

THE GREAT SHADOW

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CHAPTER XII—Continued.

I had expected to find half that regiment of horse lying on the ground; but whether it was that their breastplates had shielded them, or whether, being young and a little shaken at their coming, we had fired high, our volley had done no very great harm. About thirty horses lay about, three of them together within ten yards of me, the middle one right on its back, with its four legs in the air, and it was one of these that I had seen flapping through the smoke. Then there were eight or ten dead men, and about as many wounded, sitting dazedly on the grass for the most part, though one was shouting "Vive l'Empereur!" at the top of his voice. Another fellow who had been shot in the thigh—a great, black-mustached chap he was, too—leaned his back against his dead horse, and, picking up his carbine, fired as coolly as if he had been shooting for a prize, and hit Angus Myres, who was only two feet from me, right through the forehead. Then he cut with his hand to get another carbine that lay near, but before he could reach it big Hodgson, who was the pivot-man of the grenadier company, ran out and passed his bayonet through his throat, which was a pity, for he seemed to be a very fine man.

At first I thought that the cuirassiers had run away in the smoke, but they were not men who did that very easily. Their horses had swerved at our volley, and they had raced past our square and taken the fire of the two other ones beyond. Then they broke through a hedge, and coming on a regiment of Hanoverians who were in line, they treated them as they would have treated us if we had not been so quick, and cut them to pieces in an instant. It was dreadful to see the big Germans running and screaming, while the cuirassiers stood up in their stirrups to have a better sweep for their long, heavy swords, and cut and stabbed without mercy. I do not believe that a hundred men of that regiment were left alive, and the Frenchmen came back across our front, shouting at us and waving their weapons, which were crimson down to the hilts. This they did to draw our fire, but the colonel was too old a soldier, for we could have done little harm at the distance, and they would have been among us before we could reload.

These horsemen got behind the ridge on our right again, and we knew very well that if we opened up from the squares they would be down upon us in a twinkling. On the other hand, it was hard to bide as we were, for they had passed the word to a battery of twelve guns which formed up a few hundred yards away from us, but out of our sight, sending their balls just over the brow and down into the midst of us, which is called a plunging fire. And one of their gunners ran up to the top of the slope and stuck a handspike into the wet earth, to give them a guide, under the very muzzles of the whole brigade, none of whom fired a shot at him, each leaving him to the other. Ensign Samson, who was the youngest subaltern in the regiment, ran out from the square and pulled down the handspike, but quick as a jack after a minnow a lancer came flying over the ridge, and he made such a thrust from behind that not only his point but his pennon, too, came out between the second and third buttons of the lad's tunic. "Helen! Helen!" he shouted, and fell dead on his face, while the lancer, blown half to pieces with musket balls, toppled over beside him, still holding on to his weapon, so they lay together with that dreadful bond still connecting them.

But when the battery opened there was no time for us to think of anything else. A square is a very good way of meeting a horseman, but there is no worse one of taking a cannonball, so we soon learned when they began to cut red seams through us, until our ears were weary of the slish and splash when hard iron met living flesh and blood. After ten minutes of it we moved our square a hundred paces to the right, but we left another square behind us, for a hundred and twenty men and seven officers showed where we had been standing. Then the guns found us again, and we tried to open out into line, but in an instant the horsemen—lancers they were this time—were upon us from over the brae. I tell you we were glad to hear the thud of their hoofs, for

we knew that that must stop the cannon for a minute, and give us a chance of hitting back. And we hit back pretty hard, too, that time, for we were cold and vicious and savage, and I, for one, felt that I cared no more for the horsemen than if they had been so many sheep on Corriemuir. One gets past being afraid or thinking of one's own skin after a while, and you just feel that you want to make some one pay for all you have gone through. We took our change out of the lancers that time, for they had no breastplates to shield them, and we cleared seventy of them out of their saddles at a volley. Maybe if we could have seen seventy mothers weeping for their lads we should not have felt so pleased over it, but then men are just brutes when they are fighting, and have as much thought as two bull-pups when they've got one another by the throttle.

