

"Bride of Battle"

By VICTOR ROUSSEAU

A ROMANCE OF THE AMERICAN ARMY FIGHTING ON THE BATTLE-FIELDS OF FRANCE.

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CHAPTER XIII.

No word had come of any project of attack on the morning. In this the sergeant's prediction had probably proved false; yet the feeling in the air of something impending seemed to have communicated itself to the enemy's lines, distant some three hundred yards across a desolate region charmed up by shells; for there came spasmodic alarms all through the night which resulted in outbursts of rifle firing on either side that gradually died away.

A wiring party and a listening post party were out from the American trenches, and Mark was on duty with three others of the stretcher bearers' company, ready for a call.

It was an eerie sensation, sitting there in the dugout, looking through the doorway at the stars shining above the parapet, at the sentries, standing at their posts, eyes on the terrain opposite; hearing the rattat-tat of machine guns, the challenges, the heavy breathing of his companions, the obvious to everything. Vividly the past scenes of his life flashed through his mind. Eleanor, his love and his ally, his shame and his regeneration were lived over again. Kellerman's approach had changed the focus of the mental pictures. He tried not to build extravagant hopes on the conversation, he tried to believe in Kellerman, even to reconcile himself to the possibility of his marrying Eleanor. But he knew that he was unable to think clearly, and even as he strove to reconcile the past and the future, the alarm came.

A corporal was at the dugout door. "Stretcher bearers!" he whispered. The four men were on their feet immediately, two stretchers ready.

"A man hit between the lines," said the corporal. "You've got to bring him in. You can see him from this loop-hole."

Mark stepped upon the sentry's platform and saw, indistinct in the darkness, a huddled form about half way to the German trenches.

"Then he heard Kellerman's voice at his side.

"A man of the—th got hit," he said, "bring him in, Weston. Make a quick job of it, Corporal Barnes, you'll take charge. You two will be ready to take out your stretcher in case anything happens."

The corporal holstered himself upon the sandbags and squirmed over. Mark followed, and they pulled up the stretcher and then Mark's comrade. As they were over the parapet the trenches faded into invisibility; nothing was to be seen but an undulating extent of ground, with the posts that supported the criss-crossing wires.

The corporal led the way, crouching toward the gap in the wires. They passed two lines, traversed a diagonal lane, and emerged beyond the third into the open. The body of the wounded man, which had disappeared, came into light, a black patch under the stars.

"Get down!" whispered the corporal. They flung themselves to the ground, and proceeded to wriggle forward in their directions, pushing the stretcher as soundlessly as possible across the rough ground. Suddenly the man with Mark uttered an exclamation.

"What the devil's he sent us on this job for?" he demanded truculently. "Shut up, you fool!" whispered the corporal hoarsely.

"That ain't no man. He's been there every day. Listen, Dutch, man! He's every listening post party know him. What's the good of dragging him in? He ain't got no head to him."

"What you talking about?" snarled the corporal. "That's the man the major said, and there ain't no other in his sight. Telt!"

They flattened themselves as a rocket burst into the air above the German lines, revealing as clearly as by daylight the lines of the hostile wiring posts, the huddled forms of the sentries, the whole terrain, with its hummocky ground and distant copses, blasted by shellfire.

Then the machine guns burst forth. "Rat-tat-tat-tat!" sang the bullets overhead.

They swished through the grass and pattered on the ground. No answer came from the section of the American line immediately behind the defenders, but on each side there came answering volleys, making the air an inferno of engine clouds, until the rocket showers died down.

"Now, boys!" whispered the corporal. They crawled onward. The huddled form came into clear view. The body seemed to be already blending with the earth, melting into formlessness; and there was no need to wonder whether this was a dead or wounded man.

The corporal swore. "I told you so!" mumbled Mark's companion. "I told you so. What's he sent us here for, the fool?"

His words ended in a gurgle. From behind the shelter of the corpse leaped five men. Noiselessly they flung themselves upon the party of three. Mark felt a pistol at his temple.

