

# MARION'S BRIGADE

By MAJOR J. H. ROBINSON

## CHAPTER XVIII.—(Continued.)

"I heard the sound of musketry not long ago," replied Kate, calmly.

"The idea has occurred to me, Kate Martin, that we were betrayed. I have had within the last hour strong suspicions. Yes, we have been betrayed; we have been routed; we have been hacked to pieces!" exclaimed Dix, walking across the floor, greatly excited, and stamping his foot to give emphasis to his remarks.

"You do not seem to be hacked seriously," remarked Kate.

"If I knew that you had fooled me!" returned Dix, striking his fist violently upon the table near which he happened to stand at that instant.

"Do you know anything of the fate of my husband?" asked Mrs. Martin.

"He's at liberty long before this time," muttered Dix.

"If I remember rightly, Capt. Dix," resumed Kate, accenting the title which she invariably affixed to the Tory name, "you said something about your power to protect my father."

"I did intend to do so, and my plans were all arranged," was the reply.

"What do you intend to do now, all your plans having so signally failed?" inquired Kate.

"Rally again—rally again; what else can be done, Kate," he said, abruptly, after a short silence, "you know my feelings toward you, and I desire before I leave you, to know something more of yours toward me."

"What, before my mother?" asked Kate, in a playful voice.

"She has been young—the ways of youthful damsels are well known to her," replied Dix. "Time presses, Kate; I am expecting every moment the sound of Marion's dragoons."

"It were wrong to keep you waiting to hear a silly girl express her sentiments," rejoined Kate; "but I will speak them in part, that your departure may be instant, and that we may understand each other in all future time. My feelings toward you—"

"Kate paused.

"Don't be timid," said Dix, encouragingly. "You can whisper it in my ear. If you will, I only desire to know on what terms we are to meet hereafter."

"My feelings toward you," returned Kate, "I do not fear to speak aloud and openly. I do consider you, without any exception, the most contemptible villain I ever met with."

Kate uttered these words with a vehemence that left no doubt on the minds of her hearers of her perfect sincerity.

The Tory remained mute and motionless; surprise had stricken him a heavy blow. So deep was the silence that prevailed for a moment within, that the listeners could distinctly hear the quiet ticking of the mantel clock.

"Cheated—deceived—fooled!" gasped Dix at last. "This crushes me—it cuts like Marion's sabers. A thousand withering maledictions on woman's infernal arts!"

"You should have known me better than to attempt to win my esteem by creeping hypocrisy. I detest your person, your conduct, and your cause," returned Kate.

"My daughter's sentiments are also mine," said Mrs. Martin. "And now that you know us, I trust that we shall see your face no more."

"I'm unnerved—the pang is sharp—but it is but momentary!" exclaimed Dix, struggling to gain self-control of his feelings. "You have served me cruelly, but I will remember it—and I will triumph yet! Though cut up and scattered, our courage is not broken. We shall gather again in greater numbers, and then you shall feel my power."

Dix gave greater emphasis to these words by striking his foot upon the floor.

"Hold—forebear—in the king's name! for the sake of humanity!" shouted Henderson, in a voice highly tragical and effective.

The parties started with surprise. Cyrus Dix recoiled to the wall and glared fiercely around him. But there was no time to waste; for steps were heard without, and the latch was hurriedly lifted. Dix instantly leaped through the window, shivering sash and glass, and by the time Henderson and Forstall gained the middle of the room he was heard galloping away.

"The bird has flown, gentlemen," said the pastor, with a smile.

"This is indeed a pleasant surprise," exclaimed Mrs. Martin.

"But a surprise, nevertheless," cried Kate, embracing her father.

Forstall was instantly introduced to the ladies, and Henderson warmly greeted by them. Frank confessed to himself that the pastor's daughter was, exceedingly fair. After a few moments of conversation, such as the exciting condition of things naturally suggested, our two friends took leave and returned to the camp.

The following day the brigade marched back to Lynch's Creek. The name of Marion had now become a terror to all evil doers, and began to be spoken with admiration in all parts of the country, while he received daily accessions to his numbers. His daring deeds excited the attention of the royal army, and the British commander perceived that it was necessary, in order to the final subjugation of South Carolina, that his career should be stopped.

