## Hearts By... HALLIE RIVES Courageous

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"I am in danger," she invented breathlessly; "in great danger-I cannot explain now-here in Yorktown. I have not a friend within the walls, no spot where I can be safe. I ask you to take me away."

"Let us go, then, toward the bastions," he said, turning.

"No, no!" She caught at his arm. "I cannot go into the American camp. Bethink you, 'tis night. I must get to Gladden Hall. See-here is the river. 'Tis but a few miles. Could you row me so far, think you, against the cur-

He did not reply, but led the way to a path which zigzagged down the bluff to the river. It was the spot where they had first met. Then the long stretch had bristled with shipping; now the wharfs had been pulled up to build rat rotted lean-tos, the bank was hollowed with dugout shelters from the shells, wherein wounded soldiers played at cards by new lit candles, and the water's edge was a jumble of ownerless barges and periaugers and a tohubohu of shouts and wranglings. Along the line of craft, where the tide scum shuddered in with sprangles of seaweed and chunks of wreckage, sentries patrolled ceaselessly with keen outlook for river deserters.

Armand chose a narrow skiff, found two oars for it and placed her in the stern as a lieutenant examined their pass. Then, with a strong shove, he sent the boat darting out on to the broad, smooth, unrippling current.

It had scarce drawn well away when a figure blundered down the bank.

"Call that boat in," he cried, "or have the sentries fire on it! That man's name is Armand. He is an escaping prisoner."

"Oh, no, Captain Jarrat," returned the lieutenant composedly. "You have the name all right, but he had a pass signed by Lieutenant Colonel Dundas. I know the signature well enough. This siege routine is playing the devil with your nerves, captain."

"A pass!" shouted Jarrat frantically. "By the ghost!" and went up the bank

on a run. Colonel Dundas was gone from the barrack, and Jarrat could no more get speech with Cornwallis than could Anne a half hour before. But the conference at headquarters ended while Jarrat waited, and the earl came out in no pretty humor. As luck would have it, Colonel Dundas was with him.

There followed an interesting scene. which left Lord Cornwallis in nastier mood than ever.

"She fooled Tarleton once," he swore. "Now 'tis you, Dundas. From under

your very nose, too!" And Dundas, perspiring, wholly as-



"I am ordered to set you at liberty." tonished, hastened to order a longboat in pursuit of the skiff on the bare chance of overhauling the fugitives before they reached the American front. Jarrat, however, made a different cal-

culation. His cobra hate, inflamed by the sight of Anne in the boat, leaped to a rapid conclusion. She had discovered that Armand had been exposed; they had taken the river way-the only way to avoid the Americans. So he argued. And whither did they fly? Where else than to Gladden Hall, now deserted, where she thought to conceal him till the hue and cry passed-where she may have hidden horses. The longboat would probably be halted by the shore pickets-the skiff might slip through.

Two hours after this ratiocination Jarrat was caught and held on the right skirt of the besieging army as a deserter from the town, and forthwith he demanded to be taken to General Hazen's headquarters.

There the general, seated in his tent, had just penned the last page of a let-

On the 14th, they had another Drobing. To-day, 17th, L'd Cornwallis sent a flag requesting a cess'n of arms & 2 Com-miss'n'rs to form a Capitulation for the Army & the surrender of the shiping & posts of York & Gloster. Thus has the Earl been bro't to anchor in the height of his career. My next shall be more particular, in the meantime be assur'd of the waves like children's hands against

Sincerity of y'r real friend and Ob'd't

He was shaking the sand box over the still wet signature when the captive

was brought in. "Three days ago," Jarrat began, "I had the honor to send to you a letter from the town in regard to a certain Continental officer."

The general sent the others out of hearing and bent his gray-black brows. "I have today heard of his condemnation," he said. "He is dead then. He has atoned. So far as I am concerned, his past shall be buried with him."

