

# MARION'S BRIGADE

By MAJOR J. H. ROBINSON

## CHAPTER V.—(Continued.)

Mr. Henderson prolonged his visit until a late hour in the evening, for he felt the power of Kate Martin's attractions like the spell of some agreeable enchantment, the witchery of which it was not easy to shake off, and he left the residence of the worthy pastor a devoted admirer of his daughter. Her fair ideal had taken undisputed possession of his thoughts, and he did not wish to dispel it, or break the soft charm which she had unwittingly cast over his spirit. Upon the following morning at an early hour Hawes' company was paraded. It was observed by all that the captain's manner was more stern and dignified than at the previous drill; but what it portended, few or none of them could tell.

"We shan't go through the marchin' and firin' this mornin' in the usual manner," said Hawes. "There is some business to be attended to, that can't very well be put off. I trust, feller-soldiers, that not one of us is afeared to meet the enemy in the field, knowin' him to be an enemy; but all on us is afeared of informers and traitors, who steal in among us to betray us to the merciless Tories, whose way over our country is marked with blood and fire. Neighbors and feller-soldiers, there's one on 'em among us."

Captain Hawes paused an instant, and each man looked anxiously at his comrades.

"If there's any sich chap in our ranks, let's find him out!" exclaimed Sergt. Davis and several others.

"That's our business this mornin'," added the captain. "I know the villain; he stands here before us, tremblin' with the consciousness of his guilt."

"Speak his name—speak his name!" cried several.

"What ought to be the reward of such a scoundrel, who sells his neighbors to a band of murd'rin' ruffians?" asked the captain, sternly.

"Death!" exclaimed twenty voices.

"You are right, feller-soldiers," answered the captain; "sich a wretch richly merits death, and before the sun is an hour older he'll be summoned to that muster ground where nobody can practice deception—where nobody can carry concealed weapons to strike at his feller-critter's life in the dark, when he ain't suspectin' no danger. The informer shall die."

Again the men glanced from one to another, to see whose countenance indicated guilt, or fear, or both.

"I will now pronounce the traitor's name," added the captain, slowly and impressively. "His name is Joe Sawyer!"

An exclamation of surprise and deep indignation arose from the ranks. The features of Joe Sawyer, which had before been exceedingly pale, grew absolutely ghastly in their whiteness. For an instant he appeared completely paralyzed and rooted to the spot; his ashly lips vainly essayed to form some words, and his eyes stared fixedly into vacancy.

"Take away his arms," said the captain. Joe Sawyer was disarmed, and his equipment torn from him by indignant hands, before he had recovered from the stupor which the terrible denouncement had produced. These energetic and significant movements brought back the faculties of speech and volition. He wildly protested his innocence, and abjectly entreated for mercy in the same breath.

"I have always been true to you, and I hate an informer. For heaven's sake spare me, and I'll tell you all I know about the Tories!" he exclaimed, wringing his hands and exhibiting a degree of bodily fear that was truly pitiable and yet revolting.

"Bind him!" said the captain, waving his hands.

Instantly the order was obeyed, although the culprit writhed and struggled desperately and shrieked for mercy.

"Are we not neighbors and friends?" he exclaimed. "Have ye no pity? This is murder—this is butchery—this is terrible—mercy, mercy!"

"Sergt. Davis, take a file of men and march the traitor fifteen paces to the front," added the captain firmly.

The struggling, despairing mortal was dragged to the position indicated.

"Joe Sawyer," added Hawes, "your time has come. We are about to give you an eternal discharge from the armies of aith. You know very well that you ain't fit to die, and that human critter was never more unprepared for the death march than you are. But we can't help it; it isn't our fault, but yours. A crime like yours can't be forgiven in this world, although I can't say but it may in the next. We will show you the mercy of shootin' instead of hangin', which is more than you should have received and your villainy been successful. I shall now allow you five minutes to squip yourself for another world, so you had better straighten up and make the most on't."

The time allotted to Sawyer to make his preparation for death was spent in petitioning for mercy from his earthly judges, instead of asking if of One who does not despise the prayers of a contrite spirit.

"Lieut. Anderson," said Hawes, "take three or four men and load all the muskets, putting a blank cartridge in every other one; then return them to the company indiscriminately."

This order was also obeyed.

"Joe Sawyer, your time is up; stand up like a man and meet the reward of

your treachery; though I reckon it's difficult to show much courage in a bad cause."

"The knave won't stand up," said Sergt. Davis.

"Let him kneel down, then," replied the captain.

"He won't do that," rejoined the sergeant.

"Let him sit down," said the captain.

"He won't do that, either," remarked the sergeant.

