

BUY A LIBERTY BOND!

Charlevoix County Herald.

Vol. 21

EAST JORDAN, MICHIGAN, FRIDAY, OCTOBER 12, 1917.

No. 41

Will You Buy a Liberty Bond?

Local Committee Start Canvassing Next Week.

A local campaign to raise our share of the Second Liberty Loan will be launched in our city next week. On Monday meetings will be held throughout the county in the various school houses. Tuesday evening a big demonstration will take place on our streets, weather permitting. On Wednesday the soliciting committee will start their work. In order to obtain some system, the committee have compiled the below list of names of our citizens who are urged to purchase a Liberty Bond if their means will allow them to do so.

THE LIST.

[Note]—The below list was furnished The Herald in type form. A number of names are miss-spelled, but owing to lack of time we are unable to make a proper correction.

- C. H. Whittington.
- Frank Whittington.
- H. C. Blount.
- Bert Reid.
- E. L. Burdick.
- Frank Wilson.
- A. J. Hite.
- Wm. Boswell.
- Bernat Johnson.
- D. L. Fitch.
- A. W. Clark.
- Chas. Hudkins.
- G. A. Lisk.
- Fletcher Empey.
- Noah French.
- Harry Curkendall.
- C. J. Malpass.
- Earl Hager.
- E. A. Ashley.
- L. C. Munroe.
- Andrew Suffer.
- Marjorie Lemieux.
- C. J. McNamara.
- Harry Gregory.
- John Batska.
- Dr. W. H. Parks.
- D. L. Wilson.
- John Munroe.
- O. Danto.
- Leon Balch.
- E. O. Bisbee.
- LeRoy Sherman.
- Otto Soehner.
- Irvin Hiatt.
- Geo. Bell.
- Harold Boyd.
- Merle Crowell.
- Mrs. H. W. Prior.
- John Sheen.
- Henry Scholls.
- James Votruba.
- Ashland Bowen.
- Dr. R. A. Risk.
- Frank Brotherton.
- John Porter.
- Howard Porter.
- George Geck.
- Grance Pickhaver.
- W. P. Porter.
- R. I. McDonald.
- Stewart Carr.
- Wm. Hawkins.
- Mark Chaplin.
- Miss Aggie Porter.
- Mrs. Joe Cummins.
- D. E. Gnodman.
- W. A. Pickard.
- Jos. Gidley.
- Leslie Lemieux.
- Henry Cummings.
- John Hart.
- Chas. Alexander.
- C. L. Lorraine.
- Bert Lorraine.
- Geo. Carr.
- Rosecoe Mackey.
- Harvey Hager.
- Glen Bulow.
- A. Cameron.
- Milton Mather.
- Richard Barrette.
- Anthony Brown.
- C. J. Evans.
- Horace B. Hipp.
- Jas. Handy.
- Clarence Healy.
- Rudolph Powlske.
- Joe Montroy.
- Robert Myers.
- John Nickless.
- Chas. Nowland.
- Fred Palmeter.
- George Ruhling.
- Harry Simmons.
- Josiah St. John.
- Wm. Sheffels.
- Max Sheffels.
- Chas. St. John.
- Harry Saxon.
- Chas. Shedma.
- Lloyd Sigler.
- Arthur Shepard.
- Aldrich Townsend.
- Ed. Winstrons.
- M. J. Williams.
- Frank Zilka.
- Robert Zess.
- H. J. Bancroft.
- Harry Bashaw.
- Peter Boss.
- C. E. Brownell.
- H. J. Carpenter.
- Jerry Dechane.
- Joe Ericks.
- Chas. Ericks.
- John Fitzgibbons.
- Henry See.
- Thomas Gaynor.
- Wm. Harrington.

(Continued on eighth page)

Fatal Railroad Accident

William Raino Receives Injuries Which Prove Fatal.

William Raino received injuries in a railroad accident Monday forenoon which resulted in his death Tuesday evening.

Mr. Raino was employed as freight conductor on the E. J. & S. R. R. and his train was working on a switch near Camp 7. In attempting to couple onto two cars the coupling failed to catch and the two cars started down an incline. Mr. Raino mounted one of the cars and was trying to set the brakes when the bearing gave way throwing him to the ground between the rails. A part of the car passed over his body before he was able to extricate himself. He was brought to his home here where an examination showed wounds on his forehead, one of his legs and his feet. Later it developed that one side of his chest was badly injured internally. It was hoped at first that his life might be spared but he passed away Tuesday evening.

William Henry Raino was born Aug. 13, 1868, at Cardinal, Ont., his parents being William and Katherine Raino. On Oct. 31st, 1893, he was united in marriage to Miss Agnes Timmins of Iroquois, Ont. Three children were born to this union, Miss Winnifred, Harry and Kenneth, who, with the wife survive.

They came to East Jordan April 14, 1899, where they have since resided.

Deceased was a member of the Catholic Church, the Knights of Columbus and the Holy Name Society.

Funeral services were held from St. Joseph's Catholic Church Friday morning, Oct. 12th, conducted by the pastor, Rev. Timothy Ktoboth. Beautiful floral pieces were offered by the Knights of Columbus and the Holy Name Society. The latter organization marched in a body with their banner draped in mourning. Interment was made at Mt. Cavalry Cemetery.

Those from out-of-town to attend the obsequies were Mr. and Mrs. Michael Healey of Toronto, Ont., Mrs. M. H. Timmins and Mrs. Margaret Hewitt of Smith's Falls, Ont.

GEORGE MURRAY, SR. RECEIVES FATAL INJURIES IN RUNAWAY ACCIDENT.

George Murray, Sr., a well-known resident of Echo township, died at the Reycraft hospital, Petoskey, Saturday Oct. 6th. On the previous Tuesday, Mr. Murray was thrown from a wagon receiving serious injuries. In an effort to save his life he was taken to Petoskey where an operation was performed.

George Murray, son of Geo. and Jane Murray was born in Westminister, Canada June 16, 1850 and moved to Alvinston, Canada with his parents in 1853, where he lived until 20 years of age, when he came to Michigan and later on took up the homestead on Six Mile Lake in Echo township, Antrim County. He lived there alone until Sept. 9, 1877 when he was united in marriage to Mary E. King of South Arm, Charlevoix County. They resided on the old home farm until his death, with the exception of 3 years which he spent with his family in Alvinston, Canada.

In middle life he became a christian and died in the hopes of a Blessed Immortality.

He leaves a wife, two sons, Elmer and Clarence, a daughter, Mrs. Scott Bartholomew, a brother, Peter, all of Echo township, and a sister, Mary J. McDonald of Canada. Funeral services were held in the South Arm Grange Hall, Tuesday afternoon, Oct. 9th, 1917, conducted by Rev. Myron E. Hoyt pastor of the Methodist Church.

Card of Thanks.

We wish to extend our heartfelt thanks to the many kind friends and neighbors for their kindness during the short illness of our beloved husband father and brother and for the many floral offerings.

Mrs. Geo. Murray and family.
Peter Murray and family.

A man can walk a mile without moving more than two feet.

If you have talent for criticism don't fail to use it on yourself.

She who fishes for a husband seldom catches one who is worth while.

Parents, Will You Help

Provide Four Evenings of Instructive Entertainment for Your Boys and Girls?

The public platform is one of the best means of education we have, but we cannot provide this without your help. The course this year is unusually good. We haven't as many numbers as we have had in some previous years but its quality we are after and not quantity.

Our first number, The Musical Guardsman, comes on Monday Oct. 22. They are styled "A Singing Orchestra." They appear in evening dress for their popular medleys and song hits, and then in military uniform for their marches, overtures and other instrumental selections.

The second number will be worth the price of the season ticket. Lieut. McGibney who comes to us on Nov. 28th will give us first hand knowledge of the war. We read much about the horrors which take place upon the battle field, but after all we feel we know little of the actual conditions because of the necessary censorship. No one in Charlevoix County should miss hearing the authentic lecture given by a man who has been on the field of action.

Of all forms of glue clubs, operatic companies or musical comedies, the male quartet is the most popular. On Feb. 11, The Weber Male Quartet will give you an evening of entertainment which will make you forget the long cold winter in Northern Michigan.

You are somewhat startled, when, occasionally, you read in the papers that a person has been found with a dual personality. John Ratto has at least ten different personalities. How one person can play so many different parts is a mystery to us all, however, it is the unusual we are all anxious to see.

The season tickets go on sale Thursday. You can secure them from Miss Coleman or any member of the senior class. Price—\$1.25.

Commission Proceedings.

Special meeting of the City Commission held at the commission rooms, Tuesday evening, Oct. 2, 1917. Meeting was called to order by Mayor Cross. Present—Cross, Gidley and Crowell. Absent—None.

Minutes of the last meeting were read and approved.

On motion by Gidley, the following bills were allowed:

E. J. Chemical Co., cast iron pipe	\$242.02
A. B. Knowlson & Co., expansion joints	86.98
Mich. State Tel. Co., rentals	6.25
Henry Cook, salary	75.00
C. E. Crowell, salary	50.00
Jas. Gidley, salary & mds.	32.60
Otis J. Smith, salary, exp. & post.	26.39
John Tooley, labor	2.00

A Boost for Concrete Roads.

Below is a letter received by The Herald from former postmaster Harry E. Potter, now in business at Spring Lake (Ottawa County) Mich. It's a mighty strong argument for Charlevoix County to wake up and follow their example. Under the heading "Good Roads Everywhere" is an article from the Grand Haven paper dealing with the County's experience and costs of building concrete highways.

Friend Lisk:—

How's the world using you and the family? We are all fine and busy as ever.

Business has been great this summer and is still very good, although a great many of the resorters have left.

I enjoy reading the cement road dope you are running and hope it will be fruitful as I am thoroughly convinced that it is THE ONLY ROAD.

They are building a mile east of us and one west of us and have just finished four miles south.

The traffic this way has doubled this year and will keep on growing as Ottawa County is getting a reputation for good roads and is going to keep it up.

I will enclose some clippings from the Grand Haven paper also a County map which will give you an idea of what is being done, and also what the cost is.

Labor is higher here than it is in Charlevoix County and all the gravel used in this section must be brought down Grand River on scows and then hauled several miles by teams and trucks to its destination.

I do not believe there will ever be any other than concrete roads built in this county as the people here are all strong for it.

Would be glad to send you more dope, if you wish.

Sincerely Yours,
HARRY E. POTTER.

D. H. Fitch, salary & rental, 24.17
Crandall Packing Co., lip rings, 35.17
Elec. Light Co., pumping and lighting, 454.78
Reid-Graff Co., labor & material, 81.97
On motion by Crowell meeting was adjourned.

OTIS J. SMITH,
City Clerk.

Furniture Store In New Hands

Empey Bros. Store Purchased by French & Redman.

A business change of importance to our city took place this week when Noah French of this city and J. E. Redman of Charlevoix purchased the furniture stock of Empey Bros.

Mr. French came here last May with an up-to-date funeral furnishing equipment and associated himself with Empey Bros. giving that part of the work his attention besides assisting Mr. Empey in the furniture line in which he was familiar with years ago.

Mr. Redman, who has had 18 years experience in both branches of the work and for the past 12 years been associated with Charles See & Sons at Charlevoix is not a stranger in our midst and is able to give the best of satisfaction in either branch of the business.

The business will continue to be conducted in the present building and work has already begun to change and redecorate the interior, giving a half-tone to harmonize with the furniture.

The new firm will be known as the French & Redman Undertaking Co. and will make their store a house-furnishing outfit. The present stock will be increased to a large extent and other lines such as carpets, curtains, draperies and bedding (comfortables and blankets) will be added.

A line of Victorias and records will also be added to the stock.

As soon as possible the complete stock will be placed on the floor for inspection of the public at which time two or three days will mark the opening of the new firm.

Special attention will also be given to the framing of pictures, a large stock of new mouldings having already been ordered.

The funeral department will receive the same consideration and first-class service as found in our larger cities and calls will receive prompt attention. Also lady assistant in the care of ladies and children.

W. F. Empey will continue making his stay with the new firm and is willing to lend any assistance he can, and hopes to see his old customers continue with the new firm in their future success.

This season, as usual, the noblest thing in shoes is a bunion.

It is easier to make enemies than friends, but it is easier to get rid of friends than it is to get rid of enemies.

Good Roads Everywhere

CHARLEVOIX COUNTY ROAD IMPROVEMENT ASSOCIATION.

We met at Boyne Falls, we were conquered. We sat in at the game. Here is where the child was born and where the graduation exercises took place, at the Town Hall, Monday evening, Oct. 1st, 1917, name concrete, age not given but the standing was 100 in everything.

Prof. Bill Pearson, our own old reliable Bill, yes, he came to the rescue, set aside all selfish claims, in the general meeting, and with the executive, compiled the amounts assigned for each part of the county, which cannot help being satisfactory to all concerned. This was the best meeting that the CHARLEVOIX COUNTY ROAD IMPROVEMENT ASSOCIATION ever held. Everybody was satisfied that we would bond and raise \$350,000, and Mr. Ruessegger had the figures to show that in addition to the \$350,000 and with it, we would add to this sum as received from federal aid and state aid, the extra sum of \$277,900. Anyone can see what a lot of good work can be done in Charlevoix County with this sum, and the best part of it is that not a dollar of the \$350,000 will have to be paid under 20 years, this being the longest term a bond can be made for according to our state laws, but then we can renew the bonds, because the county will have so increased in value, that the security will be double what it is now, and the concrete roads will be just as good then as they are now if the three pieces of concrete road built in Charlevoix County, seven and eight years of age, which are in as good condition now as they were when they were built, is any criterion to go by.

Van Pelt has a good deal to say about good gravel roads for every farmer in Charlevoix County, and concrete roads for all the main roads, with a row of apple or cherry trees on either side of the road. No one has worked more unremittently, earnestly or unselfishly than he has. He has said over and over again that the road tax, next to the war tax, is the greatest tax of any in the United States, the state, the county and township, and necessarily must be, because of the lack of knowledge in building roads, and the still greater expense of keeping the roads in good condition. That the upkeep of the dirt road will be much greater than the original cost of the road.

It was for the saving of this great tax that he began to wage war on the system, but not on individuals. The tax payers can do that if they see that the roads are not properly built, and if the proper men are not elected, and if not qualified, if not sober, temperate, honest men who do not work for the best interest of the city's or county's, it is up to the tax payers to adjust this, and to demand a strict accounting for every item charged up to the road account.

That the tax payers will, by an overwhelming majority, vote that \$350,000 be raised by bonding, really goes without question. BECAUSE, by so doing the roads can be built right away by contract and under state and government inspection, and we will have the use of them now. In the meantime, our county road commissioners can go right on building according to the present system and try to keep the roads which we have already built in passable condition, which have cost us approximately \$175,000 or \$200,000. The top dressing is pretty well worn off on most of the Boyne City road. And this work alone will take lots of time and cost lots of money.

Van Pelt claims that the running of cars over these roads as they are today, costs the automobile owners 200 per cent more than it would over a concrete road. We begin to think he is right. We urge upon every voter and every citizen who has the interest of Charlevoix County at heart, to join the association of commerce nearest the home, thereby becoming a member of the Charlevoix County Road Improvement Association, and for all to work for every good thing which will in any way be a benefit to the County.

There is a great necessity for such an organization in order to discuss the city's and county's affairs. There is need to band together for the promulgation of the unified views that will help right public opinion. We believe that the business men and farmers are face to face with a pre-emptory necessity for taking a deep

interest in political affairs.

The stake which business men have is enormous. Great as it is, however, it is of no more concern to them and of no more importance to the future happiness and welfare of their children, than it is to the condition and the outlook of the humble worker in the mills or on the farm.

The right hand of fellowship and a helping hand for the good of all, must be extended by one and all, for a glorious day awaits Charlevoix County. The old adage, we can make of ourselves what we wish, applies to our county. This with the golden rule is all we ask. [Signed] Committee.

TO ASK BOARD FOR \$92,000 FOR CONCRETE.

Years of experimenting has united Ottawa county officials on one point—that it does not pay and is a useless waste of money to build gravel or macadam roads today. Experiments which have cost Ottawa county thousands of dollars have convinced officials of the county that they should build only one class of roads today—the concrete, the permanent road.

The Ottawa county road commissioners will recommend to the board of supervisors, when it convenes for the regular October session, that \$92,000, the greatest amount that can be raised, be voted this year for the construction largely of concrete highways. Incidentally \$10,000 more must be asked to repair gravel and macadam highways, this representing only about half of the money that must be spent to place the roads of other years in repair.

All Expected to Agree

Not a single member of the board is expected to oppose the proposed appropriation of \$92,000 for concrete roads, for not only are the members of the Ottawa county road commission united on the concrete road question, but the supervisors are also unanimous on that point. The road commissioners and every member of the board of supervisors have made a study of the road question and although some have long opposed spending money for concrete roads they all stand ready to go the limit in this regard today it is believed.

The history of the good roads question in Ottawa county is the history of the road question in every other county. It costs Ottawa county many thousands of dollars before it, decided that it should build a permanent class of roads.

Did Not Jump Suddenly.

The officials of Ottawa county did not jump to the concrete road suddenly. William Connelly, a member of the Ottawa county road commission has been fighting for years for concrete roads. It is largely through the efforts of Mr. Connelly and a few other leaders in the movement that Ottawa county is united on the road question today. Some of the supervisors of Ottawa county fought against concrete roads until about two weeks ago, when the last of them were won over and are now the most enthusiastic boosters for this class of highway.

Ottawa county today has eleven miles of concrete roads, a part of which has been in place four years. Every mile, every foot, in fact, of this road, is in good condition today and it has cost the county only about \$25 a year to maintain a mile of this road. It all is as smooth today as it was the day it was laid.

State Pays Reward.

Grand Haven is building the concrete roads for \$10,000 to \$12,000 a mile, the amount depending somewhat on the distance the material must be hauled. On the 16-foot concrete road the state is paying a reward of \$8,800, more than half enough to build this road. On 9-foot roads the state is paying a reward of \$2,000. The county finds, due to the extra reward, the 16-foot road is just about as cheap as the 9-foot.

—Grand Haven Tribune.

WATER TAX NOTICE.

Your Water Tax is due and must be paid on or before Oct. 15, 1917. If not paid the water will be turned off without further notice. It will cost one dollar to have it turned on again. The provisions of the Ordinance are to be strictly enforced from now on.

By Order of the City Commission.

Many a man is out of work for the simple reason that there is no work in him.

Don't be dissatisfied with your lot. Hang on to it and wait for a real estate boom.



A PRETTY GOWN.
2111—This dress will be nice for dotted mull, novelty silk, crepe, challie, voile, batiste and messaline. It is also suitable for gingham, chambray, lawn, bordered goods and flouncing. The skirt measures about 2 7/8 yards at the lower edge. The fronts meet over the waist, that could be made of contrasting material. The sleeve is shirred at the wrist where it forms a soft ruffle.
The pattern is cut in 3 sizes: 16, 18 and 20 years. It requires 5 5/8 yards of 44 inch material for an 18-year size. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.



A STYLISH ATTRACTIVE MODEL.
2128—Of all popular styles, there is none more comfortable or pleasing than a one-piece model. As here portrayed the skirt section is fitted with wide platts and joined to a long waist, in moyenage style. The color may be finished in straight or notched outline; the sleeve in wrist or elbow length.
The pattern is cut in three sizes: 16, 18 and 20 years. It requires 5 1/2 yards of 44-inch material for an 18 year size. The skirt measures about 2 3/4 yards at the foot, with platts drawn out.
A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

Fashions for Herald Readers

Unless otherwise specified, all Fashion Patterns published in these columns are Ten Cents each. Send or leave orders for same at the CHARLEVOIX CO. HERALD



A SIMPLE NEGLIGEE.
2150—Suitable for lawn, dimity, batiste, poplin, cambric, percale, silk, washable satin, pique and linen. The garment is loose fitting; the fulness is held at the waistline by a belt or ribbon girde. The sleeve may be finished in wrist or elbow length.
The pattern is cut in seven sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, and 46 inches bust measure. It requires four yards of 36-inch material for a 36-inch size.
A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.



