



# THE LIBERTY "BOYS OF '76"

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## THE LIBERTY BOYS AND THE INDIAN FIGHTER; OR, SAVING THE SOUTHERN SETTLERS.

BY L.  
HARRY MOURE.

AND OTHER STORIES



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# The Liberty Boys

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## The Liberty Boys *and* the Indian Fighter OR, SAVING THE SOUTHERN SETTLERS

By HARRY MOORE

### CHAPTER I.—An Adventure on the River.

Two boys in a rude dugout were going up the Savannah river at some little distance from Augusta, Georgia. They wore buckskin suits and coonskin caps, and carried long rifles across their knees, as they propelled the clumsy craft. There was a little settlement farther up the river, and the boys were bound for it, to warn the people of the approach of a large party of Cherokees. These Indians had made trouble for the people of the region from time to time, but there had been quite a long period now since they had done any mischief.

The boys knew that they were around now, however, and suspected that they were trying to get up a disturbance. They presently descried another dugout coming toward them, containing a single occupant, a man of great height and strong build.

"That must be a man from the settlement, Dick," said one of the boys.

"Very likely, Bob, and we can tell him our news."

As the man approached, he let his craft come with the current, and said pleasantly:

"Good day, strangers. You don't live hereabouts, I reckon?"

"We don't live here," said the boy with the blue-gray eyes and the brown hair, "but we are on post not far away. Do you come from the settlement?"

"Reckon I do. Was you going there?"

"Yes. Did you know that the Cherokees were rising and that there is likely to be trouble from them shortly?"

"Well, I did hear a little something like that, and I was coming to find out more about it."

"It is so, and we were going to the settlement to tell the people to be on the lookout."

"Who might you boys be, and how did you find out about the Injuns?" the man asked.

"I am Dick Slater, captain of the Liberty Boys, and this is Bob Estabrook, my first lieutenant. We are in camp not far from Augusta, and we learned it by going about and picking up information here and there."

"I want to know. Well, I'm Hank Waldron, the Injun fighter. I heard something about this from a fellow I saw in the woods. He didn't suspect I was listening, and I didn't put a bullet into him 'cause I wanted to know more."

"Who was he?"

"A pesky Tory and renegade called Zeke Dug-

gins. He was telling a fellow just like him about it and I wanted to hear more, and then they went away."

"Who is Duggins?" asked Dick.

"A Tory and a sneak."

"Did you hear if Colonel Brown had anything to do with sending the Indians out?"

"No, I didn't, but he's pesky enough to do it."

Colonel Thomas Brown was in command at Augusta, and was cruel and heartless, employing the Cherokees and Creeks to murder the settlers in the neighborhood, and sending out bands of Georgia Rangers, little better than outlaws, to raid the settlements where there were patriots. These were preparing to make an attack upon Augusta, and the Liberty Boys, who were a band of one hundred sterling young patriots fighting for American independence, were awaiting the coming of the Continental troops. Dick and Bob, hearing rumors that the Cherokees were massing in the neighborhood, had gone up the river in disguise to warn the people at the settlement.

The two dugouts had been run in close to the bank where the current would not take them downstream, and Dick now heard a suspicious sound, and caught up the long rifle resting across his knees. He heard the sudden twang of a bow-string, and fired in the direction of the sound.

"Duck, Bob! Duck, Mr. Waldron!" he cried.

In another moment an arrow went whizzing over his head and fell into the river. Then four or five half-naked Indians came dashing out of the thicket a little back of the river. In a moment both the Indian fighter and the young lieutenant discharged their weapons, and then Bob and Dick whipped out two big pistols apiece and fired point-blank at the redskins. Two of them fell in their tracks, and two or three were badly hurt, and turned and fled.

"Great snakes! I reckon they wasn't expectin' such a warm one!" the Indian hunter ejaculated. "You boys can fire mighty sudden. How do you load up so quick?"

"We have our pistols," laughed Dick. "I think we had better pull a little way out, for these fellows may come back with more of the same sort."

"Some on 'em don't seem to want to get up!" muttered Hank dryly.

"I'd like to see more of them in the same fix!" sputtered Bob, who was of an impetuous disposition.

The two boys and the Indian fighter pulled out

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into the stream and reloaded their weapons, a duty that the boys never neglected.

"Have you a blockhouse at the settlement, Mr. Waldron?" asked the young patriot captain.

"Yes; but you don't need ter put no handle to my name; just call me plain Hank, that's all."

"Very good, Hank," with a smile, "and now I think we will go back to camp and prepare to come up your way in case the redskins conclude to make an attack."

"Well, I reckon you better. We'll be right glad of your help, for there's more women and youngsters than there is men, and it's them we want when it comes to fighting."

"Women are often of use," said Dick. "They can load muskets and rifles, bring water, bind up wounds and do many things."

"Yes, I reckon they can, and all those things are useful. My darter Sally is right handy at a lot o' things, but we generally think 'at we've gotter help the women instead of getting them to help us."

