

**SWORD AND PEN, OR, A
YOUNG
WAR CORRESPONDENT'S
ADVENTURES**

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Sword and pen, or, A young war correspondent's adventures by Henry Harrison Lewis

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HENRY HARRISON LEWIS

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"Aimed a furious blow at my head with a sharp-pointed spear!" See page 29.

SWORD AND PEN

OR

A Young War Correspondent's
Adventures

BY

HENRY HARRISON LEWIS

AUTHOR OF

"Centerboard Jim," "Won at West Point," "King of the Island,"
"Ensign Merrill," etc.



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Sword and Pen

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SWORD AND PEN.

CHAPTER I.

IN WHICH I RECEIVE AN IMPORTANT ASSIGNMENT.

"Stanley, you are a lucky dog."

"What is up now, Mr. Burnett?"

"The old man wishes to see you at once."

"Well," I laughed, "I hardly see how such a summons should cause you to say that I am a fortunate canine, as it were. In fact, I am afraid it means just the opposite. No doubt Mr. Parker has a severe lecture in store for me."

"Is that so? Well, I only wish I were in your place, that's all," and my companion gave me an unmistakably envious glance.

This piqued my curiosity. That something out of the common was impending was plainly evident. Mr. Jared Parker, managing editor of a certain well-known New York daily, and president of the newly organized Consolidated Press Association of the United States, was not the man to communicate with his subordinates unless he had something of great importance in hand.

Added to this was the fact that he had actually sent his private secretary to the reporters' room to request my presence without delay. Such a proceeding was simply

unheard of in the office, and my brother employees cast wondering glances at me as I rose to obey the august summons.

That Mr. Burnett was in the secret, his official position gave proof, but he paid no attention to my looks, and silently led the way to the managerial sanctum.

Mr. Parker was seated at his desk near a broad, open window. He glanced up when we entered, and then immediately resumed the reading of a paper spread out before him. He was a little man, stoop-shouldered, and with a high, bulging forehead which betokened great mental power.

His main characteristic, as will be seen later, was brevity. When he spoke, his words were sharp and to the point. So were his writings, as the reading public can testify.

After a moment of delay he beckoned me to advance, which I did, not without some fear and trembling. Where I stood the light from the window fell full upon my face.

The great man leaned back in his chair and calmly proceeded to make a close scrutiny of my features. His deep-set eyes, piercing in intensity, probed me through and through, and the effect was such that I was on the verge of a mental collapse when he finally motioned me to a seat.

Referring to a document drawn from a pigeon-hole, he suddenly asked:

"Stanley Bennett is your name?"

"Yes, sir," I replied.

"Hum! American; aged nineteen; an orphan; been