

SPRING TIME

Novelized by PORTER EMERSON BROWNE From the Play of the Same Name by Booth Tarkington and Harry Leon Wilson
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[CONTINUED.]

Chapter 9

THE American soldiers were rallying to the defense of the beautiful Crescent City, and for weeks the surrounding country presented scenes of unparalleled military activity.

The mender troops of the defenders were gradually re-enforced by the operations of the recruiting forces, which were sometimes ruthless in their manner of "persuading" men to join the army. And there was need of men—grave need.

The commander of the British forces, Sir Edward Pakenham, had in his forces the picked veterans of foreign wars, 10,000 of them in all—men who had braved the terrors of continental campaigns under Wellington—men of brawn and skill and courage, who side by side with the bearded Prussians, had shattered the Old Guard of Napoleon at Waterloo.

Surely this proud array would make brief work of Andy Jackson's ragamuffins; surely this rawboned American rebel, with his combined force of only 5,800 soldiers, most of whom were but half trained, had no hope of prevailing against the flower of the British army. Thus reasoned Sir Edward Pakenham and his staff of glided advisers, little remembering that those men are twice armed who war for home, for country and for right.

The closing days of the war of 1812 were momentous ones for the American people. Proud Britain, shorn of her briefly tolerated "right" to search American ships for supposed subjects in the ranks of the seamen and prevented from perpetrating other gross injustices on Americans and American property, was battling on land to regain the prestige which Yankee bravery had so sorely shattered on the high seas. And it was in the general neighborhood of New Orleans that was to be struck a decisive blow to demonstrate the superior force of the one time mother country.

But when a nation produces Gilbert Steeles to wage its wars in the ranks, throwing their lives in the balance, risking life and love for the stars and stripes that wave above them, then indeed must invaders look sharply to their muskets and their saber edges and learn to weigh opponents in a scale giving a record that does not lie.

Dawn, following the night when Gilbert Steele left Madeleine de Valette at the planter's house, found him stretched in troubled sleep on the ground in the camp with his mates. As yet the hastily mustered detachment to which he belonged had not been able to secure tents for any save the officers, for the infant nation was but ill supplied with funds to provide necessities for its defenders.

Shortly after the first streaks of morning light painted the eastern sky a bugle sounded, followed by the rat-a-tat-tat of a drum—revolve—and the rows of sleeping men unbound themselves stiffly from their blankets, gathered the rolled coats which had served as pillows and proceeded to fall in line before the crudely constructed cook shack, where coffee and beans would be served to them for breakfast.

The day had come, and over Gilbert Steele there stole thoughts—thoughts of Madeleine de Valette—which subdued his ordinarily gay spirits and caused his comrades to survey him in wonder and regret.

The day of the big fight and Gilbert

Steele was sad and gloomy. "Something wrong with him, sure," was the comment bandied about among his fellow musketeers.

True, he had been sharply reprimanded by the captain for his delinquency of the day before. He had promised Wolf, back in the forest, up the river, that he would not delay if given permission to stop a few moments to talk with a young lady. He had failed to keep his promise to the letter, for he had not caught up with the squad of backwoodsmen under Wolf's command when they reached their boats at the river's edge.

They had waited and halloosed for him. He did not appear and had been compelled to walk the entire way to the camp, arriving after midnight, thus tiring him for the work of the day in which every ounce of energy he could command would be required.

Yes, the captain had been angry with Gilbert, but his good points were so well known that he was not penalized in any way. Therefore the lad's associates were certain that this sub-

calculated, would follow.

The maneuver, as briefly indicated, was one of great strategic importance to the American side. General Jackson had outlined it to his staff, and they unanimously endorsed it.

The onslaught began. The Americans valiantly assailed the forbidding lines of grenadiers. Cannon thundered, rifles spat their deadly missiles, swords glistened before the brightness of blue steel became dulled with blood, men and horses writhed and screamed in the death agony, prayers and curses were heard on every side amid the awful din, men who had souls and men who had lost their souls went down in the hellish holocaust to sin no more, fathers stabbed fathers and rode them down with sharp shod chargers, cowards killed brave men and brave men killed cowards, all on a springtime morning, for the ghoully lip of misrule was running amuck among mankind, eager for the harvest of tears, suffering and death.

