

# MY CAPTIVE.

By JOSEPH A. ALTSELER,  
Author of "A Soldier of Manhattan,"  
"The Sun of Saratoga," Etc.

## CHAPTER IX. SEEN IN A DREAM.

We were young and vigorous. The girl was tall, straight, almost as strong as I, and with a face that was as fresh and clear as the morning dew. She had a soft, sweet smile, and her eyes were as blue as the sky. She was dressed in a simple, practical uniform, and she carried herself with a grace and ease that were as refreshing as the breeze from the sea. She was the daughter of a noble family, and she had been educated in the best of schools. She was a true and loyal patriot, and she was as brave as a lion. She was the one girl I had ever loved, and she was the one girl I had ever wanted to marry. She was the one girl who had made me a man, and she was the one girl who had made me a hero.

"Do you know," said she, "I begin to hope that Tarleton will not overtake Morgan at all? It would be an awful scene, and perhaps some of the rebels are good men after all."

"Perhaps," I replied.

"You are not going to die, are you, Mr. Marshall?" she asked, looking at me with a look of anxiety.

"I am not," I replied.

"I will not do that," she said. "You may be a rebel—in fact, I know you are—but you shall not walk while you are wounded. You must ride."

"I shall consider myself your prisoner until I am taken by the English," she said.

"I did not reply, but I was willing to accept my responsibilities. Old Put, who was walking slowly behind us after his custom, raised his head and neighed. It was not a whinny, but a loud, sonorous neigh that could be heard afar. It was full of meaning too. And a quarter of a mile ahead of us on one of the open ridges I saw the camp of a dozen horsemen riding toward us at a half gallop. Old Put neighed again, long, loud and promptly.

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from weakness. His eyes closed almost, his face became very white, and there was blood on his hair. She raised his head and kissed his face, once, twice and more, and begged him not to die. "Live! Live for yourself and for me, Philip, for I love you, my hero!" she said, and a great bay horse stood looking and listening. Then she flew to a little brook she saw flowing through the woods, and bringing water in her cap poured it upon the man's face, while the horse nodded approval. Then she washed the blood out of his hair and bound up the wound with something white. "No, Put, I will never leave him," she said, "I will never leave him, for he has saved me from death and worse, and I love him—I tell you I love him!" whereupon the great horse nodded his approval with extreme vigor.

"I came to myself, and I was sorry that the dream was over. It had been pleasant, very pleasant, and I was willing to dream on. I had a headache, but when I put my hand to the spot which ached I knew that the wound was not serious; that it was nothing but a trifle. A bullet, clipping under the skin, had glanced along my skull and passed on, inflicting a slight contusion, like a heavy blow from a man's fist, but that was all. I had seen 20 men who had suffered similar wounds in battle and were as good as ever the next day.

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