

BRIDE OF BATTLE

A Romance of the
AMERICAN ARMY
Fighting on the Battlefields of
FRANCE



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CAPT. WALLACE SEES ELEANOR, NOW A YOUNG LADY, FOR FIRST TIME IN MANY YEARS

Synopsis.—Lieut. Mark Wallace, U. S. A., is wounded at the battle of Santiago. While wandering alone in the jungle he comes across a dead man in a hut outside of which a little girl is playing. When he is rescued he takes the girl to the hospital and announces his intention of adopting her. His commanding officer, Major Howard, tells him that the dead man was Hampton, a traitor who sold department secrets to an international gang in Washington and was detected by himself and Kellerman, an officer in the same office. Howard pleads to be allowed to send the child home to his wife and they agree that she shall never know her father's shame.

CHAPTER III.

Several years later Captain Mark Wallace descended from a street car and walked up the grounds of a very select young ladies' boarding school in Westchester county, New York, kept by two maiden ladies. Entering the colonial portico, the captain rang the bell and asked to see Miss Howard. Five minutes afterward, having satisfied the lady principal that he stood in the avuncular relation to her charge, and was a man of blameless life, he met Eleanor in the reception room.

It was some years since he had seen her. The grimy little waif of the Santiago battlefield had shot up into a slim, long-legged schoolgirl, with brown hair tied back with a ribbon, and a face that already showed the promise of beauty.

The girl hurried forward as if expecting an embrace, realized Mark's intention, and checked herself quickly and held out both hands.

"Dear Uncle Mark!" she exclaimed, "I've been looking forward to you ever since I got your letter telling me that you were coming East."

"Well, it's nice to be appreciated like that," said Mark, laughing.

"I couldn't quite persuade myself that it was true, and that I should really see you at last. And you're not in the least like your photograph."

"Homelier, Eleanor?"

"No, but different. Older—very much older. You must be awfully old—quite thirty, I should say."

"Nearly," admitted Mark, wondering whether the long years in the West, with the sweltering heat and arduous service, had really aged him prematurely. Mark had had no influence to secure him anything better than a border post. He often wondered why he had not gone into civil life, like so many of his class, and amassed a competency in the first booming years of the twentieth century.

Something in the blood, perhaps, had held him to the army life, which he loved so much in principle and hated so much in practice. He was not far short of thirty; he had nothing but his meager pay; no ties but a married sister in Chicago and the girl in the boarding school, who filled so great a part of his thoughts, so disproportionate a share.

For until that day he had only seen her once since he picked her up in the jungle, and she had been too young to retain the memory of the meeting in Major Howard's home.

"I expected a young man, but I'm just as pleased to see you," said Eleanor. "I don't like very young men."

Mark received her amends with amusement, and they sat down side by side upon the sofa, and were soon deep in conversation. Mark learned all about her school and her friends. She was very happy there and would regret not going back at the end of the holidays. However, Major and Mrs. Howard had only placed her there for a few months while they went on a visit to the West.

"I always felt that you are really my guardian, even if you did give me up to Major Howard," said Eleanor.

"But I have only lent you," said Mark. "I couldn't very well take care of you when I was sent to Texas. And it has always been understood that you belong to me—I mean, that I am your guardian, Eleanor."

"I know," she said. "And you write me such splendid letters, with such good advice in them."

"Which you don't follow."

"Indeed I do," said the girl, eagerly. "Only sometimes it is just a little out of date, Uncle Mark."

"In what particular?" inquired Mark, beginning to feel a little like a prig in the presence of this self-possessed young person. It is so easy to assume the task of adviser from a distance, but difficult to retain the role face to face.

"Well, when you wrote me last year to remember not to be pert and forward, like modern children, Uncle Mark. Pertness comes at seven or eight. One isn't pert at twelve—at least, not in the way you meant. They call it ill-bred, then."

"I suppose I didn't realize how big you were getting," said Mark penitently. "But you can't think how glad I am to see you, anyway."

"It's a shame sticking you for years out in that horrible desert," said the girl. "I wish, Uncle Mark, you hadn't stayed in the army after the war."

"Why, my dear?"

"Because then you could have gone into business in New York, like Captain Murray and Captain Crawford."

"I've been thinking about as much myself, Eleanor. But I guess the army got hold of me."

