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

[Copyright, 1900, by Joseph A. Altsheler.] CHAPTER L A TRYING SITUATION.

I looked at the prisoner, and I was vexed by doubt. With a battle on one side of him and a woman on the other what is a man to do? She returned my gaze with great, pure eyes, which seemed to say I was a villain, a monster, yet I had been doing my exact duty, that of a faithful soldier in the cause of the Continental congress and freedom, while she, a woman, a girl, had presumed to turn from the things for which God had intended her and to meddle with war. I was more than vexed-I was angry, angry at her for attempting such a task and angry at myself for being forced into a situation so full of troubles.

On the right, in the fringe of woods a quarter of a mile away, the last rifle shot had been fired, and its echo was speeding across the far hills. The powder flashed no more, and the smoke rose in lazy coils over the ground on which men had fought and some had died. The victors, the captured detail with them, were riding away. I almost fancied I could hear the beat of their horses' hoofs, and the dead, I knew, lay with their faces upturned to the sun, waiting there until the last trump called to them to rise again. And here was I, an atom, left in the drift of the armies, out off from my comrades and alone with this girl.

The horses shifted about uneasily, stamped their feet, and once mine raised his head and neighed, as if in truth he heard the beating boofs of the galloping detachment. He knew that his comrades, too, were leaving him, though I cannot say that it was a desertion intended by either horse or man.

The girl's look of reproach turned to ome of inquiry. She sat on a log, her little riding whip hanging idly in her hand. For the first time I took note of her face—the delicate but firm molding of each feature; the clear depths of her dark, blue eyes; the brouze gold of her hair, clustering in tiny curls around her forehead; the rose red of her cheeks, like a flush; her lithe, strong, young figure. Why is it that when God wishes to make women especially wicked and troublesome he makes them beautiful?

"Well, you rebel," she said, "when do you purpose to set me free?" "When you give your word of honor that you will tell Cornwallis nothing about the strength of Morgan's forces

and our present movements." "That I will not do."

"Then you remain my prisoner." Yet I would have been a fool even to have taken her word of honor. woman has any regard for the truth in military matters? If she could find a chance, she would certainly give information that would bring Cornwallis, as well as Tarleton, on Morgan.

"I think that it is enough for Englishmen themselves to fight us without sending their daughters also against us,'

"My father did not send me, "she said quickly. "I came of my own accord."

"So much the worse," I replied. But nothing was to be gained by standing there and talking. Besides, it is never well for a soldier to dispute with his prisoner. It argues an insufficiency for his position. A captor should bear himself with dignity and reserve. I would show my quality.

I untied the horses and led them to the log on which she was sitting.

"Get up!" I said curtly and in a tone of command The natural rose flush of her cheeks

deepened a little. "You speak as if you were my mas

ter," she said. "That is just what I am—for the

present," I replied. "Mount your horse at once." She gave me a sidewise look from eyes that flashed, but she stood upon the log.

is too high," she said. I stepped forward and held out my

"This log is too low, and the saddle

hand to assist her. "Don't touch me, you rebel!" she oried and leaped lightly into the saddle.

I felt hurt.

"I wish you wouldn't call me a rebel, '' I said. "Why?"

"It's impolite." "But it's true."

"Well, perhaps it is in a way, and in a way, too, I am proud of it. Are you proud of your king?" "Yes."

"It doesn't take much to arouse English pride."

"You will think more of him when the war is over. It will pay you to do so.' "Meanwhile we will wait until then."

"What do you purpose to do with me-keep me a prisoner?"

"It is my misfortune." "The courtesy of a rebel."

"I shall take you to General Morgan."

"Then Tarleton will rescue me. Your Morgan cannot stand before him."

