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

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She looked at me, her eyes full of rebellion. I thought she was going to raise her Land to strike me, but women are so changeable and uncertain. Instead she held out her hands meekly.

I bound her wrists together and noticed that they were white and well molded. The handkerchief was soft and could not pain her at all, and, besides, ber hands were bound in front of her and not behind her. She need feel no inconvenience, but she must realize that her opportunities for mischief were diminished vastly. Old Put looked at her with an air of triumph, as much as to say, "Now, miss, you are being punished, and punished deservedly, for beating me so much." That seemed to be her own understanding of herself.

We resumed our march, the horses walking behind us. The rim of the som was now meeting the rim of the and the western skies were tinged . ruddy fire. In the east the misty grav of twilight was descending on field and forest, and the chill of night was creep ing over everything Even in our South Carolina latitudes the nights are cold in midwinter, and I shivered as a twilight wind, with a raw edge to it, swept over the plain.

There was a heavy cloak hanging at her saddle horn, for she had not ventured upon her journey unprepared. I took it off and threw it over her shouldera. It fell telow her waist like a great coat, and I buttoned it securely around her neck.

"You are a barbarian," she said. "I know it," I replied, "but I do not intend to let you suffer more than is necessary for your own good. That is the kind of barbarians we are in this country.

The country was lone and desolate, for we were on the sterile slopes of the hills. It was thinly peopled at the best of times, but now, raided incessantly by Tarleton's legion, which knew no mercy to anything, whether animate or inanimate, and plundered, too, by wild bands which claimed to belong to either army, as the occasion served, and perhaps belonged to neither, the people had fied to securer regions, where one side or the other was master. Only those who have seen it know the sufferings of a country. harried by opposing armies and predatory bands. I had hoped to find some friendly farmer bolder than the rest with whom my prisoner and I could find shelter, or if not that, at least some abandoned house which would give us a roof, but I saw no sign of a human face except our own, and no roof appeared either in the fields or among the trees. It was a solitude bleak and cold.

plain as day, "You have done welt. Even the stunid brown hack understood and imitated Old Put's example. Higher rose the fire and drove back

the shadows, but the darkness was now rolling up to the circle of light, and beyond the sparkle of the flames began to rise like a wall. The sun was gone, and a faint, fading pink tint in the west marked the way his flight had taken him. Over all the world the twi-

light drooped, and the winter wind mourned the dead day. "Are there ghosts in the forest?" sud

denly asked the girl. "None that I ever heard of," I said.

"It is so unlike England." "How?"

"So much wilder."

I had heard of their forests there, or rather what they call forests-some acres of trees, with the undergrowth cut away and the lawns shaven, every rod patrolled by keepers or workmen, a mere plaything of a forest-but here in America are the real forests, just as nature made them, the desolate wilderness through which the wild animals howl, while the lone wind plays its song on the branches or leaves of the trees. This is the real forest, a place in which man becomes about as big as a cork on the sea Never the lone lunter. though 50 years his home, fails to feel its immensity and desolation. The girl drew the edges of her cloak a little more tightly and moved as close to the fire as the end of the log would allow

"If you will permit me, 'I said, "I will give you a better seat by the fire than that.

She rose without a word, and I rolled the log well within the warmth of the blaze. She resumed her seat, and the firelight flickered and played over her face, tinting her cheeks with deep red and spangling her bronze gold hair with patches of scarlet and crimson. The little red cap had been pulled securely down on her head, and, sitting there in the alternate light and dark-

ness, her figure lithe and strong, she cooked like some Saxon wood nymph.

and from the saddlebags I carried across my saddle bow I took a cold chicken, a piece of cold boiled ham and some hard rather an honest American citizen, membered the stout little flask in my into the dreamy coals. breast pocket, and the repast was com-

plete, all but the serving. Her eyes sparkled at the sight of the good things. Wood symphs, Saxon or other, must eat.

"Let me carve the chicken," she said. "You have neither a table, plates nor knife," I said.

you could lend me a knife."

"How could I lend you a knife, a

sigh of the cold wind above the crackling of the fire, I did not think that she would dare to attempt it. I know no woman who would venture alone on a winter night into that uncanny wilderaess, and, knowing it, I felt easy.

> CHAPTER IV. SUPPER AND SONG.

