

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 solemnly, "hoping his words might have effect on his listeners and prevent other desertions..."

"When Aber heard of the trial and the decision of the court-martial, he endeavored to persuade the officers to reconsider the case, representing to them that Diggs was imbecile in mind and not acutely responsible for his deeds..."

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 subject terror, his want of food and sleep had made him a pitiable-looking object..."

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...

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

"Don't say our country," said Mrs. Tompkins, bitterly. "They are fighting for your gold, frozen North, not for my sunny South, which they are trying to desolate and destroy..."

"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 will one day say so. The Nation is a great family, and if members of that family are in arms against each other, it is any credit to either—can it matter which side is defeated? I know nothing about either side, but I know it is nothing to take pride or pleasure in. Rather let us pray for its ending, than rejoice or sorrow over triumph or defeat..."

"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, came early to his cell, also the sympathizing old ladies, who had 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 sob 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..."

"The minister and all, in the doomed man's cell, bowed for a moment in silence, then the good man lifted up his voice to that God, whom all the universe worships, in a prayer for a soul about to take flight..."

"The dread place was reached. Sergeant 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 charge advanced to prepare the 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 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 had been, and for all that might be. Having 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..."

long past high noon, before the faltering "Amen!" was pronounced. "Ready, fall in!" came the sharp order. This man rose from the grass and fell in line, and the sergeant led Diggs over to the 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 horseman came dashing up the hill. "Hold!" said Sergeant Swords. "There comes the captain..."

Oh, on he came, waving a paper high over his head. The soldiers looked on their guns. Abner Tompkins was among them in a minute, 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 pointed 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..."

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 moved into winter 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 Snagtown...

Since the last battle of Snagtown and the Confederate defeat, the peace and quiet of the Tompkins mansion was broken. Mrs. 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 Yankees, not content with killing poor, harmless Joe, should attempt to murder Diggs in cold blood!"

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

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"The road was very pleasant this autumn evening; great oaks 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 passed 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, and the evening air touched her aching eyes, and the evening stillness fell like balsam on her aching heart; but on the stillness suddenly fell the sound of hoofs' feet. She started from the grave. The tramp of hoofs was approaching. What could it mean? Alarmed, she turned to fly. She had caught a glimpse of a horseman in gray uniform, and she had taken but a few swift steps toward her home, when the horseman galloped down the forest path and drew rein at her side..."

"Stop, Irene, it is I," said a familiar voice, and the rider sprang from the saddle and stood before her. "Oleah!" she exclaimed, in joyous surprise. "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."

"Leave you? Cannot you come with me?" her lovely gray eyes full with entreaty. "No," he answered, his head shaking sadly and his lips trembling with emotion. When last I was beneath the roof I met an enemy..."

hand in mine, increases my danger. We must go. I will never again leave you till you are my wife. "Oh, heavens, Oleah! What is it that you mean?" "I shall take you to my camp, and our chaplain shall marry us. Come, we have no more time to lose."

"Oleah!" she cried, in such a tone, so firm and sharp, that he paused 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 anxiety of my parents, theirs can be no greater than mine has been. My father cares not how much misery I and mine may undergo; need I care if a few gray hairs are added to his head? My love, my darling, listen! That old Yankee hunter, Dan Martin, is in the woods, his ride 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 do as you please. 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 you, no, not even as a sister. Now, let me go!"

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 lord holding her before him. They dashed through the dark wood like the wind, the four cavalymen 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 shriek after shriek 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 harmony, but now the breach that had divided brother, yawned 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 barefoot, 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 froo de woods. I went that way afoot, kase de secessers might kotch me, sence 'as de road was full of 'em all the time. An' Jim Cjow, one of Mr. Glass's niggers, told me as how they jes' hung up a nigger whenever they could find him. Jim told that over on tother side o' de mountains they had de woods hanging full of niggers. Well, you see, hearin' all dem stories I was afraid to go on horseback de road-way, 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 post-office and brought you these papers and dis letter, producin' them, and was on my way home froo de woods, when I hears a awful thumpin' and thunderin' o' horses feet comin' down de wood path, that leads in the direction o' Twin Mountains. I think, may be, it's secessers 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 ohile to 'tempt to run, kase dey would cotch 'im s'oon..."

