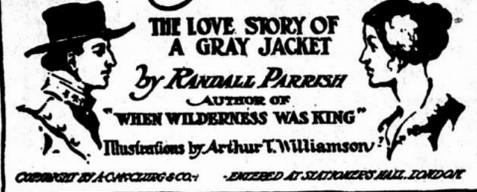


My Lady of the North



THE LOVE STORY OF A GRAY JACKET By RANDALL PARRISH

Illustrations by Arthur T. Williamson

WHEN WILDERNESS WAS KING

Illustrated by A. C. W. Co. Entered at Stationers Hall, London

SYNOPSIS. The story opens in a Confederate tent...

He arose ponderously to his feet, and stretched out his short arms...

CHAPTER XXVIII.—Continued.

"I say, Cap," he said, jerking the words out to the mule's hard trot...

"Why?" I stared at him, now thoroughly aroused to the thought that he had important news to communicate.

"Wal," he explained slowly, "whin ye went off, I sorter tuk a notion ter look 'bout a bit. Used ter be an ol' stompin' ground o' mine. So Dutchy an' me clumb that big hill back o' whar we haltsed, an' by gum, down ther in their gully on t' other side ther's a burned big camp o' folks."

I relined up short, and with uplifted hand signalled the men behind to halt.

"Why didn't you tell me this before?" I questioned sternly. "How many were there? and what did they look like?"

He scratched the back of his head thoughtfully, and answered with careful deliberation. "Durn it, I didn't see 'em till after 'd started an' I reckon as how it took me all o' t'ew mile ter git this yere blame muel up ter whar I cud talk. That's quite a smart bunch, but they had some pickets out, an' I cudn't git close 'nough ter talk zackly. Dutchy thought ther was high onter two hundred o' 'em, but I don't know. They wasn't dressed like soldiers, an' I reckon they're out o' their hills."

I glanced at my little handful of men, scarcely knowing what decision it might be wise to make. Undoubtedly they would fight if occasion arose, but the odds were terribly heavy; besides, if Brennan came, and his party got away that same evening, as was planned for them to do, then it might not be necessary for us to strike a blow. I was certainly in no mood to expose my small command merely to save the empty house from destruction.

"Ebers," I said, turning toward the Sergeant, who sat his horse with expressionless face, "you were with the guide when he discovered this camp. How many do you think it contained? and who were they?"

"Yeh, dere was more as two companies, Captain. I was certainly in no mood to expose my small command merely to save the empty house from destruction."

"Not in uniform?" "Dot vos it."

"Have any of the rest of you seen anything that looked suspicious?" I asked, glancing around into the different faces.

"Maybe I did," answered one of the troopers named Earl. "We rode up the first hill after leaving the house, my horse picked up a stone, and I had to stop and get it out. I reckon I fell behind a quarter of a mile or more, and just as I started I looked back, and a party of ten or twelve fellows was just riding in through them big gates onto the front lawn. But them fellows was soldiers for sure; they wore regular like, and all of them wore caps. It was so far off I couldn't tell the color of their clothes, but them caps made me think they was Feds."

I chose my course at once. This undoubtedly must have been Brennan's party.

"Thank you, my man; it would have been better if you had reported to me at once," I said. "However, I understand the situation much better now. Sergeant, we will go into camp here. Post pickets in both directions, but put your most careful men on that hill yonder. Let them report promptly any signs of fire to the southeast, or any sound of guns."

We completed all our cooking before dark, and when the night had closed down about us it proved to be an exceedingly black one, although the stars made me think they was Feds."

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both it necessary, but stop for nothing until your duty is done. You are to carry a note from me, and another from this gentleman, who is an officer in the Federal army, and deliver them both to the commandant of the first military post you find. Insist upon receiving him in person. It makes no difference which army the post belongs to, for this is a matter of humanity. The Federal outpost at McMillan is the nearest to us; make for there. You understand?"

The boy saluted gravely, all mischief gone from his face.

"I do, sir," he said. "But I'd a darn sight rather stay here and fight."

"You will be back in plenty of time to take a hand, my lad. Now, men—"

and I turned to the dark, expectant ring about me—"this is no ordinary duty of your enlistment, and I wish no one to accompany me tonight who does not voluntarily make for the Seven Federal soldiers and four women, three of them Virginians, are attacked at the house we have just left by a large party of bushwhacking guerrillas, the offspring of hell. Every one of you knows what that means. Will you go with me to their rescue?"

