to urge on his horse. Then she uttered shrick after shrick which only died out in the great forest

as the little cavalcade thundered on. Mr. Tompkins was still sitting in the rustic seat, beneath his favorite maple, as the sun sank behind the Western hills. He was thinking, and his clouded brow told that his thoughts were far from pleasant. For twenty-five years he and his wife had lived together, and never before had the lightest word or deed disturbed their perfect har-mony, but now the breach that had divided brothers, yawnel between husband and wife; he must either sacrifice his principles or lose

the love of his wife. The sun had set, and the planter felt the chill of the evening air. He rose with a sigh and was turning to go toward the house, when he observed a negro, hatless and breathless, running in at the front gate.

"What is the matter, Job?" he asked, as the black paused breathless in front of his master. "Why, marster-oh! it am too awful to

tell all at once, unless you are prepared for it." said the darkey.
"What is it? I am prepared for anything. Tell me, what is the matter;" demanded the

planter. "Oh, marster, I had been to town and was comin' home froe de woods. I went that way afoot, kase the seceshers might kotch me, seein' as de road was full of 'em all the time. An' Jim Crow, one of Mr. Glaze's niggers, told me as how they jes' hung up a nigger whenever they could hind him. Jim told that over on tother side o' the mountains they had the woods hanging full of niggers Well, you see, hearin' all dem stories I was afraid to go on hossback de roadway, when I went arter de mail, but goes afoot troo de woods."

"Well, go on now, and tell what it was you saw and what is the matter," said the planter, growing impatient.

"Well, marster, I had been to de postoffice and brought you these papers and dis letter," producing them, "and was on my way home free de woods, when I hears an be, its seceshers comin' arter dis yer nigger an' I gits behind a big tree dat had jist been blown down not berry long ago, an' watches. I knowed it warn't no use for dis chile to 'tempt to run, kase dey would cotch 'im

Job paused for breath, and the planter waited in silence, knowing that he would comprehend the meaning of Job sooner by letting him tell his story in his own way.

"Woll, pretty soon I sees five seceshers on horseback, comin' just as fast as dere hosses could go froo de woods. An' de one what was store de others had a woman, carrin her like she was a baby. Just as dey got in front ob me I see dat de woman was fighting an' tryin' to git away She holtered, 'Oh! I won't go, I won't go!' an' den I recognize dat it was my Miss Irene, an' dat dey were carrin' her off. I knowed her dress, I knowed her har, an' all de time she so eam I knowed it was her. Den I jist wait till dey git by an' run ebery step home."

"Oh, pshaw, Job, what an old idiot you are!" said the planter, with a laugh. "You had almost frightened me. It was not Miss

"Oh, marster, it war," persisted Job. "I just left Miss Irene in the house "But, marster, you is mistaken. I tell you it war her. I know for shus."

At this moment Irene's waiting maid was crossing the lawn. Mr. Tompins called to "Maggie, is your mistress in her room?"

"No, sir, she went down the road about an hour ago." The planter fell back in his chair, a

though he had been struck a blow, and buried his face in his hands, while the terrified maid hastened into the house to spread the news.

Mrs. Tompkins hurried out on the lawn.

where half a dozen blacks had already gath ered about their master.

Oh, what shall we do? what shall we

do?" she cried, all her patriotic fervor swal-lowed up in terror. "Maggie, run to her room and see if she is not there.' " No, missus, I have just been to see, an'

she is gone." "Oh, my poor Irene! In the power of the mountain guerillas! What must be done?"
"Be calm, Camille," said the planter, "we will immediately plan a pursuit and rescue her."
The overseer aroused the neighbors, but it

was quite dark before they had gathered on the lawn in front of the mansion, Twenty men, black and white, were chosen, and, with Mr. Tompkins at their head, they

went down the road into the dark forest. When morning dawned no trace of the missing girl had been found, and all the day

passed in fruitless search. The exhausted men were assembled in the road in front of Mr. Tompkins' house, arranging what should be done the next day, when down the hill came a troop of Union scouts, headed by no less a personage than Uncle Dan himself.

Well, what's the matter here?" asked Uncle Dan in astonishment halting his party. Mr. Tompkins told him what had happened.

"Thunder! Jehoshaphat! Ye don't say so?" were the frequent interjections of the old goout during the brief narration. "Well, if that don't beat all creation, you for her. But she was the much agitated to

my wife."