"That is very true, but they are often of great help."

They were out upon the river now, and, there being no sign of the Indians, they separated. Dick and Bob going downstream and Hank going up, and soon disappearing around a wooded point. The boys managed their clumsy craft very well, and went at a rapid rate, keeping a watch on the bank at the same time that they worked the paddles. They saw nothing of the Indians, however, and at length ran the dugout into what seemed to be simply a blind bayou without any outlet.

Instead of that, however, there were windings, unseen at first, a turn here and a sudden passage there, seen by pushing aside the overhanging branches, and the boys went steadily on till they were completely hidden from the river, and finally entered a long, narrow creek. From this, when it seemed to stop, they went to another, and at length came out into a most romantic spot, where, on a succession of little islands, the Liberty Boys had their tents. They landed at the largest of these, and were greeted by a handsome, dashy-looking boy, something younger than themselves, who said:

"Well, did you learn anything?"

"We had a brush with some Indians, Mark, and met an Indian fighter, living at the little settlement which we wish to save."

"A brush with the reds, eh?" echoed Mark Morrison, who was the second lieutenant of the Liberty Boys and one of the bravest. "Tell me all about it."

A number of the boys came over from the nearest islets in dugouts and canoes, and sat around on the grass or in their boats close to shore and listened to the recital. They all wore the Continental uniform of blue and buff and made a very good showing, being all strong, manly fellows, their faces bronzed from exposure to the weather, and all in the best of health.

"We must move our camp nearer to the settlement," said Dick. "I am not certain whether we shall be able to find as good a one, but that does not matter so much as long as we save the settlers."

Dick now put on his uniform and after dinner set out with a party of the Liberty Boys on horseback for the settlement. He took Mark and

a number of the bravest and liveliest of the boys with him so that they could make a good showing in case they came across any of the Indians.

### CHAPTER II.—Lively Times at the Settlement.

The boys were riding along at a good pace and were not far from the settlement, as Dick judged, when they suddenly heard a great sound of yelling and shouting and the discharge of firearms.

"Forward!" cried Dick. "The settlement has been attacked!"

The boys dashed ahead at the word, and before long came in sight of the settlement. There were two or three log cabins at a little distance from the others, and from the blockhouse, and these were being attacked by a number of Indians, mostly Cherokees. They had evidently taken the settlers by surprise, for they had already rifled some of the cabins and had a number of prisoners. Dick saw a young white girl on a horse in front of a stalwart, half-naked Indian, and there was a woman and a child on another.

"Forward, boys!" he shouted.

Then the boys dismounted and dashed upon the Indians. At that moment a tall, well-built man dashed out of the thicket and sought to reach the girl on horseback. Dick recognized him as Hank Waldron, the Indian fighter, in an instant.

"Bear up, Sally!" cried the man. "I'll be there in a minute!"

Then he rushed forward and at once engaged in a fight with a stalwart Indian who was leading the rest. Then, for some reason, he suddenly fell, and at once the Indian fell on top of him, pinning him to the ground. Bullets were whistling all around, and now the giant Indian seized his tomahawk and poised it for a blow at the Indian fighter.

"Forward!" yelled Dick.

At once the gallant boys were in the thickest of the fight. Dick seized the redskin's wrist and gave him a whack with his pistol, causing him to drop his tomahawk and release his grip on the Indian fighter. The Indian who had the captive girl on his pony fell to the ground wounded. Hank Waldron now threw off the redskin who had held him to the ground and dropped him with one blow of his pistol. Then he kicked aside the Indian who had fallen from the pony, and snatched the girl from the animal's back.

"Give it to the tarnation varmints!" he shouted. "Wake up, folks, and give 'em hot shot! Down with the pesky critters!"

His strong voice, ringing out in thunder tones, inspired the settlers, and they gave vigorous battle to the Cherokees and Creeks. The Liberty Boys gave efficient aid, and there was a constant rattle of musketry, the boys cheering lustily as they charged the redskin foes. The captives were released, the plunder recovered, and the fires in one or two of the cabins hastily extinguished. Then the Liberty Boys and the settlers charged in a body on the Indians, and the slaughter was terrific. The Indians fled, taking their wounded with them, but leaving the dead behind in their haste to escape.

The settlers fired a rattling volley at them, pursuing them into the woods and adding to the list of the dead. The Liberty Boys stood ready to support the settlers in case the redskins turned upon them, but they did not, making their way into the interior in hot haste. Then the settlers, with Hank Waldron at their head, returned, and the Indian fighter said to Dick:

"I reckon I'd have been wiped out, Captain, if you hadn't come up. I turned my foot on something and fell, and that give the pesky Injun the upper hand. Contrariwise I'd've ended his career sudder'n I did."

"I am afraid they will return, Hank," said Dick, "and I think you had better get the women and children into the blockhouse and prepare for a siege. From what I know of these bloodthirsty creatures, they will not let the matter rest as it is now."