"But they haven't treated you right, Uncle Mark. They haven't promoted you for years, and they have jumped all sorts of officers over your head. Major Howard was saying so only before he left for Alaska. But, of course, he's out of favor, and he wouldn't have any influence, anyway. It's years since he was in the army."

"I suppose I'm a back number, my dear. Some of us have to be. Perhaps I'll get my chance. I'm not thirty yet, you know, and thirty isn't considered awfully old in the army. At least, it isn't the retiring age."

"Don't be so absurd, Uncle Mark! You don't look an old man at all. It was just that your photograph was taken so long ago, and I didn't reflect that you must have changed."

"And if ever another war comes I'm sure my experience will count for a lot. And I'll probably have command over Captain Murray and Captain Crawford if ever the National Guard is called on for serious work. And then you'll have your function as our mascot, you know."

He was surprised at the girl's sudden responsiveness to his words. She grew very serious.

"I've often thought about that, Uncle Mark," she answered.

"But, of course, it may never happen."

"I suppose not. But if ever it does I mean to try to be what you meant me to be when you made that condition to the major. How I wish—how I wish—"

"Yes, my dear?"

"That we know who my father was. Sometimes I think he was only an American planter, perhaps, who lived in Cuba and was forced to flee when the war began. And then again I dream that he may have been a brave soldier who was trying to serve his country by going into the Spanish lines in disguise, and I hope that I may be worthy of him."

"You don't remember anything, Eleanor?"

"Yes, Uncle Mark. I'm sure I do—and yet I've thought so much about it that I'm not sure how much of it is memory and how much is just child's inventions. Perhaps I invented all of it, and made myself believe I remembered it. And yet I am sure part of it is memory."

"What do you remember?" asked Mark rather fearfully.

"Well, Uncle Mark, my first connected memories are of Major Howard's home, of course. And I have a very vivid impression of being brought into the dining room and toasted at that dinner which the Major gave to the officers after the war. But before all that I seem to have memories, as if they were pictures."

"What is the first thing you remember?"

"I see a woman lying in a bed in a strange room. Her face is whiter than any face I have known; a man sits beside her, with his head in his hand, and, though death has no meaning for me, I am afraid, for I know that she was my mother."

"Was this in Cuba, Eleanor?"

"I don't know, but I think so, Uncle Mark, because I remember running to the window and seeing a great palm tree outside, with spreading branches. And there are other cities, and we seem to go from place to place, always watching for somebody, and yet, as it were, hiding from people. I know we avoid people, but it is an instinct only that tells me so."

"And again I am with my father in the jungle. I don't know how we got there; but I see the trees all around me, and I am afraid. We walk on and

on, and sometimes he carries me, and we sleep under the trees and are drenched with rain. I am so tired and thirsty. But we go on and on, and when we stop we find a little hut, and I am afraid no longer."

"And then?" asked Mark in agitation.

"I remember nothing. I suppose the bullet that killed my father must have struck him while he was in the hut, but I have no picture in my mind at all."

Mark mumbled something to conceal his agitation. "And do you remember me coming and picking you up?" he asked.

She shook her head regretfully. "I don't remember anything else," she answered. "Nothing until that dinner in the major's house."

She linked her arm through his and looked at him earnestly. "Uncle Mark, it makes me unhappy sometimes to think that I have no memory, no clear memory of my parents. I am sure that some day all this mystery will be cleared up. Don't you hope so?"

"Yes," answered Mark, miserably.

He had always wondered what the child would be like. Howard's half-yearly letters had always assumed too much for granted. Mark had practically relinquished Eleanor to the Major, and he had never learned anything about her that he had really wanted to know. He had not imagined the precocious, high-strung, idealistic girl whom he now saw. He knew that the disclosure of her father's dishonor, if ever it came about, would shock her into a revulsion of feeling that would be fatal to the true development of her character.

He had often wished that he had not pressed that idea of the regimental mascot upon the major. It had been born in a mind attuned to the victory of that bloody day; in normal moments he would never have entertained it. Yet Major Howard had been more impressed than he had admitted to Mark. The idea had spread through the minds of the other officers. There was never a Guard dinner but Eleanor was solemnly toasted, though she was not permitted to be present, and somehow the child had become a symbol in the minds of these plain men in business and professional life who spent two weeks in camp each year.

