

# MARION'S BRIGADE

By MAJOR J. H. ROBINSON

## CHAPTER X.—(Continued.)

That Col. Cunningham was a bad man was something well known to all who had heard his odious name. His cruelties had spread terror wherever the history of the same had been related. To be sought after by such a hard and remorseless miscreant gave the gentle Mary a feeling of uneasiness which it would be quite impossible to describe. The scene of her first meeting with him had made an impression which could never be effaced. His cruel and unprovoked order to murder her brother had filled her with so much horror, that the very memory of that event was deeply painful.

During the conversation that ensued between the latter and Ruth Strickland, Cunningham was more than once referred to.

"The news of his escape," said Miss Adair, "fills me with a tremulous terror, which I can neither explain nor account for."

"Common report assures me that he admired you not a little," replied Ruth; "and did not take any pains to conceal his sentiments. You have spoken of his escape, but I can tell you of a more recent piece of news; Major Gainey is also at large. How he obtained his freedom I know not, and I confess that the event is quite as unwelcome to me, as the escape of Cunningham seems to be to you."

"From what I can learn of the man, the two are well mated. Both are deaf to the voice of humanity, as their deeds abundantly testify," rejoined Mary. "That you should shrink from him is what I can well understand and appreciate. I am aware that you stand in much the same relation to the major that it is reported I do in regard to him whose name I can scarcely pronounce without a shudder. If the two are indeed at liberty, I believe that our apprehensions and forebodings will not prove unfounded or premature."

The conversation was interrupted by the entrance of Mrs. Strickland, who told them, with considerable agitation of manner, that one of the neighbors had just informed her that Cunningham was down below the Neck with a party of Tories and would probably be up that way before long.

"Did you hear anything in relation to Major Gainey?" inquired Ruth.

"My informant said it was reported that he had joined Col. Cunningham and it was through the agency of the colonel that his escape was effected," replied Mrs. Strickland.

While the parties were conversing on this subject, a colored servant appeared and announced that a gentleman was without who desired to speak a few words to Miss Adair. Mary blushed and hastened to the door, remarking as she left the apartment, "that it was doubtless her brother."

A man of large frame stood near the steps. He was holding by the bridle a horse from which he had evidently just dismounted. A capacious military cloak concealed most of his figure from view, and the lower portion of his face. The hilt of a saber was seen peeping from the ample folds. The features which were visible were highly prepossessing, the eyes were very blue and mild.

He held the little hand which Mary timidly extended a long time in his, and it seemed not a very unwilling prisoner.

"How dared you venture here when Col. Cunningham is down below?" she exclaimed.

"The brigade is moving toward Rocky Creek and I have left it for the purpose of seeing you for a moment," the young man replied.

"You have diverged considerably from your way and incurred considerable danger, I should think," returned Miss Adair.

"The danger I regard but little when I am approaching the spot rendered dear to me by the presence of Mary Adair. Danger I have become familiar with in all the forms in which pitiless war presents it," said the other earnestly.

"I know you are brave, Lewis," replied Mary.

Lewis Hawthorne, as we shall call him, acknowledged the compliment by a bow and a smile.

"I have but little time," he added, "and therefore must improve it to the best advantage. Be kind enough to walk with me a few steps and we will converse as we move along."

"Is it true," asked Mary, "that Major Gainey has escaped?"

"It is, but I think the fact need not disturb you or your fair friend, whom it is said he admires. It seems to me that he will hardly feel inclined to venture up this way again, while Marion's brigade is within a day's march of the place," rejoined Hawthorne.

"Perhaps not, Lewis; but Cunningham has not the fear of Marion before his eyes, it appears, and we expect a visit from him hourly," said Mary.

"I hope he will not be so bold. It would pain me exceedingly and make me very anxious for your safety if I thought he had any such intention."

"My sex have the reputation of being naturally timid, but I trust that you will not esteem me weak and superstitious when I frankly confess that I feel a premonition of approaching evil, and it has reference to Col. Cunningham."

