taken refuge.

to /ask.

bread.

he mountain to a gorge where of the fugitives had heretofore

Five minutes more and the footsteps and voices were heard far up the mountain, and Will breathed more freely

again, and, kneeling down in the pool of water, thanked God who had turned

the danger aside, and kept him a little

longer. Le did not dare leave the cave, but he came out from under the rock, and stretching himself upon the ground

tried to wring and dry the tatters

It was two days since he had tasted

food, and the long fast began to make

itself felt in the keen pange of hunger

Surely he could venture out toward the

close of the day, he thought, and see

if there were not berries growing in the leages, and when the sun was setting

he crawled to the mouth of the cavern

where, just in the best place for him to

see it, lay a huge corn-cake and slice

of hacon, wrapped nicely in a bit of

How it came there he did not stop

costliest dinner, served on massive sil-

ver, tasted to him half so well as did

that bit of bacon with the coarse corn

Refreshed and encouraged, he went

back to his hiding-place, intending to

start again on his perilous journey

when the mountain path grew dark

enough to warrant him in doing so-

That it was there was sufflcient for him then, and never had the

which hung so loosely upon him.

Mother and Son.

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A STORY OF LOVE AND WAR.

->> BY MARY J. HOLMES,

Author of "Lena Rivers," "Edna Browning," "Tempest and Sunshine," Etc., Etc.

father, when he would have been so roud of his boy. Poor, murdered Will! Poor, fatherless baby! I am glad God gave you to me. I did not deserve it. I've been so thoughtless and wicked, but I will be better now. Dear little baby, we will grow good together, so as to go some day where

papa has gone."
She would not let them take the child from her. It was hers, she said. God had sent it to make her better, and she would have it. There was something in the touch of its soft, warm hands which kept her heart from breaking. And so they left it with her, and from the day that little life came to be one in the household, Rose began to amend, and, in her love for her child, forgot, in part, the terrible pain in her heart. Once her mother said to her:

"Will you call your baby William?" And she replied:

"No; there is but one Willie for me, and he is in heaven. Baby will be call-ed for brother Jimmie."

And so, one bright Sunday morning in March, when St. Luke's was decked with flowers from the Mather hot-house and the children of the Sunday school sang their Easter carols, Rose Mather, in her widow's weeds, went up the aisle with her mother, Annie and brother Tom, the latter of whom gave her bright-eyed, beautiful boy to the rec-tor, who baptized him "James Carle-ton." And all through the congregation there ran a thrill of pity for the widowed mother, whose face, though it had lost some of its brilliant color, was more beautiful than ever, for there was shining all over it the light of a new joy, the peace which comes from sins forgiven, and, after the baptism was over and the morning service read, Rose knelt with her mother, brother and Annie to receive for the first time the precious symbols of a Saviour's dy-

Rose had ceased to oppose Annie in her wish to join Mrs Simms, who was then at Annapolis; and when Tom, a few days after the baptism, went back again. Annie would go with him as a regular hospital nurse.

It might be that Jimmie would be among the number of skeletons sent up to "God's land," as the poor, fellows called it; and Annie's heart throbbed with the pleasure it would be to minister to him, to call the life back to his mornlight night, more than a year and a half ago, had been revoked, and where she had said no, her answer now heart, to awaken an interest in him for Between herself and Mrs. Carleon there had been a long talk, of which Jimmie and the little Pequot girl were the subjects, and the proud ady had asked forgiveness for the wrong done to that girl, if wrong there

"Something tells me you will find my boy," she said, "and if you do tell him how freely I give him this little Luly, and god bless you both!"

A few weeks later and news came to the Mather House that when the battle of the Wilderness was over, Captain Tom Carleton was not with his handful of men who came from the field. "A prisoner of war," was the next report, and then, as if her last hope had been taken from her, Mrs. Carleton broke down entirely, and, secluding herself from the world without, sat down in her desolation mourning and praying for her two boys, -one a prisoner at Andersonville, and one in Columbia.

CHAPTER XXVII.

