

BRIDE of BATTLE

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

By VICTOR ROUSSEAU

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CHAPTER XVII.—Continued.

"Be silent, sir! Gentlemen," he commanded, addressing Mark and the Colonel. "You are interested in knowing what happened to this man Hampton. He could not rid himself of the belief that justice, though slow, is pretty sure. He had faith in God. Unfortunately he had less faith in himself. Am I wronging you, Hampton?" he enquired, addressing Hampton.

"No, sir," muttered the man on the stretcher, feebly.

"He wishes me to tell the whole story. He went to Cuba and flung in his lot with the rebels. He became disgusted with their means and aims. He obtained a pardon from General Weyler, and took up his residence in Santiago. The outbreak of the war surprised him there. He knew that Santiago would fall, and he had been warned that he would receive short shrift at the hands of our people.

"He longed for death, but he had two things that kept alive the desire for life. One was his child, the other the desire for vindication, which had become a monomania. He tried to escape into the jungle. He saw that it was hopeless.

"He was hiding in a little hut when he heard footsteps. An American soldier, who had strayed from his camp, was coming into the clearing. At that moment a stray bullet caught him in the head, killing him instantly. Hampton saw his chance. He took off the dead man's clothing and put it on. He dressed the body in his own. He knew that by this means he could pass through the lines in the guise of a wounded man, until he had a chance to get rid of his uniform in the hands of some Cuban, who would be only too well pleased to give him some rags in exchange for it. And, leaving his money and papers on the dead man, he knew that he left his identity behind. The bullet had destroyed the features.

"There was the child—but Hampton knew that he could take her no further. With the Americans she would receive food—such he had not—and shelter and protection. Afterward he would regain her. He lurked in the bushes until he saw Captain Wallace appear, watched him, trusted him, and went away.

"He learned of the child's adoption, and for years he haunted her home, her school, all places that were her residence, ever craving her, ever strained by the realization that all his name was cleared, he had no right to her. His idea of vindication had become, as I said, a monomania.

"Now, gentlemen, I have little time to spare, but I must carry this to the end. I said that he had less faith in himself than he had in God. Once, for three years, Hampton lost his child. She had gone to San Francisco. In his despair he went to Wash-



"You Are Under Arrest."

ington, he sought out Elida Morheim, who was still playing her trade and begged, as he had never begged any one, that she would vindicate his name.

There was a stillness as of utter death inside the little cave.

"She saw in him one of those useful spies such as her organization used to employ with inside knowledge of conditions. She used him, held out promises, broke them; in his despair he made himself a slave to her and—

and her confederate, forgetting manhood and what he had been. Time and again they broke faith with him. He had just realized that he had nothing to hope for from them when Captain Wallace appeared on the scene.

"Yes, he was a rotten dead spy," muttered the dying man, rolling his head wearily in the effort to see.

"No, sir, it is not!" thundered the General. "It is on the evidence of the woman Elida Morheim, alias Kelson, secured by Hampton under circumstances which—"

Kellerman uttered a low cry; he was trembling now, and all his bravado seemed to have oozed away.

"This woman, strangely enough, loved her confederate," stated his eyes full on Kellerman's now, while Kellerman blinked like a bat in daylight, and turned his head weakly from side to side, as if under the intolerable glare of a searchlight.

"God knows! He wanted him to marry her, to take her away from the old scenes that they might have a chance to redeem their wretched lives together. And he promised her that in many times—and the worst of women is as was in the hands of the man she loves.

"But he had become infatuated with another, with a girl as much above him as she was below him.

With a cry that seemed hardly human, Colonel Howard sprang toward Kellerman, his fingers twitching as if he sought to fasten them about his throat. Mark caught him and held him. The old man swayed to and fro, his outstretched arm extended toward Kellerman as if in imprecation.

Eleanor, at Hartley's side, did not even look toward them.

"This woman, Morheim—Kelson—whatever you call her, came to France, upon receipt of a message which had cut her to the heart, shown her the hopelessness of her dreams, and taught her that the one man in whom she had believed was worthless. Do to her justice, let us suppose that, even in her worst acts, she had been sustained by a sense of duty to her country.