"Oh, heavens, Oleah! What is it that gal; but we are tired out, hevin, been in the you mean!"

"I shall take you to my camp, and our mages thrown in; so, ye see, we'll have to chaplain shall marry us. Come; we have no afore the sun circles this earth again."

"Ined pore evidence in more places that one of the sun was to make that brim, bullet marks, and rightly conjectured that fast dissolving the crystal covering that glittle dreamed that she was so near the spot where Crazy Joe had breathed his last, mountain cabins. Just beyond the more time to lose."

hosses. The efficient aid of the old scout having been secured, Mr. Tompkins party dispersed, and the scouts, forty-one in number, were soon in the barn, their horses being stabled with quantities of corn and hay before them; then bright camp fires were built in the barnyard. The planter told them to take whatever they required, and soldiers seldom need a second trint of that kind. That night they

fared sumptuously. This sconting party was under the immediate command of Uncle Dan They were all experienced scouts, their rifles were of the very best make, and each was considered a marksman. Uncle each was considered a marksman. Uncle chance of escape, surrounded by a guard so Dan placed a careful guard about the vigilant. About the middle of the afternoon, premises, and then, while all the men not on Oleah, who had evidently been away, reduty lay wrapped in their blankets sleeping quietly on the fresh, sweet hay, he sat by the side of a smouldering camp-fire, under a large oak tree, smoking a short black pipe and wrapped in thought.

A hand was laid on his shoulder. Supposing it to be one of his men, he glanced up at the person by his side. His astonishment can better be imagined than described, when he recognized the mysterious black, who had frustrated him in the woods during the retreat from Snagtown.

That copper-face, the grizzled hair, the marvelous, bright eyes, were not to be mistaken. It was Yellow Steve.

Uncle Dan's astonishment for a moment held him dumb. How could that man have passed the line of pickets? Gaining his voice after a few moments, he said :

"Well, I must say you are a bold 'un. I would like to know how you passed the pickets?" "Pickets, sir!" said the stranger, seating

himself by the camp-fire opposite the old scout, "are very useful on ordinary occasions, but I have spent the most of my life in hiding, in avoiding guards, in running for my life, and consequently have become very expert in the business."

"Who are you, and what do you want?" "I am called Yellow Steve. You are to start to-morrow in search of the young lady who was abducted?"

"How did you learn that? How did you learn that any lady was abducted ?" "That, sir, is a part of my profession. I

learn things by means which ordinary mortals would never dream of. I came here to give you information that will lead to the discovery of the young lady you are in search

"What do you know of her?" asked the old ecout.

"She is at the foot of the Twin Mountains, confined in the cabin you and Ccazy Joe occupied for so many years. There is only ten men to guard her. She is there tonight. I saw her to-day when she saw me not. What is more, I know she will be there to-morrow. Then she is to be removed from

"Are you laying a trap to catch us?" asked the old man sternly. "I am telling you heaven's own truth. Now I have performed my errand, I will

Before the old acout could reply, the ploringly. mysterious messenger rose and stole stealthily away in the darkness. He waited to hear the picket challenge him, but no challenge

CHAPTER XXIV.

HE IS MY HUSBAND. OH, SPARE HIS LIFE. arm of Oleah held her firmly in the saddle, and the powerful horse swept steadily on. Night was falling fast, and she observed that the country through which she was passing was entirely strange to her; but, judging from their course, they would pass the Twin Mountains before morning. Looking appealingly into the dark, determined face, she

"Even now it is not too late, Oleah; take me home."

"Can you not trust me, Irene?" he answered, with a look of tenderness veiling the fire of his black eyes. "You are mine alrealy, because you love me. No, your lips have not said it, but your eyes have betrayed you. I am faifilling an oath, the violation of which would be perjury and eternal ruin of my soul."
"What can you mean?" she cried "Oh,

you are mad, mad !" "I have been mad," he answered. "A firs has been raging in my breast, that had almost burned my life away. One word from

you would end my torture. What is the reason that locks your lips?" "Is it a proof of your love that you take "Is it a proof of your leve size joint me from my home to a soldiers' camp, bring-

ing disgrace to me and grief to those whom owe more than life?" "I am taking you to no soldier's camp. No inexorable. Every man must be pre-rude gaze shall fall on your sweet face, and pared to mount in thirty minutes. Break-

no rude words reach your ear. You shall sleep safely to-night within four walls, your companion gentle and kind, and men with strong arms and brave hearts shall guard the door, each willing and ready to lay down his life for yours."

