

MARION'S BRIGADE

By MAJOR J. H. ROBINSON

CHAPTER XIII.—(Continued.)
"If that is the case, I shall make His Majesty the subject of my powerful prayers," returned Job, earnestly.

"Do so, by all means; they'll have a great effect, no doubt. But I trust you will be willing to fight for him, as well as to pray for him?"

"Verily, I cannot fight with the carnal weapons of human warfare; but I wrestle desperately in prayer. My soul delighteth in peace," said Dawson.

"What may I call the name of such an exemplary, pious and conscientious young gentleman?" asked Ferguson.

"I am called Jotham, and my surname is Stebbins," replied Job, and then added, "May I ask the name of so noble-looking an officer as you seem to be?"

"My name is Ferguson, and I am called colonel, which you may call me," replied Ferguson, mimicking the singing style of Dawson.

"Then thou art that mighty man of valor of whom I have heard so much, and whose fame is trumpeted throughout all this land. Verily, thou art one of the valiant ones, but I like not thy trade. And is it not written, friend Ferguson, that those who take the sword shall perish by the same instrument of death?"

"Are there any Whigs where you came from, honest Jotham?" said the colonel with much nonchalance.

"Verily, friend Ferguson, they have been scattered abroad like sheep upon the mountains of Israel," replied "simple Jotham."

"Did you ever hear of one Francis Marion, pious Mr. Stebbins?" continued the colonel.

"I have heard of his deeds, and he's a man of blood," said "pious Stebbins." "It hath been reported in my hearing within the last hour that he is in a large swamp on the Santee river, hard pressed by Major Wemyss, who hath resolved on his destruction."

"This is important news," continued the colonel to Dix. "Do you think the report of Marion's being on the Santee, under the circumstances you have named, can be relied on, Mr. Stebbins?"

"I had it from one whom I consider as one of the salt of the earth," was the reply. "If I hear anything more about Francis shall I tell thee?" inquired Dawson.

"Of course, Jotham, by all means; but you must keep your mouth tight as a powder horn in relation to what you see and hear at this place; and as you are a stout, able bodied man, I advise you as a friend to join these loyal and peacefully disposed people in defending the rights of the excellent king to whom these North American provinces owe allegiance."

"If I really thought it wasn't wrong," said Job.

Col. Ferguson thereupon assured him that it was not wrong.

"I'll think of it, friend," added Job, "and if I should conclude to go up to battle with the king's Israel, I shall assuredly smite the evil-doers, hip and thigh, but not with carnal weapons, for my soul loveth not the sound of the trumpet, and I have no pleasure in the neighing of war steeds when they prepare them for battle."

It was now the hour of sunset, and until twilight had given place to the night the gigantic figure of Job Dawson was seen moving slowly about among the Tories, staring at everything he saw with clownish curiosity. It might have been remarked also by a close observer that the Quaker was often near Ferguson and Dix, and though the parties spoken of frequently changed their position, he usually managed, although in a manner calculated to appear wholly incidental, to establish the same relations between them and himself.

It was natural that Cyrus Dix should be confidential with the colonel; he grew eminently so. He even talked of Kate Martin, and related the substance of his last interview with her and her father. When Dix mentioned the pastor's name Ferguson remarked that he was a dangerous man, and unless he became more cautious about disseminating his rebellious sentiments it would be imperatively necessary to resort to rigorous measures with him. He heard from good authority that he had preached exciting and pernicious sermons, which had incited many of the misguided people of Rocky Creek to take arms and join Marion's brigade.

Dix answered that the report was entirely true, inasmuch as Mr. Martin had done more than most persons were aware of in the Whig cause, and in that respect was the most dangerous man in that section of the country. Dix added, moreover, that in the event that Kate should prove capricious, he intended to soften her to his wishes by proceeding to extremities with her rebel father, and the colonel might rely on him to keep the inflammatory declaimer still.

Soon after this conversation Job Dawson disappeared from the Tory rendezvous; and the awkward young man was seen no longer gazing in wondering apathy at the preparations for war.

CHAPTER XIV.

Mary Adair recovered her consciousness in a short time, and as she was still trembling with excitement, Ruth insisted that she should return instantly to the house. On the way thither Mary related the particulars of what had just transpired—the sudden appearance of the Tories and the danger to which Hawthorne had been exposed.

"Here is a secret for woman's curiosity to unravel," said Ruth, playfully. "Who is this Lewis Hawthorne of whom you have been speaking?"