The horses looked jealously at our supper. I was corry for them, especially for Old Put, whose great, intelligent eyes said in the purest English, "I, too, am hungry, master." But I could de nothing. I had no provender for horses, and so I told him to wait as best he could until morning and I would find something for him if I had to rob a pa triot farmer to do it. He bowed his head in resignation like the wise horse hu was, while the brown hack, not so well bred, tugged at his bridle rein and thrashed about until I threatened him

with a big stick. After the chicken the girl served the cold ham and drank from the canteen again. I did likewise Moreover, I urged her to wet her lips at the flask a second time as a further precaution against cold. which she did literally and no incre. was liberal rather than literal, for I was a soldier and knew its value. I took my blanket from my saddle bow and urged her to wrap it around herself, but she said "No;" that her heavy cloak was sufficient, and she would not deprive me even if I was a misguided rebel. I saw that she spoke truly, as her cloak was of the most ample character, and so, having no further compunction, I wrap-

ped the blanket around me, Indian style, and, sitting down on the dry leaves in front of the fire, leaned my head against the log. She sat on the log at the other and, leaning her head against a dead bough which was thrust straight up in air. I had put the remains of the

provisions back in my saddlebags.

Triumphant, warm, well fed, my cheerfulness, my satisfaction with myself, increased. I stared into the bed of red coals and saw figures, pictures, there. Near the center of the bed the But I did not cease my good deeds. I coals had fallen into such shape that I call myself a forethoughtful trooper, could trace distinctly the epaulets of a general, and I knew that those epaulets were for me. The coals crumbled into new shapes and built the house which biscuits, a dinner fit for a prince, or was to be mine when the war was viotoriously over and I was ready to retire which was better, in these hard times to it with my honors. She, too, seemed of war. To this royal collection I added to be engaged in the same business, for a canteen well filled with water, re- she was staring with half closed eyes

> "Why are you a rebel?" she asked. 'Is it from pure perversences, for they say all you Americans are so?"

"They say many things about us in England that are not true," I said, "and this is one of them. The English themselves have often been robels, and their present royal family, one of the bers like a child soothed to sleep by the "This log will serve as a table, some worst they have ever had, and they song of his mother. I was as tired as a of those clean dry leaves as plates, and have had the Stuarts, was placed on the dog. I had ridden long and far and had throne by a just rebellion."

But I searched the wood again and finding nothing returned to my old and pression which had pleased comfortable place. Old Put was restless gone. Instead the look that she turned and shuffled about; but, sugry at his upon me was a mixture of disting idle alarms, I commanded him roughly | malice and trivingh. to keep quiet, and he obeyed.

The girl was humming softly to herself as if she were thinking of her farsee who had captured me. away English home. I supposed she was lonely and homesick, and again some pity for her crept into my heart. "Are you singing of your sweet-

heart?" I asked, meaning to cheer her

"I have none," she replied. "Not now perhaps, but you will have some day."

"That is a different matter." "What kind of a sweetheart would you ohoose?"

"A soldier, a gallant English soldier, one loyal to his king through all." She continued to hum her little song, whatever it was. Something stirred in the wood, and Old Put, despite my previous command, whinnied and stamped his feet.

"Confound that beast, whatever i may be!" I said. "It must be a wildcat attracted by the light of our fire."

"Let the wildcat go," she said. Listen and I will sing you a song that will tell you what my future betrothed and husband shall be. It's an old Scotch song of devotion and loyalty, but we English sing it, too, and like it as well is the Scotch. 'Dumbarton's Drums' we fall it.'

"Sing," I said.
Then she sang:
"Dumbarton's drums beat bonnie O,
When they mind me of my dear Johnnie Q1
How happy am 1
When my soldier is by,
While he kisses and blesses his Annie Ol
"Tis a soldier alone can delight me O,
For his graceful looks do invite me O,
While guarded in his arms
I'll feer no war's slarins,
Neither danger sor death shall e'er frigkt
"My love is a handsome laddie O,
Genteel, but ne'er Loppish nor gaudy Ol
Though commissions are dear,
Yet I'll buy him one this year,
For he'll serve no longer a cadie Ol
A soldier has honor and bravery O,
Unaccontrated with regues and their knew- ery Ol
He minds no other thing
But the ladies or the king,
For every other care is but alayery O!
"Then I'll be the captain's lady Ol

Farewell, all my friends and my daddy Of I'll wait no more at home, But I'll follow with the drum.