"I reckon you've got the rights on it, Captain," said Hank, "and what you recommend shall be done instanter, if not sooner. Zeb Hodge, Peleg Drowne, Joe Driggs, you-uns get to work immediate and see to puttin' the women and youngsters inter the blockhouse. Si Perkins, you and Sim Williams keep a lookout on the woods."

"I will send one or two messengers to the camp," continued Dick, "and have the Liberty Boys join us without delay. I think they will all be needed, from what I know of the temper of the Cherokees."

Dick sent Jack Warren back to the camp to bring more boys to the settlement. Jack left immediately. Bob Estabrook was somewhat surprised when Jack came in alone, and he asked:

"Any trouble, Jack?"

"The Cherokees and Creeks attacked the edge of the settlement just before we got there. We drove them off, but Dick thinks that they may return, and wants the Liberty Boys to come up at once."

"All right, Jack, we'll go without delay. Tents?"

"No; leave the camp as it is. No one will discover it. I met a Tory on the road who tried to stop me, but he did not do it. I had a little argument with some Cherokees, too, but I had the best of it in the end."

"I should say so, seeing that you are here," said Bob, with a laugh.

The Liberty Boys were ordered to get ready to go on the march at once, and they lost no time about it. Very little time was lost in getting ready to go to Dick's relief, and soon they set out with Bob at their head and Jack riding alongside, for the plucky boy had taken the risk and was now accorded the honor of leading the troop to the relief of Dick Slater and the rest.

"Forward, boys!" said Bob, and away they went at a gallop out of the everglades and upon the road to the settlement.

They went on at a rattling pace, not knowing when they might be needed, and so making the best of their time. They were within half a mile of the settlement, as they would judge, when they heard the sound of firing and of fierce yells.

"Forward, Liberty Boys!" said Bob.

The Liberty Boys, under Bob, galloped onward and presently came to the blockhouse. It was being attacked by Cherokees and Creeks under

the leadership of an Indian named Red Cedar and a renegade white man named Zeke Duggins. The Indians retired when Bob's boys came on the scene and were let into the stockade. The Indians were now holding back and the settlers had time to rest and get something to eat. After some time Dick, watching the redskins through a loophole, said:

"They are going to attack us again. I think we will go and meet them."

Word was quickly sent around that the Liberty Boys were going to surprise the Cherokees and Creeks, and in a surprisingly short time the daring fellows were in the saddle and waiting just inside the gates for them to be opened. The reds came rushing forward, uttering terrific yells, but on a sudden the gates were thrown open and out dashed the boys, uttering their battle cry.

"Liberty forever! Down with the red marauders!" they shouted.

"Charge and fire!" roared Dick.

Crash—roar! The ranks of the plucky boys seemed fairly to blaze, and there was a tremendous report, sounding like one shot. The redskins had not expected any such charge as that and they fell back, thinking that the settlers had received more reinforcements.

The volley was a scathing one, and the Indians did not answer it in their terror and surprise. The daring lads sent in a rattling pistol volley as the reds retreated, and then uttering a cheer, pursued them to the edge of the woods. Then they turned and rode back at a whirlwind gait, dashing through the gates, which were quickly closed after them. The Indians did not pursue them, however, being too greatly confused and perplexed by this sudden move of their indomitable young foes.

"I reckon that stumped 'em, by gum!" snorted Hank. "They wasn't expectin' no such sortie as that, and it just flabbergasted 'em!"

"A few more such moves and they will lose heart entirely," said Bob.

"Yes, for they are notoriously bad losers," added Dick. "Failures have a depressing effect upon them, while they only make us fight the harder."

"But we are not Indians," said Bob dryly, and all the boys laughed.

"I have an idea," said Dick, and the boys were all attention in a moment.

Zeke Duggins was seen by Jack, and he probably knows of this fight here, indeed he must, as Hank heard him talking about it."

"He may be urging on the reds," added Bob. "Such fellows will not fight themselves, but will urge others to do so."

"The Indians have not succeeded as they evidently supposed they would," Dick continued, "and Duggins may go to Augusta to get reinforcements, as Hank suggested."

"But would Brown send them?"

"He might. I propose to find out if Duggins or some man like him is with the redskins and to ascertain if any such plan is on foot."

The boys were now listening more attentively than ever.

"If any such move is intended, then we must capture the messengers and prevent them from getting to Augusta."

"Jove! That's a good idea, Dick," said Bob.

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"How will we get out among the Indians, though?"

"In disguise. I will dress in backwoods garb, and I will not be noticed. If I am seen, they will take me for a Tory spy."

"Good! Do you want any one to go with you?"

"Yes; I want you, Bob."

"When will you go out?" excitedly.

"At once."

"All right. I'll go and put on my other togs."

"Do so. I will do the same."

The boys then hurried into the blockhouse, and in a short time were out again, looking like two backwoods boys. The next thing to do was to leave the stockade without being seen. There were no Indians on the river side of the stockade, as there was no place for them to sally from there, and Dick decided that they would go out that way and work around to the woods.