About this period flaming proclamations were issued, full of dire invectives against those who continued rebellious, and teeming with promises to those who submitted humbly to British usurpation. Those capable of bearing arms, who would not hasten to the royal standard, were to be imprisoned, and their property confiscated, and every militiaman who had borne arms with them, and afterwards

joined the patriots, was to be immediately hanged, if captured.

In consequence of these documents, many persons were put to death, and many families deprived of their substance. But acts of this nature provoked the suffering people beyond endurance, and compelled many to arms with the firm determination to conquer or perish on the field of battle. Men stung to madness by wrong and injustice made excellent soldiers, and with such leaders as Marion, Sumter, McClure and Davis, could not fail to give a brighter aspect to the cause of freedom.

The British arms being victorious at Charleston and Camden, and British posts being established in various sections of the country, it was vastly easy for the Tories to show their might, and manifest their deadly hostility to the Whigs.

It was but a few days after Cunningham's defeat before he was again at the head of a desperate band of enthusiasts, committing cruelties at which the heart of decent humanity revolts. But the "Bloody Scout," learning a little wisdom from past punishments, was cautious in its movements, fearing lest Marion should surprise and cut them in pieces in some moment unexpected to them.

One evening, a few days after the affair at Rocky Creek, a negro riding a fiery horse was brought into camp by the sergeant of the guard. He refused to tell his business to any one, but obstinately persisted to see Gen. Marion.

When conducted to the presence of the officer he shook his head and looked at him incredulously.

"This is the general," said the sergeant.

"Dat am doubtful!" muttered the African, in a low voice. "Dey say he am mighty great man."

"Hush! Not great in person, but in deeds," whispered the sergeant.

"If you is de general, he hab communicated de nature ob de circumstance," said Cuffee, bowing, and doffing his hat.

"I am; what have you to say, my lad?" rejoined Marion, in his usual mild and affable manner.

"Dis chile am bery particular; kase de times am bery wicarious."

"Who sent you, sir?" inquired the general, somewhat sharply.

"Bery fine missus—one great lady, massa," was the reply. "I am de post-office as she sent dis writin' by."

"Is it directed to me?" said the general.

"Am Francis de initial of your fust name?" continued Cuffee, cautiously.

"It is," returned the general, with a smile.

"And does de letters of your last name begin wid a great M, and end wid a little n and a flourish?" continued the negro. "And, finally, massa, does de initial of dis place begin wid Lynch's Creek, and a pot-hook you could hang your hat on?"

"You have described it precisely," exclaimed the general, good-naturedly.

"Den it am all right. I hab de honor to present dis writin' to General Marion, who am arter de Royalists and de crown ob England, like the footstep ob death when he takes arter de poor plantation slaves."

Marion took the letter and glanced at the superscription. The letter was written in an elegant female hand, and the chirography obviously that of a female.

"This is from a fair lady, then," he said, musingly.

"Her eyes am like de stars dat luminate de cannister ob heben," remarked the negro, poetically.

"Indeed!" replied Marion, mechanically, opening the letter.

"It am fact, and dis chile know ob British ossifers who tink it am a privilege to kiss anything her white hand hab touched," added the negro, apparently not a little shocked and displeased at the irreverent manner with which he broke the seal of the neatly folded missive.

Without heeding Cuffee's last remark, the general proceeded to examine the contents of the letter. It was dated at Nelson's Ferry, and read as follows:

"General Marion—The wanton barbarities practiced in this and the adjoining districts by Cunningham and his ruthless band impel me to address one who has proved himself so ready and so able to punish the crimes of our sleepless and ever vigilant enemies. The inhabitants of this community are filled with unutterable dismay, for no one knows how soon it may be his or her destiny to suffer in the cause. The Loyalists triumph over us, and our ears are daily shocked with some new tale of woe. We look to you for aid, and feel assured that we shall not be disappointed. The name of your gallant brigade is already a word to make our oppressors grow pale, and let me add that your deeds are lauded by the fair lips of your country women, the brave and generous and the first to rebuke wickedness and injustice. Believe me, sir, our hearts will beat with joy when we hear the bugles of your invincible brigade. While the name of Marion is remembered with respect and crowned with honor, that of Cunningham will be loaded with obloquy and associated with the blackest infamy. With esteem,

"MARY VIDEAU."