"Well, let him lie on the ground then if he wants to, it won't make any great odds," returned the captain.

"He hasn't courage enough to do one thing or the other," added the sergeant.

"Tie him to that little sapling!" exclaimed the captain, impatiently.

The terrible tragedy was about to be brought to a close when the proceedings were unexpectedly interrupted. Kate Martin suddenly appeared, mounted upon a feet horse, which she had evidently ridden at his greatest speed. She reined up gracefully and fearlessly between the soldiers and the pleading culprit, although the captain had given the order to "present arms."

"I have come to prevent this terrible retribution!" she exclaimed. "I entreat that this unhappy man's life be spared."

"Do not interrupt the course of justice, Miss Martin," said the captain.

"Move to the right."

"No, no; I will remain where I am," replied Kate, firmly.

"It is necessary, Miss Martin, that this execution should take place," added the captain.

"I know he is guilty," returned Kate, "but in the name of mercy, and in my father's name, spare him."

"We all respect and love you, Kate Martin," rejoined Hawes; "but you will oblige us by moving to the right. Not one of my men will present a musket to fire while you remain there."

"I add my entreaties to hers," said Mr. Henderson, who had been a silent spectator of the exciting scene from the beginning.

"Ask in your own name, Miss Martin," said one of the men in a low voice.

"Yes, ask in your own name," repeated many others.

"I will, I do ask in my own name, that this awful scene may end without the shedding of blood!" cried Kate, earnestly.

"Your request is granted," replied the captain, "though it's altogether contrary to the regulations of the service; but as brave men, we can't find it in our hearts to resist the pleadings of a woman, when she straightens up afore us in her beauty, and speaks on the side of mercy. Sergt. Davis, untie the prisoner, and he may hear his sentence from the lips of Kate Martin."

"I am very grateful for this mark of esteem," said Kate, "and I thank you all sincerely."

Joe Sawyer, as soon as he was released, sank upon his knees and poured out his emotions of gratitude in tears, incoherent thanks, and blessings.

"Go," exclaimed Kate, waving her white hand, "go and be an honest man, and let the future atone for the past."

"Cheers for Kate Martin, the fairest of South Carolina girls!" cried Lieut. Anderson, enthusiastically.

"Three times three!" added the captain.

Three cheers were given with hearty emphasis, and Kate Martin bowed and smiled bewitchingly to the bold men of Rock Creek.

## CHAPTER VI.

An hour after the capture of Gainey by Marion's Brigade, young Forstall mounted his horse and rode up to Mr. Strickland's. Ruth Strickland knew that she was beloved, but we cannot say that Frank Forstall had the same comfortable assurance so far as she was concerned. Various emotions agitated his mind when he entered the dwelling and stood in the presence of the maiden dearer than all others. He was conscious of feeling some pride and considerable confusion. Ruth received him with her usual modesty, and that dignity which was natural to her.

Though dignity in a maiden often chills the hopes of her admirer, it must be remembered that it also secures his respect, and shields her from impudence. But dignity and modesty are not incompatible with cordiality, as our hero soon discovered, much to his satisfaction.

"We have heard of your gallant exploits at Britton's Neck this morning," said Miss Strickland, earnestly.

Frank Forstall colored and replied, "that the credit was due principally to the gallantry and prudence of Gen. Marion, who had planned the expedition."

"Major Gainey and his confederates have distressed the peaceable inhabitants not a little during their brief stay here, and every heart will be rejoiced that they have thus been checked in their career of crime," added Ruth with increased enthusiasm.

"Your words fall most agreeably upon my ears," said Frank, warmly. "To hear you discourse thus more than rewards me for any peril I may possibly have incurred."

"Indeed, Mr. Forstall, I express but feebly and imperfectly the joy which this unexpected event has produced among us. I am sure the news of this victory of right over wrong will cause hope to revive in every patriotic heart. Our good neighbors say that hundreds who were about to seek royal protection

will, when they hear of this victory, be induced to swell the ranks of Marion and Sumter," returned Ruth, with still greater earnestness.

"It is pleasant to be thus cheered on and stimulated to heroic deeds by the gentle voice of woman," replied the young man, feelingly; "but, Miss Strickland, it would be more pleasant if—"

Although Frank had felt no fear when he met the swords of Gainey's dragoons, he now quailed and trembled before the soft eyes of Ruth Strickland. The sentence was left unsaid, and Ruth was confused and embarrassed. What might have next ensued, it is impossible to tell, for while Forstall was stammering and coloring to his eyebrows, a man rushed into the room, bringing the news of the battle of Camden, and the disastrous defeat of Gen. Gates.