They would have to be cautious, of course, but they had had a great deal of experience with the redskins in different parts of the country, and caution was second nature to them when working against such crafty foes. Leaving the stockade by the rear, the boys worked along the river bank and so up to the woods without being seen, and after that it would not matter so much, as they were not likely to be recognized. There were Indians in the woods and in the open ground, but not in range of the sharpshooters at the stockade.

The boys observed caution in approaching the Indians, and at length saw a group of white men talking earnestly together. They stole up cautiously and joined the group without exciting suspicion, and heard one man say:

"The young rebels are making a lot of trouble and the Injuns won't hold out unless something is done."

"That's sure enough, Zeke," muttered another. "How did they happen to know about the attack on the settlement, and how did they happen to be around, anyhow?"

"That ain't wuth talkin' about," with a growl. "They're here, and that's all we know. I want that gal o' Waldron's, and I'm goin' to have her. We got to get into the blockhouse somehow. The Injuns want revenge for the men they've lost, and I want the gal and I want to kill Hank. We can't depend on the Injuns and we got to have help. I'm going to Augusta for it."

Zeke Duggins hurried off toward the road, and Dick and Bob glided after him without being seen. Even should he get on his pony, Dick knew that he could keep up with the man long enough for his purpose. Dick glided along on one side of the rough, narrow road, and Bob kept on the other. There were some of the Tories around when Duggins mounted, and so Dick glided noiselessly ahead, giving Bob a signal. This was the squeal of a bat, which attracted no attention from the Tories.

"Waal, good-by for a spell," said the renegade, as he went off on his pony, giving the stocky little beast a crack over the flank with a stout cudgel.

The Tories paid no more attention to Duggins, but went and joined the Cherokees and Creeks before the blockhouse, taking care not to show themselves. Some of them were dressed as In-

dians, in fact, and yet they kept out of sight in order not to run any risk of being struck by a flying bullet. Zeke Duggins had not gone more than a hundred yards before he thought he had been struck by lightning. There was the cry of a hawk, and then two flying figures came out of the thicket at the side of the road.

One leaped upon the back of the pony behind him and clutched him by the throat, while the other seized the beast's bridle and whirled him around at right angles. In a moment Zeke was pulled out of the saddle, and then the pony got a clip on the flank that sent him dashing into the woods with a snort. Then the tail of Zeke's coonskin cap was thrust into his mouth and his hands were brought sharply behind his back and held in a grip of iron.

"This way, you sneaking renegade!" said Bob, with his hand in the man's collar, "and if you try to speak you'll get a twist of this!"

Then the impulsive young lieutenant gave Zeke's collar a twist which made him gasp. It was impossible for him to say a word with his mouth full of fur, and he gagged and nearly choked as the two plucky boys hurried him on, one pushing and the other pulling him by the collar. There was noise enough all around to drown any which Zeke Duggins might have made, but he was nearly choked, and finally let his legs give way under him in order to gain a respite. The boys let him drop on the ground, and Dick said:

"Tie his wrists together with his own belt, Bob. Then we'll carry the scoundrel. We will not mind the weight."

Duggins tried to get up, but Bob knocked him down with little ceremony, ripped off his belt and turned him upon his face in short order.

"Never mind the choking, Duggins," he said grimly. "You'll get more before we're through with you."

In a short time the boys picked him up, neck and heels, and hurried away with him, utterly helpless. They got around to the rear of the stockade, and then Dick gave a signal which Mark understood.

"There they are!" he said excitedly. "They have succeeded, too! Make a lot of noise in front to keep the attention of the red demons off the rear and open the gates."

The two Harrys, Ben and Sam, and four or five more opened the rear gate cautiously, Mark giving a signal to Dick. Then, while a perfect babel of sounds arose in front, Dick and Bob were admitted, bearing their prisoner between them.

"Here is your man, Hank!" said Dick, as the gate was shut and the Indian fighter came forward.

"That's him, sure enough, Captain."

"There will be no messenger going down to Augusta to-night," said Dick dryly. "Or, at any rate, it will not be Zeke Duggins."

"I reckon not!" chuckled Hank.

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### CHAPTER III.—The Siege Is Raised.

The gag was taken out of the renegade's mouth and, after a deal of gasping, sputtering and choking, he managed to say angrily:

"What you want to catch me fur, ye blame rebels? I was going to get help for you, and now I can't."

"Help for the Injuns, you mean, Zeke," said Hank.

"We overheard your plot, Duggins," said Dick, "so it will do you no good to lie. You were going to Augusta to bring back a company of the Georgia Rangers. Now any one knows that those scoundrels are not patriots, or 'rebels,' as you call us."

"I'd like to know how in time you rebels got among us without being seen?" snarled Duggins.

"Oh, we are used to doing things like that, and it doesn't trouble us much. We were fortunate in getting there in time, however, for that was something we could not tell anything about in advance."

"Well, don't you reckon that somebody else will be going the same errand as me?" asked the Tory. "I wasn't the only one to go."