She met her confederate in an inn at a village not far distant. Frantic at her appearance, he induced her to let him drive her back through the lines, and on the way renewed his lying promises. This time she doubted him.

"Two men had overheard their conversation. One was Captain Wallace, whom the pair had broken as they broke poor Hampton. The other was a traitor, Elida Morheim, who had seen her, and he devised a scheme to have him sent on a false and fatal errand. With that point I shall not deal. The other man was Hampton, who had enlisted into the army in the belief that he would obtain a clue that would unmask the traitor. He contrived to go back through the lines, found the woman, and—somehow—perhaps by God's wonderful mercy—told her story of confusion—which I have here, in full!"

He wheeled upon Kellerman. "Major Kellerman," he said in a deep voice that vibrated almost with pity, so charged with significance, "his meaning could be neither either Howard or Mark, 'you are under arrest. You will go toward your quarters, first removing your belt and arms.'"

Kellerman snatched weakly and stumbled out of the room. The General looked at Mark.

"The soldier," Mark replied, a free and full pardon for his valor in the field this day, he said. "He is also discharged himself from the service of the United States government."

Mark looked at the general in astonishment; this was the last thing that he desired.

The general approached and clasped him on the shoulder. "Captain Mark," he said, "you are written recognition from the United States army cannot be accepted, owing to the state of war. After the war it will receive consideration. In the meantime you will resume your duties as the headquarters staff."

Tears rushed to Mark's eyes. He tried to speak, he was conscious that the general and Howard were shaking him by the hand; and then a quick glance from Eleanor drew him to where she knelt by Hartley.

A single look showed him that the man was dying.

Mark knelt on one side of him, with his head bowed over the stretcher. The banders, who had fallen back, stood still as images behind. And behind them Mark had the dim consciousness in the background of his mind of Kellerman's broken face, his broken so many, and fumbling, always fumbling, now with his tunic, now with the belt that he was trying to detach with shaking fingers.

"Hartley!" he called, "Mark! holding the dying man's hand in his. 'That was you today—I missed you, but I believed in you. You saved me.' There was a fluttering pressure of Mark's hand. Then Hampton was speaking; he was asking for the Colonel.

"I am here, Hampton," said Colonel Howard in a choked voice, as he leaned over him.

"You believe in me now, sir?" muttered the dying man, rolling his head wearily in the effort to see.

"May God forgive me, Hampton! May God—your—God—forgive me. Tell me that—and tell her words—and I will be a rotten dead spy," muttered Kellerman, with the ghost of a smile. "It is on such evidence that you produce—"

"She forgives you, Howard," said Hampton, speaking now with such solemnity that his words seemed to issue from a inspired. "There's only one thing—I want, Howard, old man."

"Yes, my dear boy—yes, Hampton." "Put my name—back on the mess list," whispered Hampton, away that.

Through his tears Mark was conscious that the interminable fumbling outside the cave had ceased. As Hampton fell back there came the sudden crack of a revolver shot.

The general's form blocked the entrance as they raised their heads. Mark placed his hands across Eleanor's eyes and drew her away.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Perhaps it was because they had seen so many horrors during the past four-and-twenty hours that these seemed all to have fallen away that night at staff headquarters. There was a brief hour of rest after interminable labors, the lines had been held and the great assault repelled in confusion; for that hour every man seemed bent upon forgetting the incidents of war, and something like gaiety ruled in the messroom.

All the past seemed very far away to Captain Mark Wallace as he stood with Eleanor in the little cottage garden.

"When the auto comes to take you back to the hospital I shall feel that my new life has lost the best part of its promise," said Mark.

It was a long and extraordinarily imaginative speech for him, and he stood shamefaced after he had said it, like a boy who has delivered a grown man's aphorism.

"Captain Mark," said Eleanor, "you know who I was, and you could not—you could not have believed my father innocent, and yet you had faith in me. You must have suffered when I used to talk about my dreams of him, and you hid your suffering and your knowledge because of me."

"That was nothing, Eleanor." "Captain Mark," she whispered, bending toward him. "I—I kissed you today."

"That was nothing, Eleanor." "Captain Mark! What do you mean? How dare you!"

Mark looked utterly disconcerted. "I—I mean, Eleanor, I'm just your old guardian—a sort of old friend, you know, and you were glad I had come back safe."

