

# MY LADY OF DOUBT

By RANDALL PARRISH

Author of "Love Under Fire," "My Lady of the North," etc.

Illustrations by HENRY THIEDE

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(Continued from Yesterday)

"What is that firing to the right, general? Are the Jersey militia in action?"

He drew up his horse with a jerk. "That you, Lawrence? Can't tell anybody in this shirtless brigade. What's become of your horse?"

"Gave out yesterday, sir. Have been on foot ever since. Is it going to be a fight?"

The grip of his hand tightened on the saddle pommel, his eyes following the irregular line of exhausted men.

"Yes, when Washington gets up, you need never doubt that. We'd be at it now, but for Charles Lee. I'd like well to know what has come over that man of late—the old spirit seems to have left him. Are! It's Dickinson and Morgan out yonder, waiting good powder and ball on a handful of Dragoon.

"The other muttered some reply I failed to catch.

"That's not true," returned Washington, every word stinging like a whip. "It was merely a covering party which attacked you. Why did you accept command, sir, unless you intended to fight?"

"I did not deem it prudent, General Washington, to bring on a general engagement."

"You were to obey my orders, sir, and you know what they were. See! They are coming now!"

He wheeled his horse about, pointing with one hand across the valley.

"Major Cain, have Oswald bring up his guns at once; Lieutenant McNeill, ride to Ramsey and Stewart; have their troops on the ridge within ten minutes—General Maxwell, these are your men?"

"They are, sir."

"Hold this line at any cost, the reserves will be up presently."

As he drew his horse about he again came face to face with Lee, who sat his saddle sullenly, his gaze on the ground. Washington looked at him a moment, evidently not knowing what to say. Then he asked quietly:

"Will you retain command on this height, or not, sir?"

"It is equal to me where I command."

"Then I expect you will take proper means for checking the enemy."

"I shall not be the first to leave the ground; your orders shall be obeyed."

What followed was but a medley of sight and sound. I saw Washington ride to the left; heard Lee give a hurried order, or two; then I was at the rear of our own line strengthening it for assault. There was little enough time left.

Under the smoke of several batteries, whose shells were ripping open the side of the hill, the British were advancing in double line, the sun gleaming on their bayonets, and revealing the uniforms of different corps.

"Steady, men! Steady!" voice after voice caught up the command. "Hold your fire!"

"Wait until they reach that fallen tree!" I added.

Every man of us had a gun, officers, all. Coats as though we came from the haying field, the perspiration streaming down our faces, we waited. The rifle barrels glowed brown in the sun, as the keen eyes took careful sight. We were but a handful, a single thin line; if the reserves failed we would be driven back by mere force of numbers, yet before we went that crash should be strewn with dead.

Crashing up from the rear came Oswald with two guns, wheeling into position, the depressed muzzles spouting destruction. Yet those red and blue lines came on; great openings were ploughed through them, but the living mass closed up. They were at the fallen tree, beyond, when we poured our volleys into their very faces. We saw them waver as that storm of lead struck; the center seemed to give way, leaving behind a ridge of motionless bodies; then it surged forward again, led by a waving flag, urged on by gesticulating officers.

"The cavalry! The cavalry!"

They were coming around the end of the morass, charging full tilt upon the right of our line. I saw that end crumble up, and a moment later, scarcely realizing what had occurred, we were racing backward, firing as we ran, and stumbling over dead bodies.

Maxwell rallied us beyond the causeway, swearing manfully as he drove us into position behind a low stone wall. Again and again they charged us, the artillery fire shattering the wall into fragments. Twice we came to bayonets and clubbed guns, battling hand to hand, and Wayne was forced so far back upon the left, that we were driven into the edge of the wood for protection. But there we held, out front a blaze of fire. It seemed to me the horror of that struggle would never end. Such heat, such thirst, the black powder smoke in our nostrils, the dead under foot, the cries of the wounded, the incessant roar of the guns. Again and again it was hand to hand; I could scarcely tell who faced us, so fierce the melee, so suffocating the smoke; I caught glimpses of British Grenadiers, of Hessians, of Queen's Rangers. Once I thought I heard Grant's nasal voice amid the infernal uproar. Stewart and Ramsey came to our support; Oswald got his guns upon an eminence, opening a deadly fire; Livingston's regiment charged, and, with a cheer, we leaped forward also, mad with the battle fever, and flung them back, back down that deadly slope. It was not in flesh and blood to stand; we cut the center like a wedge, and drove them pell-mell to where Lee had been in the morning. Here they rallied, flanked by thick woods and morasses. Too exhausted to follow, our men sank breathless to the ground.

