Ten Years'

By Gen. CHARLE

Continued from Fi

came a time when he co
ed for greater opportu
"Give up your tin soldi
the judge. "Here you
and wasting three or f
week fooling round wit
playing with swords a
still Langdon smiled
quizzical smile, passe
fingers back through
of dark hair, all sil
the trooper mustach
his portly senior
beginning to enjo
lore were statione
the North Americ
try at Vancouver,
d'Alene, cavalry a
Walla, gunners at
the coast, and the
come again to the
ville, with silver le
upon his "rectangle
ing at the stone f
and Nathan, rejoic
of San Francisco, a
row, in their first l
heard of Langdon's ress,
and some had even seen at the summer camps of the state soldiery and watched his hard, patient, skillful work with the crude but ambitious battalions. There was no question who should succeed to the coloneley of the scattered regiment of guardsmen when one administration stepped down and out and a political pet of the departing governor was induced to resign.

For four years he had been but the figurehead, while Langdon was pilot, captain and engineer of the craft, ever coaching, drilling and encouraging, and so, finding it useless to coax his partner out of his fad for military service, Cresswell turned to, as he had a dozen times before, to work for his advancement. He had stumped the state in the interests of the new governor and demanded as partial payment that the regiment's plea should be honored and Langdon promoted colonel. "Lots of work and no pay," was his summing up as he handed the commission to his favorite. "But I suppose you'd rather have that sheepskin than the woolsack. If there was a war on, you'd be all right, but there isn't a scrap in sight, and it's time and money thrown away."

That was in April, 1897, and just one year later came the call to arms and the muster into service of the "First Washoes," Eric Langdon, lieutenant colonel, commanding.

"That fellow has the gift of prophecy," said the judge to the brigade commander as together they stood at the Pacific wharf, watching the grave, si-

"That fellow has the gift of prophecy," said the judge.

lent soldier as he supervised the orderly movement of his two battalions aboard ship. "Five years ago he said to me the war would come and when it came he'd go in at the head of a regiment, not the tail of a battery. Here he is! Pity they only called for eight companies from our state. I'd like to see him full colonel."

The general smiled, his kind brown eyes softening as they continued their steady gaze at Langdon. "He deserves it all, judge. There hasn't been a better regimental commander in the whole corps so far. There are men who were his persecutors at Pawnee who would be glad to be in his shoes today."

"Where is that fellow Nathan, by the way?" asked the Kentuckian impulsively.

The general's smile broadened a bit, his eyes twinkling. It was not his wont to speak ill of any man, yet who in the old regiment had not heard how Nathan had striven for a staff position in the volunteers and totally failed? The editorial upbraiders of the administration, because it had frequently to say yes to certain importunities, had no idea how many thousand times the sorely bothered secretary and adjutant general had determinedly said no. In all probability they would only have been the more roundly d it
been known. Natha
centric was still th
dent wouldn't liste
for the promotion of
department shook it
could succeed in a
Nathan had found
aboard ship with
serving afoot as on
of "red legged in
they went across
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of his grade in th
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mand of a battalion
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Farallones and Hon
over to the writing of
friends and kindred an
officials, calling on th
that he was appointed
of one of the volunteer r
raised on the Pacific
could be done by a go
the war department like
might insure his being or
San Francisco. The list
among the officers of th
San Juan Hill came just
him out of all conceit wit
hending a company in a
the walls of Manila, still br
Spanish Mausers. Everythin
securing that appointment
do in the few days left him