A NEW CORSET COVER.
2190—Ladies' One-Piece Corset Cover, in Round, Square, or "V" Neck Edge.
Suitable for "all over" embroidery, for lawn, batiste, cambric, nainsook, crepe or silk. The design is very simple and easy to make. The pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. It requires 1 3/8 yard of 36-inch material for a medium size.
A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.



A NEW AND POPULAR STYLE.
2172—This model is both comfortable and practical. The fronts are turned back to form revers and meet a broad shaped collar. Broadcloth, chevot, velour, zebeline, velvet, corduroy, satin silk and serge may be used for this style.
The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: Small, 32-34; Medium, 36-38; Large, 40-42; and Extra Large, 44-46 inches bust measure. Size medium will require 6 1/4 yards of 48-inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.



A SMART DRESS, SUITABLE FOR MANY OCCASIONS.
Waist—2182. Skirt—2181.
Composed of Ladies Waist Pattern 2182, and Ladies Skirt Pattern 2181. Figured shantung, in tan and green, is here combined with Georgette crepe in a contrasting shade. The sleeve is new and novel. The collar and pocket are also new in their shaping. The Waist Pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. The Skirt also in 6 sizes: 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inches waist measure. For the entire dress for a medium size it will require 6 yards of 36-inch material. The skirt measures about 2 3/8 yards at the foot.
This illustration calls for TWO separate patterns, which will be mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents for EACH pattern, in silver or stamps.



A SMART STYLE FOR AFTER-NOON OR HOME WEAR.
2188—This model is good for cloth, serge, voile, linen, batiste and other seasonable materials. The fronts of the waist are full and gathered to yoke extensions of the back. The skirt is made with a heading at the top, which may be omitted, if not desired.
The pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires 5 3/8 yards of 44-inch material for a 36-inch size. The skirt measures about 2 1/2 yards at the foot.
A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.



A POPULAR STYLE FOR THE GROWING GIRL.
2180—One-Piece dress, with guimpe. This model will develop well in linen, gingham, voile, repp, pique, galatea, percale, serge, corduroy, velvet and gabardine. The guimpe may be of crepe, lawn, silk or batiste. The dress is closed on the shoulders, and may be worn with or without a belt or girde. The pattern is cut in 5 sizes: 4, 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. It requires 1 3/4 yard for the guimpe, and 4 yards for the dress, of 27-inch material, for a 10-year size.
A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.



A JAUNTY BLOUSE.
2189—This style is good for flannel, serge, crepe, voile, satin and crepe de chine. The fronts are gathered to yoke extensions of the back. The sleeve may be in wrist or elbow length.
The pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires 3 1/4 yards of 27-inch material for a 36-inch size.
A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.



A SET OF SERVICEABLE CAPS.
2176—These models are nice for silk, satin, poplin, cravenette and other rubberized cloth. They are ideal for motoring and traveling.
The pattern includes the three styles portrayed. It is cut in 2 sizes: Medium and Large. No. 1 will require 1 yard, No. 2 will require 7/8 yard, No. 3 will require 7/8 yard of 27-inch material for the Medium size.
A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.



DRESS FOR ELDERLY LADIES.
2191—This style is lovely for satin, silk, crepe, gabardine, serge and broadcloth. The fronts are finished with vest portions. The skirt measures 2 3/4 yards at the foot. It is gathered over the sides and back. The sleeve is new in its shaping.
The pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. It requires 6 1/8 yards of 36-inch material for a 36-inch size.
A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.



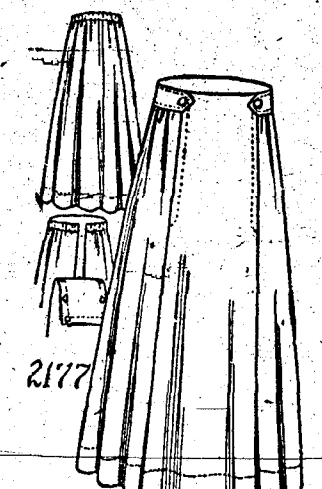
2173—Dress for Misses and Small Women.
This is a very attractive style, good for linen, silk, lawn, gabardine, shantung, serge and Jersey cloth. The skirt and waist are joined at raised waistline. The sleeve is new and novel. The pattern is cut in 3 sizes: 16, 18 and 20 years. Size 18 requires 4 7/8 yards of 44-inch material. The skirt measures about 2 1/2 yards at the foot.
A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.



A SIMPLE DRESS FOR SCHOOL AND HOME WEAR.
2176—This style is good for gingham, serge, cashmere, lawn, voile, batiste, organdy, repp, poplin, silk or percale. The guimpe may be of the same material as the dress, or of contrasting goods. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. It requires 1 3/4 yard of 27-inch material for the guimpe, and 3 1/2 yards for the dress, of 36-inch material, for a 10-year size.
A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.



A PRETTY SUMMER DRESS.
2107—This style is lovely for the new wash fabrics, also nice for shantung, taffeta and foulard. The waist may be finished with front closing, or can be closed on the shoulder and at side front. The skirt has platted panel portions. It measures about 3 1/4 yards at the foot with platts drawn out.
The pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires 7 7/8 yards of 44-inch material for a 36-inch size.
A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.



A PRACTICAL MODEL.
2177—Ladies' Maternity Skirt. This style fills every requirement of a comfortable skirt of this character. It is cut on new lines, and is easy to develop. The model is good for cloth, gabardine, satin, silk, serge, linen and other seasonable fabrics. The pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 24, 26, 28, 30, 32, 34 and 36 inches waist measure. Size 28 requires 3 7/8 yards of 44-inch material. The skirt measures about 3 yards at lower edge.
A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.



A NEW AND ATTRACTIVE MODEL.
2112—This style is nice for wash fabrics, for silk, gabardine, challie and albatros. The shaped plastron may be omitted.
The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. It requires 3 1/2 yards of 44-inch material for an 8-year size.
A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.



A CHARMING LOUNGING ROBE.
2104—Figured crepe, dotted challie, percale, silk, satin, cashmere, albatros, batiste, dimity and dotted Swiss could be used for this style.
The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: Small, 32-34 inches bust measure; Medium, 36-38 inches bust measure; Large, 40-42 inches bust measure; extra large, 44-46 inches bust measure. Size medium requires 5 1/4 yards of 44 inch material.
A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.



A PRETTY SUMMER DRESS.
2171—This model is lovely for soft crepe, silk, gingham, organdy, challie, batiste, voile and lawn. The waist is finished in shaped outline, below the waistline. The sleeve may be in wrist or elbow length.
The pattern is cut in 5 sizes: 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. It requires 2 1/3 yards of 44-inch material for a 10-year size.
A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.



From Governor Sleeper's Proclamation of October 4, 1917.

"Michigan's sons are going forth to defend the nation. Michigan must stand as one man behind them and provide a full share of whatever financial support may be required. Nothing must be left undone, no matter what the cost, to win this war and win it speedily. Let us not do half-heartedly the part that may be ours in the conflict, but so lend ourselves and whatever we may have to the cause of humanity that the clenched hand of an outraged civilization may strike not only heavily but quickly. . . ."

"I further designate the fifteenth day of October as Patriotic Day On this day, or the evening thereof, let a meeting be held in every school house in Michigan, with a program suitable to the occasion, the children participating, and let careful consideration be given to the progress of the work and its further promotion."

CHARLEVOIX COUNTY HERALD
G. A. Lisk, Publisher
ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR

Entered at the postoffice at East Jordan Michigan, as second class mail matter.

BE ALIVE

Be alive to your welfare. No one cares for you as much as yourself.

If the street corner shouter tells you that he is your guardian, he lies way down in his throat and he knows it. He is looking out only for one man and that man is himself.

More lives of trespassers who will not keep off the track than of employees and passengers are lost on railroads of the United States every year from accidents.

Keep off the track! Safety first! Be alive to all that surrounds you. Safeguard your property, your health, your life, your children, your happiness.

Do it yourself. Think out your own problems. Listen to advice, but decide for yourself. You must foot the bill, and your judgment in nine cases out of ten will prove the safest.

Safeguard your patriotism from the assaults of the smooth-tongued demagogue, posing as the friend of the common people. Cast him out as a venomous viper.

Avoid the disturber who would make you dissatisfied with your lot and put you at enmity with your employer with whom you should enjoy the friendliest relations in a co-operative spirit.

Above all safe guard your soul and conscience from the approach of anyone who proclaims that you have "no God and no master."—Lestie's.

An opportunity is frequently run to earth by a hustler while a lazy man is sitting on the fence waiting for it to come along.

It is a wonder that some of Cupid's victims haven't turned and put him out of the running long ago.

The chronic borrower has one redeeming feature, at least he never

strikes a man that is down.

If you want anything done well, do it yourself. That is why most people laugh at their own jokes.

Perhaps the best hand a man can hold in the game of life is the hand of some good woman.

A woman's mind is nearly always on dress—which may explain the frequent changes of both.

Alas for the intello, when the understanding is limited only by the size of the feet!

You may have a way of your own, but you will not always have your own way.

Some people are willing to be good if paid for it, and others are good for nothing.

Polish is not necessary to enable a man to shine in society—if he has the coin.

Hot air is the motive power that operates the human talking machine.

Women have never been able to find a successful way of keeping secrets.

A man may be able to deceive his own wife, but not his father's wife.

A miser is a great lover of generosity in everybody except himself.

Some men will even go to church on Sunday rather than stay at home.

There is danger that a little learning will result in a swelled head.

The stronger the butter in the tub the weaker it is in the market.

Many a man doesn't realize what he is up to until he is called down.

The church with the highest steeple isn't always the nearest heaven.

Doing as one pleases soon ceases to be fascinating if no one objects.

Dorothy Dool
SHOES

"Beautiful and a Perfect Fit"

That's what you will say, too, when you wear your first pair of Dorothys.

And that's what you will say of every other pair; because they are scientifically constructed in the world's largest shoe factory and carefully fitted by us.

We want you to know real foot comfort, that's why we want you to wear Dorothys.

C. A. Hudson

People like to hear themselves talk because they usually talk about themselves.

Don't be dissatisfied with your lot. Hang on to it and wait for a real estate boom.

EAST JORDAN LUMBER CO. STORE

SEE OUR LINE OF Men's, Women's and Children's SWEATERS

From \$1.00 to \$15.00

East Jordan Lumber Co.

School Notes

High School Enrollment.

The high school enrollment is very large this year, being 193, students in all. The three lower classes are twice as large as the three upper classes, this shows how much the enrollment has increased.

The enrollment of each class is as follows:

7th grade 42	10th grade 35
8th grade 44	11th grade 14
9th grade 42	12th grade 16

This means we will either have to have more room or else conduct out-door classes very soon.

As the classes are so large, it was necessary to engage the new teacher, Miss Kathleen Gunn, of Muskegon. She is, at present, teaching history and civics, and when we get the classes organized into a society, she will teach dramatics.

Miss Gunn has attended college at Olivet, the University of Michigan and at Columbia, doing special work in history and English.

Foot Ball in East Jordan.

The second football game of the season will be played Wednesday, Oct. 10, at the Fair Ground, between East Jordan and Charlevoix; the first game having been played on the last day of the Fair, between East Jordan and Charlevoix Junior High Schools. This first game was close and fast; and at the end the score stood as follows: Charlevoix 14, East Jordan 12.

The second game promises to be far better than the first as the high school team plays, we have a good fast team and we are in hopes that it will be just a little to much for Charlevoix. The line up stands as follows:

Cummins (Capt.)	Right Halfback.
Giffin	Left Halfback.
Woods	Fullback.
Thorsen	Right End.
Hughes	Right Tackle.
Gunderson	Right Guard.
Smith	Center.
Barnette	Left Guard.
Johnson	Left Tackle.
Jones	Left End.
Donaldson	

If this game is to be a success, we must have the whole town in back of us. We need your help! Attend the game! And boost for East Jordan.

First Chapel.

On Monday morning, Sept. 24, the high school pupils gathered in the assembly room for the first chapel exercises of this year.

The exercises were a success in every way. The scholars were very glad to see and listen again to the Alumni Orchestra which was a very fine orchestra for the size of our high school. The program was as follows:

Musical Selections Orchestra
Reading and Musical Accompaniment, Misses Stuart and Coleman.
Reading (Enchore). Miss Stuart
Talk on Athletics Mr. Wells
Yells for present seventh, eighth and ninth grade football team, School Words of Welcome Supt. Crawford

Parents and friends are cordially invited to attend the chapel meetings, which are held every Monday morning, from 8:30 o'clock to 9:30 o'clock (school time) and also school at any time.

Chapel Exercises.

The chapel exercises held on Monday morning, Oct. 8, were unusually good. The exercises were given by the faculty and were as follows:

Vocal Selection Quartette
Reading Miss Sprague
Tam O'Shanter Miss Gunn
Two Vocal Selections Kindergarten
Erkoenig Miss Munson
Football and High School Spirit Wells
John Smith Goes Shopping, Miss Stuart
Relation of Government of England, to U. S. Supt. Crawford

This talk by Mr. Crawford is one of a series of talks pertaining to the European war, to be given by him to the high school pupils.

SLEEPS 20 HOURS OUT OF EVERY 24

Inmate of Infirmary, The Most Al- Ways in Dreamland, Never Misses Meals.

Niagara Falls, N. Y.—Niagara Falls has the sleepest man in the country, according to the police. He is Charles Tallock, 66 years old, an inmate of the county infirmary.

Tallock can sleep standing up as well as lying down. He demonstrated this when he was brought up in police court after running away from the infirmary.

Tallock ran away from the infirmary, last month when officials there insisted that he work. The man resented any attempt to make him work, for that interfered with his sleeping, which required twenty out of the twenty-four hours each day. While most always asleep, Tallock never failed to awake at meal time. After running away Tallock visited relatives here. After he had spent

several days, sleeping twenty out of every twenty-four hours, his relatives suggested that he find work. Work, they said, not only would keep him awake and be healthful for him, but it would enable him to have money in his pocket.

Their desire, of course, was not to get out of paying his board bill indefinitely; they just disliked to see him sleeping the best part of the day as well as all of the night away.

But the idea didn't make a hit with Tallock. True, he was in good physical condition and able to work, but he preferred to sleep, so feeling that his presence among the relatives would be undesirable if he continued his snoozing, he went to police headquarters as a refuge.

But the hard-hearted police refused to house him for long. They took him into the courtroom of Police Judge Piper. While waiting for his case to be called Tallock fell asleep. When his case was called he was awakened and taken before the judge. With one hand holding the judge's bench, he gave his name and age, then fell asleep again.

An officer explained the case to the judge while the man slept. Then the judge gave instructions for Tallock to be taken back to the county infirmary, where he should be allowed to sleep all he wanted to, the evidence showing the futility of getting him to work.

THE LESS A GIRL WEARS, THE MORE SHE MUST EAT

Such is Law of Clothes, Woman Has Discovered in Probing "Folly of Fashions."

Philadelphia, Pa.—The less a girl wears, the more she must eat. This is the law of clothes, Miss M. Jane Newcomb, a State college lecturer, has discovered in her research work on the "folly of fashions."

She lay down this law in a lecture before a group of women attending a three-day session of the extension school of Pennsylvania State College. Miss Newcomb said an inch cut off the skirt means an extra pound of beefsteak inside.

But the worst of it all is that the girl who walks the streets with "skirts to her knees, silk stockings and a chest bared to winter winds," as Miss Newcomb described her, "must eat so much to keep warm that she becomes dyspeptic, nervous and irritable."

"The girl with money can get enough food to keep her warm when she undresses for the street," Miss Newcomb went on, "but the working girl who spends all she earns on clothes to imitate the heiress has so little left for food that she becomes weakened and an easy victim for tuberculosis."

Briefs of the Week

It is better to buy a bond than to be sorry.

Get your lecture course ticket this week.

W. J. Ellison returned home Tuesday from a business trip to Marquette.

After Nov. 2nd letter postage will be increased to three cents and postal cards to two cents.

Dr. C. H. Duncan of New York advises soldiers to lick their wounds. Most of them are planning to lick the Kaiser.

The steamer Pottowotomie has discontinued her regular trips to East Jordan. She will make the trip only when there is freight enough to warrant it.

William Pearson, chief deputy fire warden of the state, and State Deputy Game Warden Stephenson of Boyne Falls, were in Petoskey, Monday to see John Baird, state fish and game commissioner, regarding the closing Charlevoix County to deer hunters.—Petoskey Independent.

The steamer America, formerly City of Boyne, has been chartered by the Beaver Island Transportation Company, and will ply between Charlevoix and Beaver Island in place of the Columbia which burned early the morning of September 27th. Charles Howe, of Harbor Springs, the owner, will be in command.

The local draft board is in receipt of an order from John S. Bersey, adjutant general of the National Army, that owing to the uncertainty in the receipts of supplies and winter clothing, the third increment to be sent from here to Camp Custer are requested to take underwear suitable for the season and where possible to bring an overcoat of not much value.

East Jordan's business interests will be glad to learn that Manager C. L. Arnold of the East Jordan Cabinet Co., has been exempted from military service by the District Draft Board at Grand Rapids. In addition to managing the industry, Mr. Arnold is its main salesman, and his enlistment would undoubtedly mean a serious set-back to the plant, if not completely closing it down.

David Warner of the Federal Reserve Bank of Chicago and C. E. Mansfield of Grand Rapids, Liberty Loan organizer for the counties of Charlevoix and Antrim, were in our city Tuesday evening and Wednesday morning. A meeting was held at the commission rooms Tuesday evening with our business men, and plans made for a big Second Liberty Loan drive in this section. Various committees were appointed and the work of selling the bonds will commence this coming week.

A quiet wedding took place Saturday Oct. 6, when Claude Gilkerson and Miss Bertha Sloop, both of East Jordan, were united in marriage at the Congregational parsonage, the Rev. C. E. Taggart, performing the ceremony. The couple were attended by Mr. Gilkerson's sister, Elizabeth and Miss Sloop's brother, Harry Sloop. They left immediately after the ceremony for East Jordan, where they expect to reside in the future.—Charlevoix Courier.

It is the sacred duty of every patriotic citizen of America to help Uncle Sam raise the Second Liberty Loan. Our country asks not that you give a cent. It merely asks that you loan as much as you can afford. That will take more soldiers to France, will help win the war quicker and will save thousands upon thousands of lives, which will be sacrificed unless we throw our whole weight of men power and money into the conflict. DO YOUR PART AND DO IT NOW.

The Board of Supervisors, in session at Charlevoix, elected E. C. Chew of Bay township, Chairman. Various committees were appointed. A petition was presented the Board asking that \$1400 be appropriated for the maintenance of a county agent, the state and federal government to pay \$1600 salary. A petition was also presented asking the board to call a special election, to present to the electors a proposition to bond the county for \$300,000 for good roads. The Board also passed a resolution to employ an expert accountant to audit the books of the County Road Commissioners to determine the exact amount of money expended on road construction.

Below are the total receipts of the Cross from the campaign put on during Fair week:—

Dance	\$ 54.33
Booths	72.70
Cafeteria	140.85
Total	\$267.88

Remember the Lecture Course.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. H. Gardiner a son, Oct. 8th.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Dalton Gay a daughter, Oct. 12th.

Otto Soehner was at Lansing on business first of the week.