When the general had perused this missive, he dismissed the negro, and sent orders for Job Dawson to come to his tent.

## CHAPTER XIX.

It was quite late in the evening when Ben Rowan touched Frank on the shoulder, and told him that Gen. Marion desired his presence.

Our hero instantly complied with the summons, and as he entered the tent met Job Dawson going out. Frank found the general absorbed in thought, and an open letter lying beside him.

"I have selected you," said Marion, after a moment of silence, "to perform a duty attended with considerable danger."

Forstall bowed and the general went on.

"Should you consider the undertaking too difficult and perilous, you are at liberty to decline it."

"I accept it unconditionally, and without explanation," replied the young man.

"I did not estimate your courage and spirit too highly, I perceive," resumed Marion, "and I will come to the point at once. I wish to know what the Tories are doing on the Pedee, at Britton's Neck, and below there. Do you think you can, by any means, obtain this information?"

"I can try," answered Forstall, firmly.

"And I doubt not that you will succeed; but should the enterprise end tragically, I am sure I should deeply regret it," said Marion.

"I know the punishment due to a spy, general, but I am ready to incur the peril. Should I prove unfortunate, and return no more, I only ask to be remembered as one who tried to do his duty."

"That I can safely promise in such an event; but I hope for a happier termination of the affair. I wish, if you find it practicable, to learn what Gaine, Ferguson, Wemyss and other Tory leaders are doing, and are contemplating to do. If you fail, and the worst befalls you, my brigade will nobly avenge your death. Adopt such disguise as you think best, and may a kind Providence keep you from harm and return you safe to camp again."

Having expressed his perfect willingness to serve his country in any capacity, Forstall withdrew and made immediate arrangements to fulfill the wishes of his commander. While making preparations to perform the hazardous duty assigned him, it is possible he thought of Ruth Strickland, and entertained a hope that he should see her during his absence from the brigade.

"Are you going to leave us?" asked James Adair.

"For a time," replied Forstall.

"If you should see Rose," said the young man, "tell her that—that—"

"Yes, I'll tell her that," answered Frank, smiling.

"Inform Mary that the last time I saw Lewis Hawthorne he was well," added Adair quickly.

"Lewis Hawthorne again," thought Frank. "I wonder who he is?" and was about to ask respecting him, but Adair was gone.

Just as Frank was putting his foot into the stirrup to mount his horse he was addressed by Henderson.

"Not so fast, Mr. Forstall!" he exclaimed. "I've seen the general, and am to go with you."

"This is good news, indeed, for a long and perilous ride was before me."

But a short time elapsed before the two young men were riding away from Lynch's Creek toward the Pedee. The night had set in dark and rainy and the prospect before them was by no means a pleasant one. The parties proceeded several miles on their way without meeting with any adventure worthy of notice, but were not destined to be so fortunate as to reach Britton's Neck without incident.

"They were going forward at a respectable speed, when they unexpectedly overtook half a dozen men on foot, armed with muskets. Had they seen them a moment sooner they could have avoided them, but it was too late to do so without exciting suspicion. The men stopped and faced about. Forstall and Henderson advanced boldly, trusting to their own resources to free them from the difficulty should they prove to be Loyalists.

(To be continued.)

## SATISFYING THE CRAVING.

Public Demand for Statistics Moves the Editor.

Editor Evening Scandal—Gritz, here is a clipping which says the rice crop of India last season was over 300,000,000 pounds.

Gritz (assistant editor)—Yes, sir.

Editor—Chance for a splendid statistical article to impress upon the minds of our readers the figures of the crop. Reduce the number of pounds to grains and find out how many times they would go round the earth if placed end to end! how near the moon they would reach if piled one on top of the other; how many trains of sixty cars each they would fill; how long it would take two Chinamen with chop sticks, working ten hours a day, to eat it. And say Gritz.

Gritz—Yes, sir.

