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SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I—Major Lawrence, son of Judge Lawrence of Virginia, whose wife was a Lee, is sent on a mission by Gen. Washington, just after the winter at Valley Forge.

CHAPTER II—Disguised in a British uniform arrives within the enemy's lines.

CHAPTER III—The Major attends a great fête and saves the "Lady of the Blended Rose" from mob. He later meets the girl at a brilliant ball.

CHAPTER IV—Trouble is started over a walk, and Lawrence is urged by his partner, Mistress Mortimer, (the Lady of the Blended Rose), to make his escape.

CHAPTER V—Lawrence is detected as a spy by Captain Grant of the British army, who agrees to a duel.

CHAPTER VI—The duel is stopped by Grant's friends and the spy makes a dash for liberty, swimming a river following a narrow escape.

CHAPTER VII—The Major arrives at the shop of a blacksmith, who is friendly, and knows the Lady of the Blended Rose.

CHAPTER VIII—Captain Grant and rangers arrive and search the blacksmith shop in vain for the spy.

CHAPTER IX—Lawrence joins the minute men who capture Grant and his train.

CHAPTER X—Major Lawrence is made prisoner by an Indian and two white men.

CHAPTER XI—Lawrence's captors lock him in a strong cell, where he meets Peter the jailer.

CHAPTER XII—Peter advises Lawrence not to attempt escape as "some one" will send for him.

CHAPTER XIII—Grant's appearance adds mystery to the combination of circumstances.

CHAPTER XIV—Lawrence again meets the Lady of the Blended Rose, who informs him that he is in her house and that she was in command of the party that attacked and captured him.

CHAPTER XV—The captive is thrust into a dark underground chamber when Captain Grant begins a search of the premises.

CHAPTER XVI—After digging his way out, Lawrence finds the place deserted. Evidences of a battle and a dead man across the threshold.

CHAPTER XVII—Col. Mortimer, father of the Lady of the Blended Rose, finds his home in ruins.

CHAPTER XVIII—Capt. Grant insists that Lawrence be strung up at once.

CHAPTER XIX—Miss Mortimer appears, explains the mystery and Lawrence is held a prisoner of war, and is again locked in the strong room.

CHAPTER XX—Lawrence escapes through plans arranged by the Lady and sees Grant attack Miss Mortimer.

CHAPTER XXI—Grant is knocked out by Lawrence, who comes to Miss Mortimer's relief, and then makes his escape.

CHAPTER XXII—Captain Grant's base villainy revealed.

CHAPTER XXIII—Lawrence returns to Valley Forge, where he learns more of Grant's peridy.

CHAPTER XXIV—Washington forces Clinton to battle and Lawrence gets a trace of Eric Mortimer.

CHAPTER XXV.

The Fight at Monmouth.

The next day—Sunday, the twenty-eighth of June, 1778—dawned with cloudless sky, hot, sultry, the warmest day of the year. Not a breath of air stirred the leaves, and in the tree branches above us birds sang gleefully. Before daybreak we, who had been permitted to sleep for a few hours, were aroused by the sentries, and, in the gray dawn, partook of a meager breakfast. A fresh supply of ammunition was brought up and distributed among the men, and, before sunrise, we were in line, stripped for a hot day's work, eagerly awaiting orders. I can make no pretense at describing in any detail, or sequence, the memorable action at Monmouth Court House, but must content myself with depicting what little I saw upon the firing line of Maxwell's brigade. We advanced slowly eastward over a gently rolling country, diversified by small groves. In advance was a thin line of skirmishers, and to left and right were Dickinson's and Wayne's men, their muskets gleaming in the sunlight. Early the rumor crept about among us that Lee had come up during the night with fresh troops, and assumed command.