I was afraid that she spoke the truth. We were outnumbered, and besides more than half our force was raw militia. The odds were great against us, and knowing it I did not reply to her

taunt. While we were talking she sat in the saddle with the easy seat of a good horsewoman. I held my horse loosely. by the bridle. She was twiddling the whip in her hands. Suddenly she leaned over and lashed my horse across the eyes with her whip. The blow was given with all her might, and the startled horse reared, jerked the bridle

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out of my hand and ran away. "Goodby, Mr. Rebel!" she shouted, and drawing her whip across her own horse galloped off in the opposite direc-

nessages and accurate news about us hands?" was a formidable enemy, ascaped, and tol, it being my idea to kill the horse, but it was a shot that I could not risk. I thrust the pistol back in my pocket and ran after my horse. He was 30 or 40 yards away, half mad with rage and

pain, his bridle swinging beside him. theless I made speed as I ran after him, yielding. and I whistled and shouted with a vigor too, was growing more pressing. Mount- for her. ed, there was hope; afoot, there was

I whistled all the calls that a friendly and well treated horse should know and meantime did not neglect to run after him with the best speed that I could command. Presently he seemed to understand and to remember that I was not responsible for the blow. He slackened his pace, looked back over his shoulder at me and whinnied. I whistled encouragingly, he whinnied again, and, remembering who I was, his best friend, came to a full stop, for he was a most intelligent horse. In a half a minute I overtook him, leaped into the saddle and turned his head the other way. "Now, old horse," I cried, "you can

gallop, but you gallop my way." I wore my spurs, and I gave him a touch of the steel. That was enough, for he was always ambitious and proud of his speed, and away we flew over the fields after the disappearing girl She was a full quarter of a mile away, and her figure was growing dim on the horizon. Another quarter of a mile and she would be in the woods, where the concealment of the trees would enable heed, guiding her horse between the her to elude my pursuit. Moreover, these English girls are often daring horsewomen, and even at the distance I could see that she rode like a trooper. But I knew the country, and she did not, and I hoped to secure from it some chance that would enable me to over-

I encouraged my horse. I did more him how I had ridden him all the way ally. from the Hudson when I came south cared for him and fed him, often when English girl.

derstood. He said nothing, not even a ment as if with fire. little snort, but his stride lengthened, and the swift and regular beat of his hoofs on the turf was music.

"Good horse, Old Put, good lad!" I said. I had named him Put after Old Put, the famous old Connecticut general, because he was so reliable and steady He shook his ears slightly as a verse nature and all the trouble she had sign that he would do his best for me, given me. having no time to say more, and he ran a little faster. I kept a sharp watch for stones and holes in the ground, having no mind to risk a fall which might ruin all, and nursed my comrade's strength, an, but never apologetic. for on land as well as sea a stern chase is a long one

The figure of the girl and the horse she rode was growing larger, good proof little brush of the hand. "I like to ride, the woods unless I was close upon her! when she reached them. Her long hair had fallen down and was streaming behind her like a ribbon of spray with the sunshine on it, but I felt like giving that yellow hair a jerk just then could

I have put my hands upon it. "Steady, Put!" I said to my faithful comrade. "Do you see that girl with the yellow hair? Yes? Well, note the horse that she is riding, a common troop horse, clumsy, ill bred, no pedigree. Are you going to let yourself be beaten by him?

ran a foot to the second faster. We rules in military matters, and then he struck a piece of beautiful turf, evident has some idea what to expect. ly an old field left to itself until it could recover its fertility, and with the soft grass deadening and easing his footfalls Old Put raced for life. I could almost count the yards that we gained, and still she was not in the forest. She had not looked back until then, and it was a hasty glance, followed by a quick lashing of her mount. I judged that she, too, had noticed the gain and would now be unmerciful to her horse. I was exultant, willing to boast of it, and I

shared my feelings with Old Put. "Notice that yellow haired girl again, Put," I said. "When we catch her this time, we will take care that she does not serve us such a trick again. If we cannot trust an Englishman, Put. how on earth can we put any faith in an

English woman?" Put had received a slight slash once from the saber of an Englishman who had offered to surrender to me and then tried to back out of it, and he knew what I meant. For the first time he uttered a slight snort, called one new muscle into play, and we steadily shortened the distance between us and the

few moments later, but she abruptly reined in her horse, turned him half about and galloped off to the left. I guessed the trouble at once. The heavy had gone. She obeyed with surprising rains often wash great gullies in our South Carolina soil, and a kind providence, wishing to oblige me, had placed one of these in her way. It was equal to a gain of 200 feet without an effort, and

she was taking. "Don't you see, Put," I said, "that

I believe I swore. I was angry and passed most of his life hitched to a suttlarmed, too, for this girl, with her lier's wagon will be delivered into our

Old Put fairly neighed, his first real might cause the destruction of the en expression of triumph. He was as sure tire army of the south and the loss of of the victory now as I was, and I had all the southern colonies. I drew a pis confidence in the judgment of my old comrade.

