

BRIDE of BATTLE

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

By VICTOR ROUSSEAU

(Copyright, 1918, by W. G. Chapman.)

SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I—Mark Wallace, a young officer in the United States army, 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.

CHAPTER II—His commanding officer, Major Howard, tells him that the dead man was Hampton, a traitor who sold war department secrets to an international gang in Washington, and was detected by himself and Kellerman while they were working in the same office with him. Howard pleads to be allowed to send the child home to his wife and they agree that she shall never know her father's name.

CHAPTER III.

Several years later Captain Mark Wallace descended from a street car and walked up the grounds of a very select young ladies' boarding school in Westchester county, New York, kept by two maiden ladies. Entering the colonial portico, the captain rang the bell and asked to see Miss Howard. Five minutes afterward, having satisfied the lady principal that he stood in the avuncular relation to her charge, and was a man of blameless life, he met Eleanor in the reception room.

It was some years since he had seen her. The grimy little waif of the Santiago battlefield had shot up into a slim, long-legged schoolgirl, with brown hair tied back with a ribbon, and a face that already showed the promise of beauty.

The girl hurried forward as if expecting an embrace, realized Mark's intention, and checked herself quickly and held out both hands.

"Dear Uncle Mark!" she exclaimed, "I've been looking forward to you ever since I got your letter telling me that you were coming East."

"Well, it's nice to be appreciated like that," said Mark, laughing.

"I couldn't quite persuade myself that it was true, and that I should really see you at last. And you're not in the least like your photograph."

"Homelier, Eleanor?"

"No, but different. Older—very much older. You must be awfully old—quite thirty, I should say."

"Nearly," admitted Mark, wondering whether the long years in the West, with the sweltering heat and arduous service, had really aged him prematurely. Mark had had no influence to secure him anything better than a border post. He often wondered why he had not gone into civil life, like so many of his class, and amassed a competency in the first booming years of the twentieth century.

Something in the blood, perhaps, had held him to the army life, which he loved so much in principle and hated so much in practice. He was not far short of thirty; he had nothing but his meager pay; no ties but a married sister in Chicago and the girl in the boarding school, who filled so great a part of his thoughts, so disproportionate a share.

For until that day he had only seen her once since he picked her up in the jungle, and she had been too young to retain the memory of the meeting in Major Howard's home.

"I expected a young man, but I'm just as pleased to see you," said Eleanor. "I don't like very young men."

Mark received her amends with amusement, and they sat down side by side upon the sofa, and were soon deep in conversation. Mark learned all about her school and her friends. She was very happy there and would regret not going back at the end of the holidays. However, Major and Mrs. Howard had only placed her there for a few months while they went on a visit to the West.

"I always felt that you are really my guardian, even if you did give me up to Major Howard," said Eleanor.

"But I have only lent you," said Mark. "I couldn't very well take care of you when I was sent to Texas. And it has always been understood that you belong to me—I mean, that I am your guardian, Eleanor."

"I know," she said. "And you write me such splendid letters, with such good advice in them."

"Which you don't follow."

"Indeed I do," said the girl, eagerly. "Only sometimes it is just a little out of date, Uncle Mark."

"In what particular?" Inquired Mark, beginning to feel a little like a prig in the presence of this self-possessed young person. It is so easy to assume the task of adviser from a distance, but difficult to retain the role face to face.

"Well, when you wrote me last year to remember not to be pert and forward, like modern children," Uncle Mark. Pertness comes at seven or eight. One isn't pert at twelve—at least, not in the way you meant. They

call it ill-bred, then."

"I suppose I didn't realize how big you were getting," said Mark penitently. "But you can't think how glad I am to see you, anyway."

"It's a shame sticking you for years out in that horrible desert," said the girl. "I wish, Uncle Mark, you hadn't stayed in the army after the war."

"Why, my dear?"

"Because then you could have gone into business in New York, like Captain Murray and Captain Crawford."

"I've been thinking about as much myself, Eleanor. But I guess the army got hold of me."

"But they haven't treated you rightly, Uncle Mark. They haven't promoted you for years, and they have jumped all sorts of officers over your head. Major Howard was saying so only before he left for Alaska. But, of course, he's out of favor, and he wouldn't have any influence, anyway. It's years since he was in the army."

"I suppose I'm a back number, my dear. Some of us have to be. Perhaps I'll get my chance. I'm not thirty yet, you know, and thirty isn't considered awfully old in the army. At least, it isn't the retiring age."

"Don't be so absurd, Uncle Mark! You don't look an old man at all. It was just that your photograph was taken so long ago, and I didn't reflect that you must have changed."

"And if ever another war comes I'm sure my experience will count for a lot. And I'll probably have command over Captain Murray and Captain Crawford if ever the National Guard is called on for serious work. And then you'll have your function as our mascot, you know."