Editor—Also figure out how many suicides there would be if all the boarding-house mistresses should feed boarders on nothing but rice pudding until the entire 300,000,000 pounds were consumed. Finally, tell what kinds of diseases are due to rice and how long the Russian army could have remained at Mukden if the Japs had had the whole Indian crop in their commissary. We must satisfy the public craving for statistics.—New York Press.

## A Feminine Jab.

"I'm told," said Miss Knox, "that your husband, under the influence of wine at the dinner the other night, declared he had married beauty and brains."

"Well! Well!" exclaimed Mrs. Bridget, "how nice!"

"Nice? Aren't you going to investigate? Evidently he's a bigamist."—Philadelphia Press.

It is every bride housekeeper's opinion that it takes clothes a terribly long time to get old enough to be torn up for dish rags and dust clothes.

# Topic Times

There are now 303 schools in Canada for Indians, who number 107,637.

Rain falls more frequently between 3 o'clock and 8 o'clock in the morning than at any other time during the day.

The canba, or sacred stone of Mecca, is re-covered every year with damask sent by the Sultan or Khedive. A single covering has, on occasion, cost \$75,000.

In the eye socket of a skull of a huge mastodon unearthed in the Forty-three Gold Run claim, near Dawson, last month, was found gravel that washed \$1,600 in gold.

Probably the last family link with Millet, the painter of "The Angelus," has passed away in the person of his brother, Jean Baptiste Millet. Like his more famous brother, he was an artist.

When the Oregon went into San Francisco harbor recently from Manila, she flew a homeward-bound pennant from her masthead 553 feet long. Her necessary repairs will call for virtual reconstruction.

Mattie M. Marshall, a grandniece of former Chief Justice Marshall, of the United States Supreme Court, is one of the three women rural mail carriers in America. She is connected with the Granite City (Ill.) postoffice.

After recovering the sheet anchor of the British battleship Cumberland, which had sunk in twenty-two fathoms of water in the Mediterranean, a diver rose to the surface too quickly, and died after two days from the effects of the pressure.

It will cost the students of the University of California something like \$10,000 to make the change from the American to the Rugby game of football, because grading will be necessary to enlarge the field and the bleachers will have to be moved.

A novel excuse for stealing was given in Bucharest the other day. A woman was charged with the larceny of twelve cases of silver. Said the judge: "Come, tell us the truth." Said the woman: "The truth, my good judge, is that I have not been able to resist the temptation. Consider your honor—they all bore my initials!"

Did Edison invent the telephonic "hello?" I doubt the story. To say "hello" is older than the Edisonian hills. Nothing is more natural than to say "hello" over the telephone, or elsewhere. "Hello, Tom!" "Hello, Doc!" "Hello, Hank!" "Hello, John!" No one learned it of Edison. Like Topsy, it grew.—New York Press.

Andrew J. Harlan, of Savannah, Mo., is the last survivor of the Thirty-first Congress, having represented the Eleventh Indiana District. Although 91 years old, he is still hale and hearty.

Among the members in this Congress were such men as Daniel Webster, John C. Calhoun, William H. Seward, Stephen A. Douglas, Jefferson Davis and John J. Crittenden.

Searsport, Me., is a town of many skippers, having been represented on the high seas by 142 captains of full-rigged ships. The year 1885 was the best in her history in this respect, for Searsport then had seventy-seven captains in active service. They were not all residents of the town, but all either lived there or were born there, so that was the place they hailed from.

An old couple went to a Dublin theater to have a night's amusement. The great Mrs. Siddons was playing "Mrs. Haller," and the poor bodies were kept crying all the evening. At length, at one of the scenes where the great lady came in with her handkerchief again to her eyes, the old man could stand it no longer, and, starting to his feet, cried out, "Ye long-nosed thief, ye call this divarshun!"

For a feat of dexterity and nerve it would be difficult to surpass that of the Boesjesman, of South Africa, who walks quietly up to a puff adder and deliberately sets his bare foot on its neck. In its struggles to escape and attempts to bite its assailant, the poison gland secretes a large amount of the venom. This is just what the Boesjesman wants. Killing the snake, he eats the body and uses the poison for his arrows.