Who led us was of but small consequence, however, as there was now no doubt in any mind but what battle was inevitable. Already to the south echoed a sound of firing where Morgan had uncovered a column of Dragoons. Then a courier from Dickinson dashed along our rear seeking Lee, scattering broadcast the welcome news that Knyphausen and his Hessians, the van of the British movement, were approaching. With a cheer of anticipation, the soldiers flung aside every article possible to discard, and pressed recklessly forward. Before we moved a mile my horse became so lame, I was obliged to dismount, and proceed on foot. Never have I experienced a hotter sun, or a more sultry air. Rapid marching was impossible, yet by nine o'clock we had passed the Freehold meeting house, and were halted in the protection of a considerable wood, the men dropping to the ground in the grateful shadow. Maxwell came along back of our line, his horse walking slowly, as the general mopped his streaming red face. He failed to recognize me among the others until I stepped out into the boiling

sun, and spoke:

"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 shirt-sleeve 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. Ay! It's Dickinson and Morgan out yonder, wasting good powder and ball on a handful of Dragoons."



We Were but a Handful—a Single Thin Line.

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 broke 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 Freehold 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 folly! What asininity! 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 then, than Charles

Lee."

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!" voices 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. Countless 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 slope 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

(Continued on another page.)

CHILD HAD ECZEMA

MOTHER SAYS SAXO SALVE MADE HER WELL.

"My little girl suffered with eczema on her hands for nearly a year and reading about Saxo Salve one day I bought a tube and found it helped her. After using two tubes my baby's hands are entirely well." Mrs. E. P. Hook, 224 E. 17th street, Connersville, Ind.

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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, starting 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.

"What does this mean, sir?" Lee thundered hoarsely. "Why are your men lying strewn about in this unsoldierly 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 do you account for such disorder and confusion?" he exclaimed, his voice ringing above the uproar, his angry eyes blazing into Lee's face. "Answer me."

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.

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(Continued on another page.)

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No. 81. Two residences on lot 100 by 180. One 10-room house, one 4-room house. Located on Troy avenue. Well improved and in good neighborhood. Small house rents at \$8 and large at \$15.

No. 82. Nice 8-room residence, bath, etc. Located on corner lot. About three blocks from business section. Lot 66299.

No. 83. Nice corner lot in Henry Addition. Large enough for two houses, or one house and good garden. Located near northern extremity of the addition.

No. 84. Residence of 8 rooms located in heart of business section. Fine location for business man. \$2500 cash will swing deal.

No. 85. 1230 acres cut over timber land in Cash river bottom; does not overflow, fine soil and fine body of land. Would make dandy farm when cleared. Two miles from railroad; 10 miles from Jonesboro, Ark. Will sell all or part of tract for half cash on long time payments. Price per acre \$15. Easily worth \$50 when cleared.

No. 86. Farm of 93 acres, 50 in cultivation, rest timber. Ad. high, dry bottom land, under wire fence, good 4-room house, large barn, two wells, small orchard, son dark room. Farm will produce fine corn, cotton, hay, fruits, etc. Quarter mile from railroad station. Price \$45 with terms if wanted. Near Jonesboro, Ark.

No. 87. Forty acre farm, 25 acres in cultivation; 10 acres bottom, balance ridge. Good 2-room house, barn, good water, on 2 public roads, fine land. Near school and half mile to railroad station, 6 miles from Jonesboro. Fine fruit and poultry farm, also cotton and corn, etc. Price \$27.50 an acre; terms if wanted.

No. 88. Four lots, each 30x100 feet, on good level ground in Southern Heights. Broad street in front, concrete walks on both sides, water mains and sewer already laid. Will sell one or more lots to suit purchaser. This property comes under special restrictions—no residences to cost less than \$1,000. Best residence section in Hickman, with no city taxes. This addition was opened last year and eight new houses have gone up; others will go up this spring.

No. 89. Nice 6 room residence, almost new, lot 60x150, outbuildings, city water, etc., located in southwest part of town in splendid neighborhood, and close to Hickman College. Place will bear close inspection. For \$1650 you can get a deed to this pretty little house.

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