He was surprised at the girl's sudden responsiveness to his words. She grew very serious.

"I've often thought about that, Uncle Mark," she answered.

"But, of course, it may never happen."

"I suppose not. But if ever it does I mean to try to be what you meant me to be when you made that condition to the major. How I wish—how I wish—"

"Yes, my dear?"

"That we knew who my father was. Sometimes I think he was only an American planter, perhaps, who lived in Cuba and was forced to flee when the war began. And then again I dream that he may have been a brave soldier who was trying to serve his country by going into the Spanish lines in disguise, and I hope that I may be worthy of him."

"You don't remember anything, Eleanor?"

"Yes, Uncle Mark. I'm sure I do—and yet I've thought so much about it that I'm not sure how much of it is memory and how much is just child's inventions. Perhaps I invented all of it, and made myself believe I remembered it. And yet I am sure part of it is memory."

"What do you remember?" asked Mark rather fearfully.

"Well, Uncle Mark, my first connected memories are of Major Howard's home, of course. And I have a very vivid impression of being brought into the dining room and toasted at that dinner which the Major gave to the officers after the war. But before all that I seem to have memories, as if they were pictures."

"What is the first thing you remember?"

"I see a woman lying in a bed in a strange room. Her face is whiter than any face I have known; a man sits beside her, with his head in his hand, and, though death has no meaning for me, I am afraid, for I know that she was my mother."

"Was this in Cuba, Eleanor?"

"I don't know, but I think so, Uncle Mark, because I remember running to the window and seeing a great palm tree outside, with spreading branches. And there are other cities, and we seem to go from place to place, always watching for somebody, and yet, as it were, hiding from people. I know we avoid people, but it is an instinct only that tells me so."

"And again I am with my father in the jungle. I don't know how we got there, but I see the trees all around me, and I am afraid. We walk on and on, and sometimes he carries me, and we sleep under the trees and are drenched with rain. I am so tired and thirsty. But we go on and on, and when we stop we find a little hut, and I am afraid no longer."

"And then?" asked Mark in agitation.

"I remember nothing. I suppose the bullet that killed my father must have struck him while he was in the hut, but I have no picture in my mind at all."

Mark mumbled something to conceal his agitation. "And do you remember me coming and picking you up?" he asked.

She shook her head regretfully. "I don't remember anything else," she answered. "Nothing until that dinner in the major's house."

She linked her arm through his and looked at him earnestly. "Uncle Mark, it makes me unhappy sometimes to think that I have no memory, no clear memory of my parents. I am sure that some day all this mystery will be cleared up. Don't you hope so?"

"Yes," answered Mark, miserably. He had always wondered what the child would be like. Howard's half-yearly letters had always assumed too much for granted. Mark had practically relinquished Eleanor to the Major, and he had never learned anything about her that he had really wanted to know. He had not imagined the precocious, high-strung, idealistic girl whom he now saw. He knew that the disclosure of her father's dishonor, if ever it came about, would shock her into a revulsion of feeling that would

be fatal to the true development of her character.

He had often wished that he had not pressed that idea of the regimental mascot upon the major. It had been born in a mind attuned to the victory of that bloody day; in normal moments he would never have entertained it. Yet Major Howard had been more impressed than he had admitted to Mark. The idea had spread through the minds of the other officers. There was never a Guard dinner but Eleanor was solemnly toasted, though she was not permitted to be present, and somehow the child had become a symbol in the minds of these plain men in business and professional life who spent two weeks in camp each year.

After the war Mark had gone to the regulars; but he was still in touch with the officers of the Seventieth, and he knew that, if ever war came, he could obtain an appointment to it.

"I am sure that my father will prove to have been a brave soldier," said Eleanor, clasping her hands eagerly. "And sometimes," she continued, "I think that there must have been a great mystery about him."

"Why?" demanded Mark, startled.

"Because of the man who watches for me."

"Watches for you? It is imagination, Eleanor."

She shook her head. "I've seen him three or four times," answered the girl. "He waits at places that we pass when we go out together. And he watches me then, though he never attempts to speak to me."

"And you've told Miss Harper?"

"No, Uncle Mark. She would think I was hysterical," answered the girl, shrewdly.

Mark could see that, but he was certain that it was hysteria, that the idea had come to the child as the result of brooding over the mystery of her parentage. The entrance of the lady principal put an end to their conversation. Mark rose reluctantly. His visit had been all too brief, and it might be years before he saw the girl again.

"Well, Eleanor, this is an revolver," he said. "Perhaps for years."

She looked at him in sudden alarm. "You are not coming back before you leave for the West, Uncle Mark?" she asked.

"They won't allow me the time. I have to go to Washington tomorrow, and then back to Texas."

She returned no answer, but went with him to the house door, and turned and faced him there, pulling at the lapels of his coat.

