

# BRIDE OF BATTLE

A Romance of the American Army  
Fighting on the Battlefields of France

By VICTOR ROUSSEAU

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## KELLERMAN STRIKES WALLACE WHO SURPRISES HIM WHILE IN QUARREL WITH MRS. KENSON.

Synopsis—Lieut. Mark Wallace, U. S. A., is wounded at the battle of Santiago. While wandering alone in the jungle he comes across a dead man in a hut outside of which a little girl is playing. When he is rescued he takes the girl to the hospital and announces his intention of adopting her. His commanding officer, Major Jowett, tells him that the dead man was Hamilton, a traitor who sold department secrets to an international gang in Washington and was detected by himself and Kellerman, an officer in the same office. Howard pleads to be allowed to send the child home to his wife and they agree that she shall never know her father's shame. Several years later Wallace visits Eleanore at a young ladies' boarding school. She gives him a pleasant shock by declaring that when she is eighteen she intends to marry him. More years pass and Wallace remains in the West. At the outbreak of the European war Colonel Howard calls Wallace to a staff post in Washington. He finds Eleanore there, also Kellerman, in whom he discerns an antagonist. For years a strange man has haunted Eleanore's footsteps, and on his return finds important documents missing. His resignation is requested. Mrs. Kenson asks Wallace to become a spy for the international gang. He refuses and is clubbed as he is leaving the house. Kellerman rescues him.

### CHAPTER X—Continued.

Under the name of Weston, Mark had enlisted in the medical branch of the service. It was a lowly branch, despised by those who knew nothing of its activities. But the choice had been between that and nothing, for the first fighting contingents to be sent overseas embraced only the regulars, not those of the draft. Mark had enlisted rather than wait, especially since he knew that Colonel Howard, with Kellerman and his staff, were already in France.

And somewhere within a few square miles was the base of the American activities, the headquarters from which the mobilization in France was being directed.

"Hurry up to the surgical ward!" said the matron, as Mark reached her. "And you, too, Hartley," she added. The two men scrambled up the stairs. At the opposite end of the building, an old converted chateau, the convoy had halted. Orderlies were carrying out the stretchers with their living, mangled burdens. A group of the newly arrived doctors and nurses was coming up the stairs. They were all ready for their work. Mark no longer saw anything but the wounded man. Dripping with perspiration, he hurried from the ward to the pack store and back, innumerable times, struggling under great piles of towels and bedding.

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doctors from an Arizona town, whom he had died at the press.

"I think you are mistaken, sir," he answered quietly.

The surgeon searched his face, and, like a decent man, admitted his error.

"Another poor devil sent down," he thought, as he turned to his work.

There were three more operations following, and Mark sighed with relief as the last man was carried away. He took a scrubbing brush and bar of soap and knelt down to clean the floor, while his fellow attendant scoured the splashed table and carried away the towels.

Mark was conscious that the nurse still lingered, and he went on with his scrubbing. Somehow he did not want to meet her eyes.

She came toward him and stood near him, by the table. Something splashed down to the floor—then something else. Mark raised his head. They were tears and she followed them down the nursing sister's face. The girl was Eleanore.

She put out her hands blindly. "Oh, Captain Mark!" she whispered.

Mark felt himself beginning to shake; fate seemed to have played a wretched trick on him just then.

"Why, Captain Mark! Why—why did you do this?" asked Eleanore.

"Hey, Weston!" called his fellow orderly from the door of the sterilizing room; and then, seeing him with the sister, withdrew.

"You heard my name?" asked Mark. "I heard it, Captain Mark. Won't you tell me what it means, what it all means?"

"What it all means?" he repeated vaguely, wondering at the concern on her face.

"Why you disappeared as you did from Washington. I knew that you had applied for leave of absence, because you had overworked in the hot weather. But you—never came back. Her voice broke into a sob.

"The Colonel didn't think it strange. He would not have been so kind as to release you except that you must have gone back to your regiment. Did you and he quarrel, Captain Mark? It is unthinkable. I could learn nothing about you, but I might have known you were there. I had my motives. And you weren't on the army list any more. Won't you tell me, just because you have been so long away, Mark could hardly restrain his feeling.

"I'll tell you," said Mark, raising his eyes. "I was accused of treachery, of betraying secrets to enemies of my country."

Eleanore laughed in a little, mirthless voice. "You're still the same, Uncle Mark," she whispered. "Did you think I would believe that?"

"It was not true," cried Mark, nettled and desperate. "That it was found that I frequented gambling houses—"

"You are so fond of money, Uncle Mark!"

"I wanted money. You were rich, and I wanted your estate. I was to move in your circles, to win your favor, as others could."

She gasped and grew red; he saw that his arrow had gone home, and went on pitilessly.

"When I saw your reception you had meant for everyone."

"That's enough, Captain Wallace," she said, with an indrawn breath. "You insulted me the last time we met, you which the liquor was stored. The girl was a friend of his, perhaps because, more serious than the rest, he treated her with less badinage than was customary among the soldiers. As she moved out of the lighted room into the shadows outside the mercurial fell like a mask from her face.