"Stop, stop!" I shouted to the girl. "If you don't stop, I'll shoot!"

I had a long barreled horse pistol. which I had drawn and was flourishing magnificently. I was within hearing I am a very good runner, but I do not though not shooting range, and I trusted claim to be as swift as a horse. Never that I would be able to frighten her into

and I whistled and shouted with a vigor But she did not step. She had worn that must have convinced him of my her whip into shreds, and thin red intentions. I looked back once, and the streams of blood zigzagged across the girl and the horse she rode were growing horse's sides, but she pounded on with smaller as they sped over the desolate the stump. I felt a genuine pity for her and unfenced fields. My need of a horse, horse, hack though he was, but none

> CHAPTER IL KEEPING A PRISONER.

No more gullies thrust themselves across the way, and she was within 20 feet of the wood. She took another hurried look at me, and seeing my rapid gain alarm appeared on her face. She

drew a little toy pistol from the cloak she wore and leveled it at me. or at least that seemed to be her intention. I call it a toy pistol, because I, a full grown soldier, would have felt deep shame had I been caught with such a weapon in my possession. She pulled the trigger, and the bullet cut the uncomplaining air somewhere, but not in my neighborhood. This bombardment cost her at least 20 feet of gain, but she thrust the terrible weapon back in her cloak and galloped on, with Old Put thundering at her heels. Then she was into the wood, and I was not far behind, shouting to her to stop; that I would surely overtake her and she was merely wasting the breath of both our borses and our own. Still she paid no

siderable skill. But, seeing the wood thicken presently, I was tempted to laugh. It was obvious now that the end of the race had come and I was the winner. The wood became so dense, the bushes clustering in thickets and the vines interlacing from tree to tree, that it formed than encourage—I appealed to his pride an impenetrable wall. What I had fearand his sense of gratitude. I reminded ed would help her had been my best

trees and through the bushes with con-

She stopped short and sat stiffly on with Greene; how I had tended him and her horse, her back turned to me. I wondered if she would draw out that I was compelled to go hungry myself. amazing pistol again and threaten me I appealed to him now not to let that with it, but she made no such attempt, girl escape when so much depended on evidently having arrived at wisdom at her capture, when I would be eternally last. She dropped the stump of her disgraced, and he with me, if we per- switch on the ground and kept the back mitted ourselves to be tricked and out of her head toward me. Some beams of witted at such a time by one red cheeked, sunshine came, through, the tall trees and gleamed across the long curls of He was a sensible horse, and he un tawny gold, tingeing them for the mo-

> I rode up by her side, and then, as she seemed to reprove me, I asked Old Put to take me around in front of her. There I could see her face. It was pale, sad and reproachful, and a tear ran down either cheek. For the moment I felt a little pity for her despite her per-

"I am sorry I have to do this," I said "Sorry for what?" she asked."

I saw that I had made a mistake. One should always be polite to a wom-"That I had to overtake you," I said

"Yours is the better horse," she said. wiping away the tears with an angry that I was gaining, which was not and I always enjoy a good race. That enough, however, for I might continue was the reason I challenged you to it, to gain, and yet she could elude me in though I did not know you had such a good horse."

This was a new view of the case, but I had a thought, or, rather, a reflection. "It was a good race," I said, "but wasn't that a false start?"

"How so?"

"Didn't you take an advantage?" "I was entitled to it. I am a woman. "So women expect to carry that rule even into warfare?"

"Certainly." I was glad that I had never been forced to wage war with a woman before and hoped never to meet the neces-His ears wagged violently, and he sity again. One likes to stick to the

"The horses are very tired," I said. "They look like it," said she. The poor animals were panting, and

their coats were damp. I took the reins of her horse from her hand and held them firmly in mine. "What are you going to do?" she

Asked. "I think I'd better hold the reins of both," I said. "Will you please dis-

mount?" I set her a good example by jumping down myself. She could not say that the prisoner was compelled to walk while the captor rode. I stepped forward to assist her, but again she refused my help and sprang to the ground unassisted.