"I am not one to judge hastily. I shall be the last one to think you weak or superstitious. I know that your mind is well balanced and not easily misled. I am not ashamed to say that there is to me something prophetic in the intines or intuition of a pure woman; upon such, at times, the true spirit of prevision seems to rest. I do not, by any means, scoff at the soul's far reachings

into the future, for it has wonderful powers," returned Hawthorne warmly.

"There is one subject upon which I would speak before we part," said Mary. "The part which you are enacting in the terrible tragedy of war is extremely perilous. In the name of that friendship which your lips have avowed, I ask you to be careful of that life which you now so freely and so often expose to the shafts of death. There is more than one heart that would mourn your exit from earth."

"I am indeed gratified, my beloved Mary, for these friendly expressions of regard. I shall endeavor to prove myself worthy of the friendship which you are so condescending as to confer upon me. I am aware that my position is often perilous, and that my duties require much tact, prudence and courage. But the thought of Mary Adair imparts new strength and fortitude when the heart is ready to despair. Mine is truly a difficult part to play; but I have played it thus far successfully. Few are in my secret, and those that are will not betray me. The cause in which I act is a good one, and I am willing to peril life for the sake of my unhappy and oppressed country. Hark!"

Hawthorne paused, and looked down the river.

"I am betrayed!" he exclaimed, "the Tory bloodhounds are on the scent."

Miss Adair had also turned her eyes in the direction specified, and beheld a band of twenty or thirty Royalists approaching at a gallop.

"It is Cunningham himself at the head of his dragoons!" cried Mary. "Alas, your temerity will cost you your life!"

Hawthorne sprang into the saddle and cast a hurried glance around him, to discover the best method of escape.

"Delay not a single instant as you love me! See, they are coming at a fearful speed. Fly, Lewis, fly!" added Mary, excited beyond description.

"Farewell, Mary! I go—I trust in Providence. Remember what I have said."

"Surrender, you rebel!" cried a voice, which Mary recognized as the voice of Cunningham.

For a reply, Hawthorne touched his horse's flanks with his spurs, and swept away up the river road like the wind. As he bounded forward, a dozen carbines were fired at him, and the terrified and half-fainting Mary heard the leaden messengers whistle over her head.

"Cut him down, men! hew him to pieces—no quarters to the rascal!" shouted Cunningham, as he passed the maiden at a furious gallop. He gave a significant look as he dashed by, in which the cruelty of his nature was but too evidently expressed.

It was some time after the Tories had passed before Mary could gain courage to look after Hawthorne, to see if he had fallen; when she did so, she beheld him about the same distance from his pursuers as at the beginning of the race. His horse appeared a powerful one, and in good condition, while she observed that those ridden by the Royalists were already somewhat blown.

Mary Adair's heart beat fast, and every pulse was full of racking suspense. With fearful anticipations of the catastrophe, she beheld a Tory horseman nearing the object of her solicitude. She saw within the distance of a few yards—of half a dozen—of four—of three—of one, and he bent forward in his saddle and lifted his sword to give a fatal blow; but at that moment, when Mary considered all hope lost, Hawthorne turned suddenly upon his pursuer, and with a single sweep of his ponderous saber, cut him down; he fell, and his earthly warfare was at an end. Hawthorne made no pause, but waving the saber triumphantly, shot forward at a much greater speed.

## CHAPTER XI.

Marion's brigade was moving toward Rocky Creek. To John Henderson it was a most agreeable march, for he rode beside Kate Martin, and her silvery voice sounded to him like the sweetest music. To her peerless beauty he had added the idea of her heroism, which had been exemplified by her daring conduct on the night previous. The pastor's fair and brave daughter could not rise much in the estimation of Henderson; so far as his opinion was concerned she already stood on the pinnacle of female perfection.

While the gallant Henderson is drinking in the soft enchantment of Kate Martin's beauty, we will see how Frank Forstall fares and follow his movements for a short time.