"There is no use of your lying, Duggins," said Dick sternly. "You were the only one to leave or that will leave on such an errand. You are our prisoner, and no one knows it but ourselves. The others will wait for you till the Indians get tired and desert, and you will be set down as a traitor."

"What do you rebels allow you'll do with me?" asked Zeke, with careless bravado.

"Hang you!" tersely.

The man turned pale and trembled, nearly falling to the ground, he grew so weak all in a moment.

"Take him away!" said Dick.

The renegade was taken away, and put in a little cellar under the blockhouse. Dick had made no idle threat, and he would do just as he had said he would as soon as the trouble with the redskins was over. The man was a Tory and a renegade, and a spy of Brown's, and as such there was only one punishment to be meted out to him. He was left in the cellar, securely bound, with no possibility of escaping, and then Dick turned his attention to the Indians. The latter were making a great deal of noise, but were not coming inside the danger line, knowing full well what they might expect if they did.

At last they retired, and it was quite evident to Dick that they were waiting for the return of Duggins with the Georgia Rangers. Hank Walldron sent the women and children to bed, and the men took a rest, Dick telling them that he would call them if they were needed. Some of the Liberty Boys remained on watch, while the rest went inside and occupied themselves in various ways. They cleaned and loaded their muskets and pistols the first thing, had something to eat, took short naps, or sat around quietly waiting to be called upon by Dick.

Although the people at the blockhouse were quiet, they were on the lookout, not knowing when the redskins might steal up and try to take them at a disadvantage. There was no demonstration from the Indians for some time, however.

"They'll have a long time to wait for Zeke Duggins," said Bob. "I am afraid they will lose their patience."

"If they should make another attack on the blockhouse and be repulsed, there will be little

chance of our seeing them in the morning," replied Dick. "Despite their vaunted tenacity of purpose, they are easily discouraged."

It was three or four hours after the departure of Duggins from the camp when Dick, on the watch at the stockade, noticed something going on among the Indians.

"Tell the boys to get ready, Ben," he said to Ben Spurlock, who was standing near.

Ben went off at once to deliver Dick's message, without stopping to ask any questions or make remarks. In a short time the boys were all ready to come out at a word. Dick kept an eye on the Indians and ordered the fires replenished, so that they would be able to see the foe if they advanced. Then Ben, Sam and the two Harrys volunteered to go out and rekindle the fires outside the stockade, so as to have all the more light.

"Very good," said Dick. "But be careful."

The boys dashed out upon their horses, carrying a fresh lot of brush with them, and presently a bright flame arose, and the astonished redskins saw the boys standing by the newly kindled fire. They came dashing toward them, uttering fierce yells and expecting to capture them. Then the boys sprang into their saddles and rode at a breakneck pace toward the stockade.

Of a sudden there was a cracking and banging of pistols and muskets, and the redskins discovered that they had gone too close and that several dead Indians were the result. They quickly retreated, but before long came rushing up again in great numbers, expecting to force the gates in a sudden dash. Muskets rattled and banged, and then as the Indians were nearly at the gates, they swung open, and out charged the one hundred Liberty Boys on horseback, riding down upon them like the wind.

They were seized with a panic in an instant, and scattered in many directions. The boys emptied their pistols into the crowd of rushing redskins, and then, seeing them in full flight, rode back to the blockhouse. The Indians waited for some little while, and then, everything being dark and still around the stockade and blockhouse, came on cautiously and with no noise nor hub bub. Although there was darkness and silence about the blockhouse, the settlers were not asleep nor off their guard.

Both the settlers and the Liberty Boys were on the watch and waiting for just such a move. The redskins passed the dead fires on the plain in safety, and got within a short distance of the gates. Then an owl hooted. This was a signal, and at once muskets and rifles blazed and pistols cracked spitefully. The redskins had allowed themselves to be lured into danger, and now the daring boys sallied out again and charged them impetuously.

Once more they fled, and the boys rode back to the blockhouse. After that there were no further attempts to carry the stockade. All was dark and still for hours, and then the first gray streaks of the dawn began to show, and little by little the sky grew lighter, and at last the golden rays of the sun were seen, and at length the sun itself appeared. All this time nothing was seen or heard of the redskins and their white allies.

"They have gone," said Dick. "I was satisfied that they would not come again after that last repulse."

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A score or more of the Liberty Boys rode as far as the woods where the Indians had been the night before, but nothing was seen of them. While the boys were away, Hank Waldron and a number of the settlers took Zeke Duggins out behind the stockade and hung him. The man begged for his life, and promised to give the names of all the other Tories, and to deliver them to the settlers, but Hank and the rest were not to be moved, and the man met his just fate. When Dick returned he knew by the serious faces of Hank and some of the others that something had happened, but he asked no questions and said nothing.