ing to sea Nathan had conscientiously
one, leaving to his lieutenant the duty
preparing the battery for the voyage
the possible campaign.
here was no cable to Honolulu, but
the flotilla had to stop four days
oal, and while there the O. and O.
came after them with letters.
well," wrote Mrs. Nathan's kins-
"We have the governor's posi-
promise that you shall be made
-nant colonel at least, but we've
to buy off Bent, to whom it was
ised, and to 'touch' a dozen other
ws. We cannot buy off the colo-
Arrange to wait ten days at Hon-
and the commission and order
each you." Nathan knew that the
commander would be along with-
time and that he would never
e his detachment to the com-
of volunteers. Moreover, every
and man might be needed for
t at Manila. To appeal to the
n commander or to Melville,
eral at the head of the expedi-
ould be equally useless. The
vas to appear to be full bent
g with the command, but to
somehow at Honolulu. Per-
could not well be refused him
hore, since so many officers and
re accorded that privilege. He
charming quarters at the Roy-
lian and gave a toothsome din-
jovial party of his cronies, but
eral, who was bidden, pleaded a
previous engagement. The chief surgeon, another officer included in the list, marveled for a moment at the unexpected courtesy, for he had very gruffly scouted Nathan's tentatives at Frisco when consulted as to the possibility of his getting a few weeks' sick leave or at least permission to delay, but the general showed his grim Scotch medicine man a paragraph from a letter just received from the commander of the forces, by this time himself on the way from the Golden Gate: "It is understood that Captain Nathan is moving heaven and earth to get a commission in the volunteers who are to remain in camp here. He may endeavor to be left behind on account of supposititious illness at Honolulu, in which case let your chief surgeon examine him. Sawney will stand no nonsense. Captain Nathan should not be permitted to shirk this expedition."

"He won't be," said the brigade commander placidly as he refolded the letter. And when it was found that Nathan was ordering an undue quantity of his luggage ashore the battalion commander as placidly interposed. A tall, spare, almost saturnine veteran was the major, a soldier who had shouldered a musket with the very first and best of the state regiments that in 1861 were rushed to the defense of Washington, a man with the genius of a general bottled down for a generation under the strap of a lieutenant, a soldier in whose hands Nathan had about as much chance to shirk as he had to fly. The captain's shore leave expired at dawn, and the flotilla was to sail at noon the following day. The captain's dinner went off in style, with much native music and no little champagne, and then in the wee sma' hours, after the guests had been whisked away in Honolulu "flies," the night clerk was summoned to the captain's room and bidden to fetch a doctor in haste, and a local practitioner came and found the officer in well simulated agony and prescribed according to his lights and the captain's liver. He was amazed to receive a visit at breakfast time from a Scotch surgeon in chief and a stocky little adjutant, who demanded sight of and speech with his patient, to the end that Nathan was bidden to arise, quit his bed and go to the dock and thence to the ship. There was nothing the matter with him, said Major Sawney. A dose of salts would set him to rights, and Nathan's pains and preparations went for naught. He and his luggage were on the ship and off for Manila before the setting of the sun, but there, there did triumph await him in the shape of dispatches from the States to the effect that he was commissioned lieutenant colonel Second Columbias, and on acceptance, which he cabled at once, directed to report for duty with his regiment at San Francisco. The battalion went into the muddy trenches and the assault of Manila minus one ablebodied captain, who minded not the dollars it cost him to flit at once to Hongkong and thence by an O. and O. liner back to the States.

Not until among the last regiments to reach the islands did the Second Columbias appear along in December and were pushed forward to the eastward suburb in support of the First brigade, for insurgent cannon frowned from new made redoubts and bore full upon the unprotected lines along the Concordia, and 30,000 swarthy, scowling soldiery surrounded, and hemmed in the slender force of invaders. All too late the government found its little army of occupation far outnumbered and sternly menaced at Manila and so rushed the regiments of regulars to the seaboard au secours. But long before the foremost could reach the shores of Luzon the blow had fallen. Aguinaldo had dashed his devoted followers upon the sturdy ranks in blue, and, regular and volunteer, the two little divisions about the beleaguered city were grappling with the overwhelming force of
the dark hour just before the
that radiant and most event-
ay of the first week in Febru-
range thing happened. Away
g the crooked estuary of the
ia, fronting on the left the
ay stone walls of Santa Ana
the right interminable thicket
igh impassable swamp, the thin
he First division stretched from
g at Pandacan point far across
Fort San Antonio, on the bay,
and men alike waiting and
for the word that was to loose
rom the leash and let them go in
rush upon the swarms of dusky
who since 3 o'clock had been
g in hot fire from the shelter of
tone and earthen walls and driv-
storm of steel clad lead upon the
tected lads in blue. In grim sub-
ation they had obeyed the orders
forbade their turning a spade of
for counter intrenchments lest
atives, who for weeks had been
ng redoubts and planting can-
should accuse the Americans of
intent. Loyal to their duty and
vant of instructions that were
to appreciate or understand, they
borne the brunt of the storm and
some of their best and bravest
ept away, but ground their teeth
d gripped their Springfields harder
nd took heart in the promise passed
along the crouching line: "Our time will come, lads. Wait till broad daylight."