The voice of Ben Rowan was less frequently heard. An unwonted taciturnity had fallen upon him since the "pulverizing" scene had transpired, and Frank was left more to his own reflections. The thought occurred to him when he saw Henderson so pleasantly engaged with Kate Martin that a friendly chat with Ruth Strickland would be exceedingly agreeable. This idea induced him to ask permission of Capt. Logan for an hour's absence in order that theory and practice might be harmoniously blended. The captain consented, though somewhat reluctantly, because he said it was not safe for people to be riding about the country alone when the Tories were so much on the alert and so full of mischief. Considerations of this nature, however, had but little influence with Forstall. Casting a parting glance at Henderson, he fell out of the ranks of the brigade, and taking a cross road, galloped toward the residence of Ruth Strickland.

He resolved, most firmly and seriously, to make that declaration which had more

than once trembled upon his fearful tongue. Full of this daring, and to him momentous conception, he urged his horse forward. Forstall became entirely oblivious to all party distinctions and entirely forgetful of all personal hazard; the image of Ruth Strickland was the only distinct idea in his brain. A tremendous clatter burst suddenly upon his ears. He heard the report of carbines and loud shouting, and the din increased and approached rapidly.

Frank was aroused from his reverie and prudently reined in his horse into a small copse by the wayside. In the course of five or six minutes a body of horsemen, about fifteen in number, appeared in view; their steeds gave abundant indications of being overriden, and their riders were laboring under some strong excitement.

Forstall was at a loss at first to know whether they were Whigs or Tories, but very soon their angry exclamations enlightened him; they were Tories.

"It's no use to spoil our horses!" exclaimed one. "The fellow has got away fairly; we can't overtake him."

"I'm sorry, for I like to see the rogues dance on nothing," replied another.

When a few yards beyond Forstall's hiding place the whole party stopped and turned their horses' heads in the contrary direction.

"I'll tell you the only thing that can end this war," added the individual who had last spoken. "It's hangin'!"

"That's my opinion," responded several of the band, fiercely. "String 'em up; nothin' else will answer. We're too tender hearted, that's the trouble. We must hang 'em whether they have taken protection or not. What's the difference between the feller who has taken protection and then fights us, and the chap as hasn't and fights us? For my part, I can't see no odds."

"It's all the same," said another. "Serve 'em all alike, and then justice will be done. It appears to me we ought to look round here in the bushes to see if the fellow hasn't hid himself somewhere. I thought I heard a noise out 'here on the right."

The person who made this observation moved toward the spot where Forstall was concealed. Discovery was inevitable and instant; the Tories shouted with exultation as Frank put spurs to his horse and fled toward the Neck, while a dozen carbines were levelled at his person. His horse being a good one, soon distanced his pursuers, and he was congratulating himself on the prospect of escape when things assumed a new aspect. He had proceeded about a mile and a half when an abrupt turn to the road revealed to his astonished eyes another body of dragoons drawn up in the road. Just before them lay the body of a man, and close by was a riderless horse, nipping unconcernedly the grass by the roadside.

Before Forstall had fairly taken in the scene with his eyes he was in the midst of the Tories, and many sabers were raised to cut him down.

"Hold men!" cried Cunningham. "Not so fast, my lads. We'll do better than that."

Forstall drew his saber and defended himself vigorously, inflicting several wounds, but the odds against him were so overpowering he was soon disarmed and a prisoner.

"It strikes me that I have seen your face before, young man," said an officer, scrutinizing Frank pretty closely.

"I think you have, sir; I was at Britton's Neck with Gen. Marion," said Frank, sarcastically.

"Such allusions as those will prove very unfortunate for you, my fine fellow," retorted Major Gainey angrily.

"When the vicissitudes of war placed you in our hands you were well treated and had nothing to complain of, I believe," added Forstall.

"What is your name, young man?" asked Cunningham.

"One that has never been dishonored by cruelty, cowardice or meanness. I am called Forstall," replied Frank.

Cunningham immediately said something to Gainey in a low voice, and the latter scowled fiercely at our hero.

"You see that body, don't you?" he asked, pointing to the corpse in the road.

"I do; and I should say that it was made a body by an ugly saber cut on the head," answered Forstall.

"That man, young rebel, was a Royalist, and his life was worth half a dozen like yours," continued the major.