"Surrender!" hissed a voice in his ear. In a flash he realized the trap. The three were unarmed, non-combatants; it was a counter-raid—and Mark had known that the enemy were abroad that night and suspected their rendezvous.

He saw his two companions being dragged, unresisting, toward the German lines. Three men were with them; besides his immediate antagonist there was only one other figure in the immediate vicinity, and that

one-half turned away. And the thought of the infernal trap assailed Mark to madness. As his captor, not suspecting resistance on his part, let the muzzle of the pistol drop, Mark drew back his hand and struck upward with all his might.

He felt the burn of the powder as the discharged bullet sped under his chin, he heard the startled cry of the Germans; and then a furious outburst of machine gun fire came from the trenches opposite. Two Very lights went up, revealing the two struggling men to the sentries on either side.

Mark saw, through the smoke, a scorching yellow hair and the body of a Hercules. The man dashed at him, striking madly with his bare fists. The two fought amid a hailstorm of bullets.

Suddenly the German uttered a choking cry and dropped. Blood spurting from his throat, where a chance bullet had found him. As he fell, Mark precipitated himself upon him and lay flat on the ground.

The firing died away. The star shells grew infrequent; they disclosed no movement in the terrain between the lines. Mark drew out his first-aid supplies and strove to bandage the wound. But the man, who had writhed weakly in his arms, suddenly collapsed and lay still. Mark felt the face grow cold beneath his fingers. It was unnecessary to continue bandaging.

And, since there was nothing else to do, he began to crawl back toward the parapet of his line. A whispered challenge, an answer, and he had sealed the sandbags and descended into the mud of the trench, to find the firing posts crowded and himself facing Kellerman and the company captain.

Inwardly boiling, he stood still. It was too dark to see the expression on Kellerman's face but he could imagine the sneering grin that disgusted it.

"Well!" said Kellerman sharply. "The man you sent me to bring in was dead. He had been there for days."

"Where are your companions?" demanded Kellerman.

"Captured."

"And you?"

"We were attacked in the dark. I fought with my man until a bullet killed him. The others were taken."

"And your stretcher?" asked Kellerman with a bland smile.

"I left it between the lines. Do you wish me to go back for it, sir?"

"This man is lying," said Kellerman to the captain calmly. "He abandoned his companions and ran away. He lost his stretcher. Put him under arrest."

The captain beckoned to the platoon sergeant, who came forward.

"I'd like to say one thing," said Mark, striving to keep his voice steady. "We three were sent out to bring in a dead man, who had been dead for days—anyone here will be able to put in this. Was the man wounded tonight? There was only one body in this section."

"Cut it out!" said the sergeant, laying his hand on Mark's shoulder.

But Mark swung clear of him and turned and faced Kellerman again. "You sent me out tonight to put me out of the way!" he cried, losing all self-control. "For reasons that you know, and I know, you wanted me dead, and you were willing to send two others to their death also. You lied to me to put me off my guard. And here's the blow you gave, back again!"

He struck Kellerman a buffet that sent him reeling back against the parapet.

(To Be Continued.)

FAMOUS FLIER KILLED

Raoul Lufbery Shot Down by Big German Machine.

With the American Army in France, Sunday, May 19, (By the Associated Press)—Maj. Raoul Lufbery, who had been regarded as the best aviator in the American air service, was shot down in flames and killed this morning by a big German triplane which was attacking Lufbery's plane as it circled above the ground. He had 15 victories to his credit.

The German machine which brought Lufbery down, which was armed with two machine guns, with an operator for each pilot, apparently escaped. Lufbery's only wound, aside from those received when he crashed to earth, was a bullet hole through the thumb. Apparently the same bullet punctured one of the gasoline tanks of his machine. The German machine was under heavy anti-aircraft fire several times, both before and after the flight and one explosion of a shell upset the enemy plane, but it managed to straighten out again.

It was about 10 o'clock this morning when a German triplane suddenly descended from the engine clouds, apparently because of engine trouble, until it was only some 1,500 meters over the city of Toul. The American fliers were on the alert and some of them headed for the fighting line to await the enemy on his return.

BOYS WILL BE BOYS

They are the Same in the Army as Elsewhere.