They rode on over hill and vale, crossed streams and passed through grand old forests. It was near midnight when they crossed a small, rocky stream and approached two log cabins that stood at the foot of the Twin Mountains. The moon had risen, and the autumn night was calm and peaceful. The cry of night birds or the rustling of leaves, stirred by the light breezes, were the only sounds that broke the stillness. The tall will likely be some powder burnt and mountain peaks in the distance looked like some lead scattered about loose. The giant sentinels keeping guard over a sleeping world.

A man stood in front of the most confortable looking of the two cabins, apparently waiting for Oleah and his party. He was dressed in the gray uniform, had a very red head, red whiskers, red eyelashes, red eyebrows, and red freckles on his face. This her to alight. The next thing she noticed was his musket leaning against the cabin wall.

"Is everything arranged, Jackson?" asked Oleah, as he sprang from the saddle. "Everything captain; the cabin is as neat as a pin," and the red-headed soldier his cap, blinking and nodding his head. "Did you bring your wife?" and the red-headed soldier lifted

"Yes, sir; Mrs. Jackson is in the house, sir, and will wait on the young lady," again nodding his head.

"You will stay here to-night, Irene," said Oleah. She knew that, for the present, she must vield; yet she determined to resist when the time should come. She found a neat, pleasant looking woman within the cabin, evidently a mountaineer's wife, and supper already laid

long past high noon, before the faltering hand in mine, increases my danger. We must may call me a skunk, "said the old, man at eat, only tasting a fragrant cup of coffee. She the mergency most frequently arising now the conclusion. "The chaps are just after noticed that the cabin in which see than one of the sun was the conclusion of the sun was the conclusion."

"Ready, fall in !" came the sharp order. mages thrown in; so, ye see, we'll have to she little dreamed that she was so near the spot where Crazy Joe had breathed his last, and that she was beneath the roof that had so long sheltered h m and Uncle Dan Martin, the hunter. It was nearly morning when she traveled sixteen miles or the molecular that he was nearly morning when she traveled sixteen miles or the more than a mile away, and the cabins the hunter. It was nearly morning when she traveled sixteen miles or the more than a mile away.

Mr. Jackson came to the door occasionally, to bring wood or water for his wife, but never entered. From the sound of voices without, she knew that there must be a dozen or more men about the house, yet she saw none save the red-headed Mr. Jackson, who was evidently on his best behaviour, and never approached the cabin door without removing his cap.

Though her comfort was carefully provided for, Irene saw that her every movement was watched and guarded. There was no possible turned, and with him came a man dressed in citizen's garb, with a meek face and frightenod air, and the same four cavalry men who had accompained them the previous day. The man in citizen's garb, she was sure, must be a prisoner. Oleah approached the door with the meek-looking, timid stranger, and both entered. At a motion the four cavalrymen followed.

"Irene," began Oleah, it is necessary, in these troublesome times, that I have the right to protect you. This is a clergyman. will be married now."

"I will never marry you, Oleah," said Irene, firmly, her beautiful hazel eyes flashing fire on her determined lover, Without another word, Oleah forcibly took her right hand in his, then he turned to the clergymrn and said:

You know your duty, sir; proceed." "But, sir, if the young lady is unwillingif she refuses-----'

"She will not-does not," said Oleah. "I do! I do! I do!" cried Irene, struggling to free her hands,

"Go on, sir !" said Oleah, sternly The four cavalrymen ranged themselves behind their master, and the poor clergyman cast about him one desperate glance, and then, in faltering tones, began the marriage ceremony. Okah's response came deep and low, but Irone's "No, no, never!" rang out loud and clear.

At a sign from the young captain, one of the tall cavalrymen quickly stepped behind her and forced hor to tow assent.