A false king had decreed that honest

form. He was one of Wolf's sharpshooters, and he meant this day to justify the reputation of that carefully picked band of patriots—men who could shoot the left eye out of a wild turkey at fifty paces!

And live up to that reputation he did.

Heard suddenly from the lips of Gilbert's commanding officer was the cry of "Ready, men! Form into line! Fix bayonets! Go at them, boys! Charge!"

Almost before he realized what had happened Gilbert found himself in the van of a wild, triumphant dash across the open death zone that separated the trenches from the enemy.

The Britishers, having been re-enforced by two regiments of fresh troops, concealed in the forest beyond, had shattered the attacking force of Americans, kept their flank from being turned, had maintained their general alignment and held their position.

The utter rout of the attackers was imminent unless support arrived speedily.

Hand to hand, face to face, arm to arm, man to man, fought the stubborn grenadiers who won at Waterloo with the rawboned, untrained heroes of the backwoods.

Back, back they surged. But it was not the backwoodsmen, the fur capped squirrel hunters nor Wolf's sharpshooters that fell back.

The British grenadiers gave way before the onslaught of men who, having nothing but their lives to offer their country, freely offered all they had.

In the fore part of the supporting column Gilbert Steele sped headlong into the fray. Grasping his musket by the barrel with both hands, he wielded the stock into the faces of his foes. Of a sudden it shattered into pieces against the upraised gun of an Irish giant, and he drew from his belt a wicked curved blade which he had purchased at a wharf in New Orleans from a seaman who had brought it from Morocco.

On he lunged, distancing his nearest friend, until he was practically alone in a struggle in a small group of the enemy at one side of the main conflict.

Eyes and nostrils dilated, nerves a-quiver, Gilbert Steele was superman when something struck him—some-where—he could not tell just where or how—and a great blackness descended over the eyes and the brain of the young patriot.

He gasped for breath, clutched at his bosom and fell choking to his knees. Then his head bent forward, and he lay huddled in a motionless pile beside a dismounted cannon.

A sorrow faced, peckmarked Britisher reclaimed from the Whitechapel slums and who had seen service in India mopped blood from the side of his jaw and mumbled to the man beside him:

"'E was game, but I broke his neck with my bare fist."

Thus speaking, he stumbled on, kicking venomously the prostrate body of Gilbert Steele as he went.

And many miles away there was one who watched and hoped and prayed for the return of Gilbert Steele.



"FORWARD, MARCH!" AT LAST THE WELCOME ORDER CAME.

ject was not the one that was worrying him.

Perhaps, after all, it was the girl that the men with Wolf had seen him with who was responsible for his drooping spirits. Yes, that must be it, the men finally reasoned. But they could not understand why of all men Gilbert Steele should be disturbed over a girl. Surely a youth of his make-up and personality would never lack attention from and admirers among the women folk. No, indeed! Of this they were assured.

"Forward, march!" At last the welcome order came. But a very few hours now would pass ere the momentous issues at stake on that day would be decided.

The detachment to which Gilbert had been assigned was to occupy a line of trenches outside the earthworks which partially protected New Orleans. An attack was to be made on the right flank of the British line; then these attackers would fall back behind the fortifications. It devolved upon Steele and his associates to aid in covering the retreat of the attacking division and to repel the onslaught of the Britishers, which, it was well

men should murder one another in order to support his dishonest government, and so his men went forth to battle, singing hymns in a cause they little knew was unholy.

Gilbert Steele lay in the trench, barely deep enough to shelter him from the singling messengers of lead that threatened him.

The exultation of the fighting man combating his mortal foe sent his blood a-tinging, thrilled his throbbing heart, captured his soul.

The fears of yesterday, the premonitions of the night, were gone. He was going to win, and he was going to live—for Madeleine.