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. "Well, pretty soon I sees five secessers 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 fightin' an' tryin' to git away. She holler'd, '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 hair, an' den I jist wait till dey knowed it was her. Den I jist wait till dey 's'aid, 'git away, Job, what an old idiot you are!' an' den I pray, with a laugh. 'You had almost frightened me. It was not Miss Irene..."

"Oh, marster, it war," persisted Job. "I jist left Miss Irene in de 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. Tompkins called to her: "Maggie, is your mistress in her room?" "No, sir, she went down de road about an hour ago."

The planter fell back in his chair, as 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 black had already gathered about their master. "Oh, what shall we do? what shall we do?" she cried, all her patriotic fervor swallowed up in terror. "Maggie, run to her room and see if she is not there."

"No, missus, I have jist been to see, an' she is gone." "Oh, my poor Irene! In the power of the mountain guerrillas! 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. "Yes, sir, what shall we do? This here, when down the hill came a troop of Union scouts, headed by no less a personage than Uncle Dan himself." "Well, what is 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 scout during the brief narration. "Well, if that don't beat all creation, you may call me a skunk..."

at, only tasting a fragrant cup of coffee. She noticed that the cabin in which she was confined bore evidence in more places than one of bullet marks, and rightly conjectured that there had been a recent fight there; though 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 her and Uncle Dan Martin, the hunter. It was nearly morning when she threw herself on the bed. Mrs. Jackson had so carefully prepared for her, and in spite of her strange surroundings, her anxiety, her dark forebodings, she slept soundly...

"Morning came, and she ate Mrs. Jackson's carefully-prepared breakfast, assiduously waited on by that pleasant-voiced woman. Irene noticed that no man entered the room. 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 evidently on his best behavior, 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 chance of escape, surrounded by a guard so vigilant. About the middle of the afternoon, Oleah, who had evidently been away, returned, and with him came a man dressed in citizen's garb, with a meek face and frightened air, and the same four cavalry men who had accompanied 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 cavalymen followed...

"Irene," began Oleah, it is necessary, in these troublesome times, that I have the right to protect you. This is a clergyman. We 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 clergyman and said: "You know your duty, sir; proceed."

"But, sir, if the young lady is unwilling—if 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 cavalymen ranged themselves behind their master, and the poor clergyman cast about him one desperate glance, and then, in faltering tones, began the marriage ceremony. Oleah's response came deep and low, but Irene's "No, no, never!" rang out loud and clear...

At a sign from the young captain, one of the tall cavalymen quickly stepped behind her and forced her to consent. 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, burst 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 tones, "this was my only hope. In peaceful times I might have wooed and waited; but to wait now was to lose you. Will not my wife forgive me?" he cried, imploringly...

"This 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 will force me to defend myself!" As she spoke she snatched a pistol from his belt and leveled the weapon at his heart. "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 from her face, her eyes grew misty with tears. "If to love you is a crime deserving death, then, indeed, you shall be my executioner; for never did mortal love as I love you. She hesitated a moment, then laid the revolver 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 darling," 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 sobs. Then Oleah took the pistol from the table, returned it to his belt, and left the room...

It was scarcely daylight when Uncle Dan ordered every man to the saddle. The drowsy soldiers protested, declaring the music of the crowing cock made them the more sleepy, but their leader was inexorable. Every man must be prepared 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 reveal the interview of the night before, and one of the men knew what direction they were to take or what was to be their destination...

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, 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 will likely be some powder burst and some lead scattered about loose. The 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 guerrillas and bushwhackers and you may bet there'll be some hurtin' done. I want every man to be prepared and not to be taken by surprise. Look out for a big bushwhack, and be prepared to shoot at half a second's notice. Keep yer guns in yer hand and yer fingers near de locks. That's all, come on!"

