

MARION'S BRIGADE

By MAJOR J. H. ROBINSON

CHAPTER XI.—(Continued.)

"Prepare yourself, youngster," said Cunningham. "Think about your mother, and about your prayers."

"Unfeeling man! dare you speak a mother's name in such a tone, and with such an expression?" said Frank, indignantly.

"Come forward, three or four of the most experienced of you, and truss him up. Lead the horse to the foot of the tree," continued Cunningham.

This order was instantly obeyed. Forstall's arms were tied behind him, and the fearful preparations went on rapidly.

Frank Forstall looked toward the sun now in mid-heaven and bade it adieu. The thought that he should never again gaze upon the quiet skies gave him a feeling of inexpressible sadness. He had been an admirer of nature. The green fields, the leafy forests, the hills, the streams, the valleys of earth were objects which had a strong hold upon his affections. He wondered whether he should contemplate the same objects when his immortal part was enfranchised from the body. It was a singular thought to intrude itself at such a moment, but it came spontaneously. Other and more mournful reflections crossed his mind—friends parents, Rose, Ruth; he should look upon them no more in time. With a sigh he closed his eyes and prayed—prayed most fervently and humbly.

He felt rough, unfriendly hands upon his neck and shoulders. The thoughts flow like waves of lightning when the soul trembles on the brink of eternity, and innumerable conceptions were crowded into miserable fleeting seconds. Frank's spirit seemed to shrink and contract itself and quiver with dread expectation of something horrible.

CHAPTER XII.

The brigade had moved steadily forward. Henderson was still entranced with the silvery tones of Kate Martin, and Joe Sawyer looked at him with a jealous eye.

"Where is Mr. Forstall?" asked Gen. Marion, addressing Capt. Logan.

"He asked permission to call at Britton's Neck, and I couldn't very well refuse his request, he's such a gallant young fellow," replied the captain.

"I am sorry, for I just learned from a lad that Col. Cunningham is in that vicinity again with quite a body of Tories. Forstall will be likely to fall in with him, I am afraid," said the general.

"Perhaps we had better send a few of our men after him," suggested Logan.

"I will send Capt. Hawes and his 'tarnal critters,'" said Marion, good-humoredly, and immediately rode up to the personage referred to. He explained the case to him in a few words, and ordered him to ride after Forstall as fast as possible with his company.

"I expect the chap is galivantin' arter some female specimen," said Capt. Nick. "But I can't blame the youngster much, for I kinder calkulate I shall do something in that perticular line as soon as I can get time, after finishin' the Revolution."

"Quite right, sir; the sex should be attended to and are certainly worthy of respect," replied Marion. "Now, captain, away with you and rejoin us soon as you possibly can."

"I'm off like a streak of chalk, general." With these words the captain fell back to his place in front of his company.

"Attention, you 'tarnal critters! Rare up in your saddles—stick out your eyes to the right, and look unspenkable! To the right-about-face, march!"

And the "tarnal critters" retraced their steps to the spot where the road diverged which Forstall had taken. They galloped off in fine style, and the tall figure of Capt. Nick towered up like one of the famed giants of the olden time.

There is a ripple upon the smoothest sea, and some inharmonious in all human proceedings, as was illustrated by the fate of the unhappy Jones; for his colt became suddenly restive, was guilty of all sorts of antics, threw the sections into confusion, and it was by the most desperate exertions that the rider maintained his seat.

"What's your brute tryin' to dew now?" inquired Capt. Hawes.

"He kicks up for'ard," replied Jones.

"Lean to'ard his neck, then, and keep him down," added the captain.

The misguided Jones leaned toward the neck of the horse, according to orders, when instantly the hinder portion of the animal flew up and landed him on his head and shoulders in the road.

"I knew 'twould be so!" he exclaimed, rather lugubriously.

"Natural philosophy would teach a person that if you hold down one end of that cretur, the other'll fly up. If you dew that agin, Jones, I'll put you under arrest, I'll be blowed if I won't!" cried Capt. Nick.

"I don't do it," answered Jones.