"But if," Jarrat continued-"if I should tell you that he is not dead; that the report of his condemnation was a trick; that he was not captured in the first place, but used the night attack to penetrate within Yorktown without exciting suspicion and so carry to Cornwallis full plans of the American works"-

"Your proof of this?" asked Hazen, his teeth set like a vise.

"The proof is that this very night he has been smuggled out beyond the Continental lines and lies at this moment in hiding in a house a half dozen miles from here waiting escape."

"Where is the house?" thundered the

Jarrat's lean lips smiled. "Pardon me if I make terms. In return for my freedom I will guide a detachment to his burrow."

"An this be true," said Hazen. He hesitated, but only for a moment. Then he called a sharp direction to his or-

"I must see General Lafayette," he said to Jarrat. "The cavalry legion is no part of my brigade. Colonel Armand was under division orders only." But the marquis was making a tour

of the works with the commander in chief and could not be found. "It must not wait," fumed Jarrat.

"He will be off." General Hazen sat down and wrote a hurried order. "An he is not there, why, 'twill be merely a ride for naught," he mused. "An he is, there will be small question.

"Major Woodson," he said as a staff officer appeared, "take a relay of a dozen men immediately and go to the house this prisoner will show you. Should you find there Colonel Armand of the cavalry legion, arrest him."

"An he resists" - said Jarrat. "The usual orders," the general answered.

CHAPTER XX. S the skiff slipped out from the confusion of the town edge the moon, lifted like a paper sickle, silvered all the misty distance. A mile away across the broad expanse Anne saw the twinkling lights of Gloucester and to her left the campfires under the river bank slipping slowly back. But the current was steady and their progress necessarily slow. Ahead loomed the massive star shaped Fusileer's redoubt, with the British frigate Guadaloupe moored some way outside, and, passing, she clinched her hands till the nails struck purple crescents in her palms in a dumb terror of pursuit or alarm.

They were scarce come opposite this when a shot, a shout and a sound of oars tumbled upon thwarts came clearly over the water behind them.

"They have found it out!" she cried. "Row hard! Oh, would that I could

help you!" "Found out what?"

"I must tell you the truth. I have procured your escape by a trick. 'Twas not a true release which I brought to the barrack. 'Twas false. They are like to discover it at any moment and pursue us." He stopped rowing. "You did that-

for me? You spoke falsely when you said you were in terrible danger?" "Row," she pleaded, leaning forward

from the stern. "Stop not an instant. I have fooled Cornwallis. Think you he will forget that? Or, if they take us, that I shall go scot free? Would you see me in a cell?"

The boat shot forward with a jerk that made her catch her breath. "Where are you heading?" she asked

presently, for he had turned inshore. "The French battery is just ahead. 'Tis the extreme left of the circling Continental front. Beyond that is safety, mademoiselle."

"I will not land there. You must pass the American lines. You must take me home to Gladden Hall." "But"-

"Row, row."

"I beg you to allow us to land," he urged. "The regiment of the Gatinais lies behind that bluff. They will not dare to pursue into the French trenches."

"An you are afraid"-Oh, what it cost her heart to say

that! Armand bent to the oars and increased his speed. Neither spoke. She was suffering a like apprehension now of arousing the American pickets on the shore. At any other time, doubtless, there would have been challenges, but on this night, the first of many weeks, the Continentals rested and made merry, waiting the signing of the articles of surrender. The skiff passed the danger point, and for awhile there was no sound save the slap of tiny

the stem and the muffled din of the pursuit, which drew on with dogged

persistency. "They will not fire," she said at length in a low voice, "for fear of arousing the Americans. They have a ship's boat full, but they row crooked and uneven. Yet they come on fastfast. Tell me, could we get back to the Continental works?"

"'Tis impossible now. They are between us and them. Gladden Hall is the nearest refuge."

"Are you certain?" "Yes, mademoiselle."

"Listen," she confessed then. "I have deceived you. I made you take me past the Continental line because-because you yourself cannot go there. You must not go there. 'Tis not only the British who would seize you now. Ah, do you not understand? You have been denounced. 'Tis known that you are the same who, they think, would have misled the congress."