Then the colonel did a wise stroke, for he reckoned that this would stave off the cavalry for five minutes, so he wheeled us into line and got us back into a deeper hollow, out of reach of the guns, before they could open again. This gave us time to breathe, and we wanted it, too, for the regiment had been melting away like an icicle in the sun. But bad as it was for us, it was a deal worse for some of the others. The whole of the Dutch-Belgians were cut off by this time helter skelter, fifteen thousand of them, and there were great gaps left in our line, through which the French cavalry rode as pleased them best. Then the French guns had been too many and too good for ours, and our heavy horse had been cut to bits, so that things were none too merry with us. On the other hand, Hougomont, a blood-soaked ruin, was still ours, and every British regiment was firm, though, to tell the honest truth, as a man is bound to do, there were a sprinkling of red coats among the blue ones who made for the rear. But these were lads and stragglers, the faint hearts that are found everywhere, and I say again that no regiment flinched. It was little we could see of the battle, but a man would be blind not to know that all the fields behind us were covered with flying men. But then, though we on the right wing knew nothing of it, the Prussians had begun to show, and Napoleon had set twenty thousand of his men to face them, which made up for ours that had bolted, and left us much as we began. That was all dark to us, however, and there was a time when the French horsemen had flooded in between us and the rest of the army, that we thought we were the only brigade left standing, and had set our teeth with the intention of selling our lives as dearly as we could.

At that time it was between four and five in the afternoon, and we had had nothing to eat, the most of us, since the night before, and were soaked with rain into the bargain. It had drizzled off and on all day, but for the last few hours we had not had a thought to spare either upon the weather or our hunger. Now we began to look around and tighten our waistbelts, and ask who was hit, and who was spared. I was glad to see Jim, with his face all blackened with powder, standing on my right rear, leaning on his fire-lock. He saw me looking at him, and shouted out to know if I were hurt.

"All right, Jim," I answered. "I fear I'm here on a wild-goose chase," said he gloomily, "but it's not over yet. By God, I'll have him or he'll have me!" He had brooded so much on his wrong, had poor Jim, that I really believe it had turned his head, for he had a glare in his eyes as he spoke that was hardly human. He was always a man that took even a little thing to heart, and since Edie had left him I am sure that he was no longer his own master.

It was at this time that we saw two single fights which they tell me were common enough in the battles of old, before men were trained in masses. As we lay in the hollow, two horsemen came spurring along the ridge in front of us, riding as hard as hoof could rattle. The first was an English dragoon, his face right down on his horse's mane, with a French cuirassier, an old, gray-headed fellow, thundering behind him on a big, black mare. Our chaps set up a hooting as they came flying on, for it seemed a shame to see an Englishman run like that; but as they swept across our front we saw where the trouble lay. The dragoon had dropped his sword and was unarmed, while the other was pressing him so close that he could not get a weapon. At last, stung maybe by our hooting, he made up his mind to chance it. His eye fell on a lance beside a dead Frenchman, so he swerved his horse to let the other pass, and hopping off cleverly enough, he gripped hold of it. But the other was too tricky for him, and was on him like a shot. The dragoon thrust up with the lance, but the other turned and sliced him through the shoulder-blade. It was all done in an instant, and the Frenchman cantered his horse up the brae, showing his teeth at us over his shoulder like a snarling dog.