After the war Mark had gone to the regulars; but he was still in touch with the officers of the Seventieth, and he knew that, if ever war came, he could obtain an appointment to it.

"I am sure that my father will prove to have been a brave soldier," said Eleanor, clasping her hands eagerly. "And sometimes," she continued, "I think that there must have been a great mystery about him."

"Why?" demanded Mark, startled.

"Because of the man who watches for me."

"Watches for you? It is imagination, Eleanor."

She shook her head. "I've seen him three or four times," answered the girl. "He waits at places that we pass



"I Know That She Was My Mother."

when we go out together. And he watches me then, though he never attempts to speak to me."

"And you've told Miss Harper?"

"No, Uncle Mark. She would think I was hysterical," answered the girl, shrewdly.

Mark could see that, but he was certain that it was hysteria, that the idea had come to the child as the result of brooding over the mystery of her parentage. The entrance of the lady principal put an end to their conversation. Mark rose reluctantly. His visit had been all too brief, and it might be years before he saw the girl again.

"Well, Eleanor, this is au revoir," he said. "Perhaps for years."

She looked at him in sudden alarm. "You are not coming back before you leave for the West, Uncle Mark?" she asked.

"They won't allow me the time. I have to go to Washington tomorrow, and then back to Texas."

She returned no answer, but went with him to the house door, and turned and faced him there, pulling at the lapels of his coat.

"Send me a new photograph, Captain Mark," she said. "I'm not going to call you Uncle Mark any more."

"An older one?" asked Mark, laughing, though he had a strange sinking at his heart. This child epitomized home to him, and he had been homeless since boyhood.

"You must forgive me," she said, a little wistfully. "Captain Mark, there's something I want awfully to say to you, but it takes a lot of courage," she added.

"Tell me just the same," answered Mark. "You know, my dear, I want you to have everything you wish for. And if Major Howard won't give it to you, you just let me know. He has assumed the responsibility for your upbringing, and I'm going to have the fun of giving you pleasure."

"It's something that Major Howard can't give me, Captain Mark."

"Can I?"

"Yes," she said in a low voice, pulling at his coat, and suddenly raising her eyes to his. Mark Wallace saw the soul of a mature woman look out of the eyes of the child. "When I'm older and have put my hair up, and wear long dresses—when I'm eighteen, say, I—I want you to marry me, Captain Mark."

She was gone in a flash, running along the corridor, while Mark Wallace stood dumfounded at the door, hearing her footsteps grow fainter as she hurried into the recesses of the Misses Harpers' School for Select Young Ladies.

Mark went down the walk like a man dreaming. It was absurd; it was, perhaps, characteristic of the girl's age and temperament; and yet, in spite of the absurdity, Captain Mark Wallace felt as if he had suddenly regained the grimy little child whom he had found upon the hillside in front of Santiago, and lost again.

As he reached the gate he saw a man watching him from the bend of the road. Something of furtiveness in the man's posture made him wheel sharply round; then he remembered Eleanor's words and started in haste toward him. But the man shambled off at a quick gait and when Mark reached the bend he could see nobody.

CHAPTER IV.

And the years passed, and Mark Wallace grew grayer and older, and more set and dispirited, with long alternating intervals of resignation, when he took life as he found it and was satisfied. But he always came out of these into brief periods of unrest, with the sense that he had awakened from some lethargy that was damning his soul as the alkali and the winds of the plains had seamed his face and taken the last particle of his youth away.

Now in Texas, now in Arizona, now in some lonely border post in the freezing Northwest, he remained a captain. He had no friends in Washington. In time—in long time he would reach his majority, no doubt, to be relieved soon after, and waddle, with stout old majors of his own age, into ornate clubs in army centers not quite so far removed from civilization. He looked upon this prospect with ironical patience, and now and then asked himself the unanswerable question why he had remained in the army.

Eleanor was grown up and domiciled permanently in Colonel Howard's town house, and her letters had grown more infrequent and perfunctory, until their arrival became a quarterly affair instead of a monthly event, and not always that, either.

And by and by the feeling came over Mark that if ever he were to see her again there would remain no common link between them. From doubting his future he had come to doubt himself. He doubted whether the desert life had not blunted him, blunted his finer instincts, and made him unfit for social life—certainly rendered him unfit for the guardianship of a young girl.