"Informed against?" he said. "Again?"

"Oh, what a ghastly thing for you to say to me! 'Twas Jarrat-Jarrat. Row ashore and fly." "Where?"

"Anywhere, anywhere," she cried wildly, "only so it be to safety! Haste! They gain on us!"/ "If we land they are certain to take

us. You cannot go afoot as fast as they." "I shall not go. You shall leave me

there. Row! Row!" "And why should you care for my life?" "Ah, will you stay when my heart is

breaking? There is no time to talk now. What is anything they may do beside your life? I beseech you-I command you to run in. I never intended you to take me farther."

"You would be safe if we could reach Gladden Hall," he said. Then he stood up and threw off his coat.

Her tears came at this. "There is no one at the hall to protect," she wept. "Not a slave to beat them back. Not a weapon. Tarleton sacked it. Ah you do not believe me because I deceived you before! But this is the truth-I swear it is the truth!"

He made no answer, but set the boat's bow straight up the stream and rowed as she had never seen a man row before. She felt the timbers shiver and creak, heard the deep intake of his breath and saw the splendid play of the arm muscles beneath his shirt sleeve. Then, entering, ever more insistent, came the creak of the pursuing craft.

The moonlight fell whitely on the shore they skirted. Two miles-three miles-past the shallows of King's creek and Corbin's point. Every tongue of land, every wedge of forest, how well she knew them! But how slowly they fell behind! There was no longer danger of arousing the Continental pickets, and the pursuers' voices came clearly, gibing at the error of their prisoner which had carried him past the line of safety and made his taking certain. Once Anne heard the officer who led give sharp command to put down a

A scant 200 yards was all there was between the two boats when Armand sprang upon the wharf of Gladden Hall. "Leave me," she begged faintly, "and save yourself! You have yet time."

"Give me your hand!" he commanded peremptorily. He took it and led her, running, up the sloping lawn.

Its unkempt forlornness was softened by the kindly moonlight, and not until they reached the front of the house did its gray desolateness become all at once apparent. The panes in the windows were broken, the white pillars battered, the front door swinging, the yard unsightly with rubbish. "'Tis deserted!" Despair was in his

"I told you that."

"Are there no horses?" "The barns are burned. Leave me

leave me and go!" He hurried her to the front door, and they entered, hearing as they did so the larger boat bump the planking Without a word he shot home the bolts in the great door and drew her into the dining room, now overscattered with broken crockery. He locked both doors of this room, smashed the sashes of the porch windows with a chair, brought together the heavy outer blinds and slid the bars. As he fastened the second the pursuers came tumbling to the porch. Anne, meantime, taking a clew from him, had managed to fasten one of the windows in the opposite side. He sprang to secure the other before the soldiers reached the back of the house.

This shut out the last of the moon light, and the room became a black darkness. Outside was a deadened clamor, curses and shouts to fetch ship's lanterns and search the empty quarters for an ax. Anne could hear Armand's convulsive breathing.

She had groped her way to the sideboard and opened its candle drawer. A tiny half inch end rewarded her. Flint and steel still hung in their accustomed place. She struck them and lighted the wick with trembling hands.

As she did so a heavy body came hurtling against the other side of the inner door. "Better give up, you weasel," panted a voice.

Armand answered loudly, "If I do will you promise to let the lady go?" "No, no!" Anne besought in an agony. "You shall not give yourself up to them! They would not hold to such a

With her cry, however, whirled a scramble of curses. "We'll lay you by the heels and take the girl back, too, curse you!" And a rain of blows descended on the door, while a crash against one of the blinds shook the wall.

Leaping back, Armand dragged out the heavy mahogany sideboard, now slashed and dented, and set it against one door. The other he re-enforced with the overturned table and bound

this to its place with the twisted window curtains. Last, he wrenched an iron from the fireplace and stood waiting. At the same moment the candle end collapsed, the wick dropped, flickered and went out, and darkness fell around them again.

