MY CAPTIVE.

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CHAPTER IX.

SEEN IN A DREAM. We were young and vigorous. The girl was tall, straight, almost as strong as I, and mile after mile dropped behind us. The air had the crisp, fresh coolness of a South Carolina winter, like a northern day in autumn. The sun, climbing stewlily toward the heavens, shone in full splendor and in an atmosphere as pure as that over the sea. We could see far to the right and to the left and before us, but we saw neither men nor herses, just the rolling hills and valleys

and the straggling forests. "So much the better," I said to Julia. "for the lonelier the country is the less obstacle there will be to our flight. Morgan is retreating toward the Broad river, and as we surely have passed a slight concussion, like a heavy blow around Tarleton by this time we ought to overtake him by night. I hope he will have plenty to eat, for I think that you and I will miss our dinner."

"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."

"Prebans." "Couldn't the war be ended in some way without more years of fighting-by some sort of compromise? Suppose each side should give up a little."

"We might make the proposition, you and I, to congress and the king."

"Don't jest. I'm in earnest." "Then I'm afraid there's no chance for a compromise, and there hasn't been for four or had years. Either we go free or we do not. You English like to boast of your cours a and tenscity, and we make the same oast of ourselves. It has to be fought out to the end, win or

She spoke truthfully, for she looked her sadness, but the wind soon blew it away, bringing back the sparkle to her eyes and the rose flush to her cheeks. We stopped about noontime to rest, and Old Put made use of the opportunity to tect her. bunt for green grass, stopping at times to look benevolently at us and to indicate that his state of mind was content. We were both hungry, but we had nothing better to do than to watch Old a sore spot on my head and a little Put mibble for his dinner, which he did ache inside it, but I can travel as well and sold him it was time to start.

Julia again refused to mount the horse, and we strolled on together. I felt safe now, and, coming to a cabin whose owner had been bold enough to remain are—but you shall not walk while you and guard his own, I offered to trade are wounded. You must ride." him the fine British coat I wore for any coat of his own, however old, provided it would hold together on my shoulders. He produced the coat and made the trade, by which he was a great gainer, and asked me no questions, differing therein from the country people of the northern regions through which I had as before, not talking much, but happy. campaigned so long. Moreover, he looked very curiously at the tall girl with night, and the western skies were aflame.

"You are American," he said to me just before we started.

"Yes. "The lady looks English." "She is English."

"It is very strange." "You are right. It is strange."

Such were my thoughts as we walked away. The man who seemed to live there alone, half hunter, half farmer, stood in his cabin door and watched us natil we passed out of sight.

I prevailed upon the girl to ride for awhile, but after an hour on horseback she dismounted again, saying that she preferred to walk. About the middle of the afternoon we met a farmer who confirmed my belief that Morgan had passed on toward the Broad river, though he knew nothing of Tarleton. An hour later as we were passing through thick woods some one cried out to us to halt. I almost sprang up in my astonishment, and the girl attered a little cry of fright, for neither of us supposed any one to be near, having seen nothing and heard nothing, and Old Put, I suppose, was tired or dreaming.

"Stop," I said to Julia. "It may be

Two men on horseback came from a position among the dense trees. They were dressed in rough homespun gray they were militia scouts of Morgan's. | when he was wide awake. 'An American and his lady," said

Yes," I replied.

good patriots too."

"Thank you," I said. "Morgan seems will overtake him before nightfall."

He had ridden very close to me. he said. "We will take good care of closed us. both you and the lady, for we are Tarleton's scouts, not Morgan's."

I saw then that the appearance and manner of the men had deceived me, but no thought of surrender to them entered my mind. I snatched at my pistol. The man, who was as wary as a panther, saw the movement, and, drawing his own weapon, we fired almost at the when time. I saw him reel in his saddie, but not fall, and I was conscious of a thrill of pain in my head, followed by a heavy, crushing sensation, as if I had been struck by a hammer. I staggered, falling to the ground upon my hands and knees. Consciousness left me entirely for a few minutes and then your head?" came back dimly, just enough for me to dream and to create events for my-