"The army is annihilated!" he cried; "our troops are flying in every direction, and South Carolina is lost!"

"My father was there!" exclaimed Ruth, wildly. "Murder and spoliation will now be the order of the day."

"This is indeed dreadful news," said Forstall.

"I can only tell you that he stood firm with those who remained on the field, and was taken at the time Baron de Kalb fell," said the man.

"Captivity is far better than disgrace," said Mrs. Strickland. "I should have grieved more had he been with those who fled the field."

"Right, madam, right!" exclaimed the surgeon. "Cowardice is more to be deplored than imprisonment, wounds or death."

The surgeon soon after took his leave, and Forstall and Miss Strickland were again left together. The former would have renewed the conversation which had been interrupted by the entrance of the surgeon, but he had not the presence of mind to do so; he therefore endeavored to comfort his fair companion by holding out every hope of her father's release that the circumstances of the case would possibly admit.

"I presume," said Frank, "that this news affects you deeply, and it is but natural that it should; but I am inclined to believe that his exchange can be effected without much difficulty. I shall make every effort to see him."

"Do so, Mr. Forstall, and whether you succeed or not, be assured that I shall not be ungrateful of your exertions," rejoined Ruth.

"I know of no peril I would not dare, in order to win your good opinion," replied Frank.

"You shall have my constant prayers for your safety and success," added Ruth, timidly.

"If your lips pray for me, Ruth, I shall indeed be safe and successful," exclaimed Forstall.

"Hark! What do I hear?" cried Ruth.

"The bugles of Marion's brigade," said Frank, proudly. "They are coming this way; it is the signal for me to leave you."

The parties went to the door to obtain a view of the brigade.

"Which is Gen. Marion?" asked Ruth.

"That small man at the head of the brigade," was the reply.

"Who is that large man in the center of the first rank?" continued Miss Strickland.

"That is Job Dawson, a very singular personage indeed," replied Forstall with a smile.

"I have heard of him," said Ruth. "His name has been mentioned in connection with a certain young lady who lives further up the river. So far as I am able to judge from vague reports that have recently reached me he is a most extraordinary character."

"I do not remember of ever having heard of him until yesterday, when I saw him in the ranks of the brigade," answered Forstall.

The brigade made a short halt, and Frank gave Miss Strickland a hurried account of what he knew and had seen in relation to Job Dawson.

"The dragoons are in motion again," he added, as the brigade moved on. "I will remember my promise, and if your father does not regain his liberty I trust it will not be any fault of mine. If I should fall in battle and we should never meet again, I—"

"Fall in, Mr. Forstall, fall in!" cried Capt. Logan, pleasantly.

"Farewell, Ruth," said Frank, springing into his saddle, leaving Ruth with moistened eyes.

(To be continued.)

## An Invitation.

The minister was approaching his peroration. "Oh, brother!" he exclaimed. "Before you lie two roads. One leads to destruction, the other to everlasting life. Which will you take? Oh, brother, which will you take?"

The earnestness of his tone awoke Deacon Ondelush, who appeared to think it was up to him.

"Thank you," he murmured, "a little of the same!"—Cleveland Leader.

## Sword Tactics.

Drill Sergeant (to raw recruit who is slow in grasping the tactical details)—Now, Murphy, how would you use your sword if your opponent feinted?

Murphy—Begorra, I'd just tickle him with the p'int of it to see if he was after fakin'."—Harper's Weekly.

## One Exception.

Suffrage Leader—You don't seem the least worried about the fact that women are crowding out men in every profession.

Sandy Pikes—No, mum. Dey'll never crowd men out in de tramp profession, mum.

In ye olden times the latchstring was always hanging out. Nowadays the electric doorbell is nearly always out—of order.

## Whose Say-so is Best?

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Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure rheumatism because they supply the necessary elements to the vitiated blood and enable nature to cast out the impurities and effect a cure. Mrs. A. Baker, of No. 119 Fitch street, Syracuse, N. Y., will furnish living evidence of the truth of this statement. "There has been rheumatism in my family ever since I can remember," she says. "My grandmother was a great sufferer from muscular rheumatism and my mother also had the disease in a mild form. About a year ago I had a hard cold and rheumatism caught me in my left knee. There were sharp pains, confined to the neighborhood of the knee and they seemed to go right into the bone. The pain suffered was intense and I also had dizzy spells.

The doctors called my trouble arthritic and sciatic rheumatism. When I didn't get better under their treatment my brother-in-law suggested that I try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I bought three boxes, and, by the time I had taken them, the pain and dizziness had entirely left me. I wanted to make sure of a cure so I bought three more boxes, but I didn't take quite all of them as I found that I was entirely cured.

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## PAINS

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