A lull had come in the attack. Evidently a consultation was being held. The blackness seemed to lie upon Anne's soul like a heavy weight, and Armand's silence became unbearable. "What shall we do?" she asked dully.

"We cannot hold out for long." But there was no reply. "I-I am so frightened," she said piteously. "'Tis dark! Come to me, Louis!"

She listened, but he made no stir. "You will not come to me, will not pity or comfort me?" she entreated through the void. "Yet tonight I tried

to save your life." "For what end? You who took from it all that makes life sweet! I trusted you!" She shrank at the ring of scorn in his voice. "I trusted you!"

"And I you," she answered. "I loved and hoped and trusted too. After they took you from here that evening, every night when I went to bed I said a prayer and kissed my poor hand to you in the dark. And I have done so every night since then-every night, Louis." Something like a sob sounded in the

room, and she stretched out her arms

toward it. "I tried to keep my promise. You remember when they lashed the bondwoman? She woke with a crazed brain, and the packet-your packet-was gone All those months I searched and found it at last by chance. I did not get to Philadelphia with it till-that morning."

There was no further answer, and she slipped on her knees, feeling a yearning that was like a poignant sick-

"You must hear," she went on pleadingly, clasping her fingers, "and believe me or my heart will break. Fate put me in the recess of the window at the Red Lion tavern, Louis. I saw Jarrat give you the forged message-saw you fight and run him through. I knew you were true-true to your master's honor and your own."

"You accused me!" The words stung her. "Accused me to the Continentals!" "Listen! Listen to me!" she prayed desperately. "I must tell you it all now-now at the end. Jarrat showed me the paper-the contract that bound you to give your life-your life! And I knew you would do it. Oh, what that meant! I would have given my own life a hundred times to prevent it. Can you think what it cost me to stand in that room and say that-that of you? Your face was dreadful! I thought I should die when you looked at me!"

"So you killed my honor!" "No, no! Not that-I did not mean



"Give me your hand!"

think-such small time to reason. I had only time to feel-to feel as a woman will, and to act. I had to defeat the contract to keep you from going back to the prison-to death. I thought I could clear you at the last, I who knew you were true, because I had the packet-the true message. Only I promised my soul that I should not speak within the month."

Her voice broke a little here, then went on in a sudden pathos of pleading: "What know we women of soldier's duty or soldier's honor-we who are cherished and toasted all our lives? We know only to love, to follow-andand-to save what we love in spite of all the world!"

There was a movement now, a step. "Then I took the packet, Louis, into the congress to Dr. Franklin that very hour, and I could not tell you what I had done-and you escaped them. I thought you had gone to your death. And you didn't know! You never knew. Oh," she sobbed, "if you would only forgive me, only touch me, only lay your hand on my head"-

She heard a stumble, a smothered cry. The iron bar clanged against the floor. An arm, groping, trembling, touched her wet cheek.

"My God! And I doubted you!" Armand's voice thrilled her in a great burst of grief-wound joy. "You gave the message? My darling, my darling!" She felt herself caught up in his arms

in the dark, shuddering, crying, panting incoherent phrases, kissing his face, his rough coat, his epaulets, strangling with fierce terror and ecstasy of love and feeling his passion strain and fold her. It seemed to her that all of life and death was concentrated in that one embrace—that nothing existed in the world but the delirium of that single sweet bitter moment.

A medley of shouts and ax blows on both of the doors at one time sent her into quick spasms of dread. A panel

splintered, a shaft of light and an arm thrust in. Armand released her, struck once with the iron bar, and the man fell back, cursing, with a broken arm. "Shoot!" one shouted. "Are we to be

bayed by this rat!" "Don't fire," came the response. The

order was imperative. The blows began again. Another panel crashed, and the holes let in more light. It fell upon Anne's pallid lips and showed her Armand's white sleevesand pale face, set, but calm. A blow struck the lock of the other door. It yielded, and the oak swung in against the stout sideboard.