That was one to them, but we scored one for us presently. They had pushed forward a skirmish-line whose fire was

toward the batteries on our right and left rather than on us, but we sent out two companies of the Ninety-fifth to keep them in check. It was strange to hear the crackling kind of noise that they made, for both sides were using the rifle. An officer stood among the French skirmishers, a tall, lean man with a mantle over his shoulders, and as our fellows came forward he ran out midway between the two parties and stood as a fencer would, with his sword up and his head back. I can see him now, with his lowered eyelids, and the kind of sneer that he had upon his face. On this the subaltern of the Rifles, who was a fine well-grown lad, ran forward and drove full tilt at him with one of the queer, crooked swords that the riflemen carry. They came together like two rams, for each ran at the other, and down they tumbled at the shock, but the Frenchman was below. Our man broke his sword short off, and took the other's blade through his left arm, but he was the stronger man, and he managed to let the life out of his enemy with the jagged stump of his blade. I thought that the French skirmishers would have shot him down, but not a trigger was drawn, and he got back to his company with one sword through his arm and half another in his hand.

CHAPTER XIII.

The End of the Storm.

Of all the things that seem strange in that great battle, now that I look back upon it, there was nothing that was queerer than the way in which it acted on my comrades. For some took it as though it had been their daily meat, without question or change, and others pattered out prayers from the first gun-fire to the last, and others again cursed and swore in a way that was creepy to listen to. There was one, my own left-hand mate, Mike Threadingham, who kept telling about his maiden aunt, Sarah, and how she had left the money which had been promised to him to a home for the children of drowned sailors. Again and again he told me this story, and yet, when the battle was over, he took his oath that he had never opened his lips all day. As to me, I cannot say whether I spoke or not, but I know that my mind and my memory were clearer than I can ever remember them, and I was thinking all the time about the old folks at home, and about cousin Edie with her saucy, dancing eyes, and De Lissac with his cat's whiskers, and all the doings at West Inch which had ended by bringing us here on the plains of Belgium as a cockshot for two hundred and fifty cannon.

During all this time the roaring of those guns had been something dreadful to listen to, but now they suddenly died away, though it was like the lull in a thunder-storm when one feels that a worse crash is coming hard at the fringe of it. There was still a mighty noise on the distant wing, where the Prussians were pushing their way onward, but that was two miles away. The other batteries, both French and English, were silent, and the smoke cleared so that the armies could see a little of each other. It was a dreary sight along our ridge, for there seemed to be just a few scattered knots of red, and the lines of green where the German legion stood, while the masses of the French appeared to be as thick as ever, though, of course, we knew that they must have lost many thousands in these attacks. We heard a great cheering and shouting from among them, and then suddenly all their batteries opened together with a roar which made the din of the earlier part seem nothing in comparison. It might well be twice as loud, for every battery was twice as near, being moved right up to point-blank range, with huge masses of horse between and behind them to guard them from attack.

When that devil's roar burst upon our ears there was not a man down to the drummer-boys who did not understand what it meant. It was Napoleon's last great effort to crush us. There were but two more hours of light, and if we could hold our own for those, all would be well. Starved and weary and spent, we prayed that we might have strength to load and stab and fire while a man of us stood upon his feet.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Honesty.

Honesty is not the best policy. It isn't any kind of policy. It's a virtue practiced for its own sake without regard for profits. Those who refrain from stealing because thieves end in jail are not honest. They are merely discreet.—Robert Quillen in Saturday Evening Post.

"Great Expectations."

Should people, it is asked, sleep at the theater? No. They should hardly expect to get bored and lodging as well.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Economy.

Without economy none can be rich, and with it few will be poor.—Doctor Johnson.

It's better to smile and be a villain than never to have smiled at all.

Fashions in Furs

Short Sport Coat Favorite Among American Women.

In This Type of Wrap Milady Can Be Comfortable; It Is Always Good Looking.

Fur stands out more prominently in women's apparel this season than ever before. Not only are fur coats each costing a small fortune, but there are coat linings of fur, coat trimmings of fur, hats of fur, dresses trimmed with fur. Everywhere fur is seen in abundance, and wherever it is used it adds that last touch of lavishness now so much sought.