It was already sunset, and our work done. The artillery still already, and I could see long lines of troops—Poor's and the Carolina brigade—moving to the right. Night came on, however, without more fighting, and, as soon as we had recovered sufficiently, we devoted ourselves to the care of the wounded.

"What does this mean, sir?" Lee thundered hoarsely. "Why are your men lying strewn about in this unorderly manner, General Maxwell?"

Are you unaware, sir, that we are in the presence of the enemy?"

Maxwell's face fairly blazed, as he straightened in the saddle, but before his lips could form an answer, a sudden cheer burst out from the crest of the hill, and I saw men leaping to their feet, and waving their hats. The next instant across the summit came Washington, a dozen officers clattering behind, his face stern-set and white, as he rode straight toward Lee.

"What is the meaning of this retreat, General Lee? My God, sir, how

goons. Wayne has been ordered forward, and then back, until he is too mad to swear, and I am but little better. By the Eternal! you should have heard Lafayette, when he begged permission to send us in. 'Sir,' said Lee, 'you do not know British soldiers; we cannot stand against them; we shall certainly be driven back at first, and must be cautious.' Returned the Frenchman: 'It may be so, general; but British soldiers have been beaten, and may be again; at any rate I am disposed to make the trial.'

"'Tis not like General Lee," I said in. "He has ever been a reckless fighter. Has the man lost his wits?"

Maxwell leaned over, so his words should not carry beyond my ear.

"'Tis envy of Washington, to my mind," he said soberly. "He has opposed every plan in council, imagining, no doubt, a failure of campaign may make him the commander-in-chief. There comes a courier now."

The fellow was so streaked with dust as to be scarcely recognizable, and he wiped the perspiration from his eyes to stare into our faces.

"General Maxwell?"

"Yes; what is it?"

"Compliments of General Lee, sir, and you will retire your troops toward the Freshold Meeting House, forming connection there with General Scott."

"Retreat! Good God, man! we haven't fired a shot."

"Those were the orders, sir. It that Scott, over yonder?"

Maxwell nodded, too angered for words. Then, as the courier galloped away, turned in his saddle.

"By heaven! I suppose we must do it, Lawrence. But what folk! What a stink! We've got the Redcoats hemmed in, and did you ever see a better field? Pray God I may hear Washington when he comes up. I'd rather be dead than, than Charles Lee."

We gave the orders, and the men fell back sullenly, swearing fiercely as they caught the rebellious spirit of their officers. Scarcely able to breathe in the hot, stagnant air, caked with foul mud to the waist, we attained the higher ground, and dropped helpless. Even from here the enemy were invisible, although we could see the smoke of their guns, and hear distant crackle of musketry. I sat up, staring through the heat waves toward the eminence on the left where Wayne's men remained, showing dimly against the trees. A group of horsemen were riding down the slope, heading toward our line. As they came into the sandy plain below and skirted the morass, I recognized Lee in advance, mounted on a black horse flecked with foam. Twice he paused, gazing across the hills through leveled field glasses, and then rode up the steep ascent to our rear. Maxwell met him not twenty feet from where I lay.

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## CHAPTER XXVI.

The Road to Philadelphia. It must have been 10 o'clock, and, if I had slept at all, I was scarcely conscious of it. All about me the men lay outstretched upon the ground, still in their shirt-sleeves, as they had fought, their guns beside them. The night was clear and hot, scarcely a breath of air moving. Here and there against the sky-line passed the dark silhouette of a sentinel. There was no sound of firing only an occasional footfall to break the silence of the night. The wounded had been taken to the field hospitals at the rear; down in our front lay the bodies of the dead, and among these shone the dim lights of lanterns where the last searching parties were yet busy at their gruesome task. I was weary enough to sleep, every muscle of my body aching with fatigue, but the excitement of the day, the possibility of the morrow, left me restless. I had received no wound, other than a slight thrust with a bayonet, yet felt as though pummeled from head to foot. The victory was ours—the army realized this truth clearly enough; we had repulsed the red-coats, driven them back with terrible losses; we had seen their lines shrivel up under our fire, officers and men falling, and the remnant fleeing in disorder. It meant nothing now that a force outnumbering us yet remained intact, and in strong position. Flushed with victory, knowing now we could meet the best of them, we looked for the morrow to dawn so we might complete the task.

