

A NOVEL A WEEK

NEXT WEEK, "OVERLAND RED"

"Shea of the Irish Brigade"

"A SOLDIER'S STORY," By Randall Parrish. Copyright, 1914 by A. C. McClurg & Co.

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BEGIN HERE TODAY The scene of the story is laid in France during the reign of Louis XV. Arthur Shea of the Irish Brigade, fleeing through the lines of the allies at night after fighting a duel, rescues a beautiful girl, Camille d'Enville, from the English. Later she is recaptured and borne to a ruined castle where Shea again finds her.

CHAPTER XVIII. The Attack.

The Chevalier's presence in the castle was easily enough explained. He had been sent afield and captured by La Porte's gang. As we pieced his story and that of Mademoiselle's together there was little doubt that his capture was also a part of the plot.

D'Enville had escaped his prison by overpowering the guard who brought him food. The man was evidently only stunned, for he had disappeared when the dwarf and I reached the cell. This probably accounted for de Saule's knowledge of d'Enville's escape.

The Chevalier had donned the armor to frighten the ruffians by playing ghost, but had avoided all of them and succeeded in frightening only us. He had not known of de Saule's identity until we told him, but he had recognized the castle and knowing its history had put it to account.

The two tales pieced together, I began to plan for some further action, for it must be now near dawn. There was little doubt that Gossipe would be discovered and released. He knew the secret door and passage and would lead the group thither.

I glanced at Mademoiselle, the outline of her sweet face barely visible.

"You say, d'Enville, there is no other way down?"

"Only that I found none, and I searched as best I could."

"There may be a secret way not to be uncovered in the dark. It was mere luck that revealed the other, the stone left ajar. However, it is plain there is but one plan left us, Chevalier, and that is to defend those stairs yonder until daylight gives us a chance to search."

He glanced about uneasily.

"You believe they may discover the passage?"

"Tis my reasoning that de Saule will prow about until he finds that rascal of a dwarf locked up where I left him. The fellow undoubtedly knows the secret of those stairs. The rest is plain, Monsieur, for you know de Saule. Are you armed?"

He laughed, and stooped down to grasp the ancient broadsword at his feet.

"Only with this neat weapon."

We were careless, I admit, idling there in talk, when our effort should have been to make secure our defense against those villains below. Yet there was nothing to cause alarm, no sound even of voices in the night.

Besides the reckless nature of d'Enville had effect on me. He was an older man, a more experienced soldier, and officer of higher rank. To my suggestion that we stand on guard, he but laughed, and whispered some message to Mademoiselle, which might have been reflection on my courage. At least the supposition served to heat my blood, and silenced my tongue.

Had two men been alone words might have led to quarrel, for there was an insolence about the fellow that roused me. My hand gripped my sword hilt, a hot retort on my lips—but she was his sister, and I loved her.

I walked away from them into the deeper shadow of the wall. She must have understood, for a moment later her shadow left his side, and came silently toward me.

"Monsieur," she said softly, "it is only his way; he was ever careless of speech, and he is my brother."

"I shall not forget, but it is a mystery how you two are of the same blood. Surely he has no more cause for arrogant pride than you?"

"I am of the court; he, the camp—an environment develops different characteristics Monsieur."

"True enough, no doubt; yet never did I suppose the court of Louis to be overlooked with modesty, or a school for gentleness."

"Nor is it, Monsieur," she returned soberly. "Nor am I a flower of such rare excellence. I am not devoid of pride, perchance even arrogance. 'Tis not an angel, but a woman Monsieur whom you have succored, a woman of moods. Tonight I am your friend—tomorrow—"

She paused, and I bent down, and kissed her hand.

"Tomorrow you will still be to me, at least, Camille d'Enville. I am not afraid."

"Tomorrow will be a new day. What I am tonight, I am—tomorrow, what I may be. There is in the shops of Paris a changeable weave of silk called Camille, at night it is rose-tinted, and by day a golden brown. I am Camille d'Enville, to those who know me well that is answer enough."

"But do they know you?"

"They think they do, Monsieur. The truth is for you to learn, yet Charles has always called me a will of the wisp, and one a brother should know, Monsieur."

I glanced at the dimly revealed figure of the silent chevalier, whose very presence I had forgotten. He was apparently kneeling on the roof, although I could not determine what it was that occupied his attention so closely. Indeed I had no time in which to discover, for even as I glanced that way I beheld a moving figure behind him—then another, and a third.

CHAPTER XIX. The Fight for Life.

At first glimpse I failed to sense the reality of those spectral figures, half believing them visionary.

Then Mademoiselle gave utterance to a gasp, grasping my arm in terror, and I saw d'Enville rise to his feet, the great broadsword lifted in both hands. The situation came to me in a flash—they had discovered the mechanism of the secret door. De Saule was among them, and Gossipe, and the giant Guleteau, no longer fearful of ghosts, and dragging their cowardly crew along by threat and promise.