TWO TYPICAL CASES AT SEVIER.

One Young Fellow Who Lacked the Right Kind of Stuff and Wanted to Get Out and Another Young Fellow Who Had the Right Kind of Stuff and Wanted to Stay In—Both Were Difficult to Manage.

(Classed by the Censor.)

Correspondence The Yorkville Enquirer

Camp Sevier, May 20.—Included in the American army now in France and among the thousands of soldiers now on the way across or who soon will be on the way, are hundreds of young boys not more than fifteen or sixteen or seventeen. Enlistment of youngsters of this age is always discouraged, and really it is impossible for them to get into the service unless they are able to convince the enlisting officer of their maturity. It is at least eighteen. That is an easy matter for a resourceful youngster with army on the brain. Most of them who get in want to stay in and many of them, after a few months' training develop into just as good soldiers as men who have attained their majority. No matter how good they are it is the policy of the army to discharge them even after several months' service if the fact of their minority is established. Occasionally these minors come to the conclusion that all is not gold that glitters and tire of military life after the novelty of the thing has worn off. Then they become more whining children and give more trouble and annoyance than any school boy ever gave his teacher.

Frank Brown was one of these. He joined a Tennessee National Guard outfit last July at Nashville, and came to Camp Sevier with it. His father was the proprietor of a barber shop or two in the Tennessee city, and he used to let his young son practice amputating the whiskers of customers who didn't much care whether they were shaved or not. The boy brought along a barber's outfit when he came to Sevier, and he used to pick up quite a little change by grooming soldiers around camp. He seemed to be in earnest about soldiering, though, and he looked for several months as though he were going to develop into a good Hun hunter, despite the fact that he was only 15.

Then all of a sudden, like he grew tired of the army and began to make trouble for himself and everybody else and soon "Lucky's Bad Boy" was in it with him. He used to run away at drill time and be gone the whole of an afternoon and the more he was punished the madder he became. It would have been a shame to put a child like him in the division stockade, and that's why it wasn't done.

For a long time nobody in the company could find out where he went when he ran away, and it was only by accident that one of the sergeants of the company, being over in the town of Paris one afternoon on some company business, ran on young Brown standing at the head of a chair in one of the barber shops there, calmly cutting the whiskers. Asked what he was doing and by what authority his reply was: "I was over here forming and I figured I would put on a little barber work." He kept right on shaving his man and didn't come back to camp until after retreat in the evening.

That kind of thing couldn't go. The idea of Uncle Sam paying a man to soldier for him and then have that soldier in the barber business for himself was too much of a good thing. So the skipper made it the special duty of one of his non-commissioned officers to see to it that Brown was on hand at every forming and to turn him over to the field after that, but little could be gotten out of him because any father or mother knows what a job it is to make a wayward boy do when he won't. A hickory switch would have turned the trick, the skipper said; but of course that would have been quite contrary to regulations.

The kid grew more mischievous, more dissatisfied, harder to handle as the days went by.

One inspection morning and every man in the company had sworn the night before that the outfit was going to pull off the blindest, cleanest, best inspection it ever had put across. Instead of going to town and spreading joy on the night before, every man would spend two or three hours rubbing up his rifle, his shoes, his clothes, his skin—everything subject to inspection. On inspection morning the colonel or the major or whoever might be the inspecting officer, would start down the line of soldiers standing at attention.

A smile of satisfaction flits over his concrete face at the sight of such a good looking company of soldiers, so neat, so clean, of such military bearing and carriage. The captain is in high glee also because it means a feather in his cap every time the company shows up well on these occasions.

The inspector has inspected fifty men of the front rank and the further down the line he goes the better he likes the men. The condition, even so clean, every ear is clean, the rifles glister in the morning sun and the barrels are as slick and shiny as a soapmaker's daughter.

He completed his examination of the front rank and proceeds to give the rear rank the once-over. They promise to make an equally good showing. He reaches the station of Private Brown and the expression on his face changes. There's a reason.

The boy's rifle is slung over his shoulder in a careless manner, there is a black spot on one cheek and his ears are dirty. The barrel of his rifle appears as though it never had an introduction to a rag and a rod and some three-in-one. And the kid is grinning. He doesn't care.