Old Put gazed angrily at the girl who had struck him. Then he snorted with triumph and looked contemptuously at | I'll find you something to eat." the horse at his side. The latter seemed to be ashamed of himself, and his attitude was apologetic, but he had done his best and therefore should not have been blamed.

"Come," I said, "we will get out of this wood and walk back across the fields. Walk by my side. I will watch She would have got into the wood a you, as I do not want any more treach-

I spoke with great sternness, as the mite of pity I felt when I saw the tears meekness and walked beside me, while I led the horses, holding both bridles in one hand. I was glad that I had been so sharp with her, and I saw now it was the proper way with rebellious I turned Old Put at once into the course women. A man has only to show to- I could afford to be generous. ward them a stern, unyielding temper, "Don't you see, Put," I said, "that and they submit at once. She was stroked it gently. It was a white, well perfect accord with me stopped and the Lord is on our side and she and crushed, and again that mite of pity shaped hand, with pretty supering fin still; not only that he found shows that burnt brown one of hers that has rose up in my breast, for nearly always gers. Old Put smust have admired it and not gled joyously. The said

we feel a trace of sympathy for those fedginger exect aw modes

Her head drooped, there was a faint appeal in her eyes, and her walk showed weariness. She seemed to have forgotten that her hair was loose down her back, for she let it hang in long ourls of gold, burnished where the sunshine fell upon it, dark in the shadow.

The yellow of the sun was deepening into red, a sian that the afternoon was waning, and I was anxious about the future, for which, like a good soldier, I felt it my duty to provide. She must have seen the care in my face, for she asked:

"Are you thinking how we shall reach General Morgan?"

"General Morgan or some one else." "Is it far to his camp?"

"I cannot say. I do not know where he is. The American camp just now is of a shifting character." "To keep out of Tarleton's way. I

suppose?"

'Either that or to find him." Then she seemed to repent of her gibe at our running away from the British. 'But General Morgan is a brave man. I have heard." she said. That warmed my heart.

"He is a brave man." I said, "and, what is more, he is a fine soldier and "What a pity he is not on the right

"Let's not quarrel about that again." I thought I could afford to be generons. My situation was so superior to

After that we walked along in silence for several minutes. The red tint of the sun deepened; faint shadows appeared in the blue velvet of the sky.

"I want to ask you one question," she said presently. "There is nothing to prevent your

asking it." "But I want an answer, direct and correct."

"If it does not interfere with the progress of the campaign." "I don't think it will do that."

"What is it?" "What is your name?" I laughed. It had never occurred to

me before to tell her. "It is true," I said, "that we have not had an introduction, though we are seeing a good deal of each other's society, but it is not too late. My name is

Philip Marcel." "Why, that sounds like French, and I

thought you were an American.'' "Both are true. I am an American, and the name Marcel used to be French. I am of French descent partly, and I may have British blood, too, though I shall not boast of it. There are many of us in South Carolina."

"But I thought you were northern. You said you had been serving in the northern army of the rebels'-

"The patriots." "Well, the patriots, then, under Mr.

"General Washington!"

"Well, General Washington." "Yes. I have been serving in the northern army of the patriots under General Washington, but he has sent me south with General Greene and the others, mostly southerners themselves. to redeem this part of the country from the British raiders. But I am a South

Carolinian. " She relapsed into silence again, and I imitated her example. I had enough of importance anyhow to think about without talking to a girl, an enemy,

but presently I recollected. "Pardon me," I said, "but you have forgotten something too."

"What is it?" "You have not told me your name." "That is true, and the introduction

cannot be complete until I do." "Certainly not. "My name is Howard."

"Howard! What Howard?" "Julia Howard. My father is John Sinclair Howard, major in Tarletou's legion. I was born in Devonshire, England, and I am here with my father, having nobody else to look after me, until such time as these rebellious colonies are put down and restored in their allegiance to their lawful sovereign, George III, king of England, Scotland,

Wales and Ireland, God bless him!" I thought that God could find something better to do than to waste his time blessing King George, a fat German blockhead, but I kept the thought

to myself just then. "Then, mark my words, Miss Julia Howard of Devonshire, England," I said, "you have come here to stay."

