BRIDE of BATTLE

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

By VICTOR ROUSSEAU

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Eleanor staggered toward the Colonel, her arms raised imploringly, and cried in a choking voice:

"Say it's untrue! Only say that it's untrue!"

"It's a damned lie," said the Colonel; but there was not the least conviction in his voice.

"Tell me the truth!"

"It's true, then—it's more or less true," said Howard wearily.

"It's not true!" shouted Mark. "Remember, Colonel, the man's face had been practically blown away. How do we know that it was Hampton who was with the child? It might have been another. We don't know for sure, and we can't know. I've never believed it. I wouldn't ever dare to let myself believe it."

"You found his papers," said Kellerman.

Nobody answered him. Eleanor went up to Mark and raised her white face to his. "Tell me what you think, Captain Mark," she pleaded.

And once more Mark was mute. She read his face as if by inches. She turned toward Kellerman. "Now will you go?" she asked.

Kellerman saluted her with mock formality. "I'll go," he said, "but he's spent his chance. A spy's daughter and a spy's—"

The ambulance bearers appeared at the entrance to the recess. They bore a stretcher. Propped up in it, swathed in a bloody clout of bandages, was Hartley.

"There he is!" he cried, pointing his hand in triumph. "I knew he'd come this way. He's here, sir!" he cried to some one outside the orifice.

The stretcher bearers set down their burden on a ledge of the wall. Into the little place strode the General.

His appearance there exercised a paralyzing effect upon them all. Kellerman was the first to recover his self-possession. He saluted stiffly.

"This man," he said, pointing to Mark, "is the prisoner who was to have been executed this morning."

The General, without a word, strode toward Mark and clasped him by the hand.

Kellerman gulped and moved toward the entrance for the last time. The General turned.

"Halt, sir!" he commanded. "Colonel Howard, will you have the goodness to go to the man on the—why, I beg your pardon, Colonel! Not badly hurt?"

"Nothing much, sir," answered the Colonel, attempting to make the passage.

The General gave him his arm and assisted him, and, when he stood still, placed one arm about him to steady him.

"Do you recognize that man?" he asked.

The Colonel stiffened; Kellerman fell back against the wall.

"As I'm a living man," cried Colonel Howard, "it's Hampton!"

CHAPTER XVII.

Hartley sat up on the stretcher and fixed his eyes on Howard's face. It was evident that he was desperately wounded. One of the orderlies kneeled beside him and held him.

"This man," said the General, chewing at his mustache in emotion which he could not altogether hide, "was once an officer in the service of our country. He was engaged in confidential work in the war department. He was accused of espionage—unjustly accused."

With a low cry Eleanor rushed forward and kneeled beside the stricken man; she placed her arms about him and drew his head down upon her shoulder, looking piteously into the weary eyes. Hampton raised her hand to his lips and kissed it.

"Unjustly accused," repeated the General. "Major Kellerman, stand to attention, sir! You shall be heard later. He was the victim of the System, which was even then laying its plans in Washington. He was the victim of a woman named Morsheim—Hilda Morsheim, whose activities were well known, though we could then do nothing to counteract them. She made a specialty of luring young officers into gambling dens, winning large sums from them, and thus leading them down the slope toward disgrace and death.

"She had a confederate who was highly placed in the war department. When, by their united efforts, they failed to make a traitor of Captain Hampton, they compassed his ruin. How they did so I need not describe now. The facts are of record; it is enough to say that they succeeded. Hampton was driven into exile; but they were not satisfied with that. They broke his career, they drove him from the company of all decent men. But that was not enough. They broke his wife's heart; she died. They made his name one of execration. Still they were not satisfied. With devilish ingenuity they sought to cover their tracks by making it appear that Hampton was still carrying on his trade, still selling government secrets. You see why, Colonel?" he continued, turning to Howard. "Because they themselves were continuing their vile work, and the new leakages had to be accounted for."

Kellerman, ghastly white, leaned against the brick wall; he was fumbling nervously in his tunic pocket.

"I suppose, sir, that you are accusing—" he began.

"Be silent, sir! Gentlemen," he continued, 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 continued, addressing Hartley.

"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 methods, 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 company, 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 cabin 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, for 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—which 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 restrained by the realization that, till 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 story 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 Washington, he sought out Hilda Morsheim, who was still plying her trade, and begged, as he had never begged anyone, 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, broken men 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 his 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 dog, sir," said Kellerman, with the ghost of a smile. "Is is on such evidence that you presume—?"