Mary Adair colored, and Miss Strick-

land kindly forbore to press the subject. When the two young ladies had reached the house the recent adventure was made known to Mrs. Strickland, who had been considerably alarmed by the tumult which she had heard, without knowing the exact position of affairs.

While proper explanations were being made, the parties were again thrown into some excitement by the sound of prolonged shouting at a considerable distance. To hasten outside into the open air was an impulse quickly felt and obeyed by each.

"I can see Cunningham's men," said Ruth.

"They are still near the spot where Lewis was in such danger," added Mary Adair.

"There seems to be something unusually exciting taking place," remarked Mrs. Strickland. "Let us walk forward in that direction."

The parties proceeded a few hundred yards and again paused.

"Perhaps," suggested Ruth, "they are interrupting the body."

"And it is possible," added Mary, in an agitated voice, "that they have Lewis Hawthorne."

"Heaven forbid!" exclaimed Mrs. Strickland, "for the wretches show no mercy."

At that instant Ruth uttered a piercing shriek and clung convulsively for support. To the earnest inquiries of the latter, and the sympathetic Mary, she responded only by sighs and tears. At length she was able to exclaim:

"'Tis he! 'tis he!"

"'Tis who?" cried Mary, whom Ruth's exclamations had placed on a rack of suspense.

"Forstall!" replied Ruth, with a shudder. "I should know him among a thousand."

Mrs. Strickland and Miss Adair looked anxiously and steadily toward the group of persons. Both felt sick at heart when their worst fears were confirmed. They beheld Forstall in that awful position where eternity seems to open upon the senses—so narrowed down are the limits of mortal existence—so brief the space between the two worlds.

The beholders' cheeks grew pale, and they gazed into each other's eyes, and at Ruth in speechless agony of spirit; for it is a dreadful spectacle to look upon the execution of a fellow-being under any circumstances; and the pain is inconceivably enhanced when the sufferer is a friend and a martyr to some high and holy cause.

Mrs. Strickland endeavored to shut out the fearful scene from Ruth, but the latter put her gently aside and strained her eyes in the direction of the tragic proceeding.

"Why do we remain here inactive?" she exclaimed at length. "Why do we not hasten forward and entreat the miscreants to spare his life?"

"Alas! before we could pass over half the distance, the horrible drama will be closed, the young man will then be no more," returned the mother. "Let us pray, Ruth."

The three sank to their knees as if actuated by a single will, and Mrs. Strickland prayed earnestly and tearfully. Her supplications arose strong and pure, upborne on the celestial wings of all-conquering faith.

The low, fervent voice of prayer was interrupted by one louder and harsher than the clang of a brazen trumpet.

"Straighten up, you rascal critters. Strike home, I tell you!"

The parties sprang to their feet and looked toward the spot from which they had just turned with sickened hearts. What an unexpected sight met their astonished vision! They saw a party of horsemen, headed by a tall man, dash with the speed of lightning and the din of rolling thunder, into the group of Tory miscreants, busy with the work of murder; they beheld, as if by a divine interposition, the wretches scattered and blasted before the impetuous onset of Capt. Hawes.

"Cut 'em down, I tell you!" shouted the leader, the tones of his stentorian voice echoing afar, making the hearts of his enemies quiver with the horror of death.

"Farewell to your quarters, no mercy!" were the stern words that again resounded through the hills and valleys.

"See how the dreadful foe is scattered," remarked Mary earnestly. "Forstall is free; he joins in the pursuit. How changed is the scene! What a wonderful reverse!"

Ruth pressed Mary's hand in silence and the color once more mounted to her cheeks.

"There goes Gaiety and Cunningham," added Mrs. Strickland. "They are leaping fences and ditches to evade pursuit. They will escape their just deserts."

In a few moments not an enemy was to be seen. Capt. Hawes had swept the field and proved himself a bold and intrepid leader.

The blast of a bugle recalled the "rascal critters" from the sanguine chase, for the captain prudently remembered that he was to join the brigade as soon as possible in order to be present at the anticipated surprise. His men were soon gathered about him, flushed with the pride and excitement of victory.

"Neighbors and patriots!" said Hawes, "you have done yourselves immortal honor, individually, respectively and collectively. The great heart of humanity will beat with new life when the history of your gallant conduction shall be generally promulgated throughout the air, and at Rocky Creek, where many of you was cradled in the earliest stages of ex-

istence. This is a mighty smart day in the annals of our country. My feelin's rush along with the tremendous speed of a wild hurricane, and the power of an untamed avalanche. That colt is dancin' up and down agin! Jones, mind your fallin' or I'll have you arrested! The enemy's whipt; he feels as though he'd been struck by a thousand acres of electric fluid, manufactured into the spryest kind of lightning known to inquirin' minds. We shall ride back to the brigade carryin' the soul-cheerin' news of an all-fired tussle!"