No one seemed anxious to be first to speak. I could see them look aside uneasily at one another.

"Bungay," I said, "I feel sure you will go, for your wife is there."

"Marlar!"

"Yes; Miss Minor told me this afternoon, but I had forgotten to mention it."

The little man sprang into the air and came down with a whoop.

"The bloody devils!" he cried excitedly. "Ye best 'ill go."

"Come, Sergeant, speak up; what do you men say?"

"I like not to fight mit der Tankees," he admitted candidly, "but der vomens, py Chimony, dot vos another ting. I will go, Captain; mein Gott, yaw."

"We're with you, sir," spoke voice after voice gravely around the dark circle, and then Sands added: "We'll show them that Yanks how the John-

ny summit of the hill a great burst of red fire leaped suddenly high into the sky.

"Great God, Wayne! we are too late!" he cried wildly. "Those devils have fired the house."

With fiercely throbbing heart I gazed down at the flames far below in the black valley.

"No," I said with eager relief. "It is the smoke, Wayne. See, the light falls full upon the white side of the house. Thank Heaven, we are not too late."

As I sat my horse there, gazing down upon that scene of black rapine, unwilling to venture into its midst until I could formulate some definite plan of action, fully a dozen wild schemes thronged into my brain, only to be cast aside, one after another, as thoroughly impracticable.

"We shall have to make a dash for it, and trust in God," said Caton, guessing at my dilemma.

"No," I answered firmly, "there would be no possibility of success in such a course. Those fellows are old hands, and have pickets out. See, Caton, that is certainly a picket-line yonder where the road dips. Every man of us would be shot down before we penetrated those guard lines and attained the house. We have got to reach their inner line some way through strategy, and even then must risk being fired upon by our own people before we get within cover."

Even as I was speaking I evolved a plan of action—desperate it certainly was, yet nothing better occurred to me, and time was golden.

"Ebers," I said, "didn't I see an extra jacket strapped back of your saddle?"

"It is no good," he protested vehemently. "It vos der rain come."

"All right; hand it over to the Lieutenant. Caton, throw that uniform coat of yours into the ditch and don honest gray for once. Sands, come here. Take your knife and cut away every scrap of rank on my jacket; tear it off, an' you way cut."

In another moment these necessary changes had been accomplished.

"Now," I ordered, "pile your sabers there with mine beside the road; then hobble your horses, all but the mule; I shall want him."

"Does we go der rest of der way on foot?" questioned the Sergeant, anxiously.

"Certainly; and I desire you to remember one important thing: let me do the talking, but if any of you are asked questions, we are deserters from Hill's corps, tired of the war."

"Mein Gott!" muttered the German, frowningly. "I hope it vos not long off, Captain; I am no good on foot in der dark, by Chimony."

"You had better manage to keep up tonight, unless you are seeking to commit suicide. Now, men, mark me carefully! Load your carbines. Are you all ready? Sergeant, see that each man has his gun properly charged and capped. You are to carry your arms as thoroughly concealed as possible; keep close to me always; obey my orders instantly, and to the letter. We are to be fired upon, but we must never show our hands, remember, and when we strike, it must be both quick and hard."

I mounted the mule, counted the dim figures in the darkness, and then gave the order to march. As we moved slowly down the hill I was aware that Caton walked upon one side of me, while Bungay plodded along upon the other; but my mind was so filled with the excitement of our adventure and all that depended upon its successful culmination, as scarcely to realize anything other than that I must personally play good fortune and audacity alone could combine to win the game we were now engaged upon.

I had heavily heard mountaineer stood squarely in the middle of the road to the north of the picket-line, and make out but little of him as the light shone, excepting that he wore a high conical cap and bore a long rifle.

"Stop right there!" he called out hoarsely, upon hearing us. "Who are you?"

As he challenged, a dozen others sprang up from about the flame and, guns in hand, came toward us on a run.

"We uns are doggoned tired o' soldierin', an' a gittin' nuthin' fer it," I said in the slow Southern drawl, "an' wanter like yer gang, pervidin' thar's any show fer it."

"How many are ye?" asked one of the newcomers, striding forward between us and the sentry.

"A right smart men o' a bunch; bin a pickin' o' 'em up ever since we left Charlotte," I returned evasively. "They be dandies ter fight, an' I reckon as how ye kin use 'em, can't ye?"