In this dream I saw a girl with tawny gold hair and blue eyes raise a pistol and fire at the second man, who had drawn a cavalry saber. The man, shouting with pain, dropped his saber, clap- prisoner." ped his other hand to his shoulder and galloped after his comrade, whose horse. frightened by the shots, was running away with him. Both disappeared in the wood, and the girl, who stood for pistol in her hand, seemed to feel sure her into your hands, colonel."

bitter of speech and yet so much the thing, colonel." master of herself. The man had risen "What is that?"

from weakness. His eyes closed almost, his face became very white, and there was blood on his bair. 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 wood, 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

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. "You are not going to die, are you. Mr. Marcel?" tearfully asked the most modest and demure of blond English

maidens, standing before me. "My intentions are the precise oppo site," I replied. "I have so much to live for.

It is curious how rapidly the feelings develop under the stress of great hardships and danger. The day and a half that I had been with her were equal to a year and a half of ordinary time.

Would you bring me a little of that cool water to drink in your cap?" I asked. "I see that the cap is wet already, and it won't hurt it.

She brought the water, and I drank. It was as cold as ice and as refreshing as nectar as it ran down my throat. I have seen men lying on the battlefield begging for water as if it were the one by my news. My head was buzzing great gift of heaven to man.

I felt twice the man that I was a minute before. The girl was strangely the odds against us, numbers, discipline quiet, even shy, and more than ever I felt as if it were my chief duty to pro-

"No, Julia," I said; "this rebel against the king means to live. So far from dying, I haven't had anything more than a knockdown which has left very industriously until I called to him as ever. Here, Old Put is waiting for little too much to hope for that But you. Get up and ride."

But she declined with indignation. "I will not do that," she said. "You to run. may be a rebel-in fact, I know you

As I was still a little dizzy I yielded at last, though I did not like to do it and rode for a couple of hours. Then, feeling as strong as ever, I dismounted and made Julia take her turn on horseback. But at the end of an hour she, too, dismounted, and we walked on together, The sun was again retreating before the The light feil full upon the girl's face, and her beauty, splendid and glowing

before, was tender and spiritual now. "We shall be in Morgan's camp soon, Julia," I said, "and I will have to resign my prisoner."

"I shall consider myself your prisoner until I am retaken by the English," she

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 cause-a troop of a dozen horsemen riding toward us at a half gallop. Old Put neighed

again, long, loud and promptly. "Ought we not to escape into the wood?" exclaimed Julia in alarm. "There is time yet. Those troopers may be Euglish."

She did not seem to notice the strangeness of a suggestion from her that she hide from the English, but I was confident.

"They are not English," I said. "They are Americans. Old Put knows his friends. Trust him." In truth, the horse uttered his loud and joyous neigh a third time, and I and looked like Americans, the two had not the slightest apprehension, for facts together inducing the belief that it was impossible to deceive Old Put

The horsemen saw us and quickened the foremost to me. You are a soldier, their pace to a gallop. As they approached I could recognize the Continental buff and blue, and, telling Julia of the men said: "And on the way to Morgan, too, I that it was all right, we waiked gravetake it. Keep straight to the northwest, ly on to meet them. Old Put, his dem-

with equal sobriety. They were dashing riders, those men, to keep a good watch. I hope that we and their curiosity must have been aroused by the sight of the girl, for they came on at the long, swinging gallop of "I don't think it, my fine fellow," the good cavalryman and quickly in-

"Good evening, colonel," I said to the leader, saluting. "I am happy to see you again and to join your com-

It was Colonel William Washington. the distant cousin of our great commander in chief, one of the finest cavalry commanders of cur time, a fine, open faced man of about 30.

'Why, Marcel-Phil Marcell" he cried in surprise. "Is it you?" "Yes, it is I, colonel." "And the lady?"

that each trooper made.

"The lady is my prisoner, colonel, an English spy!" "Did she give you that wound on

"I said a lady, colonel." Every hat came off, and there was admiration as well as respect in the bow

"The lady carried the news of our "and I was compelled to hold her a "You have done well, Mr. Marcel."

said my colonel. I thought so too. Perhaps I had done better than I thought. "Now that I have brought the

I watched her with a curious inter- there who will take care of her."

a spy, even though she be a spy."

that I like to hear from a man. Americans. Then he laughed again that deep, res-

onant laugh which I like and the prisoner, but I am on a scout to ment.

find Tarleton and ascertain when he is likely to attack us." "Do we mean to make a stand?" I For the third time he laughed

drill his men and get his grip on them, tents. and now he's ready to welcome Tarleton to the fray.'

more than once. "This is precisely muskets, lay at their sides. along my skull and passed on, inflicting what we wanted to know. And so Mr. can tell yet what the result will be."