"Send me a new photograph, Captain Mark," she said. "I'm not going to call you Uncle Mark any more."

"An older one?" asked Mark, laughing, though he had a strange sinking at his heart. This child epitomized home to him and he had been homeless since boyhood.

"You must forgive me," she said, a little wistfully. "Captain Mark, there's something I want awfully to say to you, but it takes a lot of courage," she added.

"Tell me just the same," answered Mark. "You know, my dear, I want you to have everything you wish for. And if Major Howard won't give it to you, you just let me know. He has assumed the responsibility for your upbringing, and I'm going to have the fun of giving you pleasure."

"It's something that Major Howard can't give me, Captain Mark."

"Can I?"

"Yes," she said in a low voice, pulling at his coat, and suddenly raising her eyes to his. Mark Wallace saw the soul of a mature woman look out of the eyes of the child. "When I'm older and have put my hair up, and wear long dresses—when I'm eighteen, say, I—I want you to marry me, Captain Mark."

She was gone in a flash, running along the corridor, while Mark Wallace stood dumfounded at the door, hearing her footsteps grow fainter as she hurried into the recesses of the Misses Harpers' School for Select Young Ladies.

Mark went down the walk like a man dreaming. It was absurd; it was, perhaps, characteristic of the girl's age and temperament; and yet, in spite of the absurdity, Captain Mark Wallace felt as if he had suddenly regained the grimy little child whom he had found upon the hillside in front of Santiago, and lost again.

As he reached the gate he saw a man watching him from the bend of the road. Something of furtiveness in the man's posture made him wheel sharply round; then he remembered Eleanor's words and started in haste toward him. But the man shambled off at a quick gait and when Mark reached the bend he could see no body.

(Continued next week.)

THINGS WE THINK

Things Others Think and What We Think of the Things Others Think

A girl "just loves" to tease a man who's in love with her.

The artists must take themselves seriously to think their comic supplements are funny.

We should be thankful that all men do not practice what they preach.

A band of Mexican revolutionists would be put to rout by a bunch of women at a bargain counter rush.

Way down in his heart every man knows that he ought to be better than he is.

Failure is sometimes the best kind of a stimulant.



John S. COKE

"For Justice of the Supreme Court to Fill Vacancy Caused by the death of Justice Frank A. Moore"

X JOHN S. COKE

Be Sure to WRITE THIS NAME and X in the Right Place or Your Vote Will Not Count.

This ad. paid for by W. E. Butler, Marshfield, Ore. 625-11

PERSHING WARNS OF GERMAN PUBLICITY

Germany's efforts to involve the United States and her Allies into a consideration of peace terms and an armistice did not impress James F. Pershing, brother of General Pershing, as being sincere and designed to give the world what it is praying for. Mr. Pershing, who was in Oregon recently in the interest of the United War Work drive, which opens November 11, cautioned the American people against the too-common tendency to become apathetic under the idea that peace and the cessation of hostilities are at hand.

"When Heaven is ready to negotiate with hell," he declared, "then will America be ready to make peace with Germany." He told of the great work being done in Europe by the Y. M. C. A., Knights of Columbus, Salvation Army and other agencies, and called on Americans to respond liberally in supporting the campaign about to open for raising money with which to carry on these activities.

GENERAL PERSHING MODEST MAN

"All that General Pershing wants now is the success of the American boys in France, and to avoid, so far as possible, any glory for himself," declared James F. Pershing, brother of America's leader in the field, in an address delivered in Portland recently in behalf of the United War Work drive, which opens November 11. The speaker paid a tribute to the men in the ranks, and gave his audience an idea of the high esteem in which the boys are held by their commander. He showed the importance of war work in this country as an imperative necessity to the victory of the Allies in the battles for Democracy, and urged that no diminution in speed be allowed to result through recent peace proposals. Unqualified indorsement of the United War Work drive was voiced by Mr. Pershing who is one of the leading authorities on conditions now existing along the battlefield, and he was especially desirous that there be no relaxation of efforts in behalf of the several war work funds.

Best Big Sisters.

The Y. W. C. A. is known as "The Best Big Sister in the World." Of the \$170,000,000 to be raised in the United War Work Campaign \$15,000,000 will go to the work of this organization.

Hospitality to the fighting man and to his visiting friends, is the motto of the War Community Service, a mighty necessary thing.

"CARRY ON," IS OFFICIAL CRY

The caution issued recently in Portland by James F. Pershing, brother of General Pershing, against relaxation of war work activities, has been echoed in messages issued by departmental heads in Washington, D. C., copies of which were sent to Executive Secretary John Kollock, of the Oregon State Council of Defense. "Carry on" is the theme of those telegrams, whose senders felt the German peace proposals might interfere with campaign plans just formulated. Consequently, the United War Work drive, which opens November 11, will be conducted with even more vigor than had Germany not sought to bring about peace on her own terms. The departmental heads, as well as Mr. Pershing, emphasize the need of continued activities by the several affiliated organizations participating in the drive, even after hostilities have ceased.