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 their veteran commander, who was a striking figure mounted on his powerful bay horse, with the broad brim of his hat turned back from his earnest bronze face. He kept the bridle-rein in the same hand that held his trusty rifle on the pommel of his saddle, leaving the other free for any emergency...

"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 lifted his cap, blinking and nodding his head. "Did you bring your wife?" "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 yield; 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 for her. But she was so much agitated to

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the emergency most frequently arising now being the persistent flapping of his hat-brim, fast dissolving the crystal covering that glittered above the denuded vegetation, when mountain cabins. Just beyond the creek rose the Twin Mountains, not more than a mile away, and the cabins were within a few hundred yards. They had traveled sixteen miles or thereabout that morning, and man and horse were weary with the rough riding. The creek was thickly fringed with timber, yet retaining the leaves, which the frost had turned to brown, brown and gold. Uncle Dan paused, before 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 stream...

"One thing I want ye all to understand," he said, with great concern. "That gal, cabin, and no shot must be fired into 'em hair," 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 round the cabins. It happened that the red-headed rebel, Jackson, had gone to the stream with pails 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 splashing made so much noise that our friend did not hear the footsteps gradually approaching him, and, so much engaged was he, that he did 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 the world did you come from?" 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 by one, stole noiselessly from among the thick bushes...

"Do you belong to that house?" said Uncle Dan, pointing in the direction of the cabins. "I did," replied Jackson, bowing politely to the veteran scout, "before you took me in charge." "How many men are up there now?" "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—dascal 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 sound!" 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 anxious to be in at the rescue, and every one expected that some one else would guard the prisoner, who, in consequence, was not guarded at all. Finding himself wholly deserted by the excited soldiery, Jackson hurried away down the stream. He looked injured and neglected, and sunk away, as in shame, from the men who so obstinately avoided his company...

Uncle Dan never paused in his headlong 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 Dan stood in the doorway that either realized that Irene's rescue was the object of the attacking party...

"With a wild cry, Irene sprang from the cabin into the arms of the old scout. "Uncle Dan, Uncle Dan, take me home! Promise me you will take me home! she cried as she clung to the veteran. "You bet I will, my angel!" replied the old man, brushing the gathering moisture from his eyes. "How long have you been here?"

"Night before last I was brought here." "Is there any one with you in the cabin?" "No one but a poor woman, who is frightened almost to death." "Well, wait here till I get my men together, and then I will hear all about this rascal business."

When Irene went back into the cabin, it was her turn to comfort her companion with assurance of safety, but Mrs. Jackson was in an agony of dread as to the probable fate of her husband. Uncle Dan had no need to recall his men, for they were already returning from the useless pursuit of the flying Confederates, who were now ascending the mountain side a mile away...

When he ordered them to bring up the prisoner, that had been captured at the creek, the soldiers looked inquiringly one at another; every one declared it was the business of someone else to have remained on guard. It soon became evident that no one had been left behind to care for the red-headed rebel, and that he had resented this lack of attention by departing. Uncle Dan instructed his sergeant to make preparations for immediate return to Snagtown and then went into the house...

Mrs. Jackson met him with anxious questions. Look out for a big bushwhack, and be prepared to shoot at half a second's notice. Keep yer guns in yer hand and yer fingers near de locks. That's all, come on!" 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 their veteran commander, who was a striking figure mounted on his powerful bay horse, with the broad brim of his hat turned back from his earnest bronze face. He kept the bridle-rein in the same hand that held his trusty rifle on the pommel of his saddle, leaving the other free for any emergency...

"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 lifted his cap, blinking and nodding his head. "Did you bring your wife?" "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 yield; 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 for her. But she was so much agitated to

eat, only tasting a fragrant cup of coffee. She noticed that the cabin in which she was confined bore evidence in more places than one of bullet marks, and rightly conjectured that there had been a recent fight there; though 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 her and Uncle Dan Martin, the hunter. It was nearly morning when she threw herself on the bed. Mrs. Jackson had so carefully prepared for her, and in spite of her strange surroundings, her anxiety, her dark forebodings, she slept soundly...