R. O. Bisbee and A. J. Suffern were Charlevoix business visitors, Monday. Manager Arnold of the East Jordan Cabinet Co. is a Grand Rapids business visitor this week.

Mrs. Russell A. Harrington leaves this Friday to join her husband at Flint and where they will make their future home.

Rev. R. S. Sidebotham and W. H. Sloan left first of the week for Niles, Mich., to attend the annual meeting of the Presbyterian Synod.

Mrs. David Gaunt with daughter, Miss Mamie, and Miss Josephine Clark left Tuesday for a month's visit with relatives at Leon, Kansas. Mr. Gaunt accompanied them to Bellaire.

Miss Mina Stewart, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Stewart of this city, was united in marriage to Duncan Crawford, a well-known and popular East Jordan young man, at Marquette on Saturday, Sept. 29th.

W. P. Porter returned home Wednesday from his trip to California and a visit with his daughter, Mrs. Morgan Lewis, at Beloit, Wis. Mrs. Porter, who accompanied him, remained for a longer visit with her daughter.

Mrs. George B. Crawford with sons Donald and Bruce, accompanied by her sister, Mrs. J. D. Cluley, came up from Bay City last Friday. Supt. Crawford and family are now nicely settled in the brick residence of Mrs. Q. Walsh.

You can't afford to miss Lieut. McGibney on the lecture course.

Lecture course tickets on sale this week.

Archie Pringle returned to his home at Flint, Monday.

Clinton LaValley is now employed at Burdick's store.

Victor Cross returned home from Ann Arbor last week.

Miss Blanche Zoulek returned to her work at Chicago, Tuesday.

Merle Crowell and Stewart Carr were Springvale visitors over Sunday.

Hugh Whiteford is now able to be out again after a few week's illness.

Mr. and Mrs. W. L. French leave Friday for their winter home at Miami, Florida.

Mrs. C. L. Arnold returned home Tuesday from a visit with friends at Bates, Mich.

Mrs. F. P. Ramsey returned home Friday last from a visit with friends at Delta, Ohio.

Mrs. Henry Smith and daughter of Deward visited friends in the city first of the week.

Mrs. John Whitford returned home Tuesday from a visit with relatives at Traverse City.

A number of our citizens attended the Home Coming Festival at Central Lake, Wednesday.

Irwin McGowan was called to Lawrence, Mich., Sunday, by the serious illness of his father.

Mrs. C. L. Spencer returned home, Wednesday, from an extended visit with friends at Detroit.

Mrs. J. S. Cummins returned home Wednesday from a visit with her husband, Lieut. Cummins, at Fort Wayne.

The Electa Club was entertained Thursday afternoon at the home of Mrs. A. W. Clark, assisted by Mrs. C. V. Trumbull.

Miss Marie LaPeer, who has been at Flint, came home Wednesday for a visit with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Alex LaPeer.

Mr. and Mrs. John W. Lalonde with children returned to their home at Pontiac last Saturday, after spending a few weeks with relatives here.

A miscellaneous shower was given Tuesday evening at the home of Mrs. G. W. Bechtold in honor of Mrs. Russell Harrington, formerly Miss Hazel Cummins.

W. E. Malpass returned home Saturday last from a business trip in Southern Michigan. He also made our boys of Company I, then located at Fort Wayne, a brief visit.

Beulah, the five-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Sexten, passed away Wednesday evening, the cause of her death being croup. The remains will be taken to Mancelona, Saturday, for interment.

J. E. Strong and Mrs. Ashton were united in marriage Sunday, Oct. 7th, at the home of the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. O. S. Kendall. Elder Charles Burch of the Boyne City L. D. S. church performed the ceremony.

Get your girl's COAT now. All colors. Sizes 2 to 6 yrs, at \$2.48. 6 to 14 years, at \$3.98.—M. E. Ashley & Co.

Smoke White Holly—5c Cigar.

Several ladies Cloth Coats at \$5.00.—M. E. Ashley & Co.

F. M. Luther, the Piano Tuner, will be in East Jordan again soon. Leave orders at Mack's Jewelry Store.

For Quick Sale.—One Five-passenger CHEVROLET CAR in good condition. Reasonable price.—Miss Mina Hite.

FOR SALE—A Shetland Pony—registered, and gentle in every way. Also buggy and harness if wanted. Inquire of Noah French at Empey's store.

Those contemplating the purchase of a Monument can save money by interviewing Mrs. George Sherman who is local agent for a well known manufacturer of high grade monuments.

Presbyterian Church Notes
Robert S. Sidebotham, Pastor.

Sunday, Oct. 14, 1917.

10:30 a. m.—The Glory of the "Son."

12:00 a. m.—Sunday School.

4:30 p. m.—Vesper service, "Getting Acquainted with Jesus."

5:30 p. m.—Christian Endeavor.

The Vesper service of the month will be on the theme of "The Relation of Jesus to the Individual."

Oct. 14.—"Getting Acquainted with Jesus."

Oct. 21.—"Receiving Jesus into the Life."

Oct. 28.—"What Jesus Wants."

Thursday, 7:30 p. m.—Prayer meeting. Theme is Hindrance and Difficulties in Prayer.



Georgette
Waists \$4.50
Flesh and White

SILK POPLINS
FOR THIS WEEK
\$1.39 worth \$1.85

M. E. ASHLEY & CO.

Ladies PLUSH COATS
FOR THIS WEEK
\$16.95

IF YOU WEAR A
Gossard Corset

You will enjoy comfort and know your gown will fit properly—\$2.00 and up.
They lace in front. Ask about them.

St. Joseph's Church
Rev. Timothy Kroboth.

Sunday, Oct. 14.

Services at St. Joseph's Church next Sunday will not be as had been announced, but as follows:

8:00 a. m. Mass and Holy Communion for the Holy Name Societies.

7:00 p. m. Financial Report and Benediction.

The Mass at 10:30 will be in the Bohemian Settlement.

First Methodist Episcopal Church
Rev. Myron E. Hoyt, Pastor.

Sunday, Oct. 14, 1917.

10:30 a. m.—Morning Worship. "The Open Sesame of Success."

11:45 a. m.—Sunday School.

6:00 p. m.—Epworth League. Leaders—Will LaValley and Ralph Kile. Topic—"Country Boys in Crowded Cities." We are having interesting Epworth League hours and all young people are invited.

7:00 p. m.—Evening Worship. "What Jesus Can Do for a Human Life."

The Pastor heartily appreciates the splendid work of the chorus choir under the leadership of Roy Webster.

The Boy's Work Committee consisting of Messrs McDonald, Osborne and Whittington, had a meeting Thursday evening and mapped out a Program of Activities during the coming months.

Sunday at 2:30 p. m. Services at the Afton Grange Hall. Everybody in that neighborhood are cordially invited to attend.

The workman who turns out a poor job is an improvement on the one who does nothing but stand around and make remarks.

A man may be lucky because he is married—or because he isn't.

Men whose only books are women's looks are students of folly.

The worst man is sometimes capable of giving the best advice.

Love makes a fool of many a man who was considered wise.

The smaller the hole a man gets into the louder he howls.

You can't gain admission to a man's confidence by knocking.

Old age commands respect—except in jests and poultry.

If you can get a horse at a bargain—drive the bargain.

The darkest hour is when you haven't a match.

Some men even like to brag of how much they owe.

The average wife earns more than she gets.

Some men seem to enjoy being mean.

The chronic kicker is always on the job.

Woman's sphere seems to be the earth.

The good die either young or poor.

CLARION NOTES.

Misses Mona Bardwell and Mary Weldy spent the week-end with the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Weldy near East Jordan.

We have been having a few days of rainy weather, but it is hoped now to turn out better for the farmers to finish there fall work.

W. M. Hass and family, Paul Easton and Mrs. Light of North Liberty, Ind., are guests at the Hass farm, near Clarion this week.

Clarion is getting to be very popular with its moonlight nights and auto rides.

Mr. and Mrs. Phillip Peters, Mr. and Mrs. Jimmie Dean and Mrs. Vanwhosan of Hortons Bay had supper with Mr. and Mrs. Joe Dodgson, Tuesday evening.

Mrs. Frank Banks and children started for a visit south Wednesday.

Miss Jessie Hinckley has gone to Detroit to work for a family there this winter.

Mrs. B. H. Johnson and daughter of

Onaway are spending the week with Mrs. Chas. Johnson of Clarion.

There was a surprise party given on our minister and wife, Tuesday evening. All had a fine time.

Mr. and Mrs. Jake Dorris of Onaway are spending a few days with the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. M. Collins of Clarion.

Special Offer
to the Readers of This Paper

If you will send us the names of five ladies in your town who you think would like to read the FAMILY STORY PAPER, we will send you and them each a sample copy, and will also send as a reward for your effort your choice of any one of the following:

Your choice of 10 High Grade Assorted Greeting Post Cards, Camp Scenes, Sailor Boys, Soldier Boys, Battleships, Halloween, Thanksgiving, Christmas, New Years, etc.

1 Silver Plated Souvenir State Tea Spoon.

The Ladies Fancy Work Manual for Crocheting and Embroidering.

Mystic Oracle and Gypsy Dream Book.

The Boy's Book on Toy Making.

Enclose 4c stamps to help cover cost and postage.

N. L. MUNRO'S PUB. HOUSE
338-340 Pearl St., New York.



Let Our Store
Be Your Medicine
Chest!

All you have to do is step to the phone, tell us what you want, and we will deliver it immediately. You can buy just as safely and just as well with the telephone as if you called at the store in person.

There is never a doubt as to the satisfactory trading results at this complete drug store; never a doubt as to the most reliable quality; never a doubt as to getting the exact article you ordered; never a doubt as to our lowest price; never a doubt as to prompt, courteous attention.

Your telephone puts our drug store at your elbow—a convenient medicine cabinet indeed.

HITE DRUG CO.

Next Door to Postoffice.

Phone 65

FINELY IT STITCHES
WITHOUT ANY HITCHES
The WHITE ROTARY

Sold by the
EAST JORDAN
LUMBER COMPANY

Cut this Program out and keep for future reference.

Trail of a Traitor

By C. C. HOTCHKISS

Author of "At Close Range," "Ambushed," "A Devil Afloat," "A Dumb Terror," "An Island Belongs," etc.

Copyright, The Frank A. Munsey Co.

A story of America for Americans. In it appear the great Washington, the chivalrous La Fayette, the benign Franklin, the traitor Arnold, the voluptuary, Sir Henry Clinton and others, each being an intimate portrait and each drawn to the life by the author who has made a conscientious study of the several characters. The story tells of stirring times, and the reader's eyes will snap with patriotic fervor as he follows the adventures of Captain Dressler and the girl to whom he became devoted. Dramatic and absorbing, the situations and action put no strain on the credulity, but they lack nothing of excitement.

The historical background is accurate, and the atmosphere of those days comes to the reader like the faint scent of old lavender. It is a tale which will stimulate one to turn to history. It is a tale for these days of constant war, but its lines are not reddened by frequent bouts of blood nor made melodramatic by mock heroics. It is "America first." It is a tale everyone should read.

CHAPTER I. The Last Lesson.

"By St. Gris, it is a case of the river rising higher than its source! Come, m'sieur!"

I had plinked my fencing-master in the groin in a manner to have rendered him hors de combat had not our foils been butoned. I felt elated. We crossed weapons once more, and M'sieur Ledare seemed to throw his whole soul in the effort to show that his pupil was not yet his equal, his quick eyes glinting through the wires of his mask. For a matter of three minutes we fenced in silence—and then came the climax.

Theoretically he wounded me in the shoulder by a thrust en quarte, to which I instantly responded by calling into play a most difficult passage of arms and, also, in theory, ran him through the heart. The Frenchman stepped back, threw his foil and mask to the floor, and embraced me after the fashion of his country.

"My own Dan!" he cried, his face alight with mingled emotions of joy and chagrin. "Where got you that counter-stroke?"

"I had worked it out, m'sieur," I replied, with becoming modesty. "I exchange a wound for my opponent's life."

"It was magnificent! It is invincible! And it is the first time in the six years that you fence that you have killed me, though I am scarred with many wounds! Thou art my pupil no more, for, by St. Gris, thou art my equal. There is but one man in Europe, and none in America, who can face you and hope to win! Ah, Dieu! Were I but younger, that I might see your future!"

The future! How little I either guessed it! I can close my eyes and see the genial old maitre-d'armes as he stood in the plainly furnished room in Baskingridge, a fine and lighting his old face. I did not dream that the next day I would be looking down the dim vistas of danger. Even then the cloud was gathering around us both.

"M'sieur Ledare," I said, "you speak of one man."

"I forgot. There is also a woman, m'sieur."

"A mistress of the sword?"

"A wonder, m'sieur! I taught her while she was in Paris for two years. A slip of a maiden with a wrist of steel—an eye of fire. She returned to the Colonial before the war, or at about the time when you, my friend, saved me from a Paris mob, and for which I promised to make you a swordsman. Eh bien! Have I not done so? I have forgotten her name—my memory fails. But the man! A superb fencer—a maitre d'armes, like myself—I regret to say, m'sieur, that he is my cousin and hates me. Ah! We once fought with bare rapier."

"What was the result?" I asked.

"Listen, m'sieur! It was about an estate left by my aunt," continued the old man, his face becoming grave as he grew reminiscent. "She loved me, and left me all of her property save a morceau for my cousin. He is a chevalier d'industrie, a man of no principle. When my aunt died he came to me with his heart aflame and accused me of using influence against him, though God knows I was guiltless. He dared me to fight; ah! he challenged me! I tell him I cannot fight with my own kinsman, and offer him half the property. And I knew I had a greater skill. He stood by the table and looked me in the eye, his rapier at his

hip where a gentleman's should be.

"You would buy me off!" he cried.

"You dare not fight!"

"I will not, Armand," I replied. "It would be a crime." But I dropped my hand to the hilt of my rapier, for he had done the same.

"He stepped from the table, his evil eye fixed on me, and backed slowly to the door. Then he quickly turned and locked it, putting the key into his pocket. I did not move, but I now knew that he was a madman, though I did not guess what was coming. I quietly drew my rapier.

"So!" he said, advancing toward me like the cat he was. "The great Pierre will not fight! He thinks his skill is beyond mine! Will he be so skilful in the dark? By St. Gris! Then in the dark he shall fight and we will be equal! And with that he pulled out his rapier and made a sweep at the candles burning in the sandelabrum. The next moment the room was pitch black."

In the excitement of his recollection M'sieur Ledare took his foil from the floor, threw himself into a fencer's attitude, and acted the remainder of his story. His little white mustache bristled; his eyes sparkled, and his lips drew tight across his yellow teeth, his words coming in a rapid stream of French.

"He is a great swordsman, m'sieur, but I know his methods. I knew what would come first, and I met it, our blades crossing in the air—crossed once—and then he jumped back. In a moment neither knew where the other stood, though I remained with one hand on the table. For a few moments there was absolute silence, I not knowing at what instant his rapier would pierce me.

"Then I had an idea—an inspiration. I moved my left hand slowly. I touched a book. I carefully picked it up and tossed it at the door. Sacre! The trick worked. Armand gave a shout and leaped to the door, thinking I was there. I followed him, making thrust upon thrust, comma ca, my point feeling the air for several passes, and then it struck flesh and bone. Armand gave a great scream, his rapier went through my sleeve, and the next moment the door is broken down by my servant, Penton, who brought a light.

"M'sieur, my rapier had entered Armand's mouth and come one forward of his left ear, making a great gash. He was confused, and bleeding horribly. That is all, I have seen him but once since, and he bore a long, red scar on his left cheek."

"And when was this?" I asked, drawing a long breath.

"Seven years ago, m'sieur. I was then forty-eight. So much for Armand La Classe."

CHAPTER II. Two Years Before.

Armand La Classe? The name told me nothing, but the red scar brought instantly to mind the first time I saw Gilbert Motier, the Marquis de la Fayette, some two years before I heard Ledare's story. Let me go back to that time.

It was in the year of 1776, and I had been in Paris with my father, he being engaged in diplomatic service for the American colonies, then at war with England. Hardly had Bunker Hill been fought when my father died, leaving to me his mansion and a goodly estate in New York, though it might as well been in heaven, for the British soon occupied the city, and held it for seven long years.

And not a relative did I have remaining in the whole world save an old aunt, Abigail Stern, by name, a spinster in poor circumstances who was my late mother's half-sister and who I had never seen, she living in the South. My father had written to her that she might occupy his New York house during his absence, and in his last testament he willed her his entire estate on the condition of my dying without issue.

I was a stripling in those Paris days; strong in brawn and spirit, and with a love for adventure that had led me into many a scrape, that same brawn, and the quick wit God had given me, helping me out. Through my father's position I had come to know many great men, Silas Deane and Benjamin Franklin among them, and it was at the latter's house that I first met La Fayette, and also the man with the red scar—may the gods curse him!

Being young and not unattractive in person, I had become something of a protegee of the great Franklin, and had open entry to him at all times, and it was one day in 1776 that I went to him at an hour when I knew he would be having few if any callers.

There was but a single man in the anteroom, and without ceremony I passed into Franklin's apartments, outside the door of which sat his private secretary.

I found the philosopher with a swathed foot on a fauteuil (for he suffered from gout), and with him there was a very boyish-looking and dark-skinned Frenchman with eyes like an eagle's, a sharp nose slightly retreating chin, and rapidly sloping forehead. He was richly but unostentatiously dressed, and carried a light sword as a badge of his caste.

It was the Marquis de la Fayette, then not more than twenty years of age, of aristocratic family, wealthy in his own right, and doubly so through the young wife he had just married. I had never seen nor heard of him at that date, but God wot, he sprang into prominence soon enough thereafter. At our introduction, he jumped to his feet and shook hands with me as if I were an old acquaintance.

"You two hotheads are well matched," said Franklin, with his slow smile; "but seriously, marquis, it is a harebrained proposition, this of yours,

In the name of my government, I thank you for your desire to personally help our cause, but I cannot encourage you to throw away your fortune and your future. The time is ripe, and matters are looking desperate. General Washington was in full retreat across New Jersey at last advice, and I fear that Howe will overtake him ere this. I think you would suffer to no purpose. Moreover, the king will never give his consent."

This was in the limping French that Franklin had acquired.

"Pardon, m'sieur," said the marquis. "As yet I have had no specific orders from his majesty, and liberty in distress needs what help she can get; the darker the hour the more the need. I offer my services to your country. I am devoted to its new principles. I cannot remain inactive. I doubt not that M. Dressler, as a good American, will agree with me. Is it not so?" He turned, smiling to me with the open frankness of a boy.

And I, understanding little of his situation save that here was an aristocrat who had seen the light, though his social order was against the rights of man—I, I say, forgetting conventionalities, poured out my feelings and convictions which political policy had forbade me openly expressing. Not even before the indulgent statesman and diplomat had I ever been so outspoken, so enthusiastic. The floodgates of speech fell apart, and never since have I been so eloquent or so carried away by an exalted sense of truth.

I remember little of what I said, but I know La Fayette's eyes sparkled as he listened; I know that even Franklin appeared interested; and that he was very sober; and I know that I finished with:

"Liberty, M'sieur Marquis! Liberty is but just born, though since the days of Rome men have spoken of the coming heir of the ages. And she will live and grow and strengthen, maturing slowly, and at last her name will dominate all others, and she will rule the world. She will rule without a scepter, and when recognized she will reign forever. She is now an infant in America. She needs your help and that of every man."

I stopped then, astonished at my own temerity. Franklin pursed his lips and smiled indulgently, and the marquis grasped my hand; his angular face was animated as he turned to Franklin.