"Back here, d'Enville!" I cried desperately, thrusting Mademoiselle behind me. "Not in the open! you have no chance there; come back here."

I could see the turn of his head, the swift glance he cast toward where I stood shielding the girl.

"Ay! in a minute, but not till I leave my mark. Ah! I see you now, you black renegade."

It was such swift action I could scarce tell what happened. Had I deemed best I could scarce have been of aid, but my plain duty was to remain where I was, crouched in the angle of the wall,



SHE POINTED TO THE SOUTHWARD—A SHORT COLUMN OF HORSEMEN WAS RIDING TOWARD THE CASTLE.

the girl behind me, my sword blade ready.

D'Enville cut and thrust like a demon, wielding his ancient weapon with both hands. The great two-handed sword crashed and fell, rose again and was swept down with remorseless power. Twice the dark shadows of bodies on the roof broke before him.

He killed, but he paid. I saw the flash of a knife blurt in his side, a glare of flame lit the horrid scene as a pistol flared, and the dying man clung to him in frenzied agony. Once more the huge sword swept in deadly circles—then he tottered and went crashing forward, his head against the stairs.

And now it was I—I alone! I was not meeting that onrush like a mad fool, where they must front me. 'T would be a fair fight, and they held me a swordsman even in the army of France.

"Here, take this," I said to Mademoiselle, thrusting my pistol into her hands. "There's but one shot—keep it to the last."

"Yes, Monsieur," the voice firm, assured. "Are we left alone? Is Charles dead?"

"He fell, and whether dead or alive, is out of it. They are coming now."

I could see the fellows, yet they were so bunched, the dim light confused my vision, and 'twas hard to guess how many held their feet. I made it four, besides the leaders.

That which followed was so swift of action, so jumbled and indistinct as to seem more dream than reality. It was, as desperate fighting always is, a mad, fierce, helter-skelter struggle, where instinct takes the place of thought.

There was a blind rush forward, a gleam of weapons in the starlight. I touched steel with my blade, warded and lunged under the first fellow's guard. There was a cry of agony, a toppling back of his body, the clatter of a falling sword, and I stood over him thrusting and hacking, careless of my own hurt, the joy of the fighting turning my blood to fire.

Suddenly out from the confused muck, a blade struck mine—a blade with a wrist behind it. I felt the difference, and stiffened to the fight. It was Guleteau.

Faith, he was no swordsman. I knew that before we had parried twice, but the giant strength of his m bore down my guard, forced me to desperate defense.

"There's work before you now." I advanced an inch, two inches, fighting in deadly earnest. Twice he circled, striving vainly to strike home.

He was the stronger man; ay! and the greater skilled; but I had youth, recklessness, breath, and a more subtle wrist. He fought like a demon, yet I wore him down. His sworn fell clattering at my feet, and his body crumpled into shapelessness, one gasp alone his death note.

CHAPTER XXI. The Sunrise of Tomorrow.

I came slowly back to consciousness, to see golden sunlight reflected on the stones of the wall, and Mademoiselle's sweet face bending above.

Her hands held mine, and as I endeavored to smile, the words of impulse dropped from her lips.

"Oh, Monsieur! it has terrified me so to see you. I knew not what to do. There are wounds, for you bleed."

Mere scratches, Mademoiselle, to be healed by a dash of water. Your hand again till I gain my feet—ah! see, the old strength will be mine presently!"

She clung to me, and I reeled a bit unsteadily, conscious of pain, my mind still dazed and uncertain. Yet a thrill stirred my blood. Ay! it had been a fight worthy any soldier, a tale of arms worth telling in camp or court.

D'Enville had left his deadly mark ere he fell, and I had borne my part well.

"Your brother, Mademoiselle!" I asked, my lips trembling. "Does he still live?"

"I know not, Monsieur. I think Charles is dead—he lies motionless."

He rested with face buried on one arm, the very posture expressive of death, yet I crossed the narrow space between, stepping over a ragged peasant, and looked closely.

"He is dead, Monsieur?"

"Yes, soberly. But as he would have wished to die."

She was staring at him, leaning forward, her face white, her hands shading her eyes. Then she crossed before me and knelt down, making the symbol of the cross.

It was so still about us I could hear the thudding of my heart, and the ghastly forms lying here and there were grim reminders of the horror of a moment before. I could scarcely believe the testimony of my own eyes, that these men were actually dead—that d'Enville and I had met them sword to sword and conquered.

A shudder ran over me, and my head throbbled with a dull pain. Then I became conscious that Mademoiselle had risen from her knees.

"Monsieur—what—what are we to do now?"

"In truth," I replied, ashamed of myself, and seeking for words of encouragement, "you are the soldier, I the girl, it would seem. I was moping here with a brain paralyzed. What shall we do, Mademoiselle? Why, we must find our way out before more villains bar the passage."

"You thing there are more?"