> old spirit suddenly flamed un will be taken a prisoner, for tomorrow it chose night your army will not exist."

"Miss Howard," said Colonel Washpredictions."

CHAPTER X

IN MORGAN'S CAMP. went with us, his plans being changed with excitement. We were going to fight Tarleton at last, though with all and arms, while Tarleton himself had won his reputation as the ablest and the British service. We might again experience the disgrace and disaster of Camden, but Morgan was no Gates, and perhaps, on the other hand, we might still we would fight, and to a young man it always seems better to fight than

"Old comrade, " I said to my horse. 'we fight the enemy tomorrow!"

'It is nothing. I said. "I will take it off tonight My head is well "

bles were over The wife of Captain Dunn of the a lady whom I knew, my distant kins- gan to speak Some listened, and some setts farmers at Bunker Hill." woman, and Julia was given into her

"Take good care of her. Consin Anna, I said. "Remember that she is my prisoner "Your prisoner, is she?" she replied

that the captor often becomes the cap-"Consin Anna." I said indignantly. I hope you are not going to preach our

defeat by Tarleton on the very eve of battle. It will have a discouraging effect.

"I said nothing about the battle. Go and attend to your work, Philip I will take care of the girl." To Julia I said

"We fight tomorrow, and I may not see you again.'

Then I bent down and kissed her lips. She replied very simply and earnestly: "May you live through it, Philip!" Cousin Anna's back was turned, and she did not see or hear.

the camp and this field, destined to be the scene of a memorable battle which campaigns ever conducted on the soil of

our continent. of several hills rising above each other like the seats of an amphitheater, the slope was so slight that it offered no impediment to the gallop of a horse. The men were gathering up old rails, which they were using for the camp fires, and I noticed many old tracks of

cows pastured. Don't you know that powered my excited brain and nerves. and you will overtake him. We are onstrations of joy made, followed after this army is camped on the cow pens of a very worthy man named Hannah? And these rails are the last that are left of his pens."

Behind us flowed the wide, deep and unfordable Broad river, retreat thus being cut off in case of defeat. I asked the meaning of this strange military ma- my master, and prepare for the eneneuver which meant either victory or my." Most of the other men were up. destruction, and again the explanation and the camp cooks had breakfast ready,

"More than half of our men are militia, and you can never tell whether ers. militia will run like rabbits or fight like devils. All early signs fail, and night and day, but the scouts had come might have the chance to do our part of General Morgan says it's cheaper to in, telling us that the British would the day's work. have the river behind us and make 'em fight than to station regulars in the

rear to shoot down the cowards." Presently I saw General Morgan himself passing among the men and preparing for the expected attack in the morning. This was one of our real heroes, a fighter and leader and no politician, a man whom the great Washington es- raw troops, in a line about a sixth of a teemed and loved to reward. I had seen him at Saratoga and elsewhere, and his iron nerved Pickens. They were ex- they thought it was a battle won, and figure as well as his name always drew attention. Over six feet high and built in proportion, with a weight of 200 most important movements," I said, pounds, and a large, fine, open face, he liver at least two volleys with the pre-