"I am convinced!" he cried. "Up to this moment I have only cherished your cause; now I am going to serve it. I shall buy or build a ship. I shall furnish it with arms and supplies. I shall enlist a few choice souls, and I shall go to America and offer my sword to your Congress. I shall not be dissuaded. If Vergennes of his majesty forbids my going, I shall disobey them. Mr. Dressler, will you go with me?"

"Would I go! If I had fired La Fayette, he passed back the spark to me. I consented without qualification. "You are, then, determined?" said Franklin. "You will risk ruining your family, perhaps losing your liberty, if not your life, and quite likely, finding a Congress unappreciative of your fine enthusiasm?"

"My mind will remain firm," was the reply.

"Daniel," said Franklin, "you will kindly leave us. I wish to have a few private words with the marquis."

His request was a command. I left the room, and as I closed the door behind me the man I had seen waiting in the anteroom arose and came forward. I then marked that he had an ugly red scar across his left cheek. He spoke abruptly, and none too politely, I thought.

"Is the Marquis de la Fayette with in?" the man demanded rather than asked.

"He is," I answered.

"I have followed him for the purpose of seeing him. I preceded you, m'sieur. By what right of affront do you, a mere untitled American, pass me and enter unannounced? It is an outrage!"

"M'sieur," I answered, angered by his tone, but holding myself well in hand, "your words are almost an insult. For title, there is none greater than that of 'American.' As for the rest—it is my business." And with that I turned my back on him and went out. Certainly the last thing that could have entered my mind as I left him was that the man with the scar on his left cheek was destined to be a powerful factor in my later life.

CHAPTER III. I Make a Capture.

History tells us of the nobility of La Fayette; of how he kept his promise, outfitting a ship, stealing to Spain to void letters de cachet, and at last in direct disobedience of orders from the king, sailing for America, giving a wide berth to ports where he might be stopped. With him were some devoted hearts that helped mould the future of the times. But history is dumb regarding my small self, nor does it mention that among the ship's company was one, Chevalier Pierre Ledare, a master of arms, whom I had persuaded to join. He went, more than all else, to see his only sister, who lived in New Jersey, she having married an American and settled at Baskingridge, in that colony.

All this was in 1776, as I have said; and now, in September, 1778, or two years later, I was on a day's visit to Ledare. His sister had died, and the Frenchman was occupying her house alone, save for his old servant, Penton, who was devoted to him.

As for myself—through the influence of La Fayette, I had been honored with a captain's commission, and was attached to the Life Guards quartered in job cabins near Washington's headquarters at Morristown, New Jer-

sey; but just then I was, without a command. I had received leave from General Colfax, and had gone out to Baskingridge to see my old master, begging him in what proved to be our final bout.

His story of the duel in the dark had brought vividly to mind the follow with the red scar; but I said nothing about it to Ledare, and soon took my leave of him to walk seven miles back to camp, the sun then being close to its setting.

It had been a warm day, and bid fair to be a warm night, and there was nothing but fairness to the prospect of land and sky, the green of the trees being still lustrous, and a new moon, like a bent silver wire, appearing as the sun sank behind the western woods. Small notion had I of what the fulling of that same moon would bring to me.

I had not gone a mile on my way along the deserted trail (for I had taken a short cut) when I had a feeling that I was being followed. It was rather the warning of an undeveloped sixth sense than from anything I either heard or saw. But that there was danger in both time and place I knew well enough.

For there were frequent raids from Amboy by the British, and Delancy's Rangers were forever harrowing the country, though they were hardly likely to go near the American camp. My feeling was not so much of fear as of a premonition of coming trouble but it caused me to keep my wits alert, and made me wish I could see behind each tree I passed; and my alertness increased as the dusk deepened.

Armed only with a single pistol I strode along, looking back anon and seeing no one, until I came to a spring near the roots of a fallen oak. Here I bent to drink, little knowing that my hour was about to strike—that I was about to really live.

For as I knelt there came a crash of a shot; a bullet clipped the upper edge of a fallen oak, glanced by my face with a wicked snarl, and buried itself in the mossy bank within a foot of my head.

Startled enough I was, but not so as to be paralyzed in either body or brain. Like a stone I dropped behind the log, just as I would have done had the bullet found its mark.

From the direction of the lead, I knew that the shot had come from the opposite edge of a natural clearing through which I had just passed; and having a curiosity to see the man who had shot at me, I hurriedly crawled along behind the prostrate tree until I was thirty feet from the spring. Then I cautiously lifted my head and peered through the tangled brushwood that made an effective screen. By then my late depression had cleared; I now recognized the warning I had been too cocky to understand, and drawing and tucking my pistol, waited, hoping to stalk my unseen enemy; heart beating so that I could hear it.

And I did not have to wait long; for hardly had my breath become free when I saw him step out from the shelter of the opposite timber, replacing the rammer of the rifle he had stopped to reload. I think he felt sure he had potted me; but for all that, he possessed caution, for he came across the clearing bent like an Indian following a trail, his rifle cocked and ready, his eyes fixed on the spot where he had last seen me.

It was plainly to be his life or mine. As he got within easy range I slowly lifted my pistol and, taking careful aim at his head (a small mark in that light), fired. He went down like a bullock stunned with a mallet.

Had it been broad day, doubtless I would have killed him (which would have been well for me), but in the deepening gloom my aim had not been true; for when I went up to him I saw he was far from dead, my ball having passed close along his temple, plowing a furrow and only completely stunning him. He was breathing hoarsely, as one does after a shock to the brain; and I saw he was a stranger.

And yet not a total stranger, either; for I had casually marked him in the camp at Morristown, taking him to be a farmer's yokel glorified by the military. But God knows he was anything but a farmer's yokel.

Now he lay there face upward, his broad chest heaving, and I wondered why he had tracked me. I knew the answer later. The first thing I did was to go through his pockets, and from them I took four or five papers in a wallet (though the light was then too poor to read a word of them), a long-bladed clasp-knife, a pipe, tobacco, and some coin.

I let all bide but the wallet, and this I thrust into my own pocket. Then I went to the spring, and filling my hat with water, bathed his handsome but dissipated-looking face, and listened to his breathing grow more natural. Finally he opened his eyes, and at length sat up, staring around like one aroused from a deep slumber.

"Well, my friend," I said, as he turned his look on me, and I saw he was sensible, "what in the devil's name do you mean by taking a pot shot, at a man who never did you harm?"

For an answer he drew his hand across his wet and bloody face, but he did not speak.

"And did my ball plow your tongue as well as your head?" I asked, a trifle impatient with him.

"No," he returned with a snap; but he would say no more, not even opening his lips when I questioned him.

"Well," said I, picking up his rifle, "if you will not talk, perhaps you will walk, and possibly I will learn something from your papers."

With that he clapped his hand to his breast pocket, the most foolish thing he could have done, it putting into my head that his papers might prove valuable to others beside him.

self. "So!" said I. "Sets the wind in that direction? My dumb friend, you will at once take off your shoes; I'll have a look at them."

For not a great while before Major Andre had been taken at Tarrytown, and the mine of wealth found in his shoes had damned the traitor Arnold, cost Andre his life, and saved the Colonies. Therefore, my wits were at work on the shoes of this would-be assassin; but he made no effort to obey me.

"See here, sir," I said, growing angry at his sullenness, and believing he fully understood me; "had I the means I would be tempted to hang you offhand to the tree we are under, but as sure as God made little apples I'll finish you with your own rifle if in two minutes your shoes are not off!" And I thrust my face into his, meaning what I said. I fancy he knew it as well, for without a word he took them off and got to his feet.

"Sit down," said I, fearing he would run. He did so, and even then I caught the evil look he flashed at me. And so I went through his shoes—and I found something. In one of them was a long folded paper half in print, but not a word could I make out in the darkness. I refolded it and placed it in my pocket and tossed the shoes into the underbrush.

"I have small doubts about getting at your rating now, my friend," said I. "Up with you and walk, and if you run, remember that I have that in hand which can run faster."

He got sullenly to his feet, and I drove him ahead of me, back to Baskingridge; and it was well I had not attempted to drive him into camp, for, from loss of blood and his lacerated feet, which were unused to going unshod, the man was a staggering wreck by the time we reached Ledare's house. By then the slip of a moon had set, and it was dark; and to my surprise, by the gate of the home, lot stood m'sieur with a pierced tin lantern, talking to a Continental officer on horseback, and by his side was another horse with an empty saddle.

My prisoner fell to the grass in a state of collapse, and the Frenchman uttered a cry of astonishment at sight of me, calling me by name. I told my story in a few words.

"And so you are Captain Dressler!" said the officer, who had not appeared greatly moved by my adventure.

"I am," I said, looking at him, for his tone was hardly cordial.

"I am Lieutenant Struthers, sir," he returned, "and under the circumstances I have a disagreeable duty to perform. By the orders of General Washington you are in arrest, sir, and I have been sent to escort you at once to headquarters."

"The devil!" I exclaimed, fairly aghast, and more upset by this than by the shot of the man lying on the grass. "May I ask upon what charge?"

"I can give you no information, sir," said Struthers; "but I was not to permit an instant of delay."

"Not even while I examine yonder fellow's papers?"

"My orders are explicit, captain. I was to take you on sight, and I have a horse for you. That man cannot escape. You will leave him in charge of m'sieur, until you report."

"Very good, sir," I returned, bowing to the inevitable.

I considered this rather summary; but from the officer's firm tone and his studied formality I saw it would be hopeless to protest; and so, feeling that I had been temporarily balked, I obeyed, only waiting to see my prisoner laid out on a hair-cloth sofa, which proved to be no more slippery than he. Ten minutes later I rode off with the officer, trotting along the black road with little knowledge that the road I was soon to travel would be blacker, for all that there was to be one bright spot in its length. Not a word of my case could I get from my escort, and finally, at about 10 o'clock we rode into Morristown.

CHAPTER IV. At Headquarters.

General Washington's headquarters were in the old Ford mansion, hardly a rifle shot from my own log hut. I was not even allowed to furnish myself, nor was I taken to the guard-house; but acting under special instructions, my escort rode up to headquarters; passed me through the saluting guards and ushered me into the house. A few moments later, with my conscience clear enough, albeit my mind was well puzzled that I was not taken before the officer of the day, I was escorted across the hall and found myself alone with the commander-in-chief of the American forces, he sitting behind a broad table on which burned two candles.

General Washington was then in the very prime of his life, and was a striking figure. At that time Congress had armed him with dictatorial powers, and he looked to be the embodiment of nobility. I had often seen him, and was always impressed, as much by his height and commanding presence as by a certain benign dignity of expression. I had never known him to laugh as do other men, and just then he was far from even smiling, for his fine face was stern as he sat softly drumming with his fingers on the smooth mahogany.

"You are Captain Daniel Dressler?" he asked abruptly, flashing one look at me, his voice being quiet.

"Yes, your excellency," I returned, noting the few pockmarks on his temples as he shifted his position, also the fact that his hair was poorly powdered.

"Why did you choose to obtain leave of absence last night after receiving my written command, sir?" he demanded briskly, bringing his lips into a hard line.

"I have received no order from your excellency," I answered, now acenting the trouble.

"The orderly reports that he delivered my note just after retreat. You were absent from quarters, but your servant assured him that you would receive it."

Here was startling news. "Your excellency," I returned, "I respectfully continue to deny having received any order, written or oral and I have no servant."

Washington lifted his heavy eyelids and looked squarely at me. "No servant, sir!"

"No general."

"Who, then, was the man acting as such?"

"I have no idea, your excellency."

"You were absent from quarters?"

"I obtained leave for twenty hours from General Colfax, sir."

"Where have you been?"

I told him.

"Lieutenant Struthers reports that you have had an adventure, sir. You will recount it."

I did so, and Washington's stern face relaxed a trifle as he listened. I finished my tale and laid the wallet, with its unread papers, on the table. He opened the leather, took out a paper, glanced at it, and then exploded:

"Sir, am I to believe you to be a colossal liar?"

"I felt the blood leap to my face, but before I could answer he threw the paper before me, his blue eyes like daggers. The thing had originally been sealed, but the seal was now broken, and on the back was written my name in full.

"There is the order you deny having received! What have you to say for yourself, Captain Dressler?"

For the moment I was too stunned to make answer, but at length, instead of breaking down, as Washington evidently expected, I drew myself up to my full five feet, eleven and returned his piercing glance with one as steady as his own.

"Your excellency, I solemnly declare that until this moment I have never seen that paper, nor do I know what it contains. I took it from the prisoner."

I think he was astonished at my stout denial. "How do you account for its having been in his possession, sir?"

"Your excellency, I can only surmise. I believe he went to my quarters expecting to find me—"

"For what purpose, since you claim not to know him?"

"To kill me, your excellency. I have proof of his desire. I think he was surprised by the entrance of your orderly, and posed as my servant. Afterward, learning where I had gone, he followed me, still with his purpose in view."

"An ingenious explanation!" was Washington's skeptical return as he picked up the document I had found in the shoe of my prisoner. Before opening it fully he continued in a hoarse voice: "Captain Dressler, were it not for the high opinion of you held by General La Fayette, and the fact that your record hitherto has been unexceptionally good, I would dismiss you from the army. As it is—Ha!"

He was opening the paper he held while he was speaking, and as he saw its contents he bent over it with sudden interest. His face bore a different expression as he turned to me. "Do you know what this document is, Captain Dressler?" he asked.

"No, your excellency. No time was allowed me to go over the papers."

"Sir, this is the commission of a provincial British officer; a Lieutenant's commission in the name of one Lysander Melton."

"Then the man is a spy!" I exclaimed, a great light breaking on me. "He has been about the camp for days. Your excellency," I continued, forgetting my position, "no more than you do I know who he is, but for some unknown reason he wishes my life, and he has brought me into this coil. I am a victim of circumstances."

"I am inclined to believe you, captain," was Washington's quiet return. "Tell me what the man looked like; and be careful—I shall test your truth at once."

"Your excellency, he is about my own age, I gather, and about my own size. He has very black eyes; and black hair queued with a rusty black ribbon and not powdered. His teeth are white and even, like my own, but he does not otherwise resemble me. He was dressed like a farmer, but he might easily be a British officer in disguise."

Without a word Washington arose, stepped to the door and called. At once Lieutenant Struthers entered and saluted.

"Send to me here Orderly Kelly," Struthers saluted again and disappeared.

"Captain Dressler," said Washington, reseating himself, "your frankness and insistence leaves me with little doubt of your innocence, which, however, will be proved. You say you have no idea of why I originally sent for you. Read that note you claim never to have seen."

He pointed to the paper. I picked it up and opened it. It was in Washington's own handwriting, and I still possess it.

"Send to me here Orderly Kelly," Struthers saluted again and disappeared.

"Captain Dressler," said Washington, reseating himself, "your frankness and insistence leaves me with little doubt of your innocence, which, however, will be proved. You say you have no idea of why I originally sent for you. Read that note you claim never to have seen."

He pointed to the paper. I picked it up and opened it. It was in Washington's own handwriting, and I still possess it.

"Send to me here Orderly Kelly," Struthers saluted again and disappeared.

"You will report to me at once on receipt of this to receive proposals regarding a delicate mission which will test your patriotism and ability. The high regard for your person held by General La Fayette, and your own expressed convictions on the matter pending, have caused me to place this trust in your immediate action is necessary."

I am, sir, et cetera.

George Washington, Gen'l Com'dg, et cetera.

It was hardly a strictly military paper in form, but its meaning was unmistakable. I laid it down.

"I am sorry, your excellency, that I did not receive this in time," I said. "It is not yet too late, sir, providing I can see my way to putting perfect faith in you, captain. I had selected you only after a secret and rigid examination of your character and record. But—"

He was interrupted by a knock on the door and the entrance of a very giant of a soldier. The man appeared frightened as he clicked his heels and saluted.

"Sergeant Kelly," said Washington, giving him his immediate attention.

"Yes, sir," returned the Irishman, his eyes rolling as he again saluted.

"You will exactly describe the one to whom you delivered the letter for Captain Dressler last night?"

The man appeared relieved, and wet his lips with his tongue. "Yes, sir, he was dressed like any man not a soldier, yet honor, an' he had black eyes an' black hair. He was a surly chap wid a bit of way about him, an' I told me he was the captain's man, sir; but I thought his hands a bit white for hard work. We had some words be chune us, an'—"

"Did he show his teeth?"

"Faith, he darren't show his teeth to me, sir."

"How tall was he?"

"He was about the height an' height of this gentleman, sir, an'—"

"That will be all, sergeant. Return to quarters."

The man saluted and went out. Washington turned to me. I exonerate you, Captain Dressler, and relieve you from arrest. The man you fortunately caught is undoubtedly a British spy, whom I will deal with later."

A weight rolled from me.

"Draw up a chair, captain," said Washington, reseating himself. "I wish to have a confidential talk with you; the nature of which, if you divulge, will cause you to be hanged with scant ceremony if you are within my reach."

I made no reply, but wondered what was coming as I took a seat by the table.

"Captain Dressler," said Washington, drawing a folded paper from a drawer of his desk and holding it unopened in his hand, "the day before yesterday, Sergeant John Champe, of General Harry Lee's Light Horse Cavalry, stationed at Paulus Hook, deserted to the British in New York, taking with him his orderly book."

"Yes, sir," I interjected, my heart beginning to quicken as I thought I saw my errand.

"You are wrong," said Washington, reading my mind. "He is not to be recaptured. He was prevailed upon to desert by General Lee himself, and at my suggestion, and he narrowly escaped through our lines with his life. Can you guess the purpose?"

"I cannot," I replied, thoroughly puzzled.

"It is for nothing less than the capture of the person of General Benedict Arnold."

"The traitor?" I exclaimed.

"Precisely. He is in New York. Sergeant Champe was given to understand that he would at once receive the assistance of a competent man. He is waiting for him. I have selected you to be that man. I cannot order you to go, but I ask you to volunteer for this errand of the greatest importance. Are you equal to taking the risk—to all that the action may entail—to the obliquity of apparent desertion—to the danger of entering the enemy's lines?"

"My God!" I exclaimed, aghast at the prospect.

"It is well to think of Him," said Washington soberly. "I know what I ask—that so greater danger can be incurred; but I am prepared to reward success."

He opened the paper he held and handed it to me. It was a commission in form from Congress, signed by its president, and was for the rank of colonel; but the name of the officer was left blank, as was the place for the signature of the commanding general at its foot.

"I shall fill in your name and place my own at the bottom of this paper, if you are successful," he continued. "I have the right, but it is all the reward I can offer. You will be furnished with money for expenses. Think quickly, sir; there is hardly an hour to be lost."

I was not prepared to answer. "I—How shall I know, Sergeant Champe?" I stammered.

"On your consent you shall have the secret by which to identify yourself and him. You will have to find him. I believe he has a plan for Arnold's capture. You are a young man, strong, self-reliant, and you have no kin to mourn your loss if you are unfortunate. Your knowledge of French and German will assist you. Come, sir, I would have your answer before saying more."

By then my heart was fairly ripping, and I seemed to be looking into the jaws of hell itself. But yet, it was not alone the object of my ambition that for the moment held me dumb. It was then the question of my ability. Could I get into the lion's den unscathed? I would be hanged as a spy, if caught, and I loved life as the terror of any man of twenty-six.

On the other hand there was a lure to tempt one whose liver was of the proper color. I closed my eyes at the enormity of the proposal. When I reopened them Washington was searching my face with a penetrating gaze; but my mind was then made up.

"I will go," I said. "With the decision my heart seemed to steady itself. Washington smiled then, a peculiar smile. "I had little doubt of it," he said very quietly. "You will appear to desert, and your arrest will be the apparent cause of your dis-

affection. And I can facilitate your getting away."

"When shall I start, your excellency?"