And whene'er that beats I'll be ready Of Dumbarton's drums sound bonnie Of They are sprightly like my dear Johnnie Of How happy shall I be When on my soldier's knee

And he kisses and blesses his Annie O! Her voice was deep and true, and the

best of all comrades !" I signaled back. old war ballad was music in my cars. As the melody rose and fell in the longly night my eyes drooped again and my intention of spending the night there, brain became dim with advancing slumand he posted one sentinel, while the others sat around the fire, making themaselves comfortable. The girl occupied worked much, and every nerve and her old seat on the tree trunk, leaning

"You must know," she replied, "that muscle in me cried aloud for rest, but I, against the projecting bough. Do you know where my

an and a second s He may be a good included After meeting such a glapos it was relief to me to look another way and Macwidters de la invalation

CHAPTER V.

A CHANGE OF FRONT.

"Truss him up good, " mid one

I gave careful notice to the man whe

uniforms and rather wild of look.

cause of the noise. I was a fool to let

"That was a complete job, Miss How-

ard, "said the leader, "well done by ev-

erybody, and your part is the best done

"You have rescued me from the

hands of a rebel, Captain Crowder," she

replied, "and I am back with my owr

I thought it was time for me to say

"It is true you have trapped me be-

tween you, Captain Crowder, for so I

hear the lady call you," I maid, "but I wouldn't exult, because the next chance

might be mine, and it would hart your

"I don't know about any next chance

for you," he said, "because here in the

I did not reply to his throat, thinking

that I had said enough, and turned my

head away. My glance fell now upon

Old Put. His eyes were fall of reproach

to me. The I told you so expression was

there, and the I am sorry for you and

myself expression was mingled with it.

'I will never loss faith in you again,

feelings for me to pay you back."

south we generally hang rebels."

people, for both of which I thank you."

my distrust of her decrease for a mo

ment.

of all.

omething.

"These rebels are not to be trusted over

when they are tied.**

Treasman and professed a TORS and was sto strong of away by the wind.

"LOUGAL EDens," I rependent gratulate you on your company. They drank deeply and replace bottles in their protocal violate sure they were not destined at long. The red field from the girt but she said nothing, and giving spoke, evidently the leader of the party: He was of middle size, middle age and truculent features. His most noticeable characteristic was his drooping cyclids, which would induce the casual observer to think he was fast asleep, though in same outlocs look of mingles strang reality he was wide awake. He was dressed in the uniform of a captain in on the log. There she mak at attaight into the firs, as if she the British army. I set him down as a partisan chief on a small scale. He had wholly oblivious of me and the five comrades, cast in the same mold as mon around her. himself, all dressed in British soldiers'

The partisans, were in gree They imughed and cracked rough They bound me securely and set me and presently, as I had appected with with my back to the log and my face to out the bottles again and took a the fire, much in the position that I had deep draft, once, twice, thrins. The faces flushed from the effect of the strong spirits, and the londown and roughness of their talk increase Orowder, the leader, was the londown occupied while the girl was singing. Genfound her for lulling away my cantion and suspicions in such a manner! 1 had no doubt now that she had seen the red uniforms of the British when first I and roughest of them all. went into the wood to search for the

"That was a fine song you sales! that follow there when you at ard," he said presently, "and we il music, too, don't we boys"!

"Yes, yes!" they reared all tomsher "And won't you kindly sing the song or another as good for as him

Howard?" he continued. She made no answer, staring str at the red embers, her obesks pale

"I say, Miss Howard, don's yes hear!" exclaimed Growder roughly. "Yes, I bear, " she replied, " but Th

sorry I can't oblige you. I can't a ANY MORE

"If you can sing for that dthere," continued Growder, "I show think you could sing for as, who a good and loyal English like yourself. She was silent again.

"Didn's we recue you?" he tinned. "Aren't we your maviors? Den" you owe us gratitude?"

Still managered, he swore and said to his comrades: "Here's gratitude for you, lads. We

if she won't sing for us, we can sing her. How do you like this, my lody It'r colled i Ul Owner the Main he gy, and it goes very well wish the m that you mang. **

Captain Crowder, having selsed me; Then he ming the old song w also seized my camp, evidently with the like the girl's, was Scotolar

"And I'll owre she main to Meeter-Her wit and sweetness call me There to my fair I'll show my and Whatever may befall me. If she loves mirth, I'll learn to m Or, likes the Nine to follow,

Pill by my inge in Pindme's AT the admirs a martial mine I'll aboath my limbe in are the the softer dance inclus With guyont airs I'll charm in If the live grandear day and a I'll plot my nation's glory, ind favor in my priase's sight. And shine in future story:

and the dechning sun, now half way behind the earth, warned me that it would soon be time to stop, for the darkness would be upon us, and in a land of hills, gullies and no roads we could not travel well without light.