WATCH YOUR LABEL.

"ALL RIGHT."

He's back on a leave of absence, and his face seems drawn and gray. It's hard to realize it's been a year since he went away. Grave he is in his manner. But his voice has the old-time cheer: "They're all right, over there, all right. Are YOU all right, over here?"

"They're all right, over there, all right. There's nothing at all that's wrong. Sam, Joe and Bill—I saw them all. And I left them well and strong. They told me to tell you all hello, and to tell you to have no fear. But that they're all right, over there, all right."

If YOU'RE all right, over here.

"Yes, there's lots of mud in the trenches, but they're making the best of it. The coolies are not much overdrawn. Or none of the rest of it."

It's a big, new kind of business—a business that's sad and queer. But they're all right, over there, all right.

Are YOU all right, over here?

They're all right, over there, all right. Yes, it's true about those rains. It's true about the hardships, too. And that never a man complains. It's true that there's quite a task at hand.

And that death is ever near, but they're all right, over there, all right.

Are YOU all right, over here? "If YOU'RE all right, over here," he said,

"And leaving no job undone, they'll be all right, over there, all right."

Till they've ended the thing, and won, if YOU'VE done YOUR share the best YOU can.

And YOUR conscience is sound and clear, they'll be all right, over there, all right.

And YOU all right, over here.

He's back on a leave of absence, and his face seems drawn and gray. It's hard, indeed, to realize it's a year that he's been away. Grave he is in his manner, but his voice has the old-time cheer: "They'll be all right, over there, all right."

Are YOU all right, over here? —Damon Runyon.

The Sentinel receives inquiries every week from prospective settlers who wish copies of the paper. If you wish to sell your land your ad should be in the Sentinel, where prospective settlers will see it.

NEW BUTTER WRAP PRICES

On account of another advance in the price of butter parchment, we find the following slight advance in prices necessary:

100 wraps \$1.25
Each additional 100 ordered at same time as first 100 35c

SATURDAY SPECIAL

A reduction of 20 cents will be made on first hundred on all orders printed on Fridays or Saturdays. Orders may be placed on any day of the week for printing on Friday or Saturday at the reduced price.

COTTAGE GROVE SENTINEL

Save \$75

A new roof would cost you about \$100. Paint your roof with SHERWIN-WILLIAMS EBONOL, and you will have what is practically as good as a new roof, and the cost will be only about \$25, thus saving you \$75.

Ebonol, in barrels, the gallon..... 60c
Ebonol, in less than barrels, the gallon..... 65c

Cottage Grove Mfg. Company

Home : Made : Flour

FOR HOME PEOPLE

Pride of Oregon, Soft Wheat Flour
H. & H. Hard Wheat Flour

Made by Cottage Grove Milling Company
Phone 80

HARDWARE FURNITURE

KNOWLES & GRABER

TO THE VOTERS OF LAKE COUNTY

We are all agreed that now the special business of our nation and of our State is WAR. Our success in this war is, of course, the thing that engrosses the mind of every good American citizen; and the question of who shall or shall not hold some county office is of small moment in comparison, but I feel that in justice to myself I should at this time make a statement relative to my candidacy for the office of sheriff of Lake county.

As sheriff of this county, I have endeavored to conduct the affairs of the office in an efficient, economical and business-like manner, and to perform the additional duties placed upon me as a result of the war, fairly and impartially, and in close co-operation with the federal officials. The investigations conducted at the request of government authorities relating to alien enemies, draft evaders, etc., have become a very important and arduous duty of the sheriff's office.

I have endeavored to do my whole duty not only in these matters but in the handling of the regular routine



D. A. ELKINS.

work of the office. I have agreed and acted in accordance with the idea expressed by Mr. Green Pitcher (one of the most courageous and efficient peace officers in the state of Oregon), who said, during the last primary election campaign, "I do not believe the people expect their sheriff to be simply a clerical man, drawing \$2000.00 per year, while he sticks around the office, safe from personal danger and bodily harm, and sends out some untried, inexperienced deputy to face the dangers attending"

I have given the best of my energy and ability to the service of the people of the county, state and nation, and if it is the desire of the voters of Lake county that I continue in that service, I shall appreciate their support and will labor just as industriously in the future as I have in the past to safeguard the interests of the public and of the taxpayer of the county.

Very sincerely,
D. A. ELKINS.

Your eyes are out of kilter if they see everything that goes on before them.

Virtue is its own reward—and it is the best paid achievement of man's kind.

A woman's will has been broken in New York—but it wasn't until after she was dead.

A want ad costs little and often brings big returns. Nothing too big or too little to be sold by a want ad.