"I regret then that he hadn't died in a better cause," rejoined Frank.

"One of Marion's ruffians did that," resumed the major, pointing at the body again.

"I thought one of our sabers made that wound," replied Forstall, regarding the ghastly opening in the dead man's head more closely.

"And have you yet thought what the consequences would be to yourself, sir?" asked Gainey.

"I am a prisoner of war, and expect to be treated as such."

"Just hear the rascal talk!" exclaimed Cunningham. "You'll be treated according to your deserts," he added.

"Up with him! up with him!" cried several voices, impatiently.

"There's a fine tree for the purpose," remarked the colonel, pointing to a thrifty oak a few yards beyond them.

At this juncture the rest of the party came thundering down the river and joined their comrades.

"Rebel, your time is short," said Gainey.

"Do you intend to perpetrate another murder?" asked Forstall, in a voice still calm.

(To be continued.)

## Not Yet.

"Some people think," said Uncle Henry Butterworth, "that there's nothing new under the sun, and all the jokes has been told. But I don't think so. I believe that some of the very best things that ever were said hasn't ever been thought of yet."—Kansas City Times.

## TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

### A CHOICE SELECTION OF INTERESTING ITEMS.

#### Comments and Criticisms Based Upon the Happenings of the Day—Historical and News Notes.

Greene and Gaynor were the original gold-dust twins.

The only dividend some financial institutions ever pay is when they fail.

H. H. Rogers is showing great forbearance in not running the courts out of business.

Paul Morton likes life insurance to salvation. And yet we have been taught that salvation's free.

Does Sir Thomas Lipton think that if he made the measurement rules himself he could lift that mug?

Teru threatens to lick Chili. But Chili probably knows that the Peruvian bark is worse than the bite.

France is becoming a real republic—she can elect and inaugurate a President without a riot or even a red-flag demonstration.

The man who fell 300 feet with his aeroplane and escaped death is naturally disposed to regard his flight as a great success.

An inventor claims to be able to turn wind into electricity. What an argument for frequent campaigns and abundant spellbinding!

Metchinoff explains that the natural period of life for man is 120 years, and Dr. Wiley explains why most men fail to live half that time.

A Camden man convicted of assault is paying his fine on the installment plan. It is a wonder that he didn't make a kick for trading stamps.

Just look at all the show girls being married by English lords. And still some people have the heart to advise girls to adopt a stage career.

So they are to make "Romeo and Juliet" into a comic opera. We may yet live to see Miss May Irwin present Ophelia to DeWolf Hopper's Hamlet.

If Boni de Castellane cannot live on \$40,000 a year the deficiency must be made up at any sacrifice. It is of the utmost importance that Boni should keep on living.

The report that August Belmont has just bought a lake is denied. It probably started over the fact that he has been buying largely of Wall street stocks.

One correspondent informs us that the President has grown suspicious of China. And we cannot dodge the impression that China has become a trifle suspicious of Uncle Sam.

Dr. Wiley, the government's chemical expert, says he is almost afraid to go to the table. After finding that manufactured lamb chop the doctor is justified in the fear that he will find a bone in the liver.

While the other Territories are clamoring for statehood Alaska would be content to be simply treated with the full rights of a Territory. She has been trying to get an ordinary territorial delegate in Congress for forty years.

A woman never loses interest in the man she might have married. If he succeeds she prides herself on the fact that she could have had him. If he fails she is equally proud of the fact that she had foresight enough to turn him down.

Extracts from the Russian government organ are published to show how amusingly ignorant the writers for that organ are of American affairs. It is a more serious matter that they are almost as ignorant of the real situation in their own country.

For some years engines have been taking water without stopping, and such cars have been picking mail sacks from posts without so much as a pause. Now an appliance for coaling engines without stopping has been invented, and experiments with it are said to have been satisfactory. The next improvement to save the running time of trains will be a device for throwing passengers on board and off without stopping.