Anne felt her limbs grow cold. "Lost, lost!" she murmured and leaned dumbly against the wainscoting. Suddenly a fusillade of musketry woke the echoes out of doors, and a crisp shout garnished it. "File out of

that hall and lay down arms!" There arose a saturnalia of revile ment from the hall. Then, as it died, the voice asked, "What mean these active hostilities in a period of armis-

"'Tis a sortie for an escaped prisoner," came the jarring mirth of Jarrat. "Well, major, I think you will have need yourself for all the prisoners to

be found nere." Anne had gone from one terror to an other and bitterer one. "The Conti-

nentals!" she moaned. The crisp voice approached the splintered door. "Colonel Armand," it said, "I arrest you in the name of the United States of America. Do you surrender?"

"By whose orders?" "The general's commanding the Sec-

and brigade." "I am a colonel of independent cavalry," answered Armand clearly. acknowledge orders only from the division commander." Jarrat laughed.

Sharp directions followed. The axes cut wider fissures in the panels, and through these muskets obtruded and took aim. "My orders are to take you alive, to shoot if you resist. I give you five minutes to open that door." Anne ran to Armand and threw herself into his arms. "Ah, you must not!

For God's sake, give yourself up! I will tell it all to General Washington. He will hear and believe me. I will"-"Think you it would be credited?" he asked gently. "And if not"-She clung to him, weeping. "But

you have fought so. There is that! Oh, 'twill give me your life-your life! That is all I want! I care not for shame or report, so I know it is not true! Ah, pity me! And 'tis my fault! Oh, this must be a hideous dream come to punish me!" "I used to dream," he said, "of you

and me as wed-in honor." "Oh, I would wed you in dishonor, in disgrace, in death! See," she said hurriedly, "here is my mother's wedding ring. I have always worn it about my neck. I love you! I love you!" She

laid it in his hand. "Put it upon my finger," she whispered. "Say it after me, 'I, Anne, take thee, Louis, to my wedded husband." A strange fire had come into his face. "'I. Louis," he repeated solemnly, "take thee, Anne, to my wedded

wife." "To have and to hold from this day forward, for better, for worse, for richer, for poorer, in sickness and in

health' "-"'To have and to hold from this day forward, for better, for worse, for richer, for poorer, in sickness and in

health' "-She was sobbing now so that she could scarcely frame the words: "'To love and to cherish-till death

us do'-join, Louis! It cannot, it shall not, part us!" "My own love!" he said in choked tones, and held her quivering against

his breast. "The time is up," said the voice. Anne clasped Armand with her young arms-tightly, desperately, as if her warm, yielding body, her face fragrant with white fragrance, could keep back the death that looked from those muz-

His hands disengaged her own to pin to his coat a yellow bauble he had taken from his pocket, and then, as she clung, her strained senses became conscious of a wheeling plunge of horsemen at the porch, hurried steps, a voice shaking with a strange vibration, asking questions in broken English.

head and stood like a stone image. There was a pause. Then-"Louis Armand," said the sibilant, halting tongue, "I command you to open thees door! You will not, eh? You

At the sound Armand threw back his

know who I am?" The sideboard fell with a crash, the splintered door tumbled upon it, and Armand stood to attention in the blaze of lantern light. At a glance Anne knew the officer who stood in the doorway, surrounded by a glittering staff. He was the major general commanding

the division. "You surrendair, then? Good! An' where, Major Woodson, is the informair who has done such brilliant sairvice to denounce-eh? Come stan' beside me. M'sieu Jarrat, an' let us overwhelm thees villain!"

He advanced a step into the room, his bright eyes on the pair. "Ha! An' you theenk I have never recognize you, Charles, all thees timeme who was your old brother in the College du Plessis? Me-Lafayette? Take off that wig! Take it off, I tell

you!" Mechanically, Armand put his hand to his head. He drew off the black peruke, and, all at once unconfined, hig brown, curling hair fell to his shoulders, the ends just touching the yellow Cross of St. Louis which sparkled like a topaz on his breast. The act transformed him. The set mouth was gone,

the face all softened to youthfulness. "Louis Armand, the impostor, seized at Williamsburg!" shouted Jarrat. "Armand, who escaped the clutches of the congress! Armand, the traitor, gen-

tiemen. Tear off his cross!" One of the circle about Lafayette

turned facing him with an oath, but the general was before him.