"Tonight, sir—tonight," he returned abruptly, rising and pacing the floor. "Here are my orders. As if you were still tainted with arrest you will at once return to Baskingridge with a file of men and a corporal for the purpose of bringing in your prisoner. On the road, during your return, you will desert. I suggest that you make your way to Elizabethport and cross Newark Bay to Bergen Point. There you must act as circumstances demand."

"And now, sir, remember what I am about to tell you. It would be dangerous for you, a stranger, to inquire for Champe by name; therefore, you will go about New York—in the taverns—on the streets, and among the troops, twirling an oak leaf in your left hand. When Champe sees you he will challenge you with: 'Friend, that leaf should be a laurel,' and you shall answer: 'Laurels are not easily gotten.' That will be all, captain. You will find the sergeant a devoted patriot. Let me see—He picked up the commission. I had captured. 'Your prisoner's name, if this be his, is Lysander Melton, and—Ha!'"

He made the exclamation as a paper slipped from the back fold of the document. Washington read it hurriedly. "I see by this that your captives has a sweetheart," he said. "What can be the errand to which she refers?" He handed the paper to me. It was a plain note, undated and unenclosed, and there was no evidence of its ever having been posted. It ran as follows:

"Lysander:—

"As your betrothed, I protest against your mission. However worthy it may be to spy upon an enemy, it is certainly inhuman and cowardly to commit the crime you anticipate committing. I have learned of your intention from your mother, and I assure you that the wealth you hope to gain will bring happiness to none of us. If you are successful, I shall do more than protest against your success. Agnes."

"Your excellency," said I, looking up from the paper, "that man, whoever he is, was a fool to carry two such self-defaming documents on his person. I have no doubt that the crime he anticipated committing was the killing of me. And yet, I do not know the man, had never spoken to him until I shot him, nor knew his name until tonight."

"It matters little," said Washington, fingering the remaining papers in the wallet. "These are of little importance, being memoranda of money's lost and won at cards. Your prisoner is evidently a gay blade. And here is a note of hand signed by a Lieutenant Balfour for one hundred pounds, and due in a week."

As he spoke, something like an inspiration took possession of me; certainly I was far from having any plan as I said, "May I have that note, your excellency?"

He gave it to me without asking my reason for wishing it, and which I could not have told; but God wot that note came nigh to ruining me, though perhaps it was really my salvation.

"And now, sir," said Washington, "here are twenty pounds in gold. You must make it suffice. The hour is late. I think I will send Lieutenant Struthers back with you to Baskingridge. He will be in front of your quarters within half an hour. Sir, may God be with you."

He gave me a rouleau of money from the desk, then held out his great hand and shook mine, standing as he spoke the last words. A few moments later I was in the open air; the stars were shining, there was no wind, and the camp was as still as death.

Strange was it not, that as I looked up at the velvety sky I should think of Agnes, the unknown woman who had protested at the intended crime of the lover she would probably never see again?

CHAPTER V. A Double-Check.

I think Lieutenant Struthers considered me under a cloud as we rode away, followed by two troopers; but I do not believe that he noticed the night being dark that I had discarded my uniform for plain clothing. Sure it was that he had little to say to me, a disgraced man, and as sure that I was thankful for his silence, not particularly liking him, and having enough to think about.

It was past two o'clock when we reached Baskingridge and came before M'sieur Ledare's house. There was no light in any direction, and it appeared strange that there came no answer to Struthers' repeated thumps of the door. "Both the Frenchman and his servant are sound sleepers!" he growled, hammering on the panel with the bill of his sword.

"Nay, then," said I, "there's something wrong in this!" And I laid my hand on the latch, when to my surprise the door yielded easily enough. I entered the dark hall, and the first thing I did was to stumble over the body of a man lying on the floor. At that I raised a shout. A minute later Ledare's old servant, Penton, came down the stairs with a light, he being but half dressed, and then I saw that the body was that of Ledare himself. He was stone dead, his skull having been split by a blow of the heavy fire-tongs lying near him.

I knew the fact intuitively, and it was soon fairly proved. Ledare had been killed by the prisoner, who had gone; and gone, too, were my old master's shoes, for he lay there unshod and waiting in his own bed, murdered by the man who had it in his heart to murder me.

I cannot express the shock I felt at this discovery; for the time it an-

manned me, and made me forget the importance of my own errand; but I did not forget for long.

How the little village was aroused, how confusion and speculation ran wild, becomes no part of my story, for I marked but the beginning of it. In the running to and fro of the people, and the many questions hurled at Struthers, I saw my chance, and quietly slipping a leg over my saddle as quietly made off while it was yet dark, and I was not missed until some two hours thereafter, and then not a soul knew in what direction I had gone.

I could have laughed at the ease of my getting away, only between what was before me and the fact that poor Ledare was a corpse, I was in no mood for mirth. Moreover, Lysander Melton if that was his name, was free. That fact bothered me but little, however, as I did not see how he could finally escape. As for myself, I knew I would be at once branded as a traitor and searched for, and that in the circumstances, any man knowing he might shoot me at sight. Few are ever loosed as I was then.

As the crow flies, Elizabethport, then containing hardly a dozen houses lies about twenty miles due east from Baskingridge, and for the most part the road is good. But it was hopeless for me to attempt to get there that night, so, after going nearly half the distance, hearing no pursuit, and not meeting a soul, I put up in a place all that day lay at a distance from the thick woods just as dawn came, and roadside with only water for my stomach, so that at evening I was in a bad way for lack of food. I marked a number of troopers passing, some riding in haste, and farmers with their loads, but none came nigh me, and when the sun was well down I took to the highway once more.

It was black night when I passed through the hamlet of Elizabethtown and went on over the boggy meadow that stretched away like a vast plain, until I at last reached Elizabethport; and by then I was fagged out and depressed.

With a feeling of desperation born of emptiness, I stopped at the first house I came to, it lying on a little rise of ground by the water; and being apart from any other dwelling. And here I met with a man who was a mighty good patriot, as I soon learned, and he received me civilly enough. He took me in after eyeing me sharply, and gave me food enough to have satisfied a giant, he sitting by and eyeing me as if in wonder at my appetite. When I had finished eating, and felt like a man again, I turned to my host.

"Sir," said I, "I have reason to believe that you are a waterman."

"I am," he said, puffing on his pipe.

"Then there is one more favor you can do me; but first, are there any British on Bergen Point?"

"I think not," he answered; "but their devil patrols prowl around the bay at times."

"I must risk them. I wish to go to Bergen Point. I will pay you well to take me across."

"For what?" he asked, and I thought his expression peculiar. "I like not the idea. I've been caught and looted once by the British patrol boats. If I go, it will be by daylight, when I can see a sail. What can a gentleman want at Bergen Point?"

"I go," said I, lying with ease, "to see an old aunt, who is very sick."

The man opened his eyes. "Ye may mean Mistress Betsy Brothwell," he said, pulling hard at his pipe.

I welcomed the suggestion. "It is the very old woman—and it is a pound in your pocket to take me over."

But nothing I could say would move him to sail before dawn, and I, chafing at the delay, but really in no hurry to thrust my head into a noose, appeared to be content. However, I had too much wit to go to the bed he offered me, being a trifle suspicious of the man and his manner, and so sat up by the fire all night, even getting up and following when he went to look at the weather; for he did not offer to go to bed while I remained out of one, though his wife and two little ones went to sleep in the loft above.

When at last dawn blushed on the horizon, and we moved down to the shore, he took an old telescope with him and scanned the broad water of Newark Bay ruffled by a light west wind. Not a boat of any kind showed in the distance; the way was clear.

"Are ye armed, sir?" he asked, as he got ready his boat; the canvas of which was the color of tan. "Ye might need an arm."

"I haven't so much as a pistol, being a man of peace," I returned; and at that I noticed he spat violently into the water and became somewhat cheerful. "Well, sir," he said, "I guess I'll put ye through with little trouble."

"I hope so," said I, not then knowing his double meaning.

We went aboard, and all passed well until we were in the middle of Newark Bay, the width of which I do not know, and then I noticed that we were bearing far to the north, and I thought the rising tide was carrying us up. I was becoming a trifle nervous, too, cause I realized that my horse might betray me if any searcher found it, and the longer I was on the water the greater the risk of being overtaken and caught. I looked at the man, who sat with the long tiller held under his arm, his right hand thrust into his coat. "My friend," said I, "I suppose you know your business, but you will never get me to Bergen Point in this way."

And then came the thunderclap. "Fors God! I never intended to, ye damned deserter!" he exclaimed, suddenly throwing open his coat and pulling a great pistol from his breeches band.

I was fairly stunned by the suddenness of it all. "Deserter!" I could only stammer.

"None of your innocence with me," he fairly roared. "I spotted ye last night, an' had ye gone to bed I'd 'a' had ye in limbo ere this. Yesterday two troopers came looking for ye, and they gave me your lines. Yer avy? A fine tale to give me who knows every soul on the point. There is no Betsy Brothwell there, nor many of any name. I know ye, ye damned traitor—your an-yeer horse with its sorjor trappin's. I'm no fool. Get into the cabin."

He certainly had been no fool, and this was a bad beginning for me. The man was armed and I was not. What was to be done? Washington had considered me as self-reliant, and here was a chance to use my brains. "Where are you going to take me?" I asked, sinking back in my seat with a hopeless air, though I only looked to gain time. With a quick glance I measured the distance between us. It was hardly four feet.

"I am goin' to land ye up the bay and send ye off to Harry Lee at Paulus Hook, where ye will hang fast enough. Get below, I tell ye."

As he spoke he stood up, letting go the tiller as he raised his pistol to cover me, the boat flying into the wind as the helm was released. If I were ever to act I must do it now. If I were sent to Lee I might possibly save my life if I could get him to hear me; but what an ending to my errand!

What would Washington think of me for allowing myself to be captured by a Jersey fisherman? Nay, I would not fall that way without falling in all others, and so, taking all risks, I acted.

As the man stood up, on the unsteady deck of the heaving sloop I arose and turned as if to go into the little cabin, but as I bent to the low cockpit I swung around, and ere he had time to shift himself or make defense, I sprang for him, grasped him around the legs, and threw him across the coaming, his pistol exploding, and the boat careening under the violence of the commotion. And, thank God, the pistol ball went wide of me.

CHAPTER VI. The Patrol.

The man was taken so thoroughly by surprise that he hardly struggled after the explosion of his weapon, doubtless feeling himself helpless under my hand, and as doubtless believing I would take summary vengeance by pitching him overboard, or otherwise making way with him, for physically he was no match for me.

But I had nothing but a feeling of respect for the brave fellow, who had done what he thought was a service to his country, and so, with a harshness I was far from feeling, I wrenched the empty pistol from him and allowed him to get up, which he did, shaking himself to see that no bones were broken. I wished to have no words with him, but that his spirit was not quenched was plain in the outspoken way he cursed me as a traitor, and himself as a fool for having tried to take me single handed.

I did not curse him back, but being afraid to send him into his own cabin (where he might have some weapon), and not wishing to listen to his violent talk, I ordered him forward of the mast, and told him that if he came aft of the standing rigging or put a hand to a line without orders, I would pitch him into the bay.

I think the fellow would have seconded me in my efforts had I confided in him, but it was against both policy and instructions, especially the former, as undoubtedly he would have talked, and soon my mission might have been known to the British themselves. But what to do with the man without either injuring or giving him in a prisoner to the British, bothered me not a little as I took the abandoned tiller, brought the boat about, and headed her south; nor was it until I had sailed for some time that I saw how plain was the solution. I would lead him on the Bergen side, where he could make his way either to Lee or to his home as best he might, and with the little sloop I could continue down the bay and into the Dutch Kill where, I would be sworn, but little time would elapse ere I was in the hands of the British.

And this determined upon, I headed for the Bergen shore, though hardly had the wind begun to drive me in the new direction when out from the very point at which I was aiming shot a whale-boat manned by half a dozen lusty rowers, and in its stern sheets sat a British officer and three marines, the latter armed with muskets; and the sloop was not then so far from shore but that I could count them with my naked eye.

In spite of all that the enemy was my objective, my heart gave a jump when I marked that the boat was making directly for me, though I quickly recognized the fact that my prisoner would be an excellent asset, as he would damn me to the satisfaction of all hands. However, I did not realize the desperation of the man, and no sooner did he determine the stripe of those in the coming boat than he disobeyed my orders and came from forward.

"Will ye hand me over to yonder dogs?" he demanded, his hands closing and unclosing nervously as he stood near the edge of the coaming of the cockpit. I stood up. "My friend," said I, "you had your fling at me, and took your chances. It is my innings. Get forward."

"I'll be damned if I will, without first making ye pay the piper," he shouted; and then, as unexpectedly as I had leaped upon him, he threw himself upon me with a bound, bearing me backward.

I could only grapple with him, and this did, and in a moment we two were rolling on the edge of the narrow deck beyond the coaming, and in three seconds more we were both overboard and in the waters of Newark Bay, he clutching me with a grip of a madman.

It looked to go hard with me then, for I saw he was anxious for my life even if it cost him his own; and I have small doubt that this assault was only hurried by the appearance of the patrol—that he had it up his sleeve for me, and was biding his time. But be this as it may, I was in a desperate way as we struggled and clawed at each other, for the most part beneath the surface; and I was something better than half drowned when I felt myself pulled into a boat. When I had freed my lungs of water and gathered my wits together I saw I was in the whaleboat a prisoner, as was my late guide, he then lying unconscious in the bilge with a sailor, working over him.

And it was evident that I, too, had been unconscious for at least a brief space, for when I fully sensed my situation I saw the officer (he was very young), turning in his hand a piece of water-soaked paper. As he marked me looking at him he smiled and said: "Now, by my faith, Mr. Melton, you had a narrow escape! I thought you gone, for a moment!"

The name of Melton brought me to my full senses as hardly anything else would have done, but perhaps it were well that I was still too weak to show surprise or make an answer, and he continued: "Twere fortunate I was hard by, Lieutenant; Simcoe told me to be on the lookout for you, but my faith! I didn't expect to come across you in this fashion. And I fancy that Bellmore won't thank me for interfering, as had I not come up in time it is ten to one that he were a hundred pounds richer."

He laughed aloud as he spoke, and held out the paper to me. It was the note of hand to Lysander Melton, for one hundred pounds, signed by "Bellmore," which Washington had given me at my request. The officer had evidently taken it in a search of my clothing while I was unconscious.

As quick as lightning I saw how the land lay. This man did not know Melton; and from the paper he took me to be him. Certainly it would not do for me to deny it without explaining how Melton's note got into my possession, and I had no story ready. I had nothing ready, for that matter, but I thanked God I would not have to prove myself, since the paper appeared to have done it for me.

"Who is the chap you were elinched to?" asked the officer, indicating my late companion who was showing signs of remaining life.

"I know not," I said, pulling myself together, "save that his name is Dean, and that he is a pious rebel. I hired him to sail me to the point, but he was suspicious, and was taking me to Paulus Hook and Lee, conceiving that I was a deserter from the rebel army. We elinched. You know the rest. What will you do with him?"

"Hand him over to Simcoe," was the light answer. "But as he is only a non-combatant, he will be likely to go free. I tell ye what, Melton, you have had a damned close call, and a pity it would have been had you gone down; for this exploit is a feather in your cap, and it won't hurt me for having pulled you out."

I made no answer, not exactly knowing what the young fellow was driving at, and the officer went on: "If ye be free and say 'tis a pity that you are a Southern Provincial and new to the city; but you have been inquired about. Major Stall was asking Simcoe if he had heard anything of your return, and then said that you were a cursed brave man to try to smooth your record by volunteering to get in to Morristown. Did you get there?"

"Yes," I answered.

"Aye! Stall said there were not ten men in the army who would dare it. I congratulate you, and tell you this to let you know how you stand. But damme if I care to play cards with you."

He laughed as if to take the sting for the last remark, and held out his hand; adding that he was Lieutenant Selfridge, of General Simcoe's command, then stationing on Staten Island. He was a garrulous young fellow, that officer, and I let him talk. From his words I concluded that Lysander Melton's record was shady, and between the memoranda of his card winnings, which Washington had shown me, and Selfridge's own remarks, I gathered that he was a card-sharper, if nothing worse. I shook hands with the officer.

"By the by, Melton, do you report to Knyphausen or to Arnold," he suddenly asked.

"To Arnold," I answered, after a moment of rapid thought; "that is, when I can get my full report ready." But I wished the boy—for he was hardly more than a boy—would quit questioning me; it made me nervous, and I wanted to think.

"Well, that's a flight of luck!" he exclaimed. "I know Arnold—that is, I have met him—and like most of us, I have damned little respect for his stripe; he came to late to his senses in his desire to serve the King. But twill be a favor if you let me go with you when you report. I want to get in my story and reap as much glory as possible. Listen, Melton! I am stationed on Staten Island, as I said, but I have leave for a week, and go up to the city on the relief schooner to-night. Thank Heavens, I'm soon done with this cursed boat business! Can't we go up together?"

I jumped at the chance. For here was a fatuous ass who had leaped at conclusions on the strength of the only paper found on my person, for I had been careful to carry no other.

Not a doubt of me had he shown, and from him I had learned much without myself asking a question.

I now knew that Melton was a provincial, and from the South; that he was comparatively unknown (which was a great comfort), and that he had undertaken a desperate venture in order to rehabilitate himself for something he had done—and that something was possibly cheating at cards. Later I found it to be true.

To have this babbling youth with me might be of great help, for one thing was now certain: I must pose as Melton, and not as a deserter from the Continental Army; and 'tis was best for two reasons: first, that as Melton I would learn things otherwise impossible to come by; second, as a deserter I would be held in confinement until proved; for, unlike Champe, I had no orderly book or other tangible evidence to vouch for me. The thing had not been of my doing; fate had cast me for the part of Lieutenant Lysander Melton, of an unknown regiment, and as Melton I must pose and take my chances. It was a mighty risk—but I was out for risk.

I cannot say how that day passed, for between lacking sleep for two nights, nervous tension, and my late adventure with Dean, I was used up, and in spite of my precarious position I slept. Selfridge spreading his own cloak on the bottom of the boat for me to lie on.

Aye, and I slept, wet though I was, and for the matter of five hours, and when I awoke, refreshed, albeit a little stunned when the situation came back to me, I found that the sun had dried my clothes, and that the patrol had been relieved and was going to port immediately.

Even then, and for some time thereafter, I had no trouble, for with Selfridge as my sponsor (and one might have thought he had known me all my life, my questioning by the authorities at Richmond was hardly more than a formality; certainly no one appeared to have a suspicion regarding my identity. I told a straight story, most of it being based upon facts, I putting myself in Melton's shoes; and both General Simcoe, and another officer whose name I did not learn, swallowed it whole.

And so I was set free, and under Selfridge's escort started that evening for the city, less a questionable character than an honored guest; and at about eight o'clock that night, clad in civilian clothes, entirely unarmed and having nothing more formidable upon me than the gold in my belt and Bellmore's note (which had been handed back to me), I found myself landed at the Fly Market at the foot of Maiden Lane, an American officer in disguise, and a noose seemed to be about my neck.

Wait! I said I had nothing formidable about my person. I had. Just before stepping aboard the schooner at Staten Island I had pulled down an oak bough, and now in my breast-pocket were a dozen or so of its leaves. Formidable! A brass field-piece might be less so, and I hoped to prove it.

End of Sixth Chapter.
Continued Next Week.

Warships—Vessels that should never be built with money taken from the sinking fund.

Experience teaches that people seldom hit a man when he is down. They usually jump on him.

CUT THIS OUT - IT IS WORTH MONEY

DON'T MISS THIS. Cut out this slip, enclose with 5c to Foley & Co., 2835 Sheffield Ave., Chicago, Ill., writing your name and address clearly. You will receive in return a trial package containing Foley's Honey and Tar Compound for coughs, colds and croup; Foley Kidney Pills and Foley Cathartic Tablets.—Hite's Drug Store.