There were no signs of Indians, and the Tories would not probably come back, since Zeke Duggins had not returned. The boys had their breakfasts at the blockhouse, and then Dick and a few of the Liberty Boys set out on foot to see if there were any of the enemy in the neighborhood. They had gone some little distance when Dick heard the sound of voices ahead of him, and said:

"Wait a moment, boys. If you hear me signal, hide."

Going on, Dick presently came to a little glade in the wood where four or five men were sitting around talking earnestly.

"It's queer that Zeke should go off like that an' never come back," said one.

"I found his pony in the woods this morning," said another. "Something happened to Zeke."

"And he never went near Augusta," said a third, "for I met a party from there this morning, and he said Zeke didn't go near the fort nor anywhere else."

"Where do you suspect he is?" asked the others.

"I think I can tell you," said Dick, stepping out.

### CHAPTER IV.—Bad News for Hank.

As Dick Slater stepped forward, the men all sprang to their feet and snatched for their rifles, but suddenly paused as they saw two big pistols pointing at them, each man thinking that he was the particular one aimed at.

"Sit down!" said Dick, in a quiet, determined tone. "So you would like to know what has become of Zeke Duggins, would you?"

The man sat down, staring at Dick.

"To the best of my knowledge and belief," Dick continued, "Zeke was taken out and hanged this morning. I did not see it, but I am convinced that such is the case."

The men continued to stare at Dick, but none of them said a word or made a motion.

"My advice to you is," Dick continued, "that if you value your worthless lives, you will leave here at once and never come back."

The men said nothing, but Dick suddenly sounded a shrill whistle. The men started and looked around, and in a few moments four or five sturdy-looking boys in Continental uniform came hurrying into the little glade.

"Take away the rifles and pistols of these fellows, boys," Dick said quietly.

In a trice the men were disarmed, not one of them daring to make the slightest resistance.

"I am not certain that you men were concerned

in the attack on the blockhouse last night," Dick went on. "Certainly you took no active part in it," dryly.

Ben, Sam and the others grinned at this, for the Tories had taken especial pains to keep out of the way during the fight.

"I know that you are Tories, however," the young captain went on, "and associates of Zeke Duggins, and therefore not desirable residents. It will not be wise for you to remain in the neighborhood, and I will tell you this, that if you are found within ten miles of here by noon, you will be hanged."

There were black looks among the men, but none of them could do anything, and black looks did Dick no harm.

"Go!" he said. "And go quickly, for if I see you here after I have counted ten, I will order the boys to fire."

As Dick began to count, the men sprang to their feet and ran down the road as tight as they could go.

"Well, I declare!" laughed Jack Warren. "I don't believe I could catch them with Dolly at the rate they are going now!"

"It certainly looks as if they meant to make the best of their time," roared Harry Judson.

"There isn't one of them in sight," said Paul Benson.

"And I don't believe you will find one of them within twenty miles, in two hours, to say nothing about noon," laughed Ben Spurlock.

"It was better to give them a warning and give them a chance to get away," said Dick. "Zeke Duggins was the leader, and they know that he is hanged, and that will have an abiding effect upon them. We will not be troubled with them, and if there are any more of the same sort around, I think they will speedily learn why these fellows left so suddenly, and will follow their example."

"Well," said Ben, "it certainly saved us a disagreeable job, and if we can get rid of them as easily as that, it was worth trying."

The boys went on, finding the region deserted, not a man being seen. After a time they turned and went back to the blockhouse. Dick saw the Indian fighter and told him what had been done.

"Well, you saved yourselves the trouble o' hangin' 'em," said Hank, "and, anyhow, Zeke was the wust and the ringleader, and if they know what become o' him they'll be mighty keerful how they go on around here after this. Fact is, I don't reckon we'll see any of 'em again."

"That is what I think."

"They was a bad lot, but they wasn't the king pins, and so mebby they didn't deserve just what he got, so if they don't come around here any more, we'll be putty well satisfied."

"It is my belief that you will not be troubled by any visit from the Georgia Rangers," said Dick. "The settlement is too far from Augusta for them to care to venture out. The Cherokees will not want to attack you again in a hurry after what has happened, and I think, therefore, that it will be safe enough for us to return to our camp."

"I reckon it will, Captain," replied the Indian fighter, "and we are obligeed to you for savin' the settlement, which you did fur a fac', even if

the most o' the cabins is burned down. You saved the settlers, anyhow."

"We are very glad that we were able to do so, Hank."

"So are we. You are around here for some purpose, I take it?"

"Yes. The patriots of the region do not approve of Colonel Brown's methods, and I may tell you that an attempt is going to be made to capture Augusta and drive out Brown and his Tory and Indian allies. We are now waiting for the troops to arrive, when we will take part in the attack."

"I want to know! Well, if you want the folks o' the settlement to help you, just let me know, and we'll turn out to a man."

"I believe you would," heartily, "and I will let you know if you are needed."

The boys left soon after this for their camp, the settlers cheering them heartily as they rode away. The camp was found just as they had left it, for no one suspected where it was, and no one had found it.

"It would be a hard matter to find the camp, even if one knew that it was somewhere in the region," said Bob, "and no one did."