"O Captain Mark!" said Eleanor, shaking with helpless laughter, "you disconcerted him still more; and he thought her lashes were wet with tears. 'Captain Mark,' are you really going to make me say it?"

"Say what, my dear?" "That it ought to have been you." "But you mustn't let that worry you, Eleanor. It's often done in such cases—I just thought you were too old to kiss. You know, I wanted to."

"O thank you, thank you," said Eleanor, "I'll tell you, Captain Mark, I don't intend to go to the hospital, I see you aren't going to spare me. So listen. I love you, and have loved you only, and nobody but you, all through my life, from the time I got your first letters to the time you came to see me at the Misses Harpers' school, and from then to now."

Mark looked at her in incredulous joy; he was no longer capable of foot in astonishment, but it all seemed like a happy dream, unreliable but, while it lasted, dear beyond all imagining.

"The Colonel knew it. And—others. Everybody did but you. And do you often play myself to keep from telling you? Because you loved me without, exactly knowing it."

"But I did know it, my dear." "Without exactly knowing it, and when you admitted a little bit of it to yourself you were prompted to commit those foolish acts, to be so rude to me and hurt me so much. But a woman's never deceived. She always knows. I know."

"My dear," said Mark solemnly, "you have been everything in the world to me since that very first day outside Santiago."

"Of course I have. As you have been to me. And that is why I told you, so that we two should not be unhappy all our lives. You see, dear Captain Mark, it isn't as if you didn't care for me. If I had cared and you hadn't, I should have had a hard time of it, and never let you dream of them, and you never would have. So it's really you who have told me all this, and I've just been interpreting your thoughts."

"Yes," answered Mark, "but now was to tell you what you wanted to tell me without knowing that you wanted to tell me what you did want all the time. Isn't that so, Captain Mark?"

"Of course it is," said Mark. "So you have actually told me that you care for me, and you want me to give you my answer. Is that what you want me to understand, Captain Mark?"

"Isn't that so, Mark, dear?" "Of course it is," said Mark.

"So you have actually told me that you care for me, and you want me to give you my answer. Is that what you want me to understand, Captain Mark?"

"Yes, my dear, of course it is," answered Mark.

Eleanor looked down thoughtfully. "Well, I'm not sure," she said, in a meditative manner. "You know, you have been terribly, abominably rude to me so often."

Mark had a great horror of losing her.

"And you've broken your solemn promise, and you can't imagine what a shock that gave me, because I idealized you in a childish way, and I never dreamed that you were capable of not keeping your word, Captain Mark."

"I, Eleanor?" asked Mark in bewilderment. "Eleanor, surely I never promised anything that I didn't do."

"Do you remember that evening in Washington, the evening when you came to see us, and we didn't get on well together at all, at first?"

"And suddenly you became the little girl that I had adopted, Eleanor."

"And suddenly you became my dear Uncle Mark again! Well, do you remember?"



"I Love You and Have Loved You Only."

member promising me that you would never give me up any more, no matter who might seem to have a better claim on you? Do you remember that, Captain Mark?"

"Of course I do, dear, but you were speaking of guardians."

"I, Captain Mark? Guardians?" she asked. "I was speaking of you."

"Of course, Howard and me." "Of you, dear. Just of you," answered Eleanor. "So won't you please please not make me humble myself again, and take me into your arms at once—and kiss me!"

(THE END.)

SURELY SOME CRAP SHOOTER

Dusky Stevedore in France Was Rapidly Getting Rich at Expense of His Comrades.

They used to shoot some crap in stevedore company No. —, but that don't any more. This is a consequence of a stern company order issued after a prolonged argument with the dice which followed the first day on this side.

There was a game at every opportunity for about a week, and that came a lull. Simultaneously with the lull the men began to turn up shirts of apparel and equipment. Investigation disclosed that one dusky private with a pair of dice that behaved particularly well, had made a sensational clean-up.

He had gathered most of the francs in the company in the first three days and then started on serious effects. At the conclusion of the series he had nearly enough francs to finance a war of his own and more clothes than the supply sergeant, not to speak of 88 identification tags, seven boxes of C.O. pills, a bottle of castor oil, a towel, a comb, a tin of soap, a tin of soap, and a packing case full of other articles. At the suggestion of the captain he returned all of the belongings and most of the francs.