BEGIN HOT WATER DRINKING IF YOU DON'T FEEL RIGHT

Sip a glass of hot water with phosphate before breakfast washes out poisons.

If you wake up with a bad taste, bad breath and tongue in coated; if your head is dull or aching; if what you eat sours and forms gas and acid in stomach, or you are bilious, constipated, nervous, sallow and can't get feeling just right, begin inside bathing. Drink before breakfast, a glass of real hot water with a teaspoonful of limestone phosphate in it. This will flush the poisons and toxins from stomach, liver, kidneys and bowels and cleanse, sweeten and purify the entire alimentary tract. Do your inside bathing immediately upon arising in the morning to wash out of the system all the previous day's poisonous waste, gases and sour bile before putting more food into the stomach.

To feel like young folks feel; like you felt before your blood, nerves and muscles became loaded with body impurities, get from your pharmacist a quarter pound of limestone phosphate which is inexpensive and almost tasteless, except for a sourish twinge which is not unpleasant.

Just as soap and hot water act on the skin, cleansing, sweetening and freshening, so hot water and limestone phosphate act on the stomach, liver, kidneys and bowels. Men and women who are usually constipated, bilious, headachy or have any stomach disorder should begin this inside bathing before breakfast. They are assured they will become real cranks on the subject shortly.

Trail of a Traitor

By C. C. HOTCHKISS

Author of "At Close Range," "Ambushed," "A Devil Afoot," "A Dumb Terror," "An Island Enigma," etc.

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A story of America for Americans. In it appear the great Washington, the chivalrous La Fayette, the benign Franklin, the traitor Arnold, the voluptuary, Sir Henry Clinton and others, each being an intimate portrait and each drawn to the life by the author who has made a conscientious study of the several characters. The story tells of stirring times, and the reader's eyes will snap with patriotic fervor as he follows the adventures of Captain Dressler and the girl to whom he became devoted. Dramatic and absorbing, the situations and action put no strain on the credulity, but they lack nothing of excitement.

The historical background is accurate, and the atmosphere of those days comes to the reader like the faint scent of old lavender. It is a tale which will stimulate one to turn to history. It is a tale for these days of constant war, but its lines are not reddened by frequent bouts of blood nor made melodramatic by mock heroics. It is "America first." It is a tale everyone should read.

CHAPTER I. The Last Lesson.

"By St. Gris, it is a case of the river rising higher than its source! Come, m'sieur!"

I had pinked my fencing-master in the groin in a manner to have rendered him hors de combat had not our foils been buttoned. I felt elated. We crossed weapons once more, and M'sieur Ledare seemed to throw his whole soul in the effort to show that his pupil was not yet his equal, his quick eyes glinting through the wires of his mask. For a matter of three minutes we fenced in silence—and then came the climax.

Theoretically he wounded me in the shoulder by a thrust en quarte, to which I instantly responded by calling into play a most difficult passage of arms and, also, in theory, ran him through the heart. The Frenchman stepped back, threw his foil and mask to the floor, and embraced me after the fashion of his country.

"My own Dan!" he cried, his face alight with mingled emotions of joy and chagrin. "Where got you that counter-stroke?"

"I had worked it out, m'sieur," I replied, with becoming modesty. "I exchange a wound for my opponent's life."

"It was magnificent! It is invincible! And it is the first time in the six years that you fence that you have killed me, though I am scarred with many wounds! Thou art my pupil no more, for, by St. Gris, thou art my equal. There is but one man in Europe, and none in America, who can face you and hope to win! Ah, Dieu! Were I but younger, that I might see your future!"

The future! How little either guessed it! I can close my eyes and see the genial old *maitre-d'armes* as he stood in the plainly furnished room in Baskinridge, a fine and lighting his old face. I did not dream that the next day I would be looking down the dim vistas of danger. Even then the cloud was gathering around us both.

"M'sieur Ledare," I said, "you speak of one man—"

"I forgot. There is also a woman, m'sieur."

"A mistress of the sword?"

"A wonder, m'sieur! I taught her while she was in Paris for two years. A slip of a maiden with a wrist of steel—an eye of fire. She returned to the Colonial before the war, or at about the time when you, my friend, saved me from a Paris mob, and for which I promised to make you a swordsman. Eh bien! Have I not done so? I have forgotten her name—my memory fails. But the man! A superb fencer—a *maitre d'armes*, like myself—I regret to say, m'sieur, that he is my cousin and hates me. Ah! We once fought with bare fists."

"What was the result?" I asked.

"Listen, m'sieur! It was about an estate left by my aunt," continued the old man, his face becoming grave as he grew reminiscent. "She loved me, and left me all of her property save a morsel for my cousin. He is a chivalier d'industrie, a man of no principle. When my aunt died he came to me with his heart aflame and accused me of using influence against him, though God knows I was guiltless. He dared me to fight; ah! he challenged me! I tell him I cannot fight with my own kinsman, and offer him half the property. And I knew I had a greater skill. He stood by the table and looked me in the eye, his rapier at his

hip where a gentleman's should be. "You would buy me off!" he cried. "You dare not fight!"

"I will not, Armand," I replied. "It would be a crime." But I dropped my hand to the hilt of my rapier, for he had done the same.

"He stepped from the table, his evil eye fixed on me, and backed slowly to the door. Then he quickly turned and locked it, putting the key into his pocket. I did not move, but I now knew that he was a madman, though I did not guess what was coming. I quietly drew my rapier.

"So!" he said, advancing toward me like the cat he was. "The great Pierre will not fight! He thinks his skill is beyond mine! Will he be so skilful in the dark? By St. Gris! Then in the dark he shall fight and we will be equal. And with that he pulled out his rapier and made a sweep at the candles burning in the candelabrum. The next moment the room was pitch black."

In the excitement of his recollection M'sieur Ledare took his foil from the floor, threw himself into a fencer's attitude, and acted the remainder of his story. His little white mustache bristled; his eyes sparkled, and his lips drew tight across his yellow teeth, his words coming in a rapid stream of French.

"He is a great swordsman, m'sieur, but I know his methods. I knew what would come first, and I met it, our blades crossing in the air—crossed once—and then he jumped back. In a moment neither knew where the other stood, though I remained with one hand on the table. For a few moments there was absolute silence, I not knowing at what instant his rapier would pierce me.

"Then I had an idea—an inspiration. I moved my left hand slowly. I touched a book. I carefully picked it up and tossed it at the door. Sacre! The trick worked. Armand gave a shout and leaped to the door, thinking I was there. I followed him, making thrust upon thrust, comme ca, my point feeling the air for several passes, and then it struck flesh and bone. Armand gave a great scream, his rapier went through my sleeve, and the next moment the door is broken down by my servant, Penton, who brought a light.

"M'sieur, my rapier had entered Armand's mouth and come one forward of his left ear, making a great gash. He was confused, and bleeding horribly. That is all. I have seen him but once since, and he bore a long, red scar on his left cheek."

"And when was this?" I asked, drawing a long breath.

"Seven years ago, m'sieur. I was then forty-eight. So much for Armand La Classe."

CHAPTER II. Two Years Before.

Armand La Classe? The name told me nothing, but the red scar brought instantly to mind the first time I saw Gilbert Motier, the Marquis de la Fayette, some two years before I heard Ledare's story. Let me go back to that time.

It was in the year of 1776, and I had been in Paris with my father, he being engaged in diplomatic service for the American colonies, then at war with England. Hardly had Bunker Hill been fought when my father died, leaving to me his mansion and a goodly estate in New York, though it might as well been in heaven, for the British soon occupied the city, and held it for seven long years.

And not a relative did I have remaining in the whole world save an old aunt, Abigail Stern, by name, a spinster in poor circumstances who was my late mother's half-sister and who I had never seen, she living in the South. My father had written to her that she might occupy his New York house during his absence, and in his last testament he willed her his entire estate on the condition of my dying without issue.

I was a stripling in those Paris days; strong in brawn and spirit, and with a love for adventure that had led me into many a scrape, that same brawn, and the quick wit God had given me, helping me out. Through my father's position I had come to know many great men, Silas Deane and Benjamin Franklin among them, and it was at the latter's house that I first met La Fayette, and also the man with the red scar—may the gods curse him!

Being young and not unattractive in person, I had become something of a protegee of the great Franklin, and had open entry to him at all times, and it was one day in 1776 that I went to him at an hour when I knew he would be having few if any callers.

There was but a single man in the anteroom, and without ceremony I passed into Franklin's apartments, outside the door of which sat his private secretary.

I found the philosopher with a swathed foot on a fauteuil (for he suffered from gout), and with him there was a very boyish-looking and dark-skinned Frenchman with eyes like an eagle's, a sharp nose slightly retreating chin, and rapidly sloping forehead. He was richly but unostentatiously dressed, and carried a light sword as a badge of his caste.

It was the Marquis de la Fayette, then not more than twenty years of age, of aristocratic family, wealthy in his own right, and doubly so through the young wife he had just married. I had never seen nor heard of him at that date, but God wot, he sprang into prominence soon enough thereafter. At our introduction, he jumped to his feet and shook hands with me as if I were an old acquaintance.

"You two hotheads are well matched," said Franklin, with his slow smile; "but seriously, marquis, it is a harebrained proposition, this of yours.

In the name of my government, I thank you for your desire to personally help our cause, but I cannot encourage you to throw away your fortune and your future. The time is ripe, and matters are looking desperate. General Washington was in full retreat across New Jersey as last advice, and I fear that Howe will overtake him ere this. I think you would suffer to no purpose. Moreover, the king will never give his consent."

This was in the limping French that Franklin had acquired.

"Pardon, m'sieur," said the marquis. "As yet I have had no specific orders from his majesty, and liberty in distress needs what help she can get; the darker the hour the more the need. I offer my services to your country. I am devoted to its new principles. I cannot remain inactive. I doubt not that M. Dressler, as a good American, will agree with me. Is it not so?" He turned, smiling to me with the open frankness of a boy.

And I, understanding little of his situation save that here was an aristocrat who had seen the light, though his social order was against the rights of man—I, I say, forgetting conventionalities, poured out my feelings and convictions which political policy had forbade me openly expressing. Not even before the indulgent statesman and diplomat had I ever been so outspoken, so enthusiastic. The flood-gates of speech fell apart, and never since have I been so eloquent or so carried away by an exalted sense of truth.

I remember little of what I said, but I know La Fayette's eyes sparkled as he listened; I know that even Franklin appeared interested, and that he was very sober; and I know that I finished with:

"Liberty, M'sieur Marquis! Liberty is but just born, though since the days of Rome men have spoken of the coming heir of the ages. And she will live and grow and strengthen, maturing slowly, and at last her name will dominate all others, and she will rule the world. She will rule without a scepter, and when recognized she will reign forever. She is now an infant in America. She needs your help and that of every man."

I stopped then, astonished at my own temerity. Franklin pursed his lips and smiled indulgently, and the marquis grasped my hand; his angular face was animated as he turned to Franklin.

"I am convinced!" he cried. "Up to this moment I have only cherished your cause; now I am going to serve it. I shall buy or build a ship. I shall furnish it with arms and supplies. I shall enlist a few choice souls, and I shall go to America and offer my sword to your Congress. I shall not be dissuaded. If Vergennes of his majesty forbids my going, I shall disobey them. Mr. Dressler, will you go with me?"

Would I go! If I had fired La Fayette, he passed back the spark to me. I consented without qualification. "You are, then, determined?" said Franklin. "You will risk ruining your family, perhaps losing your liberty; if not your life, and quite likely, finding a Congress unappreciative of your fine enthusiasm?"

"My mind will remain firm," was the reply.

"Daniel," said Franklin, "you will kindly leave us. I wish to have a few private words with the marquis."

His request was a command. I left the room, and as I closed the door behind me the man I had seen waiting in the anteroom arose and came forward. I then marked that he had an ugly red scar across his left cheek. He spoke abruptly, and none too politely, I thought.

"Is the Marquis de la Fayette within?" the man demanded rather than asked.

"He is," I answered.

"I have followed him for the purpose of seeing him. I preceded you, m'sieur. By what right of effrontery do you, a mere untitled American, pass me and enter unannounced? It is an outrage!"

"M'sieur," I answered, angered by his tone, but holding myself well in hand, "your words are almost an insult. For title, there is none greater than that of 'American.' As for the rest—it is my business." And with that I turned my back on him and went out. Certainly the last thing that could have entered my mind as I left him was that the man with the scar on his left cheek was destined to be a powerful factor in my later life.

CHAPTER III. I Make a Capture.

History tells us of the nobility of La Fayette; of how he kept his promise, outfitting a ship, stealing to Spain to void letters de cachet, and at last, in direct disobedience of orders from the king, sailing for America, giving a wide berth to ports where he might be stopped. With him were some devoted hearts that helped mould the feature of the times. But history is dumb regarding my small self, nor does it mention that among the ship's company was one, Chivalier Pierre Ledare, a master of arms, whom I had persuaded to join. He went, more than all else, to see his only sister, who lived in New Jersey, she having married an American and settled at Baskinridge, in that colony.

All this was in 1776, as I have said; and now, in September, 1778, or two years later, I was on a day's visit to Ledare. His sister had died, and the Frenchman was occupying her house alone, save for his old servant, Penton, who was devoted to him.

As for myself—through the influence of La Fayette, I had been honored with a captain's commission, and was attached to the *Life Guards* quartered in log cabins near Washington's headquarters at Morristown, New Jer-

sey; but just then I was without a command. I had received leave from General Colfax, and had gone out to Baskinridge to see my old master, beating him in what proved to be our final bout.

His story of the duel in the dark had brought vividly to mind the fellow with the red scar; but I said nothing about it to Ledare, and soon took my leave of him to walk seven miles back to camp, the sun then being close to its setting.

It had been a warm day, and bid fair to be a warm night, and there was nothing but fairness to the prospect of land and sky, the green of the trees being still lustrous, and a new moon, like a bent silver wire, appearing as the sun sank behind the western woods. Small notion had I of what the fulling of that same moon would bring to me.

I had not gone a mile on my way along the deserted trail (for I had taken a short cut) when I had a feeling that I was being followed. It was rather the warning of an undeveloped sixth sense than from anything I either heard or saw. But that there was danger in both time and place I knew well enough.

For there were frequent raids from Ashby by the British, and Delancy's Rangers were forever harrowing the country, though they were hardly likely to go near the American camp. My feeling was not so much of fear as of a premonition of coming trouble but it caused me to keep my wits alert, and made me wish I could see behind each tree I passed; and my alertness increased as the dusk deepened.

Armed only with a single pistol I strode along, looking back anon and seeing no one, until I came to a spring near the roots of a fallen oak. Here I bent to drink, little knowing that my hour was about to strike—that I was about to really live.

For as I knelt there came a crash of a shot; a bullet clipped the upper edge of a fallen oak, glanced by my face with a wicked snarl, and buried itself in the mossy bank within a foot of my head.

Startled enough I was, but not so as to be paralyzed in either body or brain. Like a stone I dropped behind the log, just as I would have done had the bullet found its mark.

From the direction of the lead, I knew that the shot had come from the opposite edge of a natural clearing through which I had just passed; and having a curiosity to see the man who had shot at me, I hurriedly crawled along behind the prostrate tree until I was thirty feet from the spring. Then I cautiously lifted my head and peered through the tangled brushwood that made an effective screen. By then my late depression had cleared; I now recognized the warning I had been too gross to understand, and drawing and cocking my pistol, waited, hoping to stalk my unseen enemy; heart beating so that I could hear it.

And I did not have to wait long; for hardly had my breath become free when I saw him step out from the shelter of the opposite timber, replacing the rammer of the rifle he had stopped to reload. I think he felt sure he had shot at me; but for all that, he possessed caution, for he came across the clearing bent like an Indian following a trail, his rifle cocked and ready, his eyes fixed on the spot where he had last seen me.

It was plainly to be his life or mine. As he got within easy range I slowly lifted my pistol and, taking careful aim at his head (a small mark in that light), fired. He went down like a bullock stunned with a mallet.

Had it been broad day, doubtless I would have killed him (which would have been well for me), but in the deepening gloom my aim had not been true; for when I went up to him I saw he was far from dead, my ball having passed close along his temple, plowing a furrow and only completely stunning him. He was breathing hoarsely, as one does after a shock to the brain; and I saw he was a stranger.

And yet not a total stranger, either; for I had casually marked him in the camp at Morristown, taking him to be a farmer's yokel glorified by the military. But God knows he was anything but a farmer's yokel.

Now he lay there face upward, his broad chest heaving, and I wondered why he had tracked me. I knew the answer later. The first thing I did was to go through his pockets, and from them I took four or five papers. In a wallet (though the light was then too poor to read a word of them), a long-bladed clasp-knife, a pipe, tobacco, and some coin.

I let all bide but the wallet, and this I thrust into my own pocket. Then I went to the spring, and filling my hat with water, bathed his handsome but dissipated-looking face, and listened to his breathing grow more natural. Finally he opened his eyes, and at length sat up, staring around like one aroused from a deep slumber.

"Well, my friend," I said, as he turned his look on me, and I saw he was sensible, "what in the devil's name do you mean by taking a pot shot at a man who never did you harm?"

For an answer he drew his hand across his wet and bloody face, but he did not speak.

"And did my ball plow your tongue as well as your head?" I asked, a trifle impatient with him.

"No," he returned with a snap; but he would say no more, not even opening his lips when I questioned him. "Well," said I, picking up his rifle, "if you will not talk, perhaps you will walk, and possibly I will learn something from your papers."

With that he clapped his hand to his breast pocket, the most foolish thing he could have done, it putting into my head that his papers might prove valuable to others beside him-

self. "So!" said I. "Sets the wind in that direction? My dumb friend, you will at once take off your shoes; I'll have a look at them."

For not a great while before Major Andre had been taken at Tarrytown, and the mine of wealth found in his shoes had damned the traitor Arnold, cost Andre his life, and saved the Colonies. Therefore, my wits were at work on the shoes of this would-be assassin; but he made no effort to obey me.

"See here, sir," I said, growing angry at his sullenness, and believing he fully understood me; "had I the means I would be tempted to hang you offhand to the tree we are under, but as sure as God made little apples I'll finish you with your own rifle if in two minutes your shoes are not off!" And I thrust my face into his, meaning what I said. I fancy he knew it as well, for without a word he took them off and got to his feet.

"Sit down," said I, fearing he would run. He did so, and even then I caught the evil look he flashed at me. And so I went through his shoes—and I found something. In one of them was a long folded paper half in print; but not a word could I make out in the darkness. I refolded it and placed it in my pocket and tossed the shoes into the underbrush.

"I have small doubts about getting at your rating now, my friend," said I. "Up with you and walk, and if you run, remember that I have that in hand which can run faster."

He got sullenly to his feet, and I drove him ahead of me, back to Baskinridge; and it was well I had not attempted to drive him into camp, for from loss of blood and his lacerated feet, which were unused to going unshod, the man was a staggering wreck by the time we reached Ledare's house. By then the slip of a moon had set, and it was dark; and to my surprise, by the gate of the home, I stood m'sieur with a pierced tin lantern, talking to a Continental officer on horseback, and by his side was another horse with an empty saddle.

My prisoner fell to the grass in a state of collapse, and the Frenchman uttered a cry of astonishment at sight of me, calling me by name. I told my story in a few words.

"And so you are Captain Dressler!" said the officer, who had not appeared greatly moved by my adventure.

"I am," I said, looking at him, for his tone was hardly cordial.

"I am Lieutenant Struthers, sir," he returned, "and under the circumstances I have a disagreeable duty to perform. By the orders of General Washington you are in arrest, sir, and I have been sent to escort you at once to headquarters."