The American woman delights in the short sport coat of fur. In it she can be comfortable and it is always good looking. There is something about the short fur coat that is always in the well-dressed class. Then it allows so many sorts of frocks to be worn with it. The sport skirt of tweed or plaid or stripe is good; the soft satin folds of a one-piece frock look graceful when falling from a top of thick fur; serge is good with it and duvetyn is very smart. It is interesting to see the different combinations that can be made with a short fur coat and to see that most of them are astonishingly successful.

Seal is the fur that is most popular, and, indeed, most successfully, used for these shorter coats. It combines so nicely with different materials and colors. The tall girls look fascinating when they wear lightish dresses along with short seal coats, and the short girls are at their best when the skirt that shows is of a darker tone. Then seal has another

advantage; it is dressy when it must be, but at the same time it can be worn on other occasions. Once a fur coat is adopted as a part of a winter



The Chic Sport Coat of Seal With Chinchilla Collar.

wardrobe, it is apt to be clung to closely. Nothing else, after the coziness of fur, seems at all adequate for keeping out the wintry blasts.

NEW SHADE FOR MILLINERY

"Dandelion Yellow" Is Color Featured in Spring Headgear; Traveling Hats of Heavy Silk.

Touching upon what will be worn, it is announced that a new shade called "dandelion yellow" featured in spring millinery, as are pastels, Peach, apricot and lavender are among the popular hues for winter resort wear. Luster satin with hair braid and straw and linen crash will also have their day.

Traveling hats of heavy silk are close fitting brims or turban shaped with trimming of ostrich showers and wings. Garden hats are chiefly of light-colored transparent hair-braid, ribbon and flower-trimmed, large and drooping in shape. Sports wear will favor close fitting silk crushes and the banded straw sailor will undoubtedly be chosen by many women.

A taking sports novelty is the silk-and-wool sock for women, designed to be worn with the heavy London brogue. It has the regular golf turnover below the knee, the colored band on this "roll" will match the band on the dashing sports hat for golf, hiking or boating.

Electricity for Aged Hands.

The aged hand has been a source of much mortification and anxiety to the woman who has left her '30s and her '40s behind her. Yet electricity, that prime aid in the rejuvenation of beauty, has come to her assistance, and now the woman who has a good many years to her credit, but who does not care to admit that balance, goes to the beauty parlors, settles back comfortably in a reclining chair and renews the youth of her hands by electrical treatment.

VELVET AND GRAY SQUIRREL



This circular cape of velvet and gray squirrel is decidedly reminiscent of the early sixties, as is also the frilled dancing frock under it.

Make Camisole of Handkies

Garment Easy to Construct by Using Soft Kerchiefs With Embroidered or Scalloped Edges.

Take three soft handkerchiefs of fine material and with embroidered or scalloped edges. Fold each handkerchief diagonally through the middle and press the creases well with a moderately-hot iron. With sharp scissors cut along the lines thus made; you will now have six triangular pieces of equal size. Cut the insertion to whatever lengths are required, which can be ascertained by measuring. There should be two long rows, with plenty of length allowed for fullness, for the top of the garment; two center strips to meet in points at the front and at the back, each crossing the shoulder without a seam; two short strips for use at the joining of the front and the back, and two short rows for each armhole.

The easiest way to put the sections together is to pin them in the proper position on a large sheet of paper and

then tack the strips of insertion into place and remove the paper. In putting the front of the camisole together leave the left edge of the center section free for an opening. Sew small pearl buttons on the under edge and small loops on the insertion.

After you have joined all the sections, fit the garment on the wearer, if possible; it will probably be necessary to draw in both back and front at the top with small gathers. Add the yoke, made of double strips of insertion, and the armhole rows and finish them with a lace edge to match. Through the openwork of the lace run a narrow ribbon for gathering; instead of ribbon a crocheted lingerie cord may be used that is made with a simple chain stitch of white thread of a weight suited to the texture of the lace. Finish the bottom with a narrow tape.

Some smart Paris frocks have narrow bands at the hem.