"Jones is throwed again!" interrupted Corporal Higgins, as the captain paused to take his breath. The military chieftain cast a reproachful look at the still misguided Jones.

"I hope nothin' will transpire," he said, "to mar the splendor of this afternoon's achievements. Jones, if you must make an act of yourself, do it when I ain't makin' a speech. Pitchin' about in that way is a bad habit to get into. Glue yourself to that colt agin instantly, and throw no more double summersets in the ranks. Sergeant Davis, prick Jones a little with your toad sticker. Mr. Forstall, I see you're all-sufficient wistful to'ards that group of fernemine specimens out yonder. I'll wait for you six minutes and a few seconds, while you go and give 'em your blessin'."

Forstall gladly availed himself of this permission, and in a moment reined up his horse beside Ruth Strickland. Though still laboring under the excitement of the late proceedings, Forstall's old embarrassment returned as soon as he found himself in the presence of the maiden in whom he felt so deep an interest.

When a few words of general import had been exchanged, Mrs. Strickland remarked that it was necessary she should return to the house, and begged to be excused, trusting that Mary and her daughter would more than make good her absence.

The elder lady walked away; and in a moment after when Frank turned from Ruth to Miss Adair, he discovered that she was at a considerable distance from him and his fair companion.

Though the opportunity of being alone with the interesting being beside him was what he had eagerly desired, yet when that condition actually existed, he was wholly unprepared to improve it. When Ruth perceived that her mother and Mary had suddenly vanished, she was painfully confused.

Forstall could not think of a single appropriate remark to hazard under the circumstances. Contrary to the generally established precedent in such cases, the maiden was the first to break the silence, which had become awkwardly embarrassing.

"A most fortunate escape," said Ruth. "Yes, perhaps providential. I had given up all thoughts of deliverance from the unfortunate and ignominious position in which I was placed," he replied, with considerable hesitation of manner.

"Your friends will rejoice that so dreadful a tragedy was averted," added Ruth, moving slowly toward Mary Adair, and feeling most keenly that she was placed in a position that might easily be misconstrued. She resolved to prevent a possibility which should be so humiliating, and instantly called to Miss Adair, saying that Mr. Forstall and herself desired her company; and Mary turned and came slowly toward them, apparently seeming to be wholly absorbed in her own thoughts.

"Miss Adair is a charming young lady, Miss Strickland, but when I have the happiness to be near you, I do not feel the want of other—other—"

"Hurry up—hurry up!" shouted Capt. Hawes. "I can't allow you but a few minutes longer. We've got to lick another township of Tories to-night, you know."

"You are aware that we have been acquainted for a long period, Miss Strickland, and that I naturally—naturally—"

Forstall stopped, and vainly endeavored to recall and embody the idea which was in his mind when he commenced.

To hide her own embarrassment, Ruth asked Frank if he knew Lewis Hawthorne; to which inquiry he replied in the negative.

"The times are so—so precarious, that it is very hard to tell when I may see you again, and therefore—therefore—" added Frank, failing entirely to come to the point.

"Then you don't know Mr. Hawthorne?" said Ruth.

"No," stammered Forstall, wholly un-nerved. "I had hoped that the friendship that has subsisted—subsisted—"

"In the excitement of the moment, I have neglected to refer to my father's imprisonment. Have you yet learned anything in relation to the general treatment and condition of the prisoners taken at Camden?" asked Ruth.

"I have not yet been able to gather any information in regard to the prisoners, that would be of particular interest to you, but be assured that I have not yet forgotten the promise which I made at our last interview. It is probable that many of the unfortunate will be sent to Charlestown for safe keeping. Should Mr. Strickland be among the number, there is a prospect that something may be done to set him at liberty; an event which I greatly desire, because it will add to the happiness of one in whom—"

"Come along, Forstall; we've straightened up to start!" shouted Capt. Nick. "Give her your benediction, and don't let the grass grow under your horse's feet."

"Farewell, Ruth," said Frank, reluctantly.

"Must you go so soon?" she asked.

"Futy forces me from the spot where I would linger forever," Forstall answered, earnestly.