The sun was just rising, and his red

beams gilded the summits of the Alle-ghany Mountains which in the glory of the early morning seemed as calm and peaceful as if their lofty heights had never looked down upon scenes of carnage and strife, or their tangled passes and dark ravines sheltered poor, starving, frightened wretches, fleeing for their lives and braving death in any form rather than be recaptured by their merciless pursuers. There were several of these miserable men hiding in the mountain passes now, prisoners es-caped from Selisbury and other points, but our story now has to do with but one, and that a young man, with a look of determination in his eyes, and the courage of a Samson in his heart. He had suffered incredible hardships since the day of his capture. He had been stripped at once of his handsome uni-form by the brutal Texans, who found him upon the field. His gold, which he carried about his person into every battle, hind been taken from him, and in this condition he had been sent from one prison to another, until Salisbury received him. At first he had suffered but little mentally, for the ball which struck him down had left him with his reason inpaired, and to him it was all the same whether friend or foe had him in keeping. Deprived of everything which could mark his rank as an officer, and always insisting that his name was "Rose," he passed for a demented creature, whom the brutal soldiery delighted to torment. Gradually, however, his reason came back, and woke to the full horrors of his condition. Then, like a caged lion he chafed and fumed, and resolved to be free. He could not die there, knowing that far away there was a blithsome little woman waiting for his coming, if, indeed, she had not ceased to think of him as among the living,—a state of things which he thought very probable, as he became aware of the fact that no one of his companions was acquainted with his real name. Rose was the only cogno-men by which he was known, and the

heard that dear name uttered by the coarse, jesting lips around him. A horrid suit of dirty gray had been given him in place of the stolen uniform, and though at first he rebelled against the filthy garments, he began ere long to think how they might aid him in his escape, inasmuch as they were the garb of the Confederates. Day and night he studied the best means of escape, until at last the attempt was made, and he stood one dark, rainy night, out on the highway a free man, breathing the pure breath of heaven and ready to sell his life at any cost rather than go back again to the prison he had left. He had put his trust in God, and God had raised him up a friend at once, who had seen him leave the prison, and greatly aided him in his escape, just as he had aided others knowing the while that by so doing he was putting his own life in jeopardy. staunch Unionist at heart, he was willing to brave everything for the cause, and it was through his instrunentality and minute directions that Will Mather had finally reached the shelter of the mountains which separete North Carolina from Tennessee, He had found friends all along the route, true, loyal men, who had periled their lives for him; brave, tender women, whose hands had ministered so kindly to his wants, and who had so cheerfully divided with him their scanty meals,

through the entrance to the cave, and a

trilling its morning song ere he awoke.

that his face was toward the land where the Stars and Stripes were wav-

ing, and a thrill of jox ran through his

veins as he though of home and Rose,

whose eyes by this time had grown so

dim with looking for him. "God take

me safely to her," he whispered, when

voices and the tramp of feet. Creep-

ing to the farthest side of the cave, and

crawling down beneath the shelving

rock where the cold waters were drip-

ping, he hoped to avoid being seen. Up to this moment Will's courage had nev-

er flagged, but now, when the Federal

lines were not many miles away, and

Rose and home seemed certain, he felt

a great pang of fear, and his white lips

whispered, "God pity me! God help me! God save me, for His own glory,

if 'not for Rose's sake," then, kneedeep in the pool of water, he stood with

his body nearly double, while the voices

and the feet came nearer, and at last

stopped directly in front of his hiding-

There were terrible oaths outside, and

bitter denunciations were breathed

agginst any luckless Union man who

might be lurking near, and then the light from the entrance of the cave was wholly obscured, and Will saw that a