"I think that Zeke Duggins did when he met me," said Jack, "but he was busy with the redskins at the time, and there was no chance to look for it."

"And there are none of these Tories about now," added Mark, "so we have really no one to fear."

"Except straggling bands of Indians," added Dick. "They are likely to remember us, and may want revenge."

"Oh, we are always on the lookout," said Bob. "If we had not been, those redskins on the river would have gotten the best of us, the time we met Hank Waldron, the Indian fighter."

"It is the only safe way," said Dick, "and I know that it is not necessary to tell you to be vigilant, for you are always."

Dick did not know just when the troops were coming, but it would not be long, and in the meantime the boys were to wait and be on their guard against prowling enemies. They remained quietly in their camp the rest of the day after their return, but on the next morning Dick and Bob, dressed as young backwoodsmen, set out up the river to see if there were any signs of the enemy. Something beyond where they had met Hank two days before, they came upon the Indian fighter in a dugout, paddling downstream.

"How are things at the settlement, Hank?" asked Dick.

"Putty good, Captain," replied the Indian fighter, "but I didn't feel very easy."

"What is the matter, Hank?"

"Well, I seem to think somethin's goin' to happen. I donno whether it's on account o' Injuns, or renegades, but I don't feel easy, and it's worrin' of me."

"What do you fear, Hank?"

"Well, there's my darter Sally, the gal what you saved from the Injuns. It wasn't them as wanted her so much as one of them pesky Tories. He's a young feller, only a bit older than youuns, and quite likely-lookin', but he's rotten to the core, besides bein' a Tory."

"Was he among those whom we drove away?"

"No, and he wasn't around at the time o' the siege o' the blockhouse, neither, as fur as I can make out, but I'm afraid on him, and I think he'll run away with the gal fust chance he gets."

"But you don't know that he is about?"

"No, but he's likely to be, and that's what worries me. The gal'd never listen to him, and that makes him all the wilder to get hold on her, and I opine that he got the Injuns to tote her off, and then he'd claim her afterward, only you put a spoke in the Injun's wheel, and the game didn't work."

"What is his name, Hank?"

"Dan'l Magoon. He's a likely-lookin' critter, with light curly hair, dark eyes, and a smile that'd charm a bird off'n a tree, but when he gets to smilin' most you want to look out for him most, 'cause that's the time he's plannin' the most m'schief."

"Does he live around here?"

"Sometimes and sometimes he's to Augusta, and he has been as fur's Savannah. Oh, he's traveled, he has! That don't make him any better, though, for if anything, he's wuss. I couldn't tell just where he lives, 'cause he comes and goes, but I think he's around now or I wouldn't feel like I do. I'm always uneasy just afore I see him again."

"Then we must keep a watch on him if he comes around."

"Fact is, Sally likes to go about alone in all sorts o' places, on the river, in the everglades, through the woods—everywhere, and what I am afeard on is that he'll come across her in some o' them places and run off with her before she or any on us knows anything about it."

"Then we will have to warn her against it," said Dick.

"So I have, but she says she can take care of herself, and there you are. She's a smart gal, and she can do a lot, but the Injuns got her, and so might this fellow, and that's what I'm afraid on."

"Well, if anything happens, let us know, Hank."

"I sure will, Captain."

Just then another dugout appeared, coming down the river around a point. There was a single occupant in it, a man of about thirty.

"Hello!" he shouted, as he came on.

"Hello yerself, Dave!" answered the Indian fighter. "What's up? You 'pear to be frustrated about something."

"So I be. Your gal Sally has been carried away, Hank, and I come to tell you."

"Do you know who done it; did you see 'em?" excitedly.

"Injuns. There was two or three on 'em, and they hurried toward the everglades. I sent a shot arter 'em, and took off one's topknot, and then I come arter you as quick as I could come."

"Why didn't you go arter 'em, Dave?" excitedly.

"I couldn't. I was alone, and they was three or four o' them, and they cut into the woods tight as they could go. It was roundabout to foller 'em with the dugout, and they got out o' sight putty quick, an' I had a load o' truck in the dugout which made it heavier yet."

"How long ago was it, Dave?"

"About half an hour. I reckon—I got rid o' my load, and come arter you quick as I could."

"What direction was it?"

"Over yonder," pointing to the west, "cluss to the wildest part."

"Mile or more off, was it?"

"Yuss, I reckon it was."

"We will go with you, Hank," said Dick. "I think it is as you say, and that the Indians are only working for some one else. Probably this young man you spoke of."

"All right, Captain, we'll go right away. We don't need the dugout."

"No; we can go quicker across country without it. The redskins had no boat."

The two boys and the Indian fighter left the dugouts and set off at a swinging gait through the woods, their rifles slung over their shoulders, and making good time.

"Dave Ramsay is a clever feller, but he ought to've come sooner," said Hank. "He might 've known I'd been worryin'. Well, I can't blame him, I suppose. He come as soon as he could, accordin' to his notions."