The minister stopped, aghast. "Go on, sir; go on!" thundered Oleah,

his eyes gleaming.
The terrified clergyman concluded the ceremony, pronouncing them man and wife, and then, burying his face in his hands,

buret into tears. Immediately upon conclusion of the marriage ceremony, Oleah obtained a certificate of marriage from the minister, who was then allowed to depart under the escort of the faithful four, and Mrs. Jackson followed them from the room, leaving Oleah

alone with his reluctant bride "Irene, my Irene," said Oleah, in his low thrilling tores, "this was my only hope. In peaceful times I might have pressed my suit as others do-I might have woord waited; but to wait now was to lose you. Will not my wife forgive me?" he cried, im-

"Thie is no marriage—I am not your wife!" said Irene, in a low, steady voice. "Leave me! You have forfeited even a brother's claim. No, no; I will not listen to you! she cried desperately, as Oleah came a step nearer. "You will not leave me, then! You Irene soon discovered that her cries and spoke she snatched a pistol from his belt and

leveled the weapon at his heart. Oleah folded his hands. "Fire if you wish," he said calmly. "Death at your hands is preferable to life without your love.'

She lowered the pistol, the flush faded and slunk away, as in shame, from the mea from her face, her eyes grew misty with who so obstinately avoided his company.

Uncle Dan never paused in his headlong rom her face, her eyes grew misty with "If to love you is a crime deserving death,

hen, indeed, you shall be my executioner: for never did murtal love as I love you. She hesitated a moment, then laid the reolver on the table, and sinking into a chair

burst into tears.
"Heaven forgive you," she sobbed, "for the misery you have caused !" "It is your forgiveness I want, my dar ling" he said. "I will leave you now since

you bid me. To morrow you shall be returned to your home, and I will never come to you save at your bidding."
She did not lift her bowed head. There was a moment's stillness, broken only by her cobs. Then Oleah took the pistol from the from his eyes. "How long have you been table, returned it to his belt, and left the here?"

room. It was scarcely daylight when Uuncle Dan ordered every man to the saddle. The drowsy soldiers protested, declaring the music of the crowing cock made them the more aleepy, but their leader was pared to mount in thirty minutes. Breakfast over, they filed out by the barn-yard, while the darkness of the night still hovered in the shadows of the thick forest. Uncle Dan had not deemed it prudent to revoal the laterview of the night before, and none of the men knew what direction they were to take or what was to be their destina-

tion.
When they had reached a clearing in the woods, the men were drawn up in a double circle, and the old scout rode in their midst, and, holding in his hand his broad-brimmed hat (he would not wear the regimental cap), he addressed them :

"Now, boys, we're gwine where there guard. gal you heard about last night, is up near the Twin Mountains, and we've got to get back home to-night. But the whole place is alive with guerillas and bushwhackers and you may bet there'll be some hurting done. I want every man to be prepared and not to be taken by surprise. Look out for a big bush-whack, and be prepared to shoot at half a Irene noticed as he came forward to assist second's notice. Keep yer guns in yer hand and yer fingers near the locks. That's all, come on l'

He led the way at a gallop, and the others followed, their horses' hoofs clattering on the frosty ground. The sun was just now rising over the eastern hills, and grass and leaves and bare brown twigs glittered resplendent in its rays. The country over which they were passing was rough and broken, with occasional bottom lands, covered with gigantic forest trees, and the morning air was clear and chilly, as they swept so swiftly through it, close after Tell me where he lays that I may find him their veteran commander, who was a striking "Madam," "said Uncle Dan, gravely, figure mounted on his powerful bay horse, with the broad brim of his hat turned back from his earnest bronze face. He kept the The look of blank confusion and in bridle-rein in the same hand that held his amaze that overspread Mrs. Jackson's trusty rifle on the pommel of his saddler was singular to behold. The old so leaving the other free for any emergency— having thus summarily disposed of

The sun was the home liga at least and was Dan. "We don't care about sleeping in her strange surroundings, her anxiety, her with the rough riding. The creek was thickly one, besides we'd rether be near our Morning came, and she ate Mrs. Jackson's which the ficrist had turned from Morning came, and she ate Mrs. Jackson's which the florist had turned from green to waited on by that pleasant-voiced woman; the creek was reached, and urged his many Mr. Jackson came to the door like the door was to the door like the door was to the doo the creek was reached, and urged his men to use their utmost caution, the objects of their search were in two cabins just beyond the

"One thing I want ye all to understand," he said, with great concern. "That gal, what the rebels took in, is in one of them cabins, and no shot must be fired into 'em fer tear o' hurting her, Remember, not a hair o' her head must be touched."