"Don't contradict your superior officers, Jones. You threw yourself over his head because you's afeared he'd kick up. Jones, you'll disappoint the hopes of yer country if you don't conduct better. Don't be a settin' there on the ground a studyin' geology, but up and at him agin."

"I'm afeared, cap'n," remonstrated Jones. "The cretur's never been broke."

"Corporal Higgins, prick that tarnal Jones with your toad sticker!" continued the impatient Hawes.

Jones tried to remount; but the colt continued to kick and rear most industriously, and the thing could not easily be accomplished.

him down," said Capt. Nick. "What on earth did you give the critter for his breakfast?"

"A pint of oats, and a little new rum and molasses," replied the culprit.

"Well, to-morrow mornin' give him a bundle of shavin's and two lengths of stone wall," said the captain. "Now hang to him, and no more pitchin' about under foot, if you don't want to be made an example of. Attention the whole company! straighten up—put her through—go ahead!"

After this little episode, the Fire Eaters proceeded at a very rapid pace until they reached the main road where young Forstall had concealed himself to evade the Tories. Capt. Hawes was in advance of his company, and admit SHIRDLIFF, voice of his company, and instantly ordered a halt.

"I perceive," he said, "that there's a great many horse tracks in the road here, as though a considerable body of mounted men had just passed over it. Now this looks rather suspicious, for if Cunningham has been really recruiting in these parts, them tracks most probably was made by his hand. If I am right, young Forstall, I reckon, is by this time a prisoner, and perhaps worse than that. Jones, try to hold that critter down, while I finish what I've got to say. The enemy can't be far from here, judging by these tracks, and perhaps we shall have an all-sufficient tussle afore we git back to the brigade; so follow me and obey orders. Lieut. Anderson, gallop ahead and reconnoiter a little. If you see anything suspicious, ride back without givin' any alarm."

The captain and his company moved on at a slow pace, while the lieutenant proceeded to do as had been ordered. He had gone but a short distance in advance when he was seen to stop suddenly, turn about and retrace his steps with all speed.

"Something in the wind!" muttered Hawes to himself. "And I hope there is, for I want somethin' to do," he added, in a louder voice.

"What's the row, lieutenant?" asked Hawes.

"We're just in time, cap'n. That road is full of Tories, and some mischief is goin' on, you may depend on't," replied Anderson earnestly. "I believe they're going to hang somebody."

"You don't say so?" exclaimed Capt. Nick, his eyes lighting up with the prospect of a "tussle." "How many do you suppose there are?"

"All of thirty; they're all up in a heap and terrible busy about something, which, as I told you, I believe is an execution."

"Is there time to make an all-fired patriotic speech, lieutenant?" asked Hawes eagerly.

"You might, cap'n, but it ought to be short under the circumstances, because it's kinder delicate work to straighten a feller up arter he's been hanging by the neck during one of your speeches. Bile it down to a few words."

"Feller soldiers!" cried Capt. Nick, waving his sword, "glory is afore us, disgrace behind us. Now is the time for heroic deeds and gallant achievements. Half a dozen of you help Jones hold down that colt. The road is full of Tories and we're about to bust upon 'em like an earthquake. I want every man that wears a saber to swing it! Give it to 'em hard; cut right and left and remember that you are fightin' for life, love and liberty. Let's up and show the world what we can do. I'm goin' to charge on 'em, and I'll die on the ground afore I'll knock under. When I say halt, stop as though it was physically impossible to go any further, and when I say charge, bust like some mighty convulsion of natur. Foller me and keep still till we get a view of 'em."

The horsemen rode on at an easy pace until they had nearly reached the turn in the road, when the captain motioned them to stop and, riding on a few yards further, came in view of Cunningham and his men.

"Keep back out of sight," said Hawes. "I want to see what they're about. You were right, Anderson, the wretches are goin' to string up a human being, and I believe it's that young Forstall. Now if that isn't a scene to make a man's blood feel hot I never saw one. I don't think I can contain my feelin's of outraged humanity much longer. We'll break upon 'em, sir, like a thunderclap! Let's go back and lead on our Bengal tigers, for you see they're ready to murder him."