"He learned that game in the old South," he exclaimed, "and he just wanted to show these new soldiers that they didn't know nuffin' about it." —Stars and Stripes.

Self-Sacrifice.

"Has the war made any change in Spongelight?"

"I should say so!"

"In what respect?"

"Spongelight says that in view of the fact that his friends are buying Liberty bonds and contributing to war philanthropies, he considers it his patriotic duty not to borrow more than \$5 at a time from any of them." —Birmingham Age-Herald.

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

By REV. P. E. FITZWATER, D. D.,
Teacher of English Bible in the Moody
Bible Institute of Chicago.
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LESSON FOR DECEMBER 29

JOSEPH CARES FOR HIS KIN-
DRED.

LESSON TEXT—Genesis 47:1-12.

GOLDEN TEXT—Honor thy father and
mother. (Exodus 20:12.)

DEVOTIONAL READING—Psalms 24.

ADDITIONAL MATERIAL—Genesis
46:34-45.

Since we took the birth of the Savior for our Christmas lesson, today, instead of a review, we will go back and take up the alternative lesson for December 22. It will be more profitable to complete the study of Joseph in his attitude toward his kindred than to undertake the review.

1. Joseph Sends to Canaan for His Father (46:17-28).

After Joseph had made himself known to his brethren he sent them back to his father in Canaan with the good news not only that he was alive, but that the Lord had exalted him to be lord over all Egypt and that his father and brethren with their families should come down to Egypt where he would give them the best of the land and that they should eat of the "fat of the land." This illustrates how one day Jesus, Christ, shall dispense his identity to his brethren the Jews, and that his exaltation at the right hand of the Father was to make preparation for them against the awful day of trial which shall be visited upon them (Acts 3:10-21).

2. Joseph Meets His Father in the Land of Goshen (46:29-34).

Joseph experienced a double delight—that of seeing his beloved son whom he had long mourned as dead, and of being welcomed to the new and strange land by his prime minister. Joseph instructed his father and brethren how to place their request before Pharaoh. Since their occupation was that of shepherds he knew that some fact should be employed in their approach to the king, for "every shepherd is an abomination unto the Egyptians."

3. Jacob and Five Sons Presented to Pharaoh (47:1-7).

Though Joseph was high in authority he was not ashamed to bring his father and brethren into the presence of the great Pharaoh, even though they were humble farmers.

4. Pharaoh's Question (rv. 3, 4). He inquired as to their occupation. They answered that they were shepherds and their father and brethren told them to do by Joseph. They requested the land of Goshen, for they knew it was a good place for their pasture for their flocks.

5. Pharaoh's Instructions to Joseph (rv. 5, 6). He told him to make his father and brethren to dwell in the best of the land—even Goshen, in that it be known of any men of ability among them to give them the charge of his cattle. He assumed that since Joseph was so capable and trustworthy that some of his brethren would also possess suitable qualifications of administration.

6. Jacob Blessed Pharaoh (47:7-10).

Though Jacob was a pilgrim in Egypt, dependent upon Pharaoh even for food to eat, in the dignity of his faith in God he would do with him and through him, he pronounced a blessing upon the great Egyptian king. The fess is blessed by the greater (Hebrews 7:7). Though conscious of his place of superiority through the divine promise he did not manifest officiousness, but rather the desire to convey a vital blessing. He recognized that he was the channel through which great blessings would come to Pharaoh, in accordance with the Abrahamic covenant (Genesis 12:3-8). Israel is one day to be the channel through which the blessings of salvation shall flow to the Gentile nations (Romans 11:12-15).

7. Joseph Nourished His Father and Brethren (47:11, 12).

According to the instructions, of Pharaoh, Joseph placed his father and brethren in the best of the land and made provision for them. Jesus Christ will one day, when the famine of the great tribulation is exceeding sore, be reconciled to his brethren, the Jews, and will give them a possession in the best of the land and nourish them.