"No!" he cried. "No! Not Louis Armand the traitor, but Charles Louis Armand, colonel of Armand's legion

and Marquis de la Trouerie!" There was an instant of silence that turned a babel behind the speaker. "A lie!" shouted Jarrat. "A lie! The Marquis de la Trouerie is dead!" Anne

had risen, trembling, speechless, her

eyes fixed and glittering. "Aye," said Armand sternly, stretching his arm toward him. "He has



He advanced a step.

been dead these five years. But he did not die when you supposed. That was but a play necessary to deceive a dog one would not wish barking at his heels. He called himself a secretary, and you-you jackal-you thought to buy him, a Frenchman, to betray his master, his king and these colonies!" Lafayette laughed like a child. "He

pleasantree, eh? And the congress, they theenk he trick them in seventeesix. They would arres' him yet, when he is denounce'-even my General Ha-Jarrat had fallen back, his face black,

bribe him to be-what you theenk,

gentlemen?-to be himself! A rare

his fingers convulsively working, his teeth gritting one on another like pebbles in the hand. Armand's eyes were upon Anne,

though he seemed to address all pres-"The marquis had a mission, and he found it to his purpose to-to become himself. He found many thorns in his way. But he found one rose-one rose so pure and fragrant that he wished to gather it. He found a lady-a lady of Virginia, who loved him and beleved in him. The marquis was living then. He found himself in peril,

thought she had betrayed him." "Ah, my friend," cried Lafayette wistfully, "these long months seeing you, and I have never told you I knew you-never asked wherefore you hid yourself from all. Was I not a friend,

and he trusted her. And at last-he

"Then," Armand continued, "God forgive his unbelief! Then was when he died!"

A great lovely light had come to Anne's face and smiled from her colorless lips-a light more lovely than the aurora over snows. "Is it true?" she faltered, looking at

him in a sort of unbelieving wonder. "Is it true? And will he live again?" For answer he knelt down at her feet and put his lips to her hand. She felt tears upon it.

When they looked up they were alone in the room. From the yard came the rattle of bridle chains and the bustle of mounting. Lafayette met them on the threshold.

"I have search' all the place for awhat you call it?-sidesaddle," he laughed, "an' there ees one at las'. Colonel, ma'amselle, you shall ride to town wit' me. We shall all be jus' like big children tonight! Ah, I have forget-you did not know that only two, t'ree hour ago, Cornwallis has surrendair to the Americans!" THE END.

Out of the Months of Babes.

Little four year old Helen was dining with her mother at a neighbor's, and the hostess, in an attempt to he entertaining, asked her if she liked kittens. Helen looked suspiciously at the chicken potpie on her plate, then replied : "I dess not; I dess I'd ruvver have some

Little Elsie's big sister was explaining to her the wonderful powers of the sun, sav-ing: "It shines everywhere on the earth." Elsie, after thinking for a moment, asked : Then why doesn't it shine in grandpa's

cake."

"Harry," said the visitor, "do you know your letters yet ?" "No. ma'am," replied the little fellow. "I'm not the mail carrier."

"Now, hoys," said the teacher, "how many months have twenty-eight days?"
"All of 'em," promptly replied the youngster at the foot of the class.

Little Dot-"My dollie's mamma must have been an awful wicked lady.' Mamma-"Why do you think so dear ?" Little Dot-"She no er taught her to say her prayers, 'cause her knees won't hend '

A little five-year-old miss was standing on the hotel steps gazing anxiously up the street. "Are you looking for a husband, little

girl?" asked one of the guests.
"Yes, sir," was the prompt reply; "for mamma's husband."