When Hawes stood once more before his company his features were unusually stern and he was biting his lips with rage. He unsheathed his sword with a jerk, bent forward in his saddle, and exclaimed in a distinct though suppressed voice:

"They're doin' Satan's own work out there, my brave fellers; they're going to strangle a human specie—and one of Marion's brigade! Straighten up, you tarnal critters, give your horses the spurs till they sweat with pain, bear down on the miscreants as though you were all shot from the mouth of a mammoth mortar in a body. Strike as if you meant to cut through man and horse at a single blow. Steel your hearts, I tell you, to deeds of blood, and don't think of anything but victory and vengeance. Rare up in your saddles and follow me like so many links of chain lightning!"

Capt. Hawes struck his spurs deep into the sides of his horse; every man of the company followed his example, and with drawn sabers and brows contracted with frowns of deadly hate, thundered forth with irresistible impetuosity. They swept round the bend, their foes were in sight, and the next moment they charged through them with a dreadful shock.

Horses were overturned and their riders crushed beneath them, while heavy sabers flashed like living fires over their heads, cutting down their comrades with strokes that steel armor could not have resisted. So furious was the onset and so headlong their speed that they were carried some yards beyond the spot where the murder was being enacted, but, checking their maddened horses, they turned, obedient to the order of Hawes, whose voice was heard like the blast of a bugle, and charged back upon the scattered and terrified wretches.

"Strike hard, I tell you," shouted the captain, and set the example himself.

The paralyzed senses of the Tories began to recover their activity; they drove their rowels into their horses' flanks, and fled in every direction, Cunningham and G'nevy being among the foremost.

Forstall was instantly freed from his perilous position; the sharp saber of Capt. Nick cut his bands, and seizing a weapon, he joined in the pursuit of the flying dragoons. A sense of the outrage which had been offered him nerved his hand, and gave additional energy to pursuit. His horse sped on like an arrow shot from the bow of an ancient Highlander. Frank pressed hard upon a fugitive; he swung his saber—but before it descended, the Tory turned back upon him a face pallid with terror, and he recognized in the ashy features one of the miscreants who had been most active in arranging the preliminaries of execution.

Forstall's heart swelled with a sense of indignity that he had experienced; he struck home, and the man fell, penetrated by a wound which the combined powers of all earthly surgery could never repair.

CHAPTER XIII.

The Tories were gathered at the place of rendezvous; they came riding to the spot by twos and threes, and in squads of half a dozen. The locale was a judicious one for the purpose, being unfrequented and nearly surrounded by large forests. Cyrus Dix was first on the ground, waiting impatiently for the coming of his comrades and brethren in the Royal cause. The idea of a captain's commission was still uppermost among many thoughts that crowded upon him. His mind aspired after authority, power and emolument. He felt that he was already a leader, and was and would be acknowledged as such, although he had yet received no formal appointment from the legitimate source.

Col. Ferguson had promised to be at their gathering, and was punctual to the time. While the Royalists were trooping to the rendezvous, Dix was engaged in earnest conversation with the colonel. The condition of the country, the speedy termination of the war, the best policy to be pursued, and kindred topics, were amply discussed.

While the parties were thus engaged, a large and awkward young man was observed by them walking from place to place, staring at every new comer with dilated eyes.

"Rather a verdant youth," remarked Ferguson, with a smile.

"I have just been watching his movements," replied Dix. "He's fresh from the bush, probably. I saw him when he came, and he rode a very fine-looking horse."

"His dress don't appear to be of the most recent style," said the colonel.

At that moment the individual alluded to approached within a few yards of the parties.

"My good fellow," said Ferguson, "nature, it would seem, has gifted you with an inquiring mind."

"Veilily, I am not one that loveth the sound of the trumpet, and the lifting up of the spear," replied the person addressed.

"My excellent but rather puritanical friend," added the colonel, "I perceive you belong to the sect called Quakers."

"By the grace of heaven, I am numbered with the salt of the earth," returned the young man, piously, elevating his eyes toward the ethereal region whence that particular unctious which he had mentioned was supposed to flow.

"Fortunate youth!" exclaimed the colonel, with mock solemnity.