"What is it, Annette?" asked Mark. "Ah, monsieur, it is tragic!" said the girl, pausing at the outdoor door.

"She is one of my countrywomen. The

my prospects among the rich young officers. I might think it was a sort of absurd, misplaced, grotesque chivalry, Captain Wallace."

"Wallace was choking. So she had known!"

But he had won his miserable game, as he realized from her next words:

"It was a foolish idea, Captain Wallace, and now I've given it up, and I know that men aren't so idealistic and chivalrous as I have imagined them."

"But," she bent forward—"I don't believe you are a traitor, Captain Mark!"

And over her head Mark saw the tall figure of Kellerman in the doorway.

The recognition was mutual and instantaneous. Kellerman's surprise was changing into a sneering challenge when Eleanore turned, saw the newcomer, and, with a superb effort of will, smiled at him.

"So I see you got here, Sister Howard," said Kellerman, with a forced laugh.

"Just in time," answered the girl. "Have you come to order us all up to the trenches?"

"Some of you, but not the ladies. No, I'm attending the General on his tour of inspection of the lines."

The talk grew indistinct as they drifted away. Mark, starting back in a stupor, saw Kellerman not toward him, and fancied that the girl made a gesture of pleading.

Neither had noticed him. He reflected savagely that already Eleanore was coming to take his status for granted, as the other sisters did.

### CHAPTER XI.

By evening the rush of work had died down, and the orderlies, save those on duty, were given the customary leave.

Leave meant Etaples, with its comfortable little inn, the chatty landlady and her pretty daughter.

Mark strove toward Etaples. He had an intense longing for the lights and comfort of the little inn. But he had not gone more than a hundred paces when Hartley halted him.

"Mark, stop! You're asked. 'Do you mind my going with you?'"

"Frankly, yes, Hartley," answered Mark. "You won't mind my saying so? I want to be alone after this."

"No, old man," said Hartley, drawing back. "Sorry if I bothered you."

But Mark swung round on him. "Hartley, answer me one question," he said. "What has Miss Howard over to do with you? Why have you been watching her for six or seven years?"

Hartley began to walk along the road at Mark's side. He made a curious game of the sound behind him, answered.

"It occurred to you, Mark, that the Kenson woman has been operating in Washington for a good time now?"

"I suppose so," Mark answered. "You know everything was prepared for years before the war began. The system had ramifications in every department of the government. You know Colonel Howard was in touch with it as far back as the Civil War."

"Good Lord, yes, but—"

"And a man is only a pawn in such a game. Good God, don't question me. I've been a lot of to him, but I'll swear that I never worked against him. The government—I learned little by little of the whole accursed nest of spies. I obeyed their orders because—"

"Well, I can't tell you now—but I worked against them too. I've done more good than good. I had my motives, selfish ones, despicable, perhaps; but I was never a traitor. Good God, Mark, haven't you seen how your faith in me has begun to make a man of me?"

Mark took Hartley's hand and gripped it as he best and the only possible answer. In their tacit understanding they went on toward the inn together.

Outside the inn they saw an auto, with a driver, churning in charge. Hartley gripped Mark's arm.

"Do you know whose that is?" he whispered. "Kellerman's!"

The landlady came to the door. "Bonsoir, messieurs," she said smiling. "You are talking wildly, Ada," mumbled Kellerman. "Are you going to ruin everything? Do you want to hang me? I gave my life for you. How many years have you played with me? Answer me! And now you fling me from you as if I were nothing, because of—"

"Oh, do you suppose I haven't heard of you? Miss Howard? I'll call her that! But take care! I can be dangerous when I am aroused, and I see now—I see clearly now, if never before!"

Mark's blood seemed to freeze as he listened. He had unconsciously drawn near Hartley.

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accent is of the south, or some outlandish part, but she is French—and she has come a long way to meet him, and he will not have anything to do with her. How did she get through the lines?"

"Who, Annette?"

"The lady with the American officer. Listen, monsieur! Listen, then!"

They were standing in front of the outhouse, which was set near an angle of the old-fashioned building between the parlor and the kitchen. They could hear the imploring voice of the woman, and the subdued answers of Kellerman.

Then, clutched against the dark angle of the building, Mark perceived Hartley. He was standing under the high sill of the window, in such a way that Mark thought he could hear through the chink between the sill and the lower edge of the blind. Eavesdropping as he evidently was, Mark felt that something justified his presence there.

Annette perceived him at the same moment. She started, and then shrugged her shoulders.

"Eh bien, monsieur, it is their affair," she said lightly, and went into the outhouse. She was too wise to interfere with her customers. Mark hardly noticed her departure. He was watching Hartley.

Suddenly the door opened and the woman came down the steps that led into the little vineyard behind the inn. She raised her heavy veil to dab a handkerchief at her eyes, and at that moment Mark recognized Mrs. Kenson.

He remained rooted to the ground in astonishment. But it was more than that; he felt suddenly trepanned, as if the woman's presence there was vitally connected with his own problem, for a scheme with which he could not grapple.