best of all men in mind and body. camp, and I gave Old Put the first solid ard, who were on the second slope 150 galloped away. meal that had come to him in several yards in their rear. An equal distance The battle had rolled a step nearer to greatest tenderness. days. I wanted him to be in good trim behind the second rise sat we cavalry- us, but we cavalrymen, who formed the for the morrow, for he and I were to men on our horses, commanded to pull third line, were still silent and sat with prisoners together. a minute or two watching, the empty oner in," I said, "I will have to resign take our proper place with Washing- on our reins and wait the moment upon tight reins, while directly in front of us I watched them for a few minutes, ton's cavalry, to which we belonged, which the fate of the battle should turn. rose a huge bank of flame and smoke in and then I stepped forward and said: that they would not come back, for she "It will be but for a brief space, for only a handful of men, but able and only a handful of men, but able and "Good morning, Major Howard." rushed to the wounded man on the the camp of Morgan is only three miles true and capable of doing great things the rush of the battle which, as I have fought. Even Old Put, with his iron ground and raised his head in her arms. back. There are some American women in the nick of time. There had been said, was to be one of the most imporsome question about the bandage on my tant and decisive of our war. I stroked The long line of the British overlap a stranger. est, this blond girl who had been so "But I wish to remind you of one head, which I wore as a precaution Old Put's neck and bade him be cool, ped the Continentals, whom they out against taking cold in the scalp wound, but he was as calm as I and needed no numbered three to one, and the general,

marked that such a slight wound would He laughed the deep, hearty laugh only increase a man's efficiency on the battlefield. Then he presented mp with "Have no fear," he said. "We are a fine saber, which I needed by a man earlity. told me to lie down on the gratad and go to sleep, but I could not as part then, and with the

of the hills and the woods. Some of the of our army. "Why, boy," he said, "you don't soldiers were askep on their blankets expect Morgan, who was with Arnold, or the bare ground, for we were always stand until the general bids them rethe hero of Saratoga, to run away, do a ragged and unhoused army at the tire!" groaned the colonel you? He only wanted a little time to best, and only a few of the officers had

A sherp breeze came from across the men to stand the rush of a seasoned river, and the flames bent to it, their army superior in bumbers and equip-"Then you will have Tarleton by light flickering over wild, brown faces ment. morning," I said, and I explained all that knew only the open air, wind, that I had heard or learned otherwise rain, hail or whatever came. Most of the earth and betokened a brilliant in my flight with the prisoner, to which them still carried their curved and morning, yet it was cold with the raw he listened with an interest that indi- carved powderhorns and their bullet damp that often creeps into a South

Smoke rose from the fires and blew Tarleton is hot on our heels and will in the faces of the men, deepening the ed in the plain, cavalry, infantry and attack in the morning? Well, Philip brown and giving them another shade fieldpieces in a great red square. I Marcel, I think you will see tomorrow of the Indian A curse mingled now could plainly see the officers giving as pretty a little battle as was ever and then with the singing and the talk their orders, and I knew that the attack fought on this continent, and neither of the card players, and from the bor- would come in a few minutes. Colonel Tarleton nor I nor any other ders of the camp came the stamp of the "Eleven hundred of them and no raw horses and an occasional neigh In the troops," said Colonel Washington. "We Julia was standing by me, and her darkness, half lighted by the reeling know that exactly from our scouts. I "I can," she said, "and I only hope men, whose faces the wavering light to do today." that instead of falling in the battle you | molded into whatever grotesque images |

strong, but many of us had come great all, for, with all his soldierly qualities, ington, bowing-I had given her name distances and from places wide apart he was a barbarian, as most of his -"we have more admiration for the An arc of 1,000 miles would scarce cover brother British officers themselves say ladies than confidence in their military all our homes There were the militia, ment, and Colonel Washington himself | the whole British army could not break, | me, and I could not see. the survivors now eager to avenge the day; then the stanch Virginia troops, firm as if it were made of iron." that we knew would never fail, and near them our two or three score of cavalry replied- "break like glass at the first men under Washington-a little army, shot.' a surprise, for the scouts were just shuffling of men and horses.

unreal tone The veterans were silent cavalry. He nodded joyously and then looked mostly, and already with the calm and The face of their red line blazed with they would need. A tall, thin man, ished bayenets flashed in front, He nodded again, as if all his trou- with a wild face, whom I took to be "They are firing too soon and coming ing. I could hear the rustle of the pasteboard as the cards were shufiled. He was still as straight and strong as an in the coming battle and if they may enigmatically "But remember, Philip, die to die like Christian has a Fin

rms, then stepped down f. ... stump on which he had a ded and the militia the pext day

I sought my own place in our troop and lay down upon one half of my blanket, with the other half above me. Old Put gnawed at some fodder beside

"Wake me up in the morning when you see the first red gleam of the British coats, old comrade," I said, and, knowing that he would do it, I closed