"This man is filthy and so is his equipment," says the inspector to the C. O.

"Yes, sir; yes, sir," replies the C. O. "What do you mean coming on inspection in such condition?" he bawls at Brown, with a look as though he

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DEMOCRATIC CAMPAIGNERS

Canvass of the State Begins Tuesday, June 18.

The itineraries of the state and senatorial campaign have been arranged to begin on June 18, the senatorial party at Winnsboro and the state party at Burnsville. The two parties are to be kept some weeks apart, the senatorial party reaching Yorkville on Tuesday, June 20, and the state party reaching this place on Wednesday, July 21. The itineraries are as follows:

Senatorial Campaign.

Winnsboro, Tuesday, June 18. Chester, Wednesday, June 19. Yorkville, Thursday, June 20. Lancaster, Friday, June 21. Camden, Saturday, June 22. Chesterfield, Tuesday, June 25. Bennettsville, Wednesday, June 26. Darlington, Thursday, June 27. Bishopville, Friday, June 28. Sumter, Saturday, June 29. St. Matthews, Monday, July 1. Orangeburg, Tuesday, July 2. St. George, Wednesday, July 3. Columbia, Thursday, July 4. Manning, Monday, July 15. Dillon, Tuesday, July 16. Florence, Wednesday, July 17. Conway, Thursday, July 18. Marion, Friday, July 19. Kingstree, Saturday, July 20. Georgetown, Monday, July 22. Moncks Corner, Tuesday, July 23. Charleston, Wednesday, July 24. Walterboro, Thursday, July 25. Ridgeland, Friday, July 26. Beaufort, Saturday, July 27. Hampton, Monday, July 29. Barnwell, Tuesday, July 30. Aiken, Wednesday, July 31. Abbeville, Thursday, August 1. Edgefield, Friday, August 2. Saluda, Saturday, August 3. Lexington, Sunday, August 4. Newberry, Wednesday, August 7. Laurens, Thursday, August 8. Greenwood, Friday, August 9. Abbeville, Saturday, August 10. McCormick, Sunday, August 11. Anderson, Wednesday, August 14. Walhalla, Thursday, August 15. Pickens, Friday, August 16. Greenville, Saturday, August 17. Union, Wednesday, August 21. Gaffney, Thursday, August 22. Spartanburg, Friday, August 23. Barnwell, Tuesday, June 18. Hampton, Wednesday, June 19. Beaufort, Thursday, June 20. Ridgeland, Friday, June 21. Walhalla, Saturday, June 22. Barnwell, Tuesday, June 25. Aiken, Wednesday, June 26. Edgefield, Thursday, June 27. Saluda, Friday, June 28. Lexington, Saturday, June 29. Newberry, Tuesday, July 2. Laurens, Wednesday, July 3. Greenwood, Thursday, July 4. McCormick, Friday, July 5. Abbeville, Saturday, July 6. Anderson, Monday, July 15. Walhalla, Tuesday, July 16. Pickens, Wednesday, July 17. Greenville, Thursday, July 18. Union, Friday, July 19. Spartanburg, Saturday, July 20. Gaffney, Tuesday, July 23. Yorkville, Wednesday, July 24. Lancaster, Thursday, July 25. Chester, Friday, July 26. Winnsboro, Saturday, July 27. Camden, Tuesday, July 30. Chesterfield, Wednesday, July 31. Bennettsville, Thursday, August 1. Darlington, Friday, August 2. Orangeburg, Saturday, August 3. Sumter, Tuesday, August 6. Dillon, Wednesday, August 7. Conway, Thursday, August 8. Marion, Friday, August 9. Florence, Saturday, August 10. Manning, Tuesday, August 13. Kingstree, Wednesday, August 14. Georgetown, Thursday, August 15. Moncks Corner, Friday, August 16. Charleston, Saturday, August 17. St. George, Tuesday, August 20. Orangeburg, Wednesday, August 21. St. Matthews, Thursday, August 22. Columbia, Friday, August 23.

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