"Wal, they seed as how 'a feller named Lawrie was a runnin' this yere gang, an' if that's ther way o' it, I reckon as how 'a's Lawrie we're after. Be you Lawrie?"

"Naw."

The answer was so gruff and short, and the fellow hesitated so long in adding anything to it, I began to think it was all off.

"Wal," he consented to say at last, ungraciously, "thar's a blame pile o' ye kin in lately, an' I calculate we got 'bout 'nough fer our business, but I reckon as how Red will use ye some 'long with me an' find out, but ye'll diskliver him 'bout our earnestest man jest now ever ye run up again. He's just now mad, Red, fer certain."

He turned and strove off without so much as giving us a backward glance, and with a heavy congratulatory kick to the mule, I and my company followed him. A hundred yards further in we passed through the fringe of trees and emerged into an open space from whence we could see plainly the great white house still illuminated by the flames which continued to assume the stables. Shots were flashing like fireflies out of the darkness on every side of us, the smell of burning powder scented the air, and I could distinguish the black forms of men lying prone on the grass in something resembling a skirmish line.

"Makin' a fight o' it, ain't they?" I asked of our taciturn guide, as we picked our way carefully among the recumbent forms.

"Damn 'em, ye, a hell o' a fight," he admitted bitterly.

Just beyond midket-shot from the house, and nearly opposite the front entrance, quite a group of men were standing beneath the black shadows of a grove of trees. In spite of the gleam from the fire I could make little of them, but as we approached from the direction of the rear, one of them exclaimed suddenly:

"Who comes that? What body o' men is that?"

"It's 'nother party o' deserters, as wunts ter line us," said the guide, sourly. "They's Johnnies from Lee's army."

"Oh, they dew, dew they? Who's ther boss o' this yere crowd?"

"I swung down from my seat on the mule's back, and stood facing him, as he advanced."

"We uns hadn't got no boss," I answered, "but they sorter fell in ahind o' me 'cause I vos astraddle o' this muel. Be y'm named Lawrie?"

"I reckon; I'm Red Lawrie," proudly. "Spec, maybe, ye've heard tell o' me, an' if ye hev, ye know ye've got ter step damn lively whin I howl. Whut vos ye in ther army?"

"Corporal."

The flames of the burning barn leaped suddenly upward, as if fed by some fresh combustion, and flung a brighter glare over the rough faces clustered about us. I saw Red Lawrie plainly enough now, as he peered eagerly forward to scan my face, a heavy-set, coarse-featured man, with prominent nose and thick, matted red beard. He wore a wide-brimmed soft army hat, under which his eyes shone maliciously, and he grasped a long rifle in one big, hairy hand. As I gazed at him curiously, some one hastily pushed a way through the group at his back, and the next instant a tall figure stood at his side. I recognized the new man at a single glance, and for the moment my heart fairly choked me—it was Craig.

"Lawrie," he said, pointing straight at me, "thar's somethin' wrong yere. That feller ther is Captain Wayne, o' my ol' 'Regiment."

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The business men of Scandinavia have almost stopped subscribing toward the capital stock of the proposed Scandinavian bank in London.

The Rattvik sawmill and carpenter shop was burnt to the ground.

The property was insured for \$14,000, but the loss was considerably above this figure.

In the early part of February the cold was intense among the mountains of Jämtland. The lowest temperature was recorded at Fjofjok, namely, 45 below zero, Fahrenheit.

Forty-two automobiles left Stockholm in mid-winter for a race to Gottenburg and back again. In order not to be in the way of each other, they were two minutes apart at the start.

Anders Eriksson, of Landskrona, is over 101 years old. There is much vigor left in him for a man of his age, and he is still eager to find out what is going on in the world.

Mr. Eriksson boasts that he never drank liquor. There are hundreds of national committees at work on different problems, but the oldest one of them is the Spitzbergen geodetic survey committee, which has been working for about fourteen years. Now, however, it is announced that the complete report of the committee is ready for publication.

A company has been organized for exploiting De Laval's method of preparing charcoal from peat. The first factory, or charring kiln, is to be started at Tryinge, in the southern part of the country; but the company is intending to develop the new industry particularly in the immense peat bogs of Norrland.

A woman at Hvetlanda recently died at the age of 80 years. During the latter half of her life she lived from hand to mouth, and she often asked her acquaintances for help. A cousin of hers who lived in the same building suspected that the old lady had put aside some money, and this suspicion proved correct. In her bed she was always locked during her lifetime, and the opening of this chest revealed over \$300 in cash and a number of bills, some of them so old that the banks may not accept them.