But sleep would not come just vet, and I opened my eyes again to see that I turned away and began to examine the fires were sinking and the darkness was coming down nearer to the earth. Half the men were asleep already; the was itself the opening of one of the others were quiet, seeking sleep, and greatest, most skillful and successful the steady breathing of near 1,000 men in a close space made a strange, whistling noise like that of the wind. A We were on a long slope, consisting flaring blaze would throw a streak of light across a sleeping soldier, showing only a head or a leg or an arm, as if though at a much greater elevation, as the man had been disjointed. I would hear the faint rattle of a sentry's firelock and the heavy hoof of a horse as he crowded his comrades for soom. An officer in dingy uniform would stalk across the field to see that all was right, the feet of animals. To my question one and over us all the wind monned and the darkness gathered close up to the "We are going to fight where the edge of the dying fires. Weakness over-

CHAPTER XI.

and I slept.

THE BATTLE. I was awakened in the morning by the shoving of Old Put's cold nose, which said as plain as speech, "Rise, bread, meat and coffee. I threw off my blanket and began to eat with the oth-

soon be at hand, and by the time the breakfast had been dispatched the rim of the sun appeared in the east, and the day was coming. Then the general formed the line of battle, and each of us clumps of men, some fallen, some still and tumult of the battle. took his appointed place.

On the first rise of the slope stood the South Carolina and Georgia militia, the mile long, under the command of the the enemy, but Pickens was ordered to hold them in line until they could dewas a type of the true American, the cision in firing which all these farmer

but I showed that it was only a trifle, such encouragement. The man on my whose gigantic figure I could set am your future son-in-law."

'Don't you hear that faint rumbling Phil? That's the hoof beats of

'Silence there!" called the colonel. No one spoke again; but, bending my ear forward, I could hear the far drum "I will send two men back with you nial armies I roamed about the endance of the regulars was only a feint English army was coming. Old Put hind them to come again into action The campfires that do not he cold raised his head and snuffed the air. A General Morgan galloped toward us, January darkness the near sat around red gleam appeared upon the horizon waving his sword to Washington, and them, talking and playing cards with old greasy cards or singing the songs deep murmur ran the length and breadth had come.

"Oh, if those militimen will only That he believed they would not I

knew, since it is a hard thing for new The sun was just swinging clear of

cated its importance and made me feel pouches, inseparable companions, over Carolina winter, and 1 for one wished their shoulders, and their long, slender that the men could see a little more of "Good! Good, Marcel!" he exclaimed barreled rifles, so unlike the British the day and loosen their muscles a little better before they fought. The whole British army now appear-

fires, the camp became a camp of wild think our cavairy will have something One officer, in the gayest of uniforms, I took to be the barbarian Tarleton, the We were but a little army, only 900 British leader whom we hated most of

I wanted to see the faces of those South Carolinians and Georgians, raw farmer boys down there on the slope troops, whom one can never trust; then who were to receive the first and fiercest the little remnant of the brigade that rush of the enemy and to check it. 1 De Kalb had led on the fatal day of knew that many of them were white to Then we proceeded to the encamp- Camden, splendid soldiers whose line the eyes, but their backs were toward

> "They don't appear to move," whisdisgrace their brethren suffered on that pered Patterson. "Their line looks as "Like untempered iron, I guess," I

I say again, but led by such leaders as A bugle sounded in the front of the Morgan, Washington, Howard and British lines, and its notes, loud and most successful cavalry commander in Pickens! Down the slopes the sentinels mellow, came to us, but from our ranks were on watch, but there was no fear of rose only the heavy breathing and the

bringing in word that Tarleton could The trumpet call was followed by a not come before daylight, and then, cheer from more than a thousuld equal the exploit of the wild borderers owing to the slope and the open ground, threats, and then the British rushed at King's Mountain, though it was a his approach would be seen for a great upon us. The brass fieldpieces on their fianks opened with the thunder that be-The new men talked the most, some tokens the artillery, and mingled with about the coming battle, eagerly, volu- their roar were the rattle of the small bly, others about things the farthest arms, the throb of the drums and the from it, but in the same eager, voluble, clamorous hoof beats of their numerous

gravely at the bandage around my head. hardihood of long usage were seeking fire, their red uniforms glowing through the rest and sleep which they knew it like a bloody gleam, while the pol-

one of the preachers at the great revival too fast," said Colonel Washington. meetings so common on the border. "By God, lock at those militiamen! South Carolina militia was in the camp. rose in the midst of the camp and be- They are standing like the Massachuwent on with the talking and card play- It was so. The raw line of plowboys never wavered. It bent nowhere and