"The devil!" I exclaimed, fairly aghast, and more upset by this than by the shot of the man lying on the grass. "May I ask upon what charge?"

"I can give you no information, sir," said Struthers; "but I was not to permit an instant of delay."

"Not even while I examine yonder fellow's papers?"

"My orders are explicit, captain. I was to take you on sight, and I have a horse for you. That man cannot escape. You will leave him in charge of m'sieur, until you report."

"Very good, sir," I returned, bowing to the inevitable.

I considered this rather summary; but from the officer's firm tone and his studied formality I saw it would be hopeless to protest; and so, feeling that I had been temporarily balked, I obeyed, only waiting to see my prisoner laid out on a hair-cloth sofa, which proved to be no more slippery than he. Ten minutes later I rode off with the officer, trotting along the black road with little knowledge that the road I was soon to travel would be blacker, for all that there was to be one bright spot in its length. Not a word of my case could I get from my escort, and finally, at about 10 o'clock we rode into Morristown.

CHAPTER IV. At Headquarters.

General Washington's headquarters were in the old Ford mansion, hardly a rifle shot from my own log hut. I was not even allowed to furnish myself, nor was I taken to the guard-house; but acting under special instructions, my escort rode up to headquarters, passed me through the saluting guards and ushered me into the house. A few moments later, with my conscience clear enough, albeit my mind was well puzzled that I was not taken before the officer of the day, I was escorted across the hall and found myself alone with the commander-in-chief of the American forces, he sitting behind a broad table on which burned two candles.

General Washington was then in the very prime of his life, and was a striking figure. At that time Congress had armed him with dictatorial powers, and he looked to be the embodiment of nobility. I had often seen him, and was always impressed, as much by his height and commanding presence as by a certain benign dignity of expression. I had never known him to laugh as do other men, and just then he was far from even smiling, for his fine face was stern as he sat softly drumming with his fingers on the smooth mahogany.

"You are Captain Daniel Dressler?" he asked abruptly, flashing one look at me, his voice being quiet.

"Yes, your excellency," I returned, noting the few postmarks on his temples as he shifted his position, also the fact that his hair was poorly powdered.

"Why did you choose to obtain leave of absence last night after receiving my written command, sir?" he demanded briskly, bringing his lips into a hard line.

"I have received no order from your excellency," I answered, now accenting the trouble.

"The orderly reports that he delivered my note just after retreat. You were absent from quarters, but your servant assured him that you would receive it."

Here was startling news. "Your excellency," I returned. "I respectfully continue to deny having received any order, written or oral, and I have no servant."

Washington lifted his heavy eyelids and looked squarely at me. "No servant, sir?"

"No general."

"Who, then, was the man acting as such?"

"I have no idea, your excellency."

"You were absent from quarters?"

"I obtained leave for twenty hours from General Colfax, sir."

"Where have you been?"

"I told him."

"Lieutenant Struthers reports that you have had an adventure, sir. You will recount it."

I did so, and Washington's stern face relaxed a trifle as he listened. I finished my tale and laid the wallet, with its unread papers on the table. He opened the leather, took out a paper, glanced at it, and then exploded: "Sir, am I to believe you to be a colossus liar?"

"I felt the blood leap to my face, but before I could answer he threw the paper before me, his blue eyes like daggers. The thing had originally been sealed, but the seal was now broken, and on the back was written my name in full.

"There is the order you deny having received! What have you to say for yourself, Captain Dressler?"

For the moment I was too stunned to make answer, but at length, instead of breaking down, as Washington evidently expected, I drew myself up to my full five feet—eleven and returned his piercing glance with one as steady as his own.

"Your excellency, I solemnly declare that until this moment I have never seen that paper, nor do I know what it contains. I took it from the prisoner."

"I think he was astonished at my stout denial. 'How do you account for its having been in his possession, sir?'"

"Your excellency, I can only surmise. I believe he went to my quarters expecting to find me—"

"For what purpose, since you claim not to know him?"

"To kill me, your excellency. I have proof of his desire. I think he was surprised by the entrance of your orderly, and posed as my servant. Afterward, learning where I had gone, he followed me, still with his purpose in view."

"An ingenious explanation!" was Washington's skeptical return as he picked up the document I had found in the shoe of my prisoner. Before he opened it fully he continued in a half voice: "Captain Dressler, were it not for the high opinion of you held by General La Fayette, and the fact that your record hitherto has been unexceptionally good, I would dismiss you from the army. As it is—Ha!"

He was opening the paper he held while he was speaking, and as he saw its contents he bent over it with sudden interest. His face bore a different expression as he turned to me. "Do you know what this document is, Captain Dressler?" he asked.

"No, your excellency. No time was allowed me to go over the papers."

"Sir, this is the commission of a provincial British officer; a Lieutenant's commission in the name of one Lysander Melton."

"Then the man is a spy!" I exclaimed, a great light breaking on me. "He has been about the camp for days. Your excellency," I continued, forgetting my position, "no more than you do I know who he is, but for some unknown reason he wishes my life, and he has brought me into this coil. I am a victim of circumstances."

"I am inclined to believe you, captain," was Washington's quiet return. "Tell me what the man looked like; and be careful—I shall test your truth at once."

"Your excellency, he is about my own age, I gather, and about my own size. He has very black eyes; and black hair queued with a rusty black ribbon and not powdered. His teeth are white and even, like my own, but he does not otherwise resemble me. He was dressed like a farmer, but he might easily be a British officer in disguise."

Without a word Washington arose, stepped to the door and called. At once Lieutenant Struthers entered and saluted.

"Send to me here Orderly Kelly," Struthers saluted again and disappeared.

"Captain Dressler," said Washington, reseating himself, "your frankness and insistence leaves me with little doubt of your innocence, which, however, will be proved. You say you have no idea of why I originally sent for you. Read that note you claim never to have seen."

He pointed to the paper. I picked it up and opened it. It was in Washington's own handwriting, and I still possess it.

"Captain Daniel Dressler: You will report to me at once on receipt of this to receive proposals regarding a delicate mission which will test your patriotism and ability. The high regard for your person held by General La Fayette, and your own expressed convictions on the matter pending, have caused me to place this trust in you. Immediate action is necessary. I am, sir, et cetera, George Washington, Gen'l Com'dg, et cetera."

It was hardly a strictly military paper in form, but its meaning was unmistakable. I laid it down.

"I am sorry, your excellency, that I did not receive this in time," I said. "It is not yet too late, sir, providing I can see my way to putting perfect faith in you, captain. I had selected you only after a secret and rigid examination of your character and record. But—"

He was interrupted by a knock on the door and the entrance of a very stout of a soldier. The man appeared frightened as he clicked his heels and saluted.

"Sergeant Kelly," said Washington, giving him his immediate attention.

"Yes, sir," returned the Irishman, his eyes rolling as he again saluted.

"You will exactly describe the one to whom you delivered the letter for Captain Dressler last night."

The man appeared relieved, and wet his lips with his tongue. "Yes, sir; he was dressed like any man not so soles, yet honor, an' he had black eyes an' black hair. He was a surly chap wid a bit of way about him, an' I told me he was the captain's man, sor; but I thought his hands a bit white for hard work. We had some words between us, an'—"

"Did he show his teeth?"

"Faith, he daren't show his teeth to me, sor."

"How tall was he?"

"He was about the height an' height of this gentleman, sor, an'—"

"That will be all, sergeant. Return to your quarters."

The man saluted and went out. Washington turned to me. "I congratulate you, Captain Dressler, and reflect you from arrest. The man you fortunately caught is undoubtedly a British spy, whom I will deal with later."

A weight rolled from me.

"Draw up a chair, captain," said Washington, repeating himself. "I wish to have a confidential talk with you; the nature of which, if you divulge, will cause you to be hanged with scant ceremony if you are within my reach."

I made no reply, but wondered what was coming as I took a seat by the table.

"Captain Dressler," said Washington, drawing a folded paper from a drawer of his desk and holding it unopened in his hand, "the day before yesterday, Sergeant John Champe, of General Harry Lee's Light Horse Cavalry, stationed at Paulus Hook, deserted to the British in New York, taking with him his orderly book."

"Yes, sir," I interjected, my heart beginning to quicken as I thought I saw my errand.

"You are wrong," said Washington, reading my mind. "He is not to be recaptured. He was prevailed upon to desert by General Lee himself, and at my suggestion, and he narrowly escaped through our lines with his life. Can you guess the purpose?"

"I cannot," I replied, thoroughly puzzled.

"It is for nothing less than the capture of the person of General Benedict Arnold."

"The traitor!" I exclaimed.

"Precisely. He is in New York. Sergeant Champe was given to understand that he would at once receive the assistance of a competent man. He is waiting for him. I have selected you to be that man. I cannot order you to go, but I ask you to volunteer for this errand of the greatest import. Are you equal to taking the risk—to all that the action may entail—to the obliquity of apparent desertion—to the danger of entering the enemy's lines?"

"My God!" I exclaimed, aghast at the prospect.

"It is well to think of Him," said Washington soberly. "I know what I ask—that no greater danger can be incurred; but I am prepared to reward success."

He opened the paper he held and handed it to me. It was a commission in form from Congress, signed by its president, and was for the rank of colonel; but the name of the officer was left blank, as was the place for the signature of the commanding general at its foot.

"I shall fill in your name and place my own at the bottom of this paper, if you are successful," he continued. "I have the right, but it is all the reward I can offer. You will be furnished with money for expenses. Think quickly, sir; there is hardly an hour to be lost."

I was not prepared to answer. "How shall I know, Sergeant Champe?" I stammered.

"On your consent you shall have the secret by which to identify yourself and him. You will have to find him. I believe he has a plan for Arnold's capture. You are a young man, strong, self-reliant, and you have no kin to mourn your loss if you are unfortunate. Your knowledge of French and German will assist you. Come, sir, I would have your answer before saying more."

By then my heart was fairly ripping, and I seemed to be looking into the jaws of hell itself. But yet, it was not alone the subject fear of death that for the moment held me dumb. No; it was then the question of my ability. Could I get into the lion's den unscathed? I would be hanged as a spy, if caught, and I loved life with the fervor of any man of twenty-six.

On the other hand there was a lure to tempt one whose liver was of the proper color. I closed my eyes at the enormity of the proposal. When I reopened them Washington was searching my face with a penetrating gaze; but my mind was then made up.

"I will go," I said. "With the decision my heart seemed to steady itself. Washington smiled then, a peculiar gleam in his eyes. 'I had little doubt of it,' he said very quietly. 'You will appear to desert, and your arrest will be the apparent cause of your dis-

affection. And I can facilitate your getting away."

"When shall I start, your excellency?"

"Tonight, sir—tonight," he returned abruptly, rising and pacing the floor. "Here are my orders. As if you were still tainted with arrest you will at once return to Baskingridge with a file of men and a corporal for the purpose of bringing in your prisoner. On the road, during your return, you will desert. I suggest that you make your way to Elizabethport and cross Newark Bay to Bergen Point. There you must act as circumstances demand."

"And now, sir, remember what I am about to tell you. It would be dangerous for you, a stranger, to inquire for Champe by name; therefore, you will go about New York—in the taverns—on the streets, and among the troops, twirling an oak leaf in your left hand. When Champe sees you he will challenge you with: 'Friend, that leaf should be a laurel, and you shall answer: 'Laurels are not so easily gotten.' That will be all, captain. You will find the sergeant a devoted patriot. Let me see—' He picked up the commission I had captured. "Your prisoner's name, if this be his, is Lysander Melton, and—' Ha! "

He made the exclamation as a paper slipped from the back fold of the document. Washington read it hurriedly. "I see by this that your capture has a sweetheart," he said. "What can be the errand to which she refers?" He handed the paper to me. It was a plain note, undated and unenclosed, and there was no evidence of its ever having been posted. It ran as follows:

"Lysander: As your betrothed, I protest against your mission. However worthy it may be to spy upon an enemy, it is certainly inhuman and cowardly to commit the crime you anticipate committing. I have learned of your intention from your mother, and I assure you that the wealth you hope to gain will bring happiness to none of us. If you are successful, I shall do more than protest against your success. Agnes."

"You excellency," said I, looking up from the paper, "that man, whoever he is, was a fool to carry two such self-defaming documents on his person. I have no doubt that the crime he anticipated committing was the killing of me. And yet, I do not know the man, had never spoken to him until I shot him, nor knew his name until tonight."

"It matters little," said Washington, fingering the remaining papers in the wallet. These are of little importance, being memoranda of money's lost and won at cards. Your prisoner is evidently a gay blade. And here is a note of hand signed by a Lieutenant Balfour for one hundred pounds, and due in a week."

As he spoke, something like an inspiration took possession of me; certainly I was far from having any plan as I said, "May I have that note, your excellency?"

He gave it to me without asking my reason for wishing it, and which I could not have told; but God wot that note came nigh to ruining me, though perhaps it was really my salvation.

"And now, sir," said Washington, "here are twenty pounds in gold. You must make it suffice. The hour is late. I think I will send Lieutenant Struthers back with you to Baskingridge. He will be in front of your quarters within half an hour. Sir, may God be with you."

He gave me a rouleau of money from the desk, then held out his great hand and shook mine, standing as he spoke the last words. A few moments later I was in the open air; the stars were shining, there was no wind, and the camp was as still as death.

Strange; was it not, that as I looked up at the velvety sky I should think of Agnes, the unknown woman who had protested at the intended crime of the lover she would probably never see again?

CHAPTER V. A Double-Check.

I think Lieutenant Struthers considered me under a cloud as we rode away, followed by two troopers; but I do not believe that he noticed (the night being dark) that I had discarded my uniform for plain clothing. Sure it was that he had little to say to me, a disgraced man, and as sure that I was thankful for his silence, not particularly liking him, and having enough to think about.

It was past two o'clock when we reached Baskingridge and came before M'sieur Ledare's house. There was no light in any direction, and it appeared strange that there came no answer to Struthers' repeated thumps up the door. "Both the Frenchman and his servant are sound sleepers!" he growled, hammering on the panel with the hilt of his sword.

"Nay, then," said I, "there's something wrong in this! And I laid my hand on the latch, when to my surprise the door yielded easily enough. I entered the dark hall, and the first thing I did was to stumble over the body of a man lying on the floor. At that I raised a shout. A minute later Ledare's old servant, Peaton, came down the stairs with a light, he being but half dressed, and then I saw that the body was that of Ledare himself. He was stone dead, his skull having been split by a blow of the heavy Breton long lying near him.

I knew the rest intuitively, and it was soon fairly proved. Ledare had been killed by the prisoner, who had gone; and gone, too, were my old master's shoes, for he lay there unshod and wetting in his own blood, murdered by the man who had it in his heart to murder me.

I cannot express the shock I felt at this discovery; for the time it as-

manned me, and made me forget the importance of my own errand; but I did not forget for long.

How the little village was aroused, how confusion and speculation ran wild, becomes no part of my story, for I marked but the beginning of it. In the running to and fro of the people, and the many questions hurled at Struthers, I saw my chance, and quietly slipping a leg over my saddle as quietly made off while it was yet dark, and I was not missed until some two hours thereafter, and then not a soul knew in what direction I had gone.

I could have laughed at the ease of my getting away, only between what was before me and the fact that poor Ledare was a corpse, I was in no mood for mirth. Moreover, Lysander Melton if that was his name, was free. That fact bothered me but little, however, as I did not see how he could finally escape. As for myself, I knew I would be at once branded as a traitor and searched for, and that in the circumstances, any man knowing he might shoot me at sight. Few are ever loosed as I was then.

As the crow flies, Elizabethport, then containing hardly a dozen houses, lies about twenty miles due east from Baskingridge, and for the most part the road is good. But it was hopeless for me to attempt to get there that night, so, after going nearly half the distance, hearing no pursuit, and not meeting a soul, I put up in a piece all that day lay at a distance from the thick woods just as dawn came, and roadside with on water for my stomach, so that at evening I was in a bad way for lack of food. I marked a number of troopers passing, some riding in haste, and farmers with their loads, but none came nigh me, and when the sun was well down I took to the highway once more.

It was black night when I passed through the hamlet of Elizabethtown and went on over the boggy meadow that stretched away like a vast plain, until I at last reached Elizabethport; and by then I was fagged out and depressed.

With a feeling of desperation born of emptiness, I stopped at the first house I came to, it lying on a little rise of ground by the water; and being apart from any other dwelling. And here I met with a man who was a mighty good patriot, as I soon learned, and he received me civilly enough. He took me in after eyeing me sharply, and gave me food enough to have satisfied a giant, he sitting by and eyeing me as if in wonder at my appetite. When I had finished eating, and felt like a man again, I turned to my host.

"Sir," said I, "I have reason to believe that you are a waterman."

"I am," he said, puffing on his pipe. "Then there is one more favor you can do me; but first, are there any British on Bergen Point?"

"I think not," he answered; "but their devil patrols prowl around the bay at times."

"I must risk them. I wish to go to Bergen Point. I will pay you well to take me across."

"For what?" he asked, and I thought his expression peculiar. "I like not the idea. I've been caught and looted once by the British patrol boats. If I go, it will be by daylight, when I can see a sail. What can a gentleman want at Bergen Point?"

"I go," said I, lying with ease, "to see an old aunt, who is very sick."

The man opened his eyes. "Ye may mean Mistress Betsy Brothwell," he said, pulling hard at his pipe.

I welcomed the suggestion. "It is the very old woman—and it is a pound in your pocket to take me over."

But nothing I could say would move him to sail before dawn, and I, chafing at the delay, but really in no hurry to thrust my head into a noose, appeared to be content. However, I had too much wit to go to the bed he offered me, being a trifle suspicious of the man and his manner, and so sat up by the fire all night, even getting up and following when he went to look at the weather; for he did not offer to go to bed while I remained out of one, though his wife and two little ones went to sleep in the loft above.

When at last dawn blushed on the horizon, and we moved down to the shore, he took an old telescope with him and scanned the broad water of Newark Bay ruffled by a light west wind. Not a boat of any kind showed in the distance; the way was clear.

"Are ye armed, sir?" he asked, as he got ready his boat, the canvas of which was the color of tan. "Ye might need an arm."

"I haven't so much as a pistol, being a man of peace," I returned; and at that I noticed he spat violently into the water and became somewhat cheerful. "Well, sir," he said, "I guess I'll put ye through with little trouble."

"I hope so," said I, not then knowing his double meaning.

We went aboard, and all passed well until we were in the middle of Newark Bay, the width of which I do not know, and then I noticed that we were bearing far to the north, and I thought the rising tide was carrying us up. I was becoming a trifle nervous, too, cause I realized that my horse might betray me if any searcher found it, and the longer I was on the water the greater the risk of being overtaken and caught. I looked at the man, who sat with the long tiller held under his arm, his right hand thrust into his coat. "My friend," said I, "I suppose you know your business, but you will never get me to Bergen Point in this way."

And then came the thunderclap. "Fore God! I never intended to see damned deserter!" he exclaimed, suddenly throwing open his coat and pulling a great pistol from his breeches band.

I was fairly stunned by the suddenness of it all. "Deserter!" I could only stammer.

"None of your innocence with me," he fairly roared. "I spotted ye last night, an' had ye gone to bed I'd had ye in limbo ere this. Yesterday two troopers came looking for ye, and they gave me your lines. Yer aunt! A fine tale to give me who knows every soul on the point. There is no Betsy Brothwell there, nor many of any name. I know ye, ye damned traitor—you an' yer horse with its sor-jor trappin's. I'm no fool. Get into the cabin."