"That I do not know. Ay! there must be, unless they have fled, for a larger number than those who lie dead here were on guard in that lower hall. You saw?"

"Yes, Monsieur; there were others, four or five, perhaps."

"That was my memory; no doubt the cowards slipped away unseen, afraid to follow. Well, such as they will not serve to help us. You fired your pistol, Mademoiselle. I had better load it again before we go."

While I was engaged at this task she moved nearer the wall, as though seeking to avoid the bodies. Suddenly she gave a little cry of surprise.

"Monsieur—who are they?"

She pointed to the southward, and with a step, I stood beside her sharply gazing across the marsh toward the distant forest. A short column of horsemen was riding toward the castle.

distance prevented my eyes from distinguishing the uniform.

"Ay! they are soldiers, and coming here, but I cannot tell if they be enemies or friends," I said at last. "This is neutral ground, scouted over by detachments from both camps."

"You cannot tell; you do not see!" her dark eyes shone, as they met mine. "Why, Monsieur, I can distinguish the uniform of the officer in front—it is like the one you wear; they are of the Irish Brigade."

I leaned out over the wall, and looked again. They were indeed Royal Irish—and we were safe!

My one thought was regret—it would mean our parting never to meet again! The barrier of rank rose inevitably between us, enforcing separation and a life apart. She, the daughter of the Marquis d'Enville, would go back to the court, leaving me to the old life of camp and field. The dream was done.

I felt the light touch of her hand on my sleeve, and lifted my eyes to her face.

"What it is, Monsieur? You are not glad?"

"For your dear sake, yes, Mademoiselle," I answered gravely. "I rejoice at your safety. But surely you must realize what this will mean? You will return to Paris, and resume your position. Louis will never dare avow his connection with this diabolical plot of de Saule's. He will smile and dissemble as a monarch can. And I—well, all I shall retain of you will be the memory that once I was of service."

"And why, Monsieur?" her voice earnest and sincere. "Shall I not still remain Camille d'Enville?"

"Of whose nature you have told me—a creature of moods; changeable as the strange weave of silk given your name. Think you I have so soon forgotten the warn-

ing of what a difference the dawn of a morrow might bring?"

There was an instant of silence. Then—"This is the morrow, Monsieur."

"And you?"

"I—I have not changed."

Incredulously, scarcely understanding, I could but grasp her extended hands.

"Look at me," I cried eagerly. "I would see your eyes. You mean—"

The long lashes lifted shyly, a sweet smile in the depths of the eyes suddenly revealed.

"That I love you, Monsieur."

"Tis the end of a soldier's story; just a chapter or two torn from out the history of a fighting race. The sunshine was on our faces, the light of love in our hearts, and down below my comrades rode steadily to the rescue. Pray me the world was won.

THE END.

PORTE'S LIFE DEPENDS ON TINY COMPASS SAYS AN EXPERT IF INSTRUMENTS FAIL HE AND ASSISTANT ARE BOTH DOOMED NOTED AEROPLANIST TELLS ABOUT DANGERS OF EXPEDITION



Tuning up the engines for trial flight of "America." Lieut. Porte is the central figure facing the camera, and is seen directing his workmen.

BY NORMAN ROSE. OAKWOOD HEIGHTS, N. Y., July 11.—"If the 'America' fails to fly across the 'herring pond,' it will be because of just one thing, and one thing only—the purely SCIENTIFIC DIFFICULTY OF GUIDANCE! There, to my mind, is the big problem, which only the actual flying test by Lieut. Porte can solve!"

This is the opinion of Haldeeman von Flygeleness, who is both an experienced and daring aviator, and also one of the country's foremost experts in aeroplane mechanics.

"Here is the question as it presents itself to my mind, after careful observation and study of the Wannamaker airship—ARE ITS NAVIGATORS GOING TO HAVE SUFFICIENT AND ACCURATE GUIDANCE FROM WHICH THEY MUST DEPEND TO GIVE THEM THEIR COURSE IN THE TRACKLESS WASTES OF AIR WHICH THEY MUST TRAVERSE?"

"For one thing, will the altitude of the America be given with sufficient precision by the use of the sextant to make the two of the sextant of value?"

"For another, will the compass remain true, and trustworthy, in spite of the insulating precautions which have been taken, and which may be the cause of serious deviation?"

"These, in my estimation, are the great questions of the flight, and the whole future of trans-oceanic aeronautics may almost be said to rest upon the manner in which they will be answered in THIS ONE EPOCH-MAKING COMBAT between man's ingenuity and the mighty forces of nature."

"The machine itself, with its huge translucent wings and propeller-like body, is in all ways perfect—a little slow to answer the controls, it is true, as are all machines with large spread, but with an inherent stability which should enable it to forge ahead,

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The Times Makes the First Announcement of the Author on Page 1 Today

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The Novel a Week for July Thirteenth Is "OVERLAND RED"