> was a fighting preacher, for he exherted iron bar. The plowboys knelt down, them to strike with all their strength and as the British cheer rose and the line flaming in front swent nearer. went the long barreled border rifles. prayed to God for the special and i funcied that I could bear Pickens' command to fire, but I did not, and then all the rifles along a line a sixth appeared from my sight. He familia of a mile long were fired so close tothe front line of the see a seeina gether that the discharge was like the

explosion of the greatest cannon in all The smoke rose in a thick black cloud, which a moment later floated a dozen British squares, shattered and stopped, the ground in front of them red with forming their lines, while our own plow

steady hands. We cavalrymen raised a great shout the others at Yorktown. of approval, which the regulars on the rise in front of us took up and repeated. A second volley was all that we had for the field was won and the battle asked from the militiamen, and it was sure now Even as our cheer was echo- away showed the red backs of some of ing it was delivered with all the coolness and deadly precision of the first Again the British line reeled and stop- and almost their entire army lay upon ped, but they were veterans, led by the the field, dead and wounded, or stood style. Horse and mule shoeing fiery Tarleton, and they came on a third there our prisoners. The defeat that so time, only to meet the third of those many of us feared had proved to be the a spesialty. I have a good onedeadly volleys, which swept down their front lines and blocked the way with

their own dead and dying. "The battle is won already," shonted Colonel Washington, "and it's the farmer boys of South Carolina and

Georgia who have won it!" gallantry and tenacity than those same All honor and glory to the gallant plowfarmer boys on that day. Two volleys boys of South Carolina and Georgia who were all that were asked of them, yet received the first shock of the British not merely once or twice, but many army and broke it so bravely! Of the times, they poured in their deadly volleys at close range, again and again only 200 escaped from the field, and we hurling back the British veterans, who took all their cannon, baguage, ammudoubled them in number and were sup- nition and small arms, even of those ported by artillery and many cavalry, who escaped, for they threw them away while we old soldiers in the two lines in their flight. The killed, wounded

ber raised, and watched their valor. They retired at last, not broken, but in perfect order and at the command of Pickens, that we who stood behind them

The smoke hung low in clouds and where, under the lee of a little hill, a half hid either army, British and Amer- tent had held six or seven friendly ican A brilliant sun above pierced women. Julia came out, her face-still through it in places and gleamed on pale, for she had heard all the crash fighting. Shrieks and groans strove for a place with the curses and shouts.

Again rose the British cheer from army no longer exists." the throats of all those who stood, for, the militiamen retiring before them. I thought it impossible. pected to give way before the charge of | they charged with fresh courage and mistake over and over again, but they vigor, pouring forward in a red ava- pay the price.' lanche. But the regulars, the steady old Continentals, who now confronted met some men bringing in a gray haired them, received them with another vol- prisoner, a tall, fine looking officer. boys possessed. Then they were to retire ley, and more infantrymen fell down in Julia, crying aloud in her joy, ran for-There was plenty of provender in the behind the veteran regulars, under How- the withered grass, more riderless horses ward and embraced him. He returned

to his knees once, but had fallen back "A lady cannot be shot or hanged as and Colone! Washington rightfully re- left, Dick Patterson, a Marylander, sud- through the haze of smoke, ordered them He was now unable to speak

to retreat lest they should be flanked.