And now it was nearly 5, and from the shelter of old earthern walls and mounds across the crooked Tripa the Tagal rifles were pouring in heavy fire on the flank and even the rear of the Americans lying south of the bridge. Every company of the great Evergreens was hotly engaged, and the brigade commander galloped to his reserve, halted among the streets of Paco. The mountain guns of the regulars were bellowing from the left of the blockhouse at the Krupps under the convent walls at Santa Ana. The long rifled breechloaders at Battery knoll, in rear of the right of the brigade, were sending shrapnel spattering into the bamboo thickets where the insurgent Mausers were spitefully crackling. Everywhere, as the dawn began to streak the skies above the village roofs, the roar of battle stunned the ear, and men hugged the ground as the deadly hail whistled overhead, and the little native horses, the mounts of the staff and field officers, squealed and bit and kicked in nervous wrath at the unseen, hissing, vicious demons of the air that buzzed about their ears or bit or scored their way along haunch and flank. Behind the stone wall, well within the limits of the eastward suburb, a lieutenant colonel, in natty khaki uniform, had dismounted and was expostulating with his pony as the general galloped up.

"Put two companies in at once on the right of the village, facing that shack yonder! What's the matter with your horse, colonel?"

"Seems to be scared, sir. I thought he was hit—he behaved so bad," was the faltering answer.

"Then mount my orderly's. He'll stand anything. You take the colonel's, Hanford," said the chief to the tall lad who rode at his heels. "Lively, now, Nathan, there's not a second to lose! I'll relieve you here with the Washoes."

Under the dim light of the street lamps, in the first gray mists of the morning, swinging up the main street in solid sets of fours, came a column of sturdy foot, striding as though burning with eagerness to get into the fight.

"Move your battalion into the side streets, right and left, Colonel Langdon," were the quick orders. "Keep them under shelter till I send for you. Now, then, what's the matter with those Columbias?" he snapped, eager, impatient, intolerant of delay. "Here, bring your men through this lane, captain!" And away went the general's protesting pony and a brace of aids-de-camp, two companies of the Columbias, arms at a trail, scurrying after them afoot. Something delayed their field officer—stirrups too long or too short. He was fiercely tugging at the leather on one side, his orderly bugler on the other. The little steed with which he had experienced such unaccountable difficulties displayed astonishing agility and zeal the moment the boy orderly straddled him and darted away on the trail of the Columbias without so much as a protest. Drawn up within a little walled inclosure the caissons of the mountain guns stood sheltered from the Mausers whistling overhead from the blazing front. A squad of eager drivers, crouching by the gate, snickered at the sight across the narrow way. "Nathan's very particular just where that hole's got to be punched," jeered a grizzled driver who had served in the old battery.

"Particular not to get one in his own hide, you mean," laughed a mate. "Where's his colonel, anyhow?"

"Over at the right. Nathan only had four companies. Here comes Washoe now." And then at the right front, beyond the village walls, a mad cheer went up to the skies, followed by a crashing volley. The Columbias had burst from the thickets at the edge of the suburbs and made their dash to the banks of the stream. Oh, that they could only cross it and drive the lurking foe with dripping bayonets! But still the stern mandate came from the distant rear, "Defend, but don't advance beyond, the line." Another instant and another cheer, ringing, hearty, spontaneous, went up among the teams and caissons of the battery, and the commander of the advancing regiment, halting in surprise at the sound of his own name, turned, saw the smiling, swarthy faces under the dim light of the street lamp and, half shaking a gauntleted fist, raised his campaign hat and smiled greeting and appreciation.