I reviewed the vivid incidents of the day, looking up at the stars, and wondered who among those I knew were yet living, who were dead. I thought of others in those lines of the enemy, whom I had known, speculating on their fate. Then along our rear came a horseman or two, riding slowly. A sentry halted them, and I arose on one elbow to listen.

"Lawrence? Yes, sir, Major Lawrence is lying over there by the scrub oak."

I got to my feet, as the first rider approached.

"This you, Lawrence?" asked a voice I instantly recognized as Hamilton's. "You fellows all look alike tonight. Where is your horse, major?"

"I have been on foot all day, sir," I answered saluting.

"Ah, indeed; well, you will have need for a horse tonight. Wainwright," turning to the man with him, "is your mount fresh?"

"Appears to be, sir; belonged to a British dragoon this morning."

"Let Major Lawrence have him. Major, ride with me."

We passed back slowly enough toward the rear of the troops, through the field hospitals, and along the edge of a wood, where a battery of artillery was encamped. We rode boot to boot, and Hamilton spoke earnestly.

"The battle is practically won, Lawrence, in spite of Charles Lee," he said soberly. "Of course there will be fighting tomorrow, but we shall have the red-coats well penned in before daybreak, and have already captured ammunition enough to make us easy on that score. Poor, and the Carolina men, are over yonder, while Woodford is moving his command to the left. At dawn we'll crush Clinton into fragments. Washington wants to send a despatch through to Arnold in Philadelphia, and I recommended you, as you know the road. He remembered your service before, and was kind enough to say you were the very man. You'll go gladly?"

"I should prefer to lead my own men tomorrow, sir."

"Pshaw! I doubt if we have more than a skirmish. Sir Henry will see his predicament fast enough. Then there will be nothing left to do, but guard prisoners."

"Very well, colonel; I am ready to serve wherever needed."

"Of course you are, man. There should not be much danger connected with this trip, although there will be stragglers in plenty. I'm told that Clinton lost more than three hundred deserters crossing Camden."

Headquarters were in a single-roomed cabin at the edge of a ravine. A squad of cavalrymen were in front, their horses tied to a rail fence, but within Washington was alone, except for a single aide, writing at a rude table in the light of a half-dozen

"Pardon Me, Sirs, but There Are Horsemen Ahead."

He glanced up, greeting us with a slight inclination of the head.

"A moment, please."

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

Leroy Thacker, Watertown, S. D., says: "I suffered with rheumatism for over eight years, and it seemed at times I would go crazy with pain. Three bottles of Foley Kidney Pills cured my rheumatism and I gladly recommend them."—O. G. Shaefer, Red Cross Drug Co.

FIGHTS FOR TONIGHT  
Joe Mandot vs. Ray Temple, 20 rounds, at New Orleans.

Grover Hayes vs. Danny Goodman, 12 rounds, at Columbus, O.

Packey McFarland vs. Marin Canale, 10 rounds, at Fall River.

## MEN ARE REFUSED OFFICIAL JOBS

### ROYAL NEIGHBORS REFUSE TO ELECT ANY MALES AS OFFICERS OF LODGE.

The Royal Neighbors have organized, too true and all that remains this morning is a perfect organization disorganized until the next meeting, in spite of the many attractions in Las Vegas last night, the intending neighbors did their duty right royally, turning out en masse to the number of 21. Promptly at 8 p. m. appeared to the assembled people, Mrs. P. Meier, the district deputy, attended and escorted by a bodyguard. Shortly thereafter the members of the male species who were present lifted up their voices in unison in protestation against the lethargical method of progress and, metaphorically speaking, were promptly sat on, as the ladies held the floor.