Again the British cheer boomed out when they saw the regulars giving ground, for now they were sure that victory was theirs, though more hardly won than they had thought. But the retreat of the regulars was only a feint

"Forward!" was the single command of our leader, and the roins and the sabers swung free as we swept in a semicircle around the line of our friends and then at the enemy. At the same moment the regulars, ceasing to yield, charged the astonished foe and poured in a volley at close range, while the militiamen threw themselves in a solid

mass upon the British flank. We of the cavalry were but 80 strong, with 50 more mounted volunteers behind us under Major McCall, but we were a compact body of strong horses and strong horsemen, with shortened rifles and flashing sabers, and we were driven straight at the heart of the enemy like the cold edge of a chisel.

reeling from the shock of the Continen tals and the militiamen, and they crumpled up before us like dry paper before a fire. Our rifles were emptied, and the sabers were doing the silent but there deadly work. Amid all the wild din of the shouting and the musketry and the blur of the smoke and the flame I knew little that I was doing except hack, hack, and I was glad of it. I could hear steel gritting on bone, and the smell of leather and smoke and blood arose, but the smoke was still in my eyes, and I could only see enough to strike and keep on striking We birsemen, 130 strong, were still a solid. compact body, a long gleaming line like a sword blade thrust through the marrow of the enemy. We had cut our way directly to the heart of the English army, and their broken squares were falling aspuder as our line of steel lashed and tore. The red army reeled about over the sleps like a man who has lost power ever his limbs. I struck at a trooper on my left, but he disappeared, and a second trooper on my right raised his saber to ent me down I had no time to fend off the blow, and in one swift instant I expected to take my place with the fallen, but a long muscular brown neck shot out, two

aloud in pain and fright. "Do you surrender?" I cried. "Yes, yes, for God's sake, take him off!" he shouted "I can fight a man, but not a man and a wild devil of a horse at the same time!"

rows of powerful white teeth inclosed

the man's sword arm, and he screamed

"Let him go," I said to Old Put, and, the horse unclasping his teeth, the man gave up his sword. The smoke was lifting and clearing

away somewhat, and the fire of the rifles had declined from a stordy crackle to jets and spurts. A dozen of the militiamen had seized one of the brass fieldpieces of the British, and Howard's Continentals already held the other. Everywhere cries of "I surrender, I surrender! Quarter, quarter!" arose from the Eritish horse and foot, who were throwing down their arms to receive from us that quarter which we willingly gave, but which the bloody Tarleton had so often denied to our men.

I could scarce believe what I saw. The whole British army seemed to be killed, wounded or taken. The muskets promptly and neatly done. and bayonets, the swords and pistols, rattled as they threw them upon the ground. Whole companies surrendered bodily. An officer, his gay uniform splashed with mnd and blood, dashed past me, lashing his horse at every jump It was Tarleton himself, and behind him came Washington pursuing feet above the earth and revealed the with all his vigor and lunging at the fleeing Eaglish leader with a bayonet fastened at a rifle's end. He returned the fallen, the officers shouting and re- after awhile without Tarleton, but there was blood on his bayonet. Tarleton, lads, still as steady as the hills, were though wounded in the shoulder, escapreloading their rifles with swift and ed through the superior speed of his horse, to be taken with Cornwallis and

The general raised his sword and was over, and he spoke truly. Far the English fleeing at the full speed of most brilliant little victory in our history, a masterpiece of tactics and valor. the decisive beginning of the great campaign which won us back the southern colonies, one of the costliest of all her battles to England. I have told you how it was now, just as the histories, both Never did veteran troops show more English and American, tell it to you. behind stood silent, not a gun or a sa and taken just equaled the numbers of our entire army, and we had only 12 men dead.

CHAPTER XIL

LOOKING AHEAD. I returned toward the Broad river.

"It is over, Julia," I said-I had hid my bloody sword-"and the British "And the victory is yours! Yesterday

"Your countrymen make the same

We walked toward the field, and we

the embrace again and again with the "Father," said Julia, "we are now

"I do not know you, sir," he said.

"It is true, sir," I said. "Ask your daughter.'

He looked at her. She smiled and reddened. Old Put was standing by, and he nodded his head in approval. He had liked her from the first.

"Your daughter is to be my wife," I continued, with emphasis, "and you are to live with us and like us." These were resounding boasts for a young soldier to make, but they all came true after Yorktown. THE END.

W.H. HESTER!

THE - CHEAPEST We slashed into the British, already STORE

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cried to us to stop firing and striking, Before you have any Blacksmithing done. He does all kinds of repair work. All work executed their horses, but they were only a few, on short notice and in first-class horse wagon for sale. The best is always the cheapest.

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