Despairing of such shelter as I had expected. I turned our course toward a thick grove of trees rising like a great castle on the left. When we entered it, the shadows already made darkness there, and the night wind moaned among the day branches of the trees. I saw the girl shiver, and again I felt pity for her in spite of all that she tried to do, though I lost none of my distrust and caution

Almost in the center of the grove was a small open space, sheltered from the rush of cold air by the great trees which grow so thickly around it. It seemed to me to be the like liest spot we could find for a camp. I hitched the horses to boughs of the trees and took from my pocket a small flask of that cheer which a good soldier seldom neglects. I drew the stopper and handed it to the girl.

"Take a little of this," I said. "You must if you do not expect to catch your death of cold." "I would if I could," she said, "but

I cannot while my hands are tied." "I had forgotten the handkerchief."

I replied, "but I don't think we'll need it any longer. You have been warned sufficiently."

I unbound her wrists and replaced the handkerchief in my pocket.

"But don't forget," I said, "that this handkerchief is an evidence that I have put my mark upon you and that you belong to me-that is, you are my prisoner until such time as I choose to give you up.'

Her face flushed.

"I will not endure such talk," she said, "from a rebel who within six months may be hanged by his outraged king for treason."

'You can't escape it," I said, "and the king can't hang me before he catches me. It's a long way from London to South Carolina, and I hear the king is fat and lazy and suffers from seasickness."

But she drank the whisky, just a little of it, though enough to put more sparkle in her eye, and handed the flask to me without a word of thanks. Then she sat down on a fallen tree and looked idly in front of her as if she had no interest whatever in anything.

I gathered up armfuls of the dry brushwood and tossed them into a heap. to which I set fire with the flint and steel I always carried. The fire blazed up rapidly and snapped as it bit through the wood. Its merry crackling drowned the desolate moan of the wind, and the long red ribbons of flame and the fast forming bed of live coals threw out a kindly heat that fended off the chill of the night. Even the girl, angry and humiliated as she seemed to be, felt the influence of the light and warmth and edged along the log until she was much closer and, the fire could shine directly upon her face. Old Put was frank in his appreciation, coming to the full length of his tether and wagging his head in a manner which said to me as

weapon, after all the tricks you have in England the character of the sovthis, do you"'

I took the little toy pistol with better the court likes him." which she had tried to shoot me out of | We relapsed into silence and our my pocket and held it up before her, study of the red coals. Old Pat whinfor their peace of mind.

"Give me the knife," she said, "and don't waste time. I'm hungry." I distrusted her as much as ever, even nothing. He has a character to lose." more, but I opened the blade of my ! clasp kuife and handed it to her.

"A very good knife," she said, "but Englishman Ah, here it is-the name where she was under pain of being of an English maker on the blade!"

"It was not stolen!" I exclaimed inat the battle of Monmouth, where he fell into my hands."

to carve the chicken.

roasted, and she showed that she knew turned to the log, ready to scold Old how to carve, for she deftly clipped off a Put for giving a false alarm, but releg, which she held up before me.

said, "and it's a fine chicken, but I've of food. no doubt it was stolen from a loyal subject of King George.'

"It's not true!" I exclaimed in some wrath. '' He was a Tory farmer, I admit, but I did not steal the chicken. I took wildcat or maybe a harmless little it before his eyes, and he never said a squirrel."

word. "Afraid, I suppose, but it doesn't mals?" make any difference to you. It will taste just as good to a rebel. Here, take near me. your piece on this big, clean leaf and

off a portion for herself, too, and ate half handed way, and I was surprised. with a good appetite. Then I handed her the canteen of water and told her to take a drink.

"Don't be afraid," I said. "I took that water out of a clear brook in the wilderness, and the land through which yet make you a loyal follower of King it flowed belonged to God, not to any George and save you from the hang-Englishman or Tory."

"But how about the canteen?" she asked. "Did you steal that from any English soldier or take it by violence, which is worse?"