But that he had relinquished to Colonel Howard—grudgingly but uncompromisingly. Never in any of his letters did he put forward the shadow of his former claim.

Then, swiftly, and unexpectedly, chance turned and beckoned him.

Capt. Wallace meets Eleanor, whom he finds to be a center of attraction. He also renews his acquaintance with Kellerman, in whom he immediately discerns an antagonist.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Old English Furniture.
That fine old furniture is yet found in Britain in many unexpected places is said to be largely due to the stirring up of the country that was given by the great exhibition at London of 1851. This was soon after the development of the railway system in England, and there flocked to London, a large number of squires and their wives. A new world had opened to the country dames. The new things had a wonderful fascination for them. On returning home they got rid of much of their old furniture and bought new. Much of the old furniture found its way to second-hand shops, and was sold to poor folk, who could not afford to buy new. This accounts for the finding today of much good old furniture in small houses in provincial towns and among country people.—Indianapolis News.

A Morning Breeze.
The Jokesmith's Wife (2 a. m.)—
"Aw, c'm on to bed, you! Want to sit up all night knocking the weather and us poor girls?" Well, what though the temperature was 100 degrees in the dark, the little remark caused a temporary coolness.

Satin and Fur for Winter Wraps



Beauty may go beautifully in anything made of silk or anything made of fur, with a clear conscience and without criticism—for these are things the soldiers don't need. So there are magnificent fur wraps and less splendid but quite as beautiful ones made of satins and silks for those who choose to wear them. There is plenty of latitude in this matter of war-time dressing to allow those who can afford it, to go as brilliantly clad, when occasion makes opportunity, as in the past, or to dress as simply as for a promenade. There are several minds as to what befits the times.

Since fur and silk are at hand nothing more is asked by the creators of styles, except customers to buy the beautiful things that can be made of them. At one of the New York style shows the lovely evening coat which is pictured above shows how well an American designer succeeded. This

wrap is not too gorgeous to be youthful, is clever and original enough to be interesting and therefore not too opinions as to its beauty.

Even Paris, after four years of war, with air raids always imminent and amid a thousand difficulties, has had the courage to carry on its business of creating beautiful apparel. The French feel that this is a necessity. Their genius for clothes has been such an asset that place for it must be maintained. They have been much given to black and white for evening gowns and wraps and a cape very full of black satin lined with white satin, is so quiet and elegant that it compels everyone's admiration. It has an immense collar of monkey fur. There are other satin capes in dark shades of brown, made up with moleskin collars and banded trimmings, and black satin long, loose and ample coats with deep cape collars and banded trimmings of beaver or other furs.

Two Views of a Smart Coat



Keen and practical observers of the styles say that they embody the spirit of youth and that this is one effect of the war. The great armies are made up of youths—it is the day of the young man, and it is reflected in all apparel. One might think that for matrons, this flavor would be absent, but no! Matrons are as busy as maids and soldiers, as alert and active, and their apparel expresses this, which is the spirit of youth.

In the handsome silver-tone coat pictured something of this idea is apparent. It seems to be simple, but is really designed with wonderful and sophisticated cleverness, therefore it may be selected as representative among garments for women no longer youthful. It is a beautiful model suited to all-round wear, with Raglan sleeves, that give it an ample roomy look and cleverly shaped under-arm pieces that keep it from being bulky. Only an expert could think out and execute a thing so new in the world of coats.

There is a cape collar, convertible into a muffler for very cold weather that is made of seal plush, and deep cuffs to match, or one may choose to have these accessories replaced with Hudson seal. But when our buyers tell you it is difficult to tell which

is which, at a little distance from the wearer, there is no very good reason to preferring fur to the more durable plush.

Of course a coat that embodies the spirit of youth may be worn by youth. And this, like many other of the season's offerings, will grow both youth and maturity. Coats as a rule are in quiet colors—what are called the "fur shades." But recently the trend of style is toward brighter colors in frocks and hats, reflecting the mood of the public which grows in cheerfulness.

Julia Bottomley

Samplers.

There is no doubt that, as a rule, the long and narrow samplers are older than those more nearly square. These ancient samplers, especially the few bearing dates of the seventeenth century, are much finer in design, more closely worked, and better in execution than those of later date. The linen background is much more closely covered. They have more curious and varied stitches. Occasionally they are of minute size, but four or five inches long, with exquisitely fine stitching.