The seed growers and seed dealers of Sweden are receiving large orders from all parts of the globe. The most gratifying feature of this trade is that England and Germany afford the best markets, although those countries are noted for the fine seeds which they produce. The prospects are that they will break all former records.

The Stockholm breweries cleared \$845,000 in 1911, and the executive committee is in favor of distributing a dividend of 12 per cent, though the business can afford as high a rate as 18 per cent.

Al Delong of Forest City, who fought Injuns in early days and retained his scalp only to have his hand torn off last summer in the machinery of his mill, was down for a few days the past week and left Monday morning on a business trip to Montana.

Notwithstanding the fact that he has only a thumb and little finger left, Al made his regular successful hunting excursion into Northern Minnesota last fall and brought home his big

Scandinavian News

Principal Events Gathered in the Old Scandinavian Countries

DENMARK.

Several American syndicates have entered into competition for the proposed Danish loan of \$20,000,000.

Among them are a number of life insurance companies, Leslie H. Shaw, former secretary of the treasury, and Ambrose Tetry of Chicago.

The fire department of Copenhagen for years past has looked upon the sugar refinery on Heisinger street as the most dangerous firetrap in the city.

The department had even agreed on a certain plan for fighting a possible fire in the building. Such a fire broke out in the night and a very cold night at that.

By following the plan previously mapped out, the fire department barely succeeded in saving the adjoining building. Almost 1,000 tons of sugar was destroyed, and the melted sugar flowed like streams of lava out of the building. The loss was about \$1,000,000.

The fire being the most destructive in Denmark since the burning of Christiansburg Slot, the national capital, many years ago.

Much secrecy has surrounded the resignation of Earl Spencer as Lord Chamberlain of the court of Great Britain. Now the secret is out, and it appears that Queen Alexandra was behind the resignation.

Spencer provided Queen Alexandra with a special escort of life guards at the return from the Durbar thanksgiving service at St. Paul's, he forgot an essential. When Queen Alexandra reached her pew in the cathedral she found that a low soft cushion had been provided for her to kneel on. It is well known in agony that she was unable to rise with the congregation. All about the queen-mother noticed her pallidness and thought her ill. Naturally there was a great fuss after the ceremony and none was more annoyed than King George, who took occasion to let the unfortunate Earl Spencer know what he thought about the poor arrangements in such sharp fashion that the earl thoroughly resigned.

SWEDEN.

It looks as if the projected railway tunnel under the city of Stockholm is to be constructed by the city.

At a ski contest in Chamoni, Switzerland, many first prizes were won by Swedish runners. The competition was not particularly strenuous.

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NEWS FROM FATHERLAND

A Brief Resume of the Most Important Happenings in the German Empire.

The federal council of Switzerland has asked for \$2,000,000 for improving the defenses.

Berlin.—The German aviator, Schmidt, died from the effects of a fall of 100 feet while he was flying in his biplane.

Viscount Haldane's visit to Berlin was greeted with cheers by the socialists in the reichstag, while the other parties took the matter coolly.

"Junius, Jr.," a writer in a magazine, addresses a letter to "Uncle Sam" advising him to abdicate the Monroe doctrine in favor of Germany's occupation of southern Brazil.

The inhabitants of several villages near the Rozaly mountains in Hungary are being kept almost prisoners in their houses by numerous wolves which the intense cold has driven out of the high-lying forests. A number of cattle and other domestic animals have fallen a prey to their depredations.

Referring to the Kaiser's admission that he advised even his servants to vote against the socialists in the Reichstag district in Berlin, TIM has this: Kaiser (peering out from under an automobile, where he has gone with repairing tools, and addressing the chauffeur)—"Now go and vote at once, Schulze. I can do this alone."

Replying to the Austrian offer to attempt a reconciliation between Turkey and Italy, the Ottoman government, acting to satisfy, was rude enough to suggest that Austria should effect a reconciliation among the Germans, Czechs, Poles, Ruthenians, Hungarians and Croats.

By court decision in Germany two pedestrians were awarded damages from the driver (owner) of an automobile because the latter, though he had not been driving fast, was held not to have observed due care to avoid splashing mud upon the two pedestrians, and the case is exciting much comment in both automobile and anti-automobile circles.