"I don't believe it." "It is a prediction; it will come

true. " Her look was full of unbelief, and we relapsed into silence again. The shadows grew in the sky. The sun blazed like fire, and my old trouble about the future

came back. The horses ceased to pant and walked now with springy steps, their weariness gone. Old Put thrust his nose under my arm and whinnied gently. He was talking in the language that we two understood. I rubbed his soft nose.

"Yes, old fellow," I said to him, 'you have done your duty well, as you always do. We'll stop soon, and then

He whinnied again and rubbed his nose on my sleeve, for he understood. "He looks like a good horse," said the girl.

"Never better," I replied and with emphasis. "I like a good horse," she said. "So do I. That's the reason I'm so

fond of Old Put."

"I wonder if he would be as friendly with me?" "I don't know. He usually likes old riends best, but still Old Put is a horse

of fine taste." Her evident admiration of Old Put appealed to me, and I thought I would give her the little compliment. Women like such things, and again I felt as if

She put her hand upon his nose and

He assisted in the rubbles and gre ing his most gently to and from the whitehed once actily as be did when he was talking so me. He seemed to have

forgotten the blow she had given and "See," she said triumphantly "He his master and his fraction has found a new friend, a good friend.

I bestes him and stripes and waits on his wife.

I was surprised, greatly surprised. Heretofore Old Put had always proved himself to be an excellent judge of character, and now he was putting his trust in this English girl, who had look to ridiculous sitting shown herself to be unworthy of any bed been thed and waiting to trust whatever. Poor Old Put! Another masculine dupel He was growing old; he was falling into his dotage. I felt a tonishment, do you aspect use to certain sadness at these signs of montal decay in my faithful horse. But they you the way so escape! closely against her arm, and meanwhile me again."

The sun was sliking and the shadows

Were descent and the shadows were deepening and lengthening.

"I do not think it is necessary for us to walk any more," I said. "The horses are now thoroughly rested from their race and are willing to do their part. which is to carry us."

She looked at her ugly brown back

in some dismay. "He's such a rough traveler I believe I'd rather walk," she said.

He certainly had a most irregular, jumping kind of gait, which would make him an unpleasant mount for anybody, but there seemed to be no recourse. Horses were not running loose around us for me to catch.

"But we can't help it." I said. "We can ride slowly, in a walk. If he mis-

She walked steadily on. "Now, if he were like this one," she said, stroking Old Put's nose, "I would be glad to ride again. \*\*

Suppose I change the saddles, then, I said, "and let you ride Old Put?" It was a great concession for me to with wrath. I was glad that make, but her appreciation of my horse

had tomched me for the moment. "Do you think he would let me!" she said, looking at Old Put doubtfully

and timidly. Now I was indignant, It was a slur upon the character of Old Put, one of the gentlest and best bred of horses, to lon, and his big eye winked in suphatic. with a lady on his back.

"No man except myself has ridden "Look well as this him in years," I said "Perhaps no said, "Do you note her?" woman has ever ridden him at all, but that is no reason why one should not ride him now."

"But I am afraid," she protested again in timid fashion. All her courage seemed to have gone. Again I may you have only to be storn with a woman to

keep her at your feet. "Wo'll stop talking about this and do it need them, but meanwhile we'll at once."

drew the girth tight. Then I mid: "Now, if you would know what a

real saddle horse is, Miss Howard, just a fixed and angry set. jump up there."

"Will you help me?" .. Another proof of her subdued condition I held out my hand in most rallant fashion. She leaned on it for a moment

to give herself a support and aprang into the saddle. Then, giving Old Put a out with the switch which she had picked up, she galloped away. "Goodby, Mr. Marcell" she shouted.

"I ride the better horse now," She turned Old Puts nose to the southwest, and away she went at the very best speed of which my good home was capable, and that was much. Her yellow hair flew in the wind, as before, like the streamers of a defiant battlethe red cap she were was set rakishly play too many tricks. flag, and either with or without intent and samoily on one side of her head:

CHAPTER III. THE MERIT OF A GOOD MORES.