He certainly had been no fool, and this was a bad beginning for me. The man was armed and I was not. What was to be done? Washington had considered me as self-reliant; and here was a chance to use my brains. "Where are you going to take me?" I asked, sinking back in my seat with a hopeless air, though I only looked to gain time. With a quick glance I measured the distance between us. It was hardly four feet.

"I am goin' to land ye up the bay and send ye off to Harry Lee at Paulus Hook, where ye will hang fast enough. Get below, I tell ye."

As he spoke he stood up, letting go the tiller as he raised his pistol to cover me, the boat flying into the wind as the helm was released. If I was ever to act I must do it now. If I were sent to Lee I might, possibly save my life if I could get him to hear me; but what an ending to my errand!

What would Washington think of me for allowing myself to be captured by a Jersey fisherman? Nay, I would not fall that way without falling in all others, and so, taking all risks, I acted.

As the man stood up on the unsteady deck of the heaving sloop I arose and turned as if to go into the little cabin, but as I bent to the low cockpit I swung around, and ere he had time to shift himself or make defense, I sprang for him, grasped him around the legs, and threw him across the coaming, his pistol exploding, and the boat careening under the violence of the commotion. And, thank God, the pistol ball went wide of me.

CHAPTER VI. The Patrol.

The man was taken so thoroughly by surprise that he hardly struggled after the explosion of his weapon, doubtless feeling himself helpless under my hand, and as doubtless believing I would take summary vengeance by pitching him overboard, or otherwise making way with him, for physically he was no match for me.

But I had nothing but a feeling of respect for the brave fellow, who had done what he thought was a service to his country, and so, with a harshness I was far from feeling, I wrenched the empty pistol from him and allowed him to get up, which he did, shaking himself to see that no bones were broken. I wished to have no words with him, but that his spirit was not quenched was plain in the outspoken way he cursed me as a traitor, and himself as a fool for having tried to take me single handed.

I did not curse him back, but being afraid to send him into his own cabin (where he might have some weapon), and not wishing to listen to his violent talk, I ordered him forward of the mast, and told him that if he came aft of the standing rigging or put a hand to a line without orders, I would pitch him into the bay.

I think the fellow would have seconded me in my efforts had I confided in him, but it was against both policy and instructions, especially the former, as undoubtedly he would have talked, and soon my mission might have been known to the British themselves. But what to do with the man without either injuring or giving him in a prisoner to the British, bothered me not a little as I took the abandoned tiller, brought the boat about, and headed her south; nor was it until I had sailed for some time that I saw how plain was the solution. I would land him on the Bergen side, where he could make his way either to Lee or to his home as best he might, and with the little sloop I could continue down the bay and into the Dutch Kills where I would be sworn, but little time would elapse ere I was in the hands of the British.

And this determined upon, I headed for the Bergen shore, though hardly had the wind begun to drive me in the new direction when out from the very point at which I was aiming shot a whale-boat manned by half a dozen lusty rowers, and in its stern-sheets sat a British officer and three marines, the latter armed with muskets; and the sloop was not then so far from shore but that I could count them with my naked eye.

In spite of all that the enemy was my objective, my heart gave a jump when I marked that the boat was making directly for me, though I quickly recognized the fact that my prisoner would be an excellent asset, as he would damn me to the satisfaction of all hands. However, I did not realize the desperation of the man, and no sooner did he determine the stripe of those in the coming boat than he disobeyed my orders and came from the word.

"Will ye hand me over to yonder dogs?" he demanded, his hands closing and unclosing nervously as he stood near the edge of the coaming of the cockpit. I stood up. "My friend," said I, "you had your fling at me, and took your chances. It is my innings. Get forward."

"I'll be damned if I will, without first making ye pay the piper," he shouted; and then, as unexpectedly as I had leaped upon him, he threw himself upon me with a bound, bearing me backward.

I could only grapple with him, and this did, and in a moment we two were rolling on the edge of the narrow deck beyond the coaming, and in three seconds more we were both overboard and in the waters of Newark Bay, he clutching me with a grip of a madman.

I looked to go hard with me then, for I saw he was anxious for my life even if it cost him his own; and I have small doubt that this assault was only hurried by the appearance of the patrol—that he had it up his sleeve for me, and was biding his time. But be this as it may, I was in a desperate way as we struggled and clawed at each other, for the most part beneath the surface; and I was something better than half drowned when I felt myself pulled into a boat. When I had freed my lungs of water and gathered my wits together I saw I was in the whaleboat a prisoner, as was my late guide, he then lying unconscious in the bilge with a sailor, working over him.

And it was evident that I, too, had been unconscious for at least a brief space, for when I fully sensed my situation I saw the officer (he was very young), turning in his hand a piece of water-soaked paper. As he marked me looking at him he smiled and said: "Now, by my faith, Mr. Melton, you had a narrow escape! I thought you gone, for a moment!"

The name of Melton brought me to my full senses as hardly anything else would have done, but perhaps it were well that I was still too weak to show surprise or make an answer, and he continued: "Twere fortunate I was hard by, Lieutenant; Simcoe told me to be on the lookout for you, but my faith! I didn't expect to come across you in this fashion. And I fancy that Bellmore won't thank me for interfering, as had I not come up in time it is ten to one that he were a hundred pounds richer."

He laughed aloud as he spoke, and held out the paper to me. It was the note of hand to Lysander Melton, for one hundred pounds, signed by "Bellmore," which Washington had given me at my request. The officer had evidently taken it in a search of my clothing while I was unconscious.

As quick as lightning I saw how the land lay. This man did not know Melton, and from the paper he took me to be him. Certainly it would not do for me to deny it without explaining how Melton's note got into my possession, and I had no story ready. I had nothing ready, for that matter, but I thanked God I would not have to prove myself, since the paper appeared to have done it for me.

"Who is the chap you were clinched to?" asked the officer, indicating my late companion who was showing signs of remaining life.

"I know not," I said, pulling myself together, "save that his name is Dean, and that he is a parious rebel. I hired him to sail me to the point, but he was suspicious, and was taking me to Paulus Hook and Lee, conceiving that I was a deserter from the rebel army. We clinched. You know the rest. What will you do with him?"

"Hand him over to Simcoe," was the light answer. "But as he is only a non-combatant, he will be likely to go free. I tell ye what, Melton, you have had a damned close call, and a pity it would have been had you gone down; for this exploit is a feather in your cap, and it won't hurt me for having pulled you out."

I made no answer, not exactly knowing what the young fellow was driving at, and the officer went on: "I'll be free and say 'tis a pity that you are a Southern Provincial and new to the city; but you have been inquiring about Major Stall was asking Simcoe if he had heard anything of your return, and then said that you were a cursed brave man to try to smooth your record by volunteering to get in to Morristown. Did you get there?"

"Yes," I answered.

"Aye! Stall said there were not ten men in the army who would dare it. I congratulate you, and tell you this to let you know how you stand. But damn me if I care to play cards with you."

He laughed as if to take the sting for the last remark, and held out his hand; adding that he was Lieutenant Selfridge, of General Simcoe's command, then stationed on Staten Island. He was a garrulous young fellow, that officer, and I let him talk. From his words I concluded that Lysander Melton's record was shady, and between the memoranda of his card winnings, which Washington had shown me, and Selfridge's own remarks, I gathered that he was a card-sharp, if nothing worse. I shook hands with the officer.

"By the by, Melton, do you report to Knyphausen or to Arnold," he suddenly asked.

"To Arnold," I answered, after a moment of rapid thought; "that is, when I can get my full report ready." But I wished the boy—for he was hardly more than a boy—would quit questioning me; it made me nervous, and I wanted to think.

"Well, that's a flight of luck!" he exclaimed. "I know Arnold—that is, I have met him—and like most of us, I have damned little respect for his stripe; he came to late to his senses in his desire to serve the king. But twill be a favor if you let me go with you when you report. I want to get in my story and reap as much glory as possible. Listen, Melton! I am stationed on Staten Island, as I said, but I have leave for a week, and go up to the city on the relief schooner tonight. Thank Heavens, I'm soon done with this cursed boat business! Can't we go up together?"

I jumped at the chance. For here was a fatuous ass who had leaped at conclusions on the strength of the only paper found on my person, for I had been careful to carry no other.

Not a doubt of me had he shown, and from him I had learned much without myself asking a question.

I now knew that Melton was a provincial, and from the South; that he was comparatively unknown (which was a great comfort), and that he had undertaken a desperate venture in order to rehabilitate himself for something he had done—and that something was possibly cheating at cards. Later I found it to be true.

To have this babbling youth with me might be of great help, for one thing was now certain: I must pose as Melton, and not as a deserter from the Continental Army; and this was best for two reasons: first, that as Melton I would learn things otherwise impossible to come by; second, as a deserter I would be held in confinement until proved; for, unlike Champe, I had no orderly book or other tangible evidence to vouch for me. The thing had not been of my doing; fate had cast me for the part of Lieutenant Lysander Melton, of an unknown regiment, and as Melton I must pose and take my chances. It was a mighty risk—but I was out for risk.

I cannot say how that day passed, for between lacking sleep for two nights, nervous tension, and my late adventure with Dean, I was used up, and in spite of my precarious position I slept. Selfridge spreading his own cloak on the bottom of the boat for me to lie on.

Aye, and I slept, wet though I was, and for the matter of five hours, and when I awoke, refreshed, albeit a little stunned when the situation came back to me, I found that the sun had dried my clothes, and that the patrol had been relieved and was going to port immediately.

Even then, and for some time thereafter, I had no trouble, for with Selfridge as my sponsor (and one might have thought he had known me all my life, my questioning by the authorities at Richmond was hardly more than a formality; certainly no one appeared to have a suspicion regarding my identity. I told a straight story, most of it being based upon facts, I putting myself in Melton's shoes; and both General Simcoe, and another officer whose name I did not learn, swallowed it whole.

And so I was set free, and under Selfridge's escort started that evening for the city, less a questionable character than an honored guest; and at about eight o'clock that night, clad in civilian clothes, entirely unarmed and having nothing more formidable upon me than the gold in my belt and Bellmore's note (which had been handed back to me), I found myself landed at the Fly Market at the foot of Maiden Lane, an American officer in disguise; and a noose seemed to be about my neck.

Wait, I said I had nothing formidable about my person. I had. Just before stepping aboard the schooner at Staten Island I had pulled down an oak bough, and now in my breast-pocket were a dozen or so of its leaves. Formidable! A brass field-piece might be less so, and I hoped to prove it.

End of Sixth Chapter.
Continued Next Week.

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- Chas. Fannel.
- Henry Watkins.
- Nels Erickson.
- Emil Budnick.
- E. S. Skaga.
- Chas. Watkins.
- Clarence Clark.
- Arthur Metcalf.
- Ed. Bradford.
- Joe Richardson.
- Lee Bears.
- Roy Gordon.
- Herbert Leonard.

- Floyd Bigelow.
- George Wright.
- Rufus Watson.
- Lou Kamradt.
- Jake Tafelsky.
- Harrison Ranny.
- John Smedley.
- Wm. Saxton, Sr.
- George Hamilton.
- Eugene Adams.
- I. E. McGowan.
- Fred Winkler.
- Wm. Blanshan.
- Edward Harrington.
- John Herman.
- K. Hathaway.
- Glen Burton.
- Ola Hegerberg.
- John Cutler.
- Ben Wiggins.
- John Hilliard.
- Wm. Supernaw.
- Wm. Wilson.
- Alex Behlke.
- Floyd Detloff.
- Hector McKinnon, Jr.
- Milo Fay.
- C. L. Arnold.
- Ray Grossett.
- Harry Stockman.
- Jos. Wieland.
- Martin Wieland.
- Nickless Tomnga.
- Joe Taylor.
- W. H. Fuller.
- Ralph Fuller.
- Wm. Ruddock.
- John Whiteford.
- Ranson Jones, Jr.
- Chas. Beebe.
- Bert Danforth.
- Frank Brown.
- Chas. Brown.
- John Lucia.
- Al Fricks.
- John Flannery.
- Herman Dewitt.
- Tom Passenger.
- Clark Barrie.
- Ivan Draper.
- Roy Green.
- Tom Locke.
- Art McPherson.
- Wm. McPherson.
- Wm. Patrick.
- Sam Ramsey.
- Geo. Ramsey.
- Mark Sedgeman.
- Pierce Weisler.
- Wm. White.
- Archie McDonald.
- Albert McDonald.
- Vano Polander.
- Alex Polander.
- John Shaw.
- George Shaw.
- Chas. Weisler.
- Bert Youngs.
- W. C. Merchant.
- John Dolzel.
- S. E. McGlone.
- D. E. Housknecht.
- Alonso Leonard.
- Eugene Fuller.
- Howard Grant.
- Curtis Coonan.
- Percy Coonan.
- Frank Woodcock.
- Duncan McColman.
- John Green.
- Clyde Bigelow.
- Tom McCary.
- Frank Tafelsky.
- Pat Boyd.
- Wallace Merchant.
- Claude Gilkerson.
- Herbert Hart.
- Robert Grant.
- Frank Habee.
- Logan, Archie.
- Logan, Chas.
- Tunison, Wm.
- Gregory, Wm.
- Borland, Ed.
- Wm. Peck.
- Wm. St. Charles.
- Rocco DeMalo.
- John Lenhart.
- James Smith.
- Chas. Reese.
- Walter Sloan.
- Wm. Taylor.
- Bert Schram.
- Earl Shay.
- Sherman Conway.
- A. Quinn.
- Gilbert Odell.
- Hansen Gardiner.
- Julius Johnson.
- Levi Wells.
- Jesse Tupe.
- Leon Grant.
- Phil Bishaw.
- Ena Brock.
- Chas. Stohman.
- Bernie Arntson.
- Chas. Jackson.
- Walt Chambers.
- Charles Makrlik.
- Geo. Bogart.
- John Griffin.
- Joe Pike.
- Joe Blingland.
- Chas. McGovern.
- Chas. Bishaw.
- J. A. Moore.
- Peter Bustard.
- Vern Smith.
- Nels Anderson.
- John Johnson.
- Jake Anderson.
- Henry Gilkerson.
- Mike Gunderson.
- John Hart.
- Logan Stapleton.
- Bert Martin.
- Chas. Blanchard.
- W. E. Brown.
- Albert Touache.
- A. H. Shepard.
- Alonso Rice.
- Emery Hall.
- Ed. Stollard.
- Rudolph C. Best.
- James Chak.
- Frank Cook.
- Charles Cox.
- Jas. Howard.
- Elmer Matthews.
- Dan Painter.
- W. A. Yeomans.
- Art Farmer.
- Leo Lalonde.
- R. Maddock.
- Floyd Rice.

Success never comes to a man who is afraid to risk failure.
"Haste makes waste" is an old motto, but a lazy one. You've got to hurry to keep up.
Don't put on too many airs as you float down life's stream; your little boat may capsize.

MICHIGAN CROP REPORT

Lansing, Mich., Oct. 5, 1917.

WHEAT—The estimated yield of wheat in the State is 17.42, in the southern counties 18.13, in the central counties 16.24, in the northern counties 16.18 and in the Upper Peninsula 20.18 bushels per acre. The per cent of acreage sown this fall as compared with last year is 106 in the State, central counties and Upper Peninsula, 108 in the southern counties and 101 in the northern counties. The average date of sowing wheat in the State is Sept. 22nd, in the southern counties the 25th, in the central counties the 21st, in the northern counties the 18th and in the Upper Peninsula the 19th.

The total number of bushels of wheat marketed by farmers in September at 52 flouring mills is 116,268 and at 64 elevators and grain dealers 134,033 or a total of 250,319 bushels.

Of this amount 201,191 bushels were marketed in the southern four tiers of counties, 32,674, in the central counties and 16,454, in the northern counties and Upper Peninsula. The estimated total number of bushels of wheat marketed in the two months August-Sept. is 1,600,000. Thirty-six mills, elevators and grain dealers report no wheat marketed in September.

RYE—The per cent of acreage sown this fall as compared with last year is 103 in the State, 106 in the southern counties, 102 in the central counties, 100 in the northern counties and 89 in the Upper Peninsula.

BARLEY—The estimated average yield per acre in the State is 26.36, in the southern counties 27.23, in the central counties 26.06, in the northern counties 23.11 and in the Upper Peninsula 26.55 bushels.

OATS—The estimated average yield per acre in the State is 35.93, in the southern counties 38.48, in the central counties 37.36, in the northern counties 29.03 and in the Upper Peninsula 36.75 bushels.

CORN—The estimated average yield per acre in the State is 22.70, in the southern counties 24.31, in the central

counties 18.17, in the northern counties 19.70 and in the Upper Peninsula 20 bushels.

POTATOES—The estimated average yield in the State is 102.03, in the southern counties 100.16, in the central counties 97.21, in the northern counties 97.87 and in the Upper Peninsula 156.54 bushels per acre.

BEANS—The estimated average yield in the State is 8.73, in the southern counties 8.81, in the central counties 8.66, in the northern counties 8.61 and in the Upper Peninsula 10 bushels per acre.

SUGAR BEETS—The estimated average yield in the State is 8.83, in the southern counties 8.75, in the central counties 9.02, in the northern counties 8.53 and in the Upper Peninsula 8.50 tons per acre.

BUCKWHEAT—The estimated average yield in the State is 12.82, in the southern counties 12.81, in the central counties 12.45, in the northern counties 12.55 and in the Upper Peninsula 18.60 bushels per acre.

Grain and seed threshed in Michigan up to and including September 8, 1917, as per returns of the threshermen is as follows:

	Acres	Bu.	Yield per acre
Wheat	361,963	6,668,896	18.41
Rye	56,728	2,237,100	14.27
Oats	395,695	14,709,328	37.17
Barley	58,854	1,657,056	28.15
Buckwheat (?)	70	2,048	29.26
Peas	1,180	13,908	11.79
Timothy seed	645	3,408	5.28
June clover seed	129	182	1.41
Mainmoth clover	58	122	2.12
Alsike clover	2,019	7,103	3.52

COLEMAN C. VAUGHAN,
Sec'y of State.

THE WHOLE NEIGHBORHOOD KNOWS:
Mrs. Anna Peizer, 2626 Jefferson St., So. Omaha, Neb., writes, "Foley's Honey and Tar cured my daughter of a bad cold. My neighbor, Mrs. Benson, cured herself and family with Foley's Honey and Tar, and in fact most everyone in our neighborhood speaks highly of it as a good remedy for coughs and colds."—Hite's Drug Store.

Good News For Our Community



THAT WILL INTEREST
The Sick and Suffering
COMING BACK FOR ONE DAY ONLY
BOYNE CITY, Mich., Hotel Wolverine
(Parlor Suite)
on TUESDAY, Oct. 23rd, 1917
Hours 9 a. m. to 8 p. m.

DR. IRVING E. SANDERS

will hold his dispensary clinic for all his patients and others anxious to see him. Dr. Sanders is too well known in this locality to need an introduction. His hundreds of patients cured will testify to his ability as an expert physician and medical authority. No matter what your ailment is, if you are not in perfect health, do not fail to see him and have him examine you. Consultation and examination on this visit will be free. Remember the date of his visit. For one day only.



For Your Health's Sake Drink More Milk

Beginning today order twice as much milk as you have been getting. In no other way can you buy more health and at the same time save money.

The average family must cut down the food bills. Why not, then, buy milk at a low price rather than some other foods at exorbitant prices?

One quart of milk equals—
8 eggs
3 lbs. fresh codfish
3-5 lb. of ham
2 lbs. of chicken
3-4 lb. of round steak
4-5 lb. of pork chops

When people come to properly understand the real food values in milk there will be much more of it used.

We want to impress upon you especially that our milk is good milk. It has that perfect flavor that makes milk-drinking a pleasure. It is produced and delivered to you under absolutely sanitary conditions.

McCOOL & MATHER
PHONE 29