I showed her the name of the maker, a Boston man, upon it. "A vile rebel town, the worst of them

all, '' she said. But she took a good drink out of it,

and when she handed it back to me I forts of my will, my eyelids drooped. imitated her example. Then, while the The castles in the coals became more fire crackled and blazed higher and the indistinct and wavered as if they were circle of light widened and the darkness, made of red mist. beyond it thickened, we ate and drank, Old Put whinnied again and raised and I grew cheerful. I had defeated all his head high in the air like one who her attempts, and tomorrow I would listens. I was wide awake in an instant find Morgan and give her into other and on my feet again. hands and be rid of all my troubles, yet "Put." I said. "if I find that you I was compelled to admit once again have given a false alarm a second time that she was very beautiful with the you shall have nothing to eat in the firelight flickering and playing over her morning." face and hair, but all the world knows. as I have said, that the handsome wom- the girl. "It's only a squirrel or a raben are the most dangerous, the most bit. Any horse would notice the passing cunning, and I was on my guard against of such an animal. Their senses are any new attempt of hers to escape. keener than ours." Still, when I looked around at the blackness of the night and heard the mel

trued to play upon me? You don't forget 'ereign is nothing. It is the sovereign last note of her song died in the darkprinciple. The worse the sovereign the asses

but she laughed. Women don't seem to nied gently, rused his head and looked no other thing but the ladies or the have any conscience, or at least they beyond the fire, as if he saw something king. The ladies are all right, but no forget their crimes, which is convenient in the darkness impenetrable to all but king! Leave the king out !" horse eyes.

> "I'd better see to that," I said. "Old Put is not going to give a warning for plaud the song, for it was well sung, "A wildcat may be," she suggested. "Perhaps, but I'll see."

I rose, still keeping my blanket wraphave no doubt it was stolen from an ped around me, and ordered her to stay, thing to me how wholesome minded bound again. She promised, and I be- i whom they kicked out of their country. lieved that she would not stir from her i with so much romance and charm when dignantly "I took it from him fairly; position on the log. The darkness and all history shows they were an utterly the desolution were not inviting.

I walked out into the black bank of | than the English themselves." "That. I suppose, is a good enough the night, but could neither see nor find title for a rebel," she said and began | anything. I made a complete circuit | and all, are perfectly correct, and I'll

around the casis of light from the fire. It was a fine, fat chicken, beautifully | and all was peaceful and quiet. I refrained, reflecting that he might be "That looks fat and good to eat," she nervous and irritable owing to his lack

> "What did you find?" asked the girl, looking at me with bright eyes.

"Nothing."

"I thought you wouldn't. It was a

'Aren't you afraid of the wild ani-

"Not with such a brave rebel as you

I opened my eyes a little wider and looked at her. It was the first time that I took the piece and ate. She carved she had complimented me even in that had gone from this dark night and the "I thought you did not allow me the possession of any desirable quality whatsoever, " I said.

"You are improving," she replied. 'Perhaps it is due to my society. I may man.

I had my doubts about the "loyalty," which is a term devised for the protection of sovereigns in their crimes, but I said nothing just then. She, too, said nothing more. The heap of coals grew and glowed in the depths with deep crimsons and scarlets, throwing out a generous heat and wooing me to sleep. Despite my sense of caution and the ef-

"I wouldn't bother about it." said She was growing very considerate of

roused myself as she finished and the

"That is a proper military song," I said, "and nobly sung, but I object to the sentiments of your hero. He minds

Old Put was stamping his feet again. though you and I, who are good Americans, don't altogether like the sentiments. That, I take it, is an old song of loyalty to the Stuarts. It is a singular English people can invest the Stuarts. debased lot, and nobody knows it better

"The sentiments of the song, king sing that verse to you again." She looked at me with a look half of defiance, half a smile, and sang:

"My love is a handsome laddie O, Genteel, but ne'er foppish nor gaudy Oi

Though commissions are dear, Yet I'll buy him one this year, For he'll serve no longer a cadie Ol A soldier has honor and bravery O, Unacquainted with rogues and their knav-

ery Ol He minds no other thing

But the ladios or the king, For every other care is but a slavery O!"

She sang it still more softly and gently than before, and, though my eyelids drooped again, I turned my eyes from the bed of coals to her face. The firelight played raddily over her eyes and cheeks, and the expression there seemed tender and faraway, as if her thoughts war torn fields of South Carolina to the green English meadows and peaceful sunshine.

When she finished. I raised my hands and clapped them together.

"Well done !" I said. "Well done!" "Done well enough for us," said some one, and strong hands reached over the log and grasped me by the wrists. My languor and my sleepiness were gone in an instant, and I made a powerful effort to wrench myself loose. but I had been taken too suddenly. Three or four men flung themiselves upon me, and I was crushed under a great weight, while the firm grip was still on my wrists. I managed to deal somebody a heavy kick and heard a grunt of pain, but in a few seconds I was overpowered and, like a wise man, ceased to struggle further.