I passed, not to awear this time, but for a momentary reflection coathe vanity of man and the deceltiplness of woman in taking advantage of it, and then I sprang upon the back of that old brown hack—confound him for an army mule few who have bad women without the ears and gave obsect I like mine, and consecuted no switch or whip, but I roweled him and kicked him in the sides until I frightened him into a greater speed than lorge, but in this case I he or any one clee believed to dwell within his long frame. He gave wild snort, and we plunged after the fleet girl, rocking and swaying likes bost in "I shall not hurt you. I make a stormy sea, but even with such exer keep you out of further allow a stormy sea, but even with such exer-tion he could not compare with Old Put. Despite the anxiety of the mornent, I noted his inferiority with some pride, but then I remembered how much depended upon the success of the pursuit. and I continued to urge on my own

mount Strive and strain as we could and ride and thump as I would with all my arms and legs, we lost ground rapidly. The girl turned her head once to look at me, and I thought I may a look of triumph on her face, but I suppose it was my imagination which was industriously tormenting me just then I groaned at the certainty of her escape, and then hope seized me, for I remembered suddenly that I, too, had a trick to play. Old Put and I possessed a common language in which we often talked. with perfect understanding. I put two fingers to my lips and blew between them a long, shrill whistle, which cut the air and traveled like the scream of a fife. It was a request, a command a remedy naturally, even, to him to stop and wall for me He twisted his long neck in the insuner of one listening, looking back at me to see what I meant, but he went on though with slightly diminished speed. his manner indicating that he was uncertain what I had said.

The girl was belaboring him with the switch, for she must have noticed nis decreasing gait. I whistled same and as Old Put's pace sunk to a crot she best him fleroely with the switch A third whistle, and Old Pas, new in

parl pounded are with rather stick then I would not have

come up!" "Miss Howard," said L in 'I do not expect anything fre

All right; that guiled me. I wish to talk to ber. She med only to inveigle me into some tions mood. But it was processary to to tell her to dismount is perfectly might change meddles again, at Ed not intend to give her another such a portunity. I did not offer to amine he naving had enough of that, but man beside the brown hack wasching as with a look that was now strictly will

"Why don't you help me down!" mid angrily. "LLAYS YOU DO DONE for a lady?

"You have declined such amin from a rebel before, 'I said in reply her unexpected question. "And I decline again. You no

behaves, use that switch you have proked offer it," she said abruptly, springing up." offering it As soon as she was off his bac Put showed the greatest distress a and aversion. He shied as far as

from her as my hold on his bridle w

come back to his senses, and he little? I should have known her shoroughly from the first and always.
"We don't intend to be decoive her again, do-we, old comrade?"

to him. insinuate that he would behave bedly ly. Her eyes flashed alietic but the

> "Look well at this lady. Pak He nodded. "She's Buglish we're and therefore she's an enemy and mot

be trusted. Watch her wall." He modded violently.

"Now, Miss Howard," I said se ly. "I've changed those saddle "Nonsense!" I said, a little roughly, they are ready for our use wh I halted the horses and changed the again, as we've fired car horses one the second time, and all your sault and all your sault and like an addless, while she looked doubtfully on.

She said mothing, but walked

eight or ten feet from me. ceased to ory and had given he

I was troubled greatly wasted so much time over i efforts to escape that the pro night's shelper had grown short oult and pressing, and I inte my attention abould not be dis-from it again. Therefore I would precautions. I draw from may be long silk bandkerchief, a tropper off Monmouth compaign, which I h served with great care.

"Hold out your hands." I said "What would you do?" whe turning upon ma a look of fire. But I was firm. My expects been too great.

"Hold out your bands" I "I intend to bind them top You are not a gentless "You have sold me that there

times already. It would be repetition. "I will not submit to se Then I will have to me fi will make it much more un

I hated to do what I had a few who are in a position to the I preter greatly to deal with and so I strengthened my will cooded

"Hold out your wrists." I abail never forgive you I could afford to laugh

ile true that postoly will

until I sak for for givener

To se outsting

MINGE