"Attention, the hull! right about face!" cried Pawes.

Frank turned slowly away from Ruth, and she bade him adieu in a low voice.

"March!" added the captain, and Forstall cut spurs to his horse and galloped swiftly after the men of Rocky Creek.

(To be continued.)



A Timely Plea.

"What is your defense to the charge of stealing this watch?" sternly asked the judge of the prisoner.

"I merely wanted to gain more time," pleaded the prisoner.

"In that case," remarked the judge, "I will give you more time than you could gain yourself and provide you with all the watches you need. Five years."—Baltimore American.

A Good Excuse.



The Man—Why did you kick my dog?

The Kid—Cos he wuz mad.

The Man—He wasn't mad.

The Kid—Well, he wuz after I kicked him all right.

Misunderstood.

"They struck gold in the ledge a good many feet under Broadway where they are drilling for the foundation of a New York skyscraper."

"In quartz?"

"Oh, no, there was scarcely a pinch of it."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Thought He had Him.

Bill—Thought you said those cigars were from Havana?

Jill—So they are.

Bill—Why, it says "Colorado" on the box.—Yonker's Statesman.

Getting Ready.

Mrs. Bacon—Where's your husband? Mrs. Egbert—In the other room under the sofa.

Mrs. Bacon—What in the world is he doing under the sofa?

Mrs. Egbert—Why, he's going to get an automobile next week and he wants to get used to it before it comes!—Yonkers Statesman.

Changeable.

She—Now, what would you say is the color of your wife's hair?

He—"I don't know; I haven't seen her since morning."—Yonker's Statesman.

No Chance to Utilize Them.

"This paper says the house committee that has the pure food bill in charge will permit the use of preservatives."

"They wouldn't be of any use at our house. We eat the food so fast there's no chance to preserve it."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The Rude Thing.

He ran his fingers through his hair. "Hold on," he said, "I'll show you the proofs of my novel."

But the other lingered not.

"No, no," he said, "I don't need proofs. Your word is enough."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

One of the Set.

Kind Lady—And you say your blue blood has often been recognized?

Gritty George—Sure, mum. Why, one time de brakeman threw me off at Palm Beach.—Puck.

Strangers Now.

Clara—He says my singing is superior to that of any girl he knows.

Maudie—Poor fellow! It's a pity he is unable to extend his acquaintance.

NOT SUCH A TALKER.



The Parrot—They say "Shakespeare never repeats." The Owl (disgustedly)—Well, Shakespeare wasn't a parrot.

A Makeshift.

The danger of sending telegrams is shown in the following story: A member of parliament was to have made a speech at Derby, and being unable to do so because the heavy rains had destroyed the branch railway sent a telegram as follows: "Cannot come; wash out on line." In a few hours the reply came: "Never mind; borrow a shirt."—New York Tribune.

His Grievance.



Bertie—Why are you so opposed to the small families of the rich? Bertie—Our millionaires haven't daughters enough to go around.

Just Like a Man.

Bleeker—If you are troubled with the toothache so often, I'd think you would consult a dentist.

Meeker—I did call on one the other day and I certainly experienced great relief.

Bleeker—Did he pull the tooth?

Meeker—No; he wasn't in.

Plentiful Supply.

"What are you doing, Harker?" "Why, it is so chilly in these flats I thought I would let up some hot air."

"But that is the speaking tube the janitor uses when he calls up here."

"Well, I said I wanted some 'hot air,' didn't I?"

After the Service.

The Minister—That was a rather long sermon I preached this morning, my dear. Do you think it met with the approval of the congregation?

His Wife—I suppose so, Abner. I noticed they were all nodding.

One Mourner Left.

Her—I suppose Mrs. Wedgala has ceased to mourn the loss of her first husband.

His—Yes, I suppose so, but I understand her second husband hasn't.

Dead Game.

Gunner—They say, despite their lethargy, the people of Philadelphia are dead game sports.

Guyer—I should say they are dead-game sports. They still play plug-pong.

Why He Was Sad.

"You are looking sad. Does the sight of the waves bring up memories?"

"No, it isn't that. I fear that their motion is going to bring up something else."—Houston Post.

A Hint.

"Steward, what makes this ship tip so much?"

"I do not know, sir. Maybe she is setting an example to the passengers."—Cleveland Leader.

Open to Engagement.

Fair Worshiper—Are you married, Mr. Greenroom?

Fascinating Member of "The Profession"—Oh, dear, no; but my wife is.—The Tatler.