A moment later, his battalions carefully disposed, one on each side of the highway, under cover of the walls, the colonel turned his active little mount across the way, and "old hands" of Pawnee days and the lieutenant they knew and honored in the batteries faced each other under fire, and Langdon was grasping the brawny fists of men who were humble cannoneers the day they lifted up their voices in parting shout for the "best officer in Battery D." Again came the crash of volleys from the right front and the shriek of a Krupp shell overhead, and a staff officer came spurring back from the blockhouse up the highway. "Colonel Nathan here?" he shouted loud, insistent, imperative. A dozen voices answered, a dozen hands indicated the way. "The general wants you at the footbridge at once, sir," were the added words, and there was but scant respect in the tone. There was utter scorn of the etiquette of the service that demands of a mounted officer that he alight before addressing a senior afoot. Drowning men grasp at straws. Anything to temporize, Nathan seized eagerly the pretext. "If you intend that remark for me, sir," he said, "you will dismount and convey it with proper respect," but the aid had not even stopped to listen. He was spurring swiftly down the line of the Washoes crouching at the roadside, and there was marked difference in the tone with which he asked for Colonel Langdon. "Here!" sang the prompt answer as that officer instantly dropped his chat with the gunners and reined out into the road. The red was in the sky, the pallid light of dawn already strong enough to outline forms and figures close at hand, but all men's faces were drawn and wan. There had been long nights of vigil and later the strain of long hours under fire. Two men of the nearest company, close to the highroad, turned over on their backs, one with strange anguish in his boyish face, the other, after a moment's struggle, with staring, sightless eyes. Strong arms raised and bore them to the refuge of an adjoining wall. Low flying Mausers had found their billet in the recumbent line. "First blood for the Filipino," muttered a grizzled major, with an upward glance at Langdon, who was herding his men like a shepherd with his flock, closer within the shelter of the lane. "Aye, but we'll have full satisfaction after sunup," cried the aid-de-camp, his voice quivering with excitement. "The general is waiting just across the little footbridge toward the knoll, sir. You can see almost their entire position from there. He wishes you to join him a moment. I'll guide you."

To be continued.

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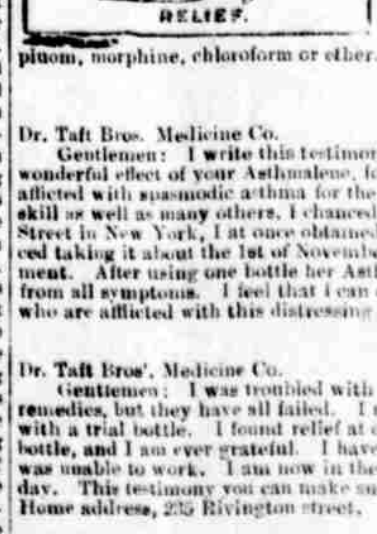

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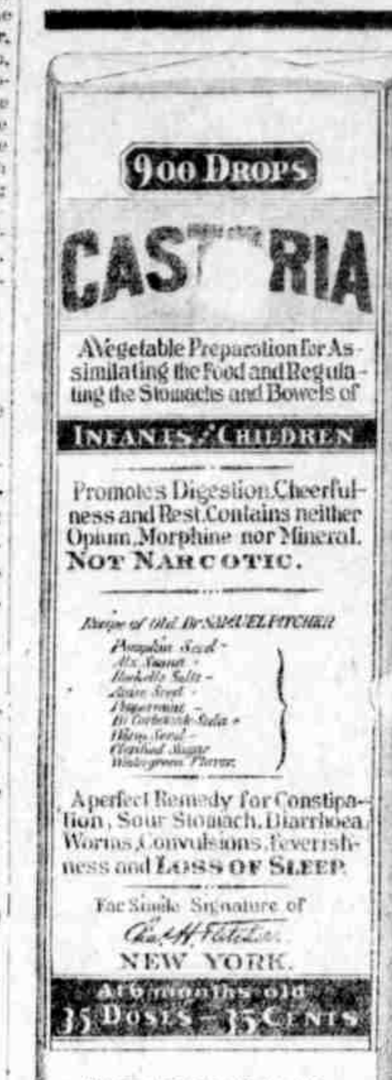

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