Public opinion was the first great judge. It drove the malefactor from his own people to the desert, to live an exile, with every man's hand against him. Its judgments are still true and righteous. Cunning lawyers may befog juries. Wrongdoers may hid behind technicalities. But there are verdicts of public opinion which are branded into their skin and which they can never erase. Not for all offenses, but for certain offenses that is "the great corrective and punitive." Its value

cannot be easily overestimated. There are men in all sections of the country who are flouting the verdict of public opinion scarcely less blighting than the sentence of a criminal court.

Everyone has heard of the youth who, having found a large sum of money on the street and returned it to the rich man who lost it, was angry because the man gave him only a quarter of a dollar for his honesty. Those who are honest only in hope of reward deserve the contempt of all decent people. There are even heroes who hope for reward. The captain of a small yawl who, with his crew, rescued the passengers and crew of a stranded steamship off the New Jersey coast in January was not of that sort. He risked his life for others, and when the Carnegie Hero Fund commissioners began to make inquiries about his exploit, he told them not to mind him, but to take care of his crew if they wished to reward anyone; then, if anything was left, and they insisted, they might do something for his little boy. As a result of this convincing proof of his heroic qualities, the commissioners have given him \$1,500 to pay off the mortgage on his home, and have set aside \$5,000 for the education of his boy. And the best feature of this incident is that the hero of it does not think that he did anything worthy of special recognition.

What a factor the farmer is in enriching the country! Few think of this and those who do so sympathize with the farmer, who, after the heat and burden of the day, has so little to show for his industry and intelligence. As an occupation in the east farming is looked upon as unremunerative and with slight prospects of it ever being anything else. Prices of food steadily advance, but the husbandman does not reap of the increase because the scarcity of the product accounts for the rising market. In the middle west he does better. In the far west the tilling of the fields is satisfactory in its returns to the cultivator. To turn to what he has accomplished: In 1904 the American farmer's crops reached in money the astonishing total of nearly five billion dollars. Last year it was six billion four hundred millions of dollars, an increase in a twelve-month of one billion five hundred million dollars. How stupendous these figures are can be guessed when it is known that all the gold mined in the world for the last four centuries could not equal in value what the earth yielded up to man in the past two years. That farming is a good business is borne out by the fact that our agricultural lands have increased in value over thirty-three per cent in five years. In the far west the increase has been over sixty per cent, but the areas in the middle and eastern sections which have stood still or declined, lower the average rate to thirty-three per cent. To make life happy the tiller of the soil has his telephone, his daily delivery of mail, and, in many cases, the railroad to bring him to town. He is a skillful man and brings science to bear to outmaneuver the pests which are ever preying upon his cultivated field. Then the National and State governments are co-operating with him in making his areas yield the greatest possible. By their working in harmony the American farmer is far and away ahead of the European or Asiatic and gets much more out of the ground per square foot than the corresponding tillers separated from him by the oceans. It is pleasant to read how our farmers are doing well and at the same time contributing so much to the enrichment of the country.

## A Dishes

While on his recent Western tour, Edward H. Harriman, the railroad magnate, was amused at the pertness and wit of Frank Jones, a boy who had been sent from the master mechanic's office in Cheyenne with a message for Superintendent McKeen of the motive department of the Union Pacific. Pushing into the private car of President Harriman, he said: "Hello, I got 'er telegram for McKeen." "You mean Mr. McKeen," interrupted Mr. Harriman, with a sly smile. "Yep, I guess so; the head cheese of the motive department." Mr. Harriman took the telegram and had it sent to Mr. McKeen. "What do you do?" he asked the lad, with a glance around at his companions. "I'm one of the directors of the Union Pacific," said the boy, taking the challenge. "What?" exclaimed Mr. Harriman. "Yep. I direct envelopes over at the master mechanic's office."—Baptist Commonwealth.

## Tit for Tat.

Mr. Jinks—"Who has been fooling with this gun?"

Mrs. Jinks—"The new girl got hold of it this morning and discharged it."

"My gracious! What did you do?"

"I discharged her."—New York Weekly.

A father is either getting reproving looks from his wife because he doesn't make the children behave, or because he is trying to.

An explanation is not much and an apology is its poor relation.