Indignation is running high in aristocratic German circles against the ever swelling invasion of the German court by rich Americans, and a demand is made that the Kaiser put his foot down against it, not only because the manners of some of the Americans presented do not come up to the German court standard, but also because the ambitious free-born sons and daughters of Uncle Sam crowd out many deserving Germans who ought to have a prior right to be admitted to the presence of their ruler.

The "election post" figures quite prominently in the recent election in Germany, most of the rhymed tracts being directed against the conservative "Blue-Black Block." A Mecklenburg election poet named Hahemann furnished entertainment for the whole country. A lawsuit against him brought out the fact that he had been paid \$5 for writing a badly rhymed attack against the conservative candidate. When cross-examined he admitted that for \$3 he had written for the conservatives a reply to this attack, beginning with the words, "Thy shameless verse, work of a hireling scribe."

A German literary society of Jena has been presented with \$25,000 and a valuable plot of ground for the building of a home for aged and sick authors. A synopsis of this enterprise, with statistics are published in the weekly state of the writing profession in Germany. According to income tax statistics in Prussia alone, of 2,500 authors, only 28 earn more than \$7,000 a year, only 71 over \$4,000; 2,254 earn under \$1,800, 2,071 of these earn under \$1,500 and 1,761 under \$750; 1,500 earn under \$500, 1,206 under \$400 and 973 earn under \$250. Three hundred and seven professors and authors gave their whole income from all sources as under \$200 a year.

Count Alois Lexa von Aehrenthal, the "Bismarck of Austria," died in his palace. With his passing came a distinct triumph for clerical party rule in Austria. His successor, Count Leopold von Berchtold, former ambassador to Russia, was gazetted as the count lay dying, and will assume charge of the foreign relations of the dual monarchy immediately. Count von Aehrenthal was 58 years old and had been in the Austrian foreign service for more than thirty years. The death of von Aehrenthal, admittedly against his own wishes, was greeted as a relief by the German press, the Archduke Ferdinand's heir to the throne, his bitterest opponent. The clericals demanded von Aehrenthal's scalp two months ago and, working through the archduke, who is an ardent Catholic, they made the lot of the foreign minister so unpleasant that he was seized with what proved to be his fatal illness. With the passing of the foreign minister, it is now certain the influence of Archduke Ferdinand will be greatly increased and the army and navy of Austria will be augmented immediately.

Princess August Wilhelm, the emperor's daughter-in-law, is one of the contributors to the exhibition of table arrangement and decoration which has just been opened in Berlin. Her exhibit is a "supper table in a refined country house," and its principal feature is a vast green porcelain basket, designed and modeled by herself, which crammed to overflowing with fruit and flowers in deliberate disarray, does duty as a centerpiece. The cloth, which was also designed by the princess, is a delicate network of lace set with butterflies, the whole in white but above a green background.

To Mothers—And Others. You can save Bucklen's Arnica Salve to cure chills, rheumatism, neuralgia, toothache, sore throat, colds, coughs, croup, whooping cough, as well as their accidental injuries, cuts, burns, bruises, etc., with perfect safety. Nothing else heals so quickly. For sale by all druggists, or direct from the manufacturer, 25 cents a box, 50 cents a dozen.

Elmer W. Pagel, a well known Harrison boy, was married to Miss Ethel C. Blackin of Minneapolis Tuesday of last week at the bride's home in that city.



"Is Possible This?"

was surrounded as soon as it became dark. Those devils supposed it to be unguarded, and advanced without precautions. We fired and drove them back. He had repulsed three attacks when I left at eleven, but three of our men were already hit."

"You were after said?"

"I was striving to reach our advance pickets at McMillan. It seemed the only possible chance, and none of the men would volunteer to make the ride. One was killed trying it before I started. God knows how I hated to leave them, but it had to be done. How many have you?"

"Only twenty; but if we could once get inside along with your fellows, we might hold the house until reinforcements came."

"Thank God! I knew you would!" he cried joyfully, grasping me again fervently by the hand. "You are not one to hesitate over the color of a uniform at such a time as this. Only, Wayne, and he hesitated an instant, 'It is right, I should tell you that Brennan is there, and in command.'"

"I know it, but those women must be saved nevertheless," I answered firmly, my mind settled. "This is no time for personal quarreling, and whatever color of cloth we wear those outlaws are our common enemies, to be hunted down like wild beasts. I have seen specimens of their fendish cruelty that make my blood run cold to remember. The very thought of those who are now exposed (falling into such hands is enough to craze one; death would be preferable a thousand times. How many fighting men have you?"