"I had thought that he looked too fresh to have any connection with any of the sects, except the neutral salts, perhaps," observed Dix, looking significantly at the colonel.

"I know nothing of the different sects you have alluded to, for I regard all book learning, except that of the Bible, as vanity, and as something that will not abide the test of the great day," returned Job Dawson, twirling his thumbs religiously, and sighing profoundly.

"What's the matter?" asked the colonel, with apparent solicitude for his health.

"I was thinking of the nations that set in darkness," said Job, with a nasal twang. "A great multitude which no man can number."

"I should think you'd sink under it, really," said Ferguson.

"At times I am pressed like an oxcart under sheaves," was the emphatic response.

"Poor fellow, how dreadful it must be! I shouldn't suppose all your salt would save you from premature decay," rejoined the colonel.

"A little leaven leaveneth the whole lump," said Dawson.

"What induced you to come here, my good friend?" asked the colonel.

"Verily, I was invited up hither by some friends of the king. So I thought I would come to see if anything could be done to favor the Quaker sect in particular, and the spread of righteousness in general," answered Dawson.

"Quite right; and I am happy to say that His Majesty is the particular friend of the Quakers, and as soon as peace is secured in this country, intends to send over shiploads of them, that this unhappy land may be plentifully sprinkled with the 'salt of the earth,'" responded Ferguson.

(To be continued.)

One way to keep out of the divorce courts is to remain single.

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

A CHOICE SELECTION OF INTERESTING ITEMS.

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

England is not lightening the big stick, but merely shifting the weight.

But a paragraph may be pert without being pertinent. In fact, a great many are impertinent.

Housewives assert that the government never did send out any good varieties of canary seed, anyway.

The millionaire socialist usually is careful to confine his interests to the academic phases of the question.

The pukeless pessimism is the latest. Science, in time, may evolve a mild and delightful Indian turnip.

It would take a great deal more than a vote of a lack of confidence to pry the average American statesman loose from his job.

Count Boni de Castellane's pa has written a play. A good title for it would be: "The Cruel Wife; or, The Lost Pay Roll."

One of the faith healers offers to cure poverty for \$5 a treatment. Here is another splendid chance for poor people to get rich quick.

According to Mrs. Craigie, "the very faces of Americans belong to the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries." American faces are not worn so long as that.

Col. W. D. Mann disposed of Town Topics \$10 shares at \$1,000 a share. The Steel Trust could afford to pay such a stockholder as that about \$1,000,000 a year.

An English society lady has had her pet spaniel supplied with a set of false teeth. The dog, in order to make people think they are natural, should now insist on having a muzzie.

It has been discovered that George Gissing, the celebrated English novelist, who died not long ago, once worked in America as a gas fitter. Evidently he didn't go into literature merely to make money.

Mr. Longworth comes from an old and aristocratic line of ancestors, hence there is no likelihood that he will cause trouble by referring to the excellence of the doughnuts his mother used to make.

"Why," asks the Grand Rapids (Mich.) Herald, "should not the people have a direct voice in the election of the next United States Senator?" Down at Washington there are some eminent gentlemen who will regard this as another piece of direct impertinence.

Count Boni says he would rather beg his bread than suffer an injury to his pride. What sort of pride is it that would rather beg, even under great stress, than to earn a livelihood by honest toil? Why should the count beg so long as he has health and strength?

The large increase in the demand for rubber has led to a more careful exploration of the tropics for rubber-producing trees, as well as to the development of rubber-tree groves in favorable districts. In Java, Ceylon and the Malay Peninsula large tracts are being planted to rubber, and it has been found that Liberia produces an excellent quality of gum. The extension of the rubber industry in Mexico and in South America is progressing rapidly, and it has been discovered that the rubber-tree adapts itself readily to various climatic conditions in different parts of the world.

Our neighbors are contrasting the King's speech with the President's message, says the Toronto Mail and Empire, and some of them conclude that under his majesty there is less of the monarchial principle than under Mr. Roosevelt. Certainly, in England it is the executive, sustained by Parliament, and therefore by the people, that rules. In the United States the head of the State exercises the greater degree of power and seems to be free from popular supervision. A British ministry has gone out because the people wanted a change. How could such a thing possibly occur next door?