"No, sir, it is not!" thundered the General. "It is on the evidence of the woman Hilda Morsheim, alias Kenson, 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," went on the General remorselessly, fixing 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 lore of a searchlight. "Her claws on him were strong enough, God knows! She 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. He had promised her that so many times—and the worst of women is as wax in the hands of the man she loves.

"But he had become infatuated with another, with a girl as much above him as—"

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, while 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, Morsheim—Kenson—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 clay. To do 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. Him the traitor had seen, and he devised a scheme to send him to the trenches and contrive to have him sent on a false and fatal errand. With that point I shall not now deal. The other man was Hampton, who had enlisted under an alias, 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—obtained her signed confession—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 that its meaning could not escape either Howard or Mark, "you are under arrest. You will go toward your quarters, first removing your belt and arms."

Kellerman saluted weakly and stumbled out of the cave. The General looked at Mark.

"The soldier Weston receives a free and full pardon for his valor in the field this day," he said. "He is also discharged honorably 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 clapped him on the shoulder. "Captain Wallace," he said, "your written resignation 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 on the headquarters staff."

"You Are Under Arrest."

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 kneeled by Hartley.

A single look showed him that the man was dying.

Mark kneeled on one side of him, with Eleanor facing him over the stretcher. The bearers, 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, broken as he had 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!" whispered 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 in turn. 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 uneasily in the effort to see.

"May God forgive me, Hampton! May she—your wife—forgive me. Tell her that, and tell her her words came true. I betrayed my best friend, and I've suffered for it, and I shall suffer to the last day of my life."

"She forgives you, Howard," said Hampton, speaking now with such solemnity that his words seemed to his listeners to be 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.

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.

(To be concluded.)

All America is holding its breath until it shall find out the whereabouts of the Monroe doctrine.

Some "Inside Stuff" for Women

This is the season of the year when women always lay the foundation for summery daintiness by taking advantage of the white sales which prevail the land over. Lingerie such as shown here is of crepes, silks and fine linens, with touches of French and Swiss embroideries, laces and ribbons as trimmings.

COURTESY IN THE HOME.

If the quesion were put suddenly to you or me, "Are you a polite and kindly person?" We should answer, "Why, yes," with a little sense of affront at the thought that we could possibly be considered anything else than polite and kindly.

And we probably are both—to the stranger and the casual acquaintance and the friend. But do we carry our civility into our own family circle?

We are not speaking of direct incivility and rudeness. That does not enter into the question. But is our family life based upon essential courtesy and kindness?

We are supposedly surrounded in our home with the people whom we love best in the world. It is for them that we work and toil and sacrifice. Their well being is worth more to us than our own. If trouble or illness threaten them our day is darkened.

Yet is it not true that we often fail to accord them the little courtesies of every-day life which we would show to the stranger within or without our gates? Do we give them the few words of kindly appreciation which would mean so much to them? Do we not sometimes proffer them careless discouragement and criticism which may some day come back to us with the force of a blow?

Suppose we hold a little private conference with ourselves over these questions. Let each—and this means you and me—carry our outdoor courtesies and thoughtfulness into the home—and we shall find out what a place of radiance and charm that home may be.

Some Scorch Stains Removable.

If you have the misfortune to scorch a garment while ironing, U. S. Department of Agriculture extension specialists suggest the following:

Scorch upon cotton and linen sometimes can be removed if the fibers are not actually burned. Wool and silk are disintegrated at a lower temperatnre than cotton and linen and can not be restored to their original condition after being scorched.

For removing slight scorch stains from cotton and linen, use one of the following agencies:

Laundry soap and water. This is sufficient to remove very slight stains.

Water and sunlight. Wet the spot with water (or soap and water) and expose to the sun for a day, or longer if necessary. The scorch disappears much more slowly if the material is not moistened before exposure.

Bread crust. Very slight scorches on the surface of materials which are not especially delicate sometimes can be rubbed away with a bread crust.

Premier Clemenceau says that President Wilson is "the most stubborn man he ever encountered." It will be recalled that the emblem of the Democratic party is a stubborn one, and that the emblem of the United States is as determined as it is powerful.

As the banners and placards come down the housewife exults in her opportunity to really wash the windows.

Now that it is not happening any more is the time to enjoy the war books and the war films.

Roads generally through the country are badly cut up. Most of them have sufficient bottom to permit autos and other vehicles to get through.

NEW U. S. AMBASSADOR TO FRANCE

Hugh Wallace of Washington, D. C., and Tacoma, Wash., personal friend to President Wilson, is the new United States ambassador to France. Wallace has been appointed to the post made vacant through the resignation of former Ambassador William Graves Sharp. Mrs. Wallace, daughter of the late Chief Justice Fuller, was an untiring war worker. Their son is a captain in the overseas army.