Singularly enough, one of my early thoughts in that moment was of relief. that Old Put should prove not to be a false prophet, having enjoyed such a good character in that respect so long. I had been a fool not to take his warning more seriously. Then I wondered why the girl did not cry out at the sight of struggling men, and the sound of oaths and blows, a violent medley usually very terrifying to women. I caught one glimpse of her, and she was sitting on the log, her back against the up thrust she were in a rocking chair in a parlor. The firelight still played over her face

Captain Crowder?" she asked: "With Tarleton," he replied.

"And where is Tarleton?"? "Hot on the chase of the rebel major and his men."

"Oan we overtake: Tarleton by noon tomorrow?"

"Undoubtedly, for he has to go rather slowly, not knowing just where Morgan "That's right, Put," I said. "Ap- is. He doen't want to run past the game. Morgan "shard to catch, but when Tarleton once comes up with him there'll be an end to one rebel army." I listened to this conversation with the closest attention and continued to listen while he described Tarleton's movements, force and equipment. If I could escape him and the haugman's rope with which he had threatened me, this information would be of great value to us. I was glad that, for the sake of precantion, I had torn up the girl's letters and other written facts about us when I captured her. for now she could rely only upon speech. I waited for her to tell Orowder about us, but she said nothing upon that point, and I reflected that her refleence was natural. as she would want to give her information herself to Tarleton. and thus secure all the credit instead of letting the guerrills, Crowder, claim at least half of it.

Two of the men disappeared in the wood and returned in a few moments leading the horses of the band, which dar had not only a vocal bat they tethered to the trees near by guessed that they had seen the light of our fire at a distance and leaving their at a scalp dance, while the ma horses there had crept upon me."

"You will excuse us, Miss Howard while we eat and drink a little," mid Orowder. "We've ridden far today and we're tired and hungry."

Their appearance was sufficient indication that they needed food and rest, for the grime of travel was thick upon them. They rummaged their haversacks her cheeks were growing and saddlebags and produced bread and paler, and ane scened to be meat, which they began to cat greedily. | main I tugged at my bunds, but meat, which they began to can be more them. They were absorbed like wild animals not move them. The song stopped for a anything else. . .

The girl rose and walked over to me. Reaching down, she seized the end of my silk handkerchief, which was pro- he cried, "but here an jecting from my pocket, and jerked it forth.' She threw it into the fire and watched it burn, the red heat gripping the delicate silk and converting it in a sprang up moment to ashes. Then she turned upon me a face of flame.

"You dared to bind me," she said-'you a rebel and I an English woman, the daughter of a loyal English officer! You dared to insult me sol

"And I presume that is the reason you burn the handkerchief with which I bound you, " I said Ves **

"Now that you have begun the jo of burning I suppose you would like to burn me, too, as I am the man who hed the handkershief, and I did to because you deserved if." She was silent, but her cheers wer

as red as ever "I congratulate you upon your resou bough, leaning upon it as lazily is if Your resources, your company," I said she were in a rooking chair in a parlor. "They are lowal British soldiers." The woor the British in

"Beauty one work wonders wh Where with is corresponding. And braver near know best in y With completence abounding. My bounde Maggy love out term Me to what about any pleases if in her breast that dame shall Which in my bosom blands,

His voice was not unmusical, a had some ides of rhythm and m His comrades, joined him, and roared out a chorus which me penetrated to the farthest edge. wood. "I'll not only ting for y Howard," said Orowder, " bas I' for you boo."

It was plain mounts that was drunk and was relapsing. natural condition of myage that he would fall the the did not. His drunken head aw side to side, but he hopt a beat of the song. One of the men drew his tle and beat upon its and mile blade. It minde the

that sounded like music, as seeing his moves, imitated his mental chorus as well. His. pressed, and be danced like out the song and best their both enthusiasm. "Again I congratulate you company, your glorious to oners, Miss Roward, "I

1.00 I know the heard me.] not reply. Her lips were set fi On white a loss strings are a amusement, spled me A poor song buys say hang the principle and see and The others, as drunk as shouted their approval

"You shall not do that And why not mint der. "He is our prisoner. Bernuse Livellinder Deer

Ther town is with - dalf szere da de finis Venti vert for Ostherin birts Reserves and the second A CONTRACTOR OF wart you wall !!