The impulse to jump from the muddy trench and to rush single handed across the bullet swept field before him to the succor of his hero comrades, who were hand to hand with the foe, almost controlled him for the moment—then he gritted his teeth and mastered himself.

He loaded his hot barreled matchlock. Again and again he laid the smoke blackened barrel across the earthen mound and coolly aimed at a point above the belt line of a red un-

The Power of Paderewski.

A hard headed business man went to hear Paderewski play, says A. E. Thomas in Success Magazine. The man is not a musician. He spends his days trying to buy cotton when it is low and sell it when it is high. This is how he described his experience at the piano recital.

"You know, I'm not easily stirred up, and I don't know anything about music. I wouldn't know whether a man was playing the piano extremely well or just fairly well. But I do know that Paderewski played one thing that afternoon that stirred me up as I never was stirred in my life. I don't remember what it was. I couldn't have told whether he was playing an hour or five minutes. All I know is that it stirred up feelings within me I had never felt before. Great waves of emotion swept over me. I wanted to shout and I wanted to cry, and when the last chord was struck I found myself on my feet waving my umbrella and shouting like a wild Indian. I went out of that hall as weak as a rag and happier than I'd been in years. I can't account for it. I've tried, but I can't explain it. Can you?"

Burglar's Besetting Sin. The burglar's besetting sin is heedlessness. The chances are that it was heedlessness that first drove him out of honest employment and made a burglar of him. The burglar ransacks a house and carries away a spoon holder, a card tray or some other inexpensive souvenir of the occasion, and he overlooks the thousand dollar bill on the dining room table and the rope of pearls on the towel rack. This heedlessness seems to be common to the whole fraternity. We do not know what the experience of other cities is, but in Newark the burglar leaves an astonishing amount of portable wealth behind him invariably. When he reads on the day after the robbery that he took Mrs. De Stille's chafing dish and ignored her \$500 ruby bracelet beside it or that he upset the Pompey's dresser drawer to get the revolver and failed to see the government bonds that lay in plain sight on the wash stand, how he much gnash his teeth and hate himself for neglecting to develop his powers of attention and observation in his youth!—Newark News.

What "Garbler" Once Meant. "Garble," "garbled," "garbler," are words which nowadays convey quite a different meaning from that which was formerly accepted. "Garble" originally signified simply "to select for a purpose." At one time there was an officer, termed "the garbler of spices," whose duty it was to visit the shops and examine the spices, ordering the destruction of all impure goods. His duties were similar to those of the inspector of the modern health department, who forbids the sale of decayed vegetables or tainted meat. The word comes from a root meaning "to sift." The impurities sifted out have in the course of generations corrupted the term till a "garbled report" is no longer a report wherefrom all uncertainty has been removed, but one that is full of misrepresentation and made misleading with deliberate intent.

And dreams you dreamed and hopes you sought
Swooning fell with life away,
And crumbled where Ambitions fought
And full Desire once held sway:

For in that Call your human flower
Faded with the sinking sun;
Some babe or youth its little hour,
Or parentage the Race had run;
And softly now, sweet as that Call,
Lay the flowers over all!

A touch of rheumatism, or a twinge
neuralgia, whatever the trouble is,
Chamberlain's Liniment drives
away the pain at once and cures the
complaint quickly. First application
gives relief. Sold by all druggists.

MEMORIAL DAY.
(By the Enterprise Press.)
The Call smote on the evening air,
A deep and understanding Call,
Unlike the shrilling trumpet's blare,
But as some meaning madrigal
Softly sung and moving through
The maze of heart and soul of you!

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The Power of the Pocketbook.
Hub—I really think, wife, you should have that ball dress made a little higher in the neck, to say nothing of the back. Wife—I'll have it changed if you wish, but the material costs \$10 a yard. Hub—Um! Well, never mind.—Boston Transcript.

Two Ways of Saying It.
"Then I am to consider myself rejected?" asked the young suitor. "You are to consider your proposal returned with thanks and the regret that it is impossible at this time to accept it," said the daughter of the magazine editor.—St. Louis Star.

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