They halted, and Uncle Dan, with twelve picked men, dismounted and proceeded ahead on foot, while the others remained under cover, until a signal should be given to surround the cabins.

It happened that the red headed rebel, Jackson, had gone to the stream with two palls to bring water for his wife. A thin skim of ice overlaid the stream, which Mr. Jackson must break in order to get his water, Not finding any stick or other implement at hand, he used the bottom of one of his pails, and the thumping and aplashing made so much noise that our friend did not hear the footsteps gradually approaching him, and, so much engaged was he, that heldid not observe two men in blue uniform standing just behind him until he had filled his pails and turned to

go to the house. Had two ghosts suddenly started up before him, he could not have dropped his buckets

more quickly,
"Bless me!" gasped Jackson, "Where in Uncle Dan laid his hand on Jackson's shoulder, telling him he was a prisoner. "Yes, I kinder expected that for some little time," he answered, looking about in blank astonishment, as the soldiers, one b one, stole noiselessly from among the thick

bushes. "Do you belong to that house?" said Uncle Dan, pointing in the direction of the

"I did," replied Jackson, bowing politely to the veteran scout, "before you took me " How many men are up there now

asked Uncle Dan. "There are but seven now, sir."
"How many women?" "Two, sir."

"Who are they?" "My wife, sir, and the wife of Captain Tompkins."

"Wife of Captain Tompkins! When was he married ?" "Yesterday, sir." "Is Oleah Tompkins your captain?"

"He is, sir," with a polite bow.

"Then, sir," said Uncle Dan with vehemence, "all I have to say is, that you have a d—d rascal for a captain."

Mr. Jackson bowed in acknowledgment,
"Where is Captain Tompkins now?"
"He went back to the command, sir, but

will be here in a few minutes with more men."
"The infernal scoundrel!"

Mr. Jackson bowed politely. "Bang!" came a musket-shot, and the ball whistled over the heads of the men grouped

on the banks of the stream. The shot came from the direction of the cabins. Uncle Dan gave the signal, and the thunder of twenty horses' feet coming down the hill

instantly followed. "Two of you stay and guard the prisoner, the rest follow me!" cried Uncle Dan, as he started up the hill, closely followed by his entire force, for every man was auxious to b some one else would guard the prisoner, who in consequence, was not guarded at all. Find ing himself wholly deserted by the excitel soldiery, Jackson hurried away down the stream. He looked injured and neglected.

pursuit of the flying enemy until he had reached the door of the cabin. Irene and Mrs. Jackson had been both surprised and terrified by the shouting and discharge of firearms, but it was not until Uncle Da stood in the doorway that either realized that Irene's rescue was the object of the attacking

party.
With a wild cry, Irene eprang from the cabin into the arms of the old scout. " Uncle Dan, Uucle Dan, take me home Promise me you will take me home! she

"You bet I will, my angel?" replied the

old man, brushing the gathering moisture "Night before last I was brought here." "Is there any one with you in the cabin! "No one but a poor woman, who is fright

cried as she clung to the veteran.

ened almost to death."
"Well, wait here till I get my men together, and then I will hear all about this rascally business " When Irene went back into the cabin, i

was her turn to comfort her companion with agairance of safety, but Mrs. Jackson was in an azony of dread as to the probable fate of her husband. Uncle Dan had no need to recall his map, for they were already returning from the useless pursuit of the flying Confederates, who

were now accending to nountain side a nile When he ordered to bring up the prisoner, that had been oppoured at the creek the soldiers looked inquiringly one st another; every one declared it was the basiness of someone else to have remained on

It soon became evident that no one is been left behind to care for the red-headed rebel, and that he had resented this lacid attention by departing. Uncle Dan instructed his sergeant to make preparations for impediate return to Snagtown and then went into

the house. Mrs. Jackson met him with auxious quiries if her husband had been killed. What kinder man was he—red hair?

"Yes, oh yes! Is hedangerously wounde "And red eyebrows?"
CHAPTER XXIV.—Continued. "Yes, yes, yes! Pray tell me the woret

"Yes, oh yes! Pray don't keep me suspense. And a red face ?"

once."

" Yes, yes !" "And was carryin' two buckets for

"And red eylashes—long and red?"

ter ?" "Oh, heavens! Yes. I know he is killed " that red man made his escape, as well all the others."

The look of blank confusion and

Section 1 The second second second second