STATEMENT OF TAXES

LEVIED IN HARNEY COUNTY, OREGON, FOR THE YEAR 1918.

Character of Tax	Valuation	Rate Mills	Tax
State	$14,373,929.92	2.4	$ 34,497.43
County Gen. F'd.	14,373,929.92	5.3	76,181.82
Road	14,373,929.92	3.9	56,058.32
School	14,373,929.92	1.4	20,123.50
Hi. Schl.	14,373,929.92	.6	8,624.35
		13.6	$195,485.42
City of Burns	$603,660.60	9.1	5,493.31
Forest Patrol (Acres)	7,964.9	7.0	55.75

Special School Tax

No. of Dist.	Valuation	Rate in Mills	Tax
1	$1,152,099.60	11.4	$13,133.93
2	313,731.00	1.4	439.22
3	663,696.00	.8	530.95
4	769,278.20	8.5	6,538.86
5	137,677.00	2.9	399.26
6	231,312.08	.6	138.78
7	413,515.00	.6	248.10
8	83,736.00	2.4	200.96
9	662,158.00	1.0	662.16
10	737,077.00		
11	161,812.00	1.2	194.17
12	79,532.00		
13	295,682.20	4.2	1,241.86
14	54,903.00	2.8	153.72
15	111,514.00	3.1	345.69
16	187,730.00		
17	378,347.00	1.1	416.18
18	380,149.00	.8	304.11
19	203,174.50		
20	61,857.00	6.2	383.51
21	56,101.00	4.9	274.89
22	119,237.00	1.1	131.21
23	92,089.00		
24	199,728.00	1.9	379.48
26	65,931.00	.3	19.77
27	847,721.00	.6	508.63
28	109,497.00	.5	54.74
29	259,278.00	1.4	362.98
30	255,681.00	.6	153.40
31	344,578.00	.8	275.66
32	267,568.00	1.7	454.86
33	290,169.00	4.2	1,218.70
34	92,845.00	5.3	492.07
35	501,539.00	.3	150.46
36	43,869.00	14.2	622.93
37	680,363.00	4.2	2,857.52
39	82,515.00	5.3	437.32
40	39,331.00	5.2	204.52
41	118,865.00	1.7	202.17
43	30,040.00		
44	108,124.24	2.8	302.74
45	28,125.00	28.4	798.75
46	72,894.00		
47	41,442.00	4.0	165.76
48	143,995.00	15.6	2,245.32
49	100,465.00		
50	72,119.00	8.1	584.16
51	339,873.00	.8	271.89
52	112,351.60		
53	387,402.00	1.3	503.62
54	233,472.00	.7	163.43
55	184,282.00	5.4	995.12
56	225,464.00	8.5	1,916.44
57	41,400.00	32.3	1,337.22
58	181,222.00		
59	54,037.00		
61	426,292.00		
62	44,995.00	23.0	1,034.88
	14,373,929.92		44,452.09

Union High School District Composed of Districts 5, 6, 13, 21, 36, 44, and 59:

	924,195.00	.4	369.67

SUMMARY OF TAX.

State, County and Road Tax	$195,485.42
Special School Tax	44,452.09
Union High School Tax	369.67
City of Burns Tax	5,493.31
State Fire Patrol Tax	55.75
Total	$245,856.24

SUMMARY OF RESOURCES.

	Number	Value
Acres of all land in Harney County	1,290,030.03	$ 9,353,796.00
Acres of all tillable land	811,823.03	8,138,569.00
Acres nontillable, (including timberland)	478,207	1,215,227.00
Improvements on patented or deeded land		294,095.00
Town and City lots		147,905.00
Improvements on town and city lots		349,970.00
Improvements on land not deeded or patented		4,850.00
Automobiles	272	93,950.00
Stationary engines and manufacturing machinery		23,100.00
Merchandise and stock in trade		176,636.00
Farming implements wagons and carriages		29,275.00
Notes and accounts		2,800.00
Shares of stock		109,285.00
Horses and mules	12,218	366,540.00
Cattle	65,796	2,302,895.00
Sheep	79,301	634,408.00
Swine	573	5,730.00
Public Utilities		478,694.92
Total Valuation		$14,373,929.92

I hereby certify that the foregoing is a full, true and correct statement, according to the records of my office.

JOHN L. CALDWELL,
County Assessor.

Dated this 25th day of February, 1919.