Applications were then in order and promptly the market became steady to dull, with a brisk demand for beneficiaries. Closing prices were par on all quotations, with a brisk demand for futures. After those present had been sworn in the usual manner, the election of officers proceeded. There were several entries for each event, but the betting on the runners was slow. In the paddock the odds were never very heavy and ranged from even money to two to one. Two to one bar one on the favorite was the general price. No bets were taken after the weighing in, although few offered.

After the races music was permitted with "We Won't Go Home 'Till Morning" in the lead and "Home, Sweet Home," a close second. It has been stated that the Modern Woodmen are behind this movement. They must be behind it because they never could travel in the same class.

After the election of officers, installation was next in order. Harrowing scenes were witnessed. In one case a lady was torn away from her sorrowing husband and presented with a chair at the far end of the hall. Finally the men present, to the number of four, had to band together for mutual protection against the marauding hordes of ladies and occupy one small corner with their backs to the wall. Their voices were hushed to a whisper and they prayed that the door might be unlocked so that they might run.

We feel sorry for the four men left to the mercy of so many ladies and details of a conspiracy hatched at that moment leaked out whereby the men are figuring on bringing in some more of their species so that they may have an equal voice in the subjects under discussion. Owing to the men being in the minority none of them was elected to office, the ladies winning every place. Usually there are five graces appointed, but owing to the small number present, four graces and one disgrace were used temporarily, during the initiation ceremony that followed.

For the initiation ceremony several ladies heroically volunteered their services, but only two were chosen. The name of the camp was unanimously chosen to be "Las Vegas" although at one time it looked as if this name would be swamped by the name "Johnson-Flynn." Owing to the short space of time before going to print we are unable to give the names of the officers elected and will have to get them later. After a strenuous evening the party dispersed. As a business organization the Las Vegas camp of the Royal Neighbors is an assured success and members will give any and all information they can to any one desiring to be a member or interested in insurance. In addition it offers a fraternal feature of the highest merit which has been amply exemplified by the members living in Las Vegas although no camp has existed here prior to this time.—Contributed.

### CRIME AND CRIMINAL LAW.

Chicago, Ill., May 5.—The first annual meeting of the Illinois Society of the American Institute of Criminal Law and Criminology began today with many prominent lawyers and law instructors in attendance. The sessions will continue over tomorrow.

Mrs. Wm. A. Allen, Chasco, N. M., had so severe a cough that it nearly choked her to death. Mr. Allen says: "We tried many things without helping her when by good luck I got a bottle of Foley's Kidney and Tar Compound. It helped her at once and finally cured her. It is the best medicine we ever used."—O. G. Shaefer, Red Cross Drug Co.

J. E. McKeen, 1301 Cleveland street, Wichita, Kansas, reports: "I suffered from kidney trouble, had severe pains across my back, and was all played out. I began taking Foley Kidney Pills and soon there was a decided improvement. Finally the pain left entirely and I am fully cured of all my kidney trouble."—O. G. Shaefer, Red Cross Drug Co.

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Jas. C. Dahlmann, serving his third term as mayor, Omaha, Nebr., again was successful in receiving the overwhelming support of the voters in the primary election. He also successfully rid himself of a bad case of kidney trouble by the aid of Foley Kidney Pills, and writes: "I have taken Foley Kidney Pills and they have given me a great deal of relief, so I cheerfully recommend them." What Foley Kidney Pills have done for Mayor Dahlmann they will do for any other person bothered with backache, rheumatism, or any other form of kidney or bladder trouble. Just try them for quick and permanent results.—O. G. Shaefer, Red Cross Drug Co.

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LAS VEGAS CHAPTER NO. 3, ROYAL ARCH MASONS—Regular convocation first Monday in each month at Masonic Temple, at 7:30 p. m. M. R. Williams, H. P.; F. O. Blood, Secretary.

RANSFORD CHAPTER NO. 2, O. E. S.—Meets first and third Fridays in Masonic Temple. Mrs. T. B. Bowen, Worthy Matron; James O. Rutledge, Worthy Patron; Mrs. George Tripp, Secretary. Phone Main 329, 120 Grand avenue.

FRATERNAL BROTHERHOOD NO. 102—Meets every Monday night at O. R. C. Hall, on Douglas avenue, at 8 o'clock. Visiting members are cordially welcome. E. E. Gehring, president; J. T. Buhler, secretary; C. H. Bally, treasurer.

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