A minute later Kellerman appeared and stood upon the step above her, looking into her upturned face with his habitual sneer.

"Is it all over then?" asked Mrs. Kenson.

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# SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

(By REV. F. B. FITZWATER, D. D., Teacher of English Bible in the Moody Bible Institute of Chicago.)  
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## LESSON FOR DECEMBER 1

### THE STORY OF JOSEPH.

LESSON TEXT—Genesis 37:1-23. GOLDEN TEXT—Blessed are they that love to cover up all transgressions.—Proverbs 10:1. DEVOTIONAL READING—Psalms 4. ADDITIONAL MATERIAL—Genesis 37:1-23.

I. Joseph the Well-Beloved Son (37:1-4).

Joseph was Jacob's favorite son. This was due partly to the fact that he was the son of the wife of his first love and the son of his old age, but mainly because of the superior qualities which Joseph possessed. This favoritism expressed itself in a superior position and more respectable clothes. That Jacob should feel partial toward Joseph, perhaps, was unavoidable, but that he should manifest it was extremely unwise. Serious trouble will always result from partiality being shown toward children.

His brothers' intense hatred burst forth upon him. This feeling was intensified by his pure life and by his testimony among them because of their evil deeds. Joseph is a type of Christ. He was living in fellowship with his father at Hebron (37:14); Christ was with the Father before coming into the world (John 10:28); Joseph was the beloved son of Jacob (37:23); Christ was the beloved Son of God (Matthew 3:17); Joseph was hated by his brethren (Genesis 37:4); Christ was hated by his brethren (John 10:24); Joseph was envied by his brethren (Genesis 37:11); Christ was delivered up through envy (Mark 15:10).

II. Joseph's Dreams (37:5-11).

1. His brothers' sheaves bowing in obedience to his.

This was rightly interpreted by them to mean their humble obedience to him. This intensified their hatred.

2. The sun, moon and eleven stars rendering obedience to him.

This dream is wider in its application. The eleven stars are identical with the eleven sheaves. The sun and moon, as rightly interpreted by his father, represented his father and mother as rendering obedience to him.

III. Joseph Sent by His Father on a Mission of Mercy to His Brethren (37:12-17).

His brethren had gone to Shechem, about fifty miles distant from Hebron, where was abundance of pasture for their flocks. Jacob became anxious as to their welfare, and sent Joseph, a young man now seventeen years old, to find out their condition.

Uddered by his brothers' intense hatred of his brethren, he willingly responded, "Here I am." No doubt he realized that his mission was fraught with great dangers—the exposure to highway robbers, wild beasts, and the murderous hatred of his brethren. Notwithstanding this, he rendered willing obedience. Christ was sent by the Father on a mission of mercy to his brethren (1 John 4:14; John 1:11; Phil. 2:7, 8). Though he knew that the envious hatred of his brethren would result in his suffering and death on the cross, he went forth delighting to do his Father's will.

IV. Joseph's Reception by His Brethren (37:18-23).

1. Their murderous plot (37:18-22).

They said, "Behold this dreamer cometh, let us slay him." This was what Christ's brethren said about him (Matt. 21:38). They thought they would prevent these dreams coming true by slaying the dreamer. Being despised them from this act by proposing to cast him into a pit, intending afterward to rescue him and restore him to his father.

2. They strip him of his coat of many colors and cast him into the pit (37:23, 24). In spite of his earnest entreaty against this act they perpetrated this heartless cruelty (Genesis 42:21).

3. Their feeding (37:25).

Their heartless cruelty is manifest in that they could enjoy the festivities of a meal, perhaps, within the sight and hearing of Joseph's cries.

4. Sold him to the Ishmaelites (37:25-28).

Judah proposed that they sell him, as no gain could accrue from letting him die in the pit. One Judah, later, sold the Lord for money. Having done this infamous thing, Judah sought to cover it up by deceit and lying. They took his coat of many colors and dipped it in the blood of a kid and sent it to his father, allowing him to draw his own conclusions as to the matter. Jacob is now ready to believe that he had deceived his father by trickery and pious lying.

Others.

The late General Booth was asked upon one occasion to send a message to the various stations of the Salvation Army throughout the world, and to condense into one word. After some reflection he chose the word "others." There was a whole sermon in it—the call to sacrifice.

The Key to Knowledge.

"If any man do his will, he shall know of the doctrine whether it is of God." Obedience, then, is the key of knowledge.—Christina G. Rossetti.

Buy men are usually so happy that they have no time to realize it.



Sent Him Reeling Backward.

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# DANDRUFF MAKES HAIR FALL OUT

A small bottle of "Danderine" keeps hair thick, strong, beautiful.

Girls! Try this! Doubles beauty of your hair in a few moments.



Within ten minutes after an application of Danderine you can not find a single trace of dandruff or falling hair, and your scalp will not itch, but what will please you most will be after a week's use when you see new hair, one and downy at first—yet really new hair—growing all over the scalp.

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