An extraordinary sudden death occurred the other day in Paris. A sexagenarian went to have his photograph taken. He sat in a chair before the camera, and as the photographer uttered the customary words, "Please don't move," down fell the old man on the floor. It was naturally supposed that the sexagenarian was in a fainting fit, but he was in reality dead, as the doctor who was sent for testified after a brief examination of the body.

## CAREER OF ANTHONY WAYNE.

His Early Training Fitted Him to Take Part in Great Affairs.

Anthony Wayne was indeed what the historian Hendley called him, "a born soldier," and his life before the outbreak of the revolution may be told in

a few words, says Oating. He was born at Chester, Pa., Jan. 1, 1745, to the position of a "gentleman," when that word had a real significance, and, as has been remarked, a distinguished New Year's present to the colonies at the hands of destiny he proved himself to be. He came on his sire's side from English stock which had long been settled in Ireland, and from his mother he inherited the best of Irish traits.

As a boy he showed in his enthusiastic but well-balanced character the happy blend of Saxon and of Celt. His early instruction was directed by a scholarly paternal uncle, and his education was finished at Philadelphia—a city noted on the one hand for the lavish extravagance of its people of fashion, and on the other for the quiet refinement and learned accomplishment of a large, wealthy and influential quaker element. Young Wayne thus grew into manhood under the influence of the best and broadest facilities and environment which the colonies afforded.

Though his Irish dash led him into some mad pranks that nearly brought about his dismissal from school, his English pluck and good sense made him accept a final reprimand with proper spirit, and he graduated with distinction.

He became a land surveyor at 20, and showed such ability that he was sent by some gentlemen of substance, of whom Benjamin Franklin was one, to Nova Scotia to locate a grant from the crown. He performed his mission so well that he was made superintendent of settlements, and on his return after two years, married a wealthy girl of Philadelphia and settled in his native county.

## A GOLD-SEEKER.

The craze to "get somewhere" where gold is leads adventurous men into all sorts of dangers. The author of "The Trail of the Gold Seekers" tells of some of the men encountered on the overland journey to the Klondike. One man who had been out of provisions for days had been living on squirrel and such other small game as he could capture and roast along his way. But he was still cheerful.

He was hairy and ragged, but neat, and his face showed a certain delicacy of physique. He broke off suddenly in the midst of his story to exclaim with great energy:

"I'm going to find the gold up here or lay my bones on the hills!"

In the midst of these intense phrases he whistled gaily, or broke off to attend to his cooking. He told with pride and joy of his hard experiences and said, "Isn't it lucky I caught you right here?" and seemed willing to talk a night.

In the morning I went over to the camp fire to see if he were still with us. He was sitting in his scanty bed before the fire, mending his trousers.

"I've just got to put a patch on right now, or my knee'll be clear through," he explained. He had a neat little kit of materials, and everything was in order.

"Say," he went on, "looks like I ought to rustle enough grub out of all these outfits to last me into Glenora, don't it?"

We "came down" gracefully because we could not withstand such prattle. The blacksmith turned in some beans the boys from Manchester divided their scanty store of flour and bacon. I brought some salt, some sugar and some oatmeal, and as the small man put it away he chirped like a cricket. He accepted our aid as a matter of course.

No perfectly reasonable man would ever take such frightful chances as this absurd person set his face to without fear. He "hit the trail" with a nearly joy that promised well. His easy smile and unshrinking "cheek" carried him through a journey that appalled old packers with tents, plenty of "grub," and good horses.

## A Plea.

Mamma—Yes, Willie, you've been a very good boy to-day.

Willie—All right; then give me a nickel.

Mamma—No, indeed!

Willie—Why, ma, you told me Tommy Naylor was good for nothin' and you don't want me to be like him, do you?—Philadelphia Ledger.

## A Mere Formality.

"Grandma, may I take that piece of chocolate you left on the table. I will be so good."

"Yes, you may take it."

The little girl does not move.

"Why don't you go and get it?"

"Oh, grandma, dear, I ate it first."—New Orleans Picayune.

## The Octopus an Ink Fish.

"Why do you think it is a misnomer to call Standard Oil an octopus?"

"Because an octopus when attacked hides behind clouds of ink, but Standard avoids talking or writing for publication. A clam is a better symbol."—Kansas City Times.

A man's full strength isn't as great as when he is only half-full.