Christ is now seen with the Father on the throne, and one day will reveal himself to his brethren the Jews and will feed them on the "fat of the land." Jacob lived in Egypt 17 years. When the time of his death approached he exacted from Joseph a promise that he would bury him in Canaan. He blessed Joseph's sons and issued a prophecy concerning his own sons.

General Order No. 1.

It has been given as a binding order to every man worthy of the name and who respects the stamp put upon his being by God, his Father and Creator, never to become the slave of men. Slavery is in supreme shame and supreme misery for a man conscious of his nobility and divine origin.—Charles Wagner, in Christian Herald.

From Innermost Being.

The thing which came to us was not unloved to us, but grew from our unloved being.—Agnes Edwards.

CANADA'S NEW DEVELOPMENT

After the War a Period of Prosperity.

It is evident that the Government of the Dominion in its programme of reconstruction and development is undertaking a work of tremendous importance. There will be available the labor for work that has been silent since 1914, and the rehabilitation of this labor will entail the thought and energy of most capable heads. The transition period from war to peace will be rapid and thorough, and instead of Canada sinking into a state of lethargy, there will be a continued period of widespread activity and employment to the unemployed, and render to the capitalist and producer ample return for his money, effort and enterprise.

The agricultural potentialities of the great Canadian West possess illimitable areas of the best of soil, capable of producing millions of bushels of the best of grain. The cost of growing this is lower than any place on the continent. There will be a great demand that ever for these lands, the consequent production will be heavier and the profits attractive. Cattle industry will be one of the chief developments, and the encouragement of it will be in the continued high price of beef products. In the past, sheep countries have been depleted of cattle, and the demand for beef, cattle and dairy products will tax the efforts of the producer for years to come.

Western Canada offers unequalled opportunities for development in this line.

In the Canadian West plans are being laid for the development of electrical power which can be produced cheaply. There is an abundance of coal and water power that could be used in developing this useful energy. What cheap power produced in this way will mean to the farmer and development of industrial enterprises cannot be estimated in figures.

More extensive development of the water power at Niagara, on the St. Lawrence and at waterfalls all over the country, is ready to be launched.

Peace will see new lines opened up and it is equally certain that shipbuilding, railway equipment, steel production, and many of the industries will go forward with a bound.

Canadian industries will be required in the reconstruction of Europe, and already the Canadian Government has sent across the seas a commission for the purpose of securing orders. Canada took an early and prominent part in the war, and in the days of peace will be found equally active. She feels that by the valor and loyalty of her people she has earned a large share of the business and prosperity that will follow the war period, and she proposes to get it.—Advertiser.

STOP GAMBLING IN SUMATRA

Methodist Crusade Closed Many Dens on Island, According to Missionary Statement.

A vice crusade, conducted by Methodist missionaries on the island of Sumatra has resulted in the abolition of gambling by the government and the closing of hundreds of dens. In a letter to the joint centenary committee of the Methodist Episcopal church Rev. Leonard Oschell tells how he and other missionaries fought one of the greatest evils of the island.

"Word has come to us that the gambling farms which had hitherto been sold by the government to the highest bidder were to be taken over by the government as a monopoly," said Mr. Oschell. "We know that once the government became enmeshed with the enormous income, the evil would be well-nigh inextinguishable. So we started a whirlwind campaign for the abolition of gambling. With our Christian people as leaders we held daily meetings up and down the coast, drew up a petition to the governor general, and secured thousands of signatures."

Few weeks later the governor general ordered that all the gambling houses be closed. There was a public auction of tables and furniture, and the entrance to the dens was boarded up. After a period of protest the disgruntled owners were forced to go to work like honest citizens."

Made Good the Lem.

A high school boy, who has been employed as timekeeper in a big industrial plant has had the opportunity of sleeping a couple of hours just before quitting time.

When the boy got home late one morning recently his father asked him if his work had kept him at the plant.

"No," replied the boy, "the fellow who usually wakes me up forgot to do so this morning, and I slept two hours after it was time to go home."

"Sleep two hours after quitting time?"

"Yes," replied the boy, "but it is all right; I charged it up to overtime."

Territorial Application.

"The Potato Empire—We hope the peace conference will decide whether this term belongs to us or to the cattlemen."

If a music teacher can't make anything out of the voice of an African she can at least make money.