The origin of the so-called San Jose scale is not certainly known, but it is reasonably sure that it was brought from China about 1870 on some plants imported by James Lick and placed on his property in the Santa Clara valley. By 1880 it had come to be recognized as a serious pest, and in that year was found near San Jose and described by Prof. Comstock, who named it "aspidiotus perniciosus." That name being too hard for most of us, the pest has become known the world over as the "San Jose scale," from the place

where it was first found by Prof. Comstock, very much to the disgust of the people of that city and vicinity, who do not suffer from it in any appreciable degree.

Something more than new laws is needed to restore a social conscience to those seats of finance and commerce from which it seems to have been driven. The significance of the prevailing ferment in American life is that it is no longer deemed enough to be "law honest." To rely on laws alone is to reduce the plane of social life to the level of the lowest common denominator. There are potencies in public opinion large enough to restrain the tempted man from profitable commercial weakness, to hold back the rapacious man from his piracies, to reward the man who under difficulties is true to himself. One of the hopeful signs of the times is that these potencies are being organized. It is going to be easier than it has been for men to be as square in their business offices as they are outside of them.

Miss Anthony has passed away without seeing women admitted to perfect political equality with men, and yet she must have taken satisfaction in her last days in seeing how far the world had moved since she stood up in a teacher's meeting in 1853 and demanded the right to speak. At that time it was an unheard of thing for a woman to speak in public, even in a gathering like that one, composed mainly of women. Now women are successful in all the professions—at the bar, in the pulpit, and in the practice of medicine. In some of the states women hold public office on equal terms with men. In all states the influence of woman is deeply felt in public life. The achievement of the franchise was only a small part of the reform in the relation of woman to the law contemplated by Miss Anthony. Sixty years ago a woman had no control over her property, her earnings, or her children, except so far as secured by antenuptial agreement. Now in almost all the states, and even in England, a woman has a right to her own. Liberal divorce laws free women from legal bondage, and, while laxity of the marriage tie has gone too far, Miss Anthony would probably say—had said in effect—that it is better for a loveless marriage to be terminated rather than that the woman should be the victim of cruelty or drunkenness. A few years ago she took exception to President Roosevelt's remarks on race suicide, and defended the right of women to live as she lived, a maiden life to the end. In this respect her example will probably have little effect; in fact, she could not dissuade her own secretary from marriage; but her words will be quoted with admiration by those who felt the same but could not give as good reasons for their belief. Women have secured so many rights today that they miss less than before the formal endowment with the franchise. The right of agitation is theirs, and it is the conviction of many that the influence of women is even greater in the states where they have not the franchise than in those states where they vote the same as men. On the whole there was little left for Miss Anthony to desire. She retired from active command of the army of woman suffragists a few years ago, but future victories as well as present status will be closely associated with her name. She is a brilliant example of the success to be attained by holding resolutely to one standard through a long life, never discouraged, never ready to give up, accepting such partial concessions as the enemy might yield, not as bribes to desist but as encouragement to fight on.

Fussiness About Health.

When one thinks of the newfangled ideas about health and sees people on every hand hunting for disease germs in water, milk, heat, fruit, and the atmosphere, analyzing everything, dreading swallowing a mouthful of fear with everything they eat, one almost wonders whether or not life is worth living. If we are liable to be made the victims of tens of thousands of enemies which are in and around everything, in all liquids and all solids alike, we are in just about the same condition to enjoy life as was one of the olden kings, who lived in mortal terror that everybody was trying to poison him. All his foods and drinks, his wines, everything, had to be tasted and tested by some trusted member of his household before he dared to touch it himself.

If there is a pitiful object in the world, it is a person who has become fidgety about his health, who lives in terror of germs and must examine and analyze everything he eats or drinks looking for infection.

It is an insult to one's Creator to go through life whining, complaining, and fearing, in morbid terror that a thousand enemies are combined to rob one of comfort, of happiness, and of health. Man was made to hold up his head, to walk erect, with boldness, fearlessness and confidence.—Success Magazine.

Six years out of seven father's new overcoat is the result of cleaning up his old one.