man's back was against the opening, as

if some one were sitting there. Did they know of the cave? Would they

come in there, and if they did would they find him? Will kept asking him-

self these questions, and his breath

came gaspingly as he knew that the

man whose back barred the entrance to

his hiding-place was the bitterest in his

invectives against the Yankees, and the

most anxious to find them. Something in his voice and language indicated

both education and position superior to

his companions, who evidently looked

up to him as their leader, calling him "Sonare." and acquiescing readily when

Cures

Weak Men

Free

But soon after the sun-setting a fearful storm came up, and in the pitchy darkness of the care Will listened to the bellowing thunder roaring through the mountain gorges, and saw from the opening the forked lightning which struck more than one tall tree near the place of his concealment. Fed by the rain which had fallen in torrents, the stream under the projecting rock was beginning to rise and spread itself over the surface of the cave. It was up to his ankles now, and it rose so rapidly that Will was thinking of leaving the cave and groping his way as well as he could to the westward, when his quick ear caught the sound as of two or even though hunger was written upor more persons coming stealthily up the their thin, haggard faces, and stared in their sunken eyes. And Will had mountain side. Whoever they were they seemed to move with the utmost caution, and Will's heart beat high as taken down each name, and registered a vow that if ever he reached the North these noble self-denying people should he hoped it might be some brother fugitives seeking the shelter of the cave. be rewarded, and, if possible, removed from a neighborhood where they suffer-The gleam of a lantern, however, and ed so much from privation and from the the same voice he had heard in the morning cursing the Yankees so bitter-ly dispelled the illusion, and in a trehands of their former friends, who, suspecting their sentiments, heaped upon mor of terror he drew back in his wathem every possible abuse. Ragged, tery quarters, crawling in the darkness bareheaded, footsore and worn, he to the farthest end of the cavern, and came at last, at the close of a June feeling the rising water flow over his knees as he waited for what might day, to the entrance of a cave in the hills to which he had been directed, come next. and where, on the damp earth, he slept "Stay here, Charlie, while I go in. I so soundly from fatigue and exhaustion

know he must be here, and if he isn't that the morning sun was shining drowned by this time it's just a special Providence, that's all I have to say." Surely that was no unfriendly voice, robin, in a shrub growing near, was notwithstanding the oaths of the morning, but still Will did not move until The air, though damp from the water which trickled through the rocks, was close and stifling, and Will crept cautiously out from his hiding-place, and,

the stranger, who evidently knew every turn and nook of the cavern, was so near to him that the light from the dark lantern fell upon his face and betrayed him at once. There was a thought of Rose and the freedom he had almost regained, and then forgetthe friendly tones. low, bitter moan, and stretching out his

hands said imploringly: "Kill me here as well as anywhere, and let the suspense be ended.' "Kill you, my boy," and the stranger spoke cheerily as he bent over poor Will up the mountain side came the sound of

and rubbed his clammy hands, "What should I kill you for? I've had my eyes on you ever since yesterday evening when I saw you creeping under the brushwood, and knew you were hunting for this cave. The 'Refuge of Safety,' I call it, and it has proved so to many a poor devil who, like self, has taken shelter here. I have never known one to fail of reaching the happy land when once they got so far as this; so cheer up, my man. Paul Haverhill can swear a string of swears about the Yanks which will reach from bere to Richmond, if necessary, and then when the hounds are thrown off the track he can turn round and save the poor hunted rascal's life. You are among your friends, so come out from the puddle. You must be wetter than a rat. There's a spring under the rocks, and it rises in a rain so as to fill the cave sometimes. Here, Charlie, give us

that shawl, his teeth are fairly chatter-

Thus talking the stranger, who had announced himself as Paul Haverill. led Will out to where the boy Charlie stood, holding a bright plaid shawl in his hand, and looking curiously at the worn, drooping, sorry figure emerging from the cave. It was a woman's shawl, Will knew, but it was very soft and warm, and he wrapped it closely round him, for he was shaking with cold, and his tattered garments wre wringing wet. Very few words were spoken, and those in a whisper, as they went cautiously down the mountain they reached what seemed to be a road winding among the hills. This they did not follow, but, striking into the field or pasture land beside it, kept to the right, and at a safe distance from it, lest some straggler might be abroad, and meet them face to face-Will Mather was enough acquainted with Southern customs not to be surprised to find here in the mountain wilds a substantial and even handsome looking building, which, with its white walls and green blinds, seemed much like the farm houses in New England. There was a light shining from the windows, and a woman's brisk step was heard as they went toward the door; Paul Haverill coughing to give warn-

ing of his approach:
"All right!" was the pass-word by which he entered, and Will soon stood in the wide hall which ran through the entire building, and opened in the rear upon a broad plazza.

"Better take him to Miss Maude" room," the woman said and Will followed on to an upper chamber, which, he would have known at once belong ed to a young sacv.

To be Continued.

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