"We may not have lost much time, after all, Hank," said Dick, "and the man had his business to attend to. We have taken up a colder trail than this and have followed it."

"Yes, and then I have a putty good suspicion as to who's got her, though I donnō exactly where she is. We'll have to hunt, I reckon."

"Do you know any of the haunts of this fellow Magoon, Hank?"

"Not rightly, though I do know that he goes about the woods a good bit, and there's old cabins and huts where the hunters hang out, and perhaps he has one of them."

"Well, we know the general direction, and with your knowledge of the country, we may be able to hit upon the trail sooner than we think."

Dick and Bob were as swift of foot as the Indian fighter himself, which greatly excited his admiration. Through the woods, now springing lightly over little brooks, now deftly crossing bits of swamp ground, and then skirting impenetrable thickets, the Indian fighter and his boy allies hurried on. At length they came to a creek, and here Hank discovered some footprints.

"Them's the gal's!" he said. "We've struck the trail!"

#### CHAPTER VI.—Following the Trail.

Dick saw the footprints very plainly and, a little farther on, others, and the evidences of a struggle. There were footprints made by feet in moccasins, leading into the woods, the girl's tracks disappearing.

"They've picked her up and run away with her," said Bob, looking at the tracks. "There were three or four of them, as the settler said."

"That's so, sir," said Hank. "They was big Injuns, too. Them fellers wears moccasins plenty big for 'em, and these was extra. Notice how they toe in? You can allus tell the difference 'twixen a white man and a Injun wearin' moccasins."

"Yes, I knew that they were Indians," Bob replied.

"They were going at a good rate, too," said Dick. "Ah! Here is a bunch of feathers, the very ones that Dave said he shot off the redskin's head."

"That's right, and here's a bit o' the gal's frock. Her mother wove that herself."

"And here is some of her hair, caught on a bush," added Dick.

"That's right, Captain. Pears to me you're as good at seeing things as I be."

"We have had experience in following trails, Hank, and we let nothing escape us. That is the only way, for sometimes the trail is very faint, and if you did not notice these little things you would miss it altogether."

"Right you are, Captain, and that's the only way to follow a trail—see everything."

"Dick does," laughed Bob, "but I am not so sharp-eyed as he is."

"The lieutenant is excellent at following a trail, for all that," Dick said, turning to Hank, "but he is modest and does not blow his own trumpet very loud."

"Well, it's better to let other fellers do that," laughed Hank, "and yet a fellow ought to have a proper 'preciation o' what he kin do."

"To be sure," agreed Dick.

The trail was quite plain for some time, and then it became difficult to find and carry.

"There are only two of the Indians here," said Dick. "The others have gone away and left two to carry the girl. Ah! here they have set her down for a few moments."

"And they're taking pains to hide the trail," said Hank. "Them other two fellers have gone into the brook, and now these two are gittin' mighty sly and are takin' all the pains they kin to hide their tracks, but they can't fool me!"

They knew the general direction now, and went on rapidly, not always looking for the trail, but picking it up from time to time. They saved many precious minutes in this way, and showed more knowledge than the Indians, who would have followed every ~~step~~. In this manner they made good progress, but at last Hank said:

"Seems to me they're gittin' carefuller nor ever. Here's the trail, but it's faint."

"So it is," Dick agreed, "and yet we can follow it."

"Yes; but I reckon we better be a mite kee fuller ourselves."

"Yes, perhaps it will be as well."

In a few minutes the trail turned sharply off to one side, and if the boys had been going on as they had been, only looking at it now and then, they might have gone astray.

"Have you any idea where the trail leads to now, Hank?" asked Dick.

"Toward the everglades. If the skunk has a boat, we'll have to go round, but if he hasn't, we're all right."

They went on for a little while, and then the Indian fighter suddenly dropped to the ground. Dick did the same and at the same moment, but Bob was a little later and did so from force of example.

"Hear anything, Captain?" asked Hank, in a low tone.

"Yes; there are Indians coming."

"I smell the varmints myself. Better not make any noise."

The Indian fighter and the two boys crouched behind the bushes on the edge of the path, and in a short time Dick saw the plumed topknots of two redskins. He had heard the men coming

long before that, his sense of hearing being very keen. He now made a signal which Bob knew and would act upon. On came the two Indians at an easy lope, their toes turned in and their shoulders hunched, giving them the appearance of having very short necks, as their heads leaned forward. All of a sudden the two boys leaped forward and fairly threw themselves upon one of the redskins. Hank Waldron leaped upon the other and bore him to the ground in a moment.

Neither of the reds had a chance to cry out or give the alarm. Dick had his hand on the throat of one and a pistol to his head in a second. The Indian fighter clutched the other, with a keen knife blade at his throat.

"Where have you taken the paleface girl?" asked Dick.

"Tell me mighty quick where you took the gal or I'll cut your wizzen!" growled Hank.

"House in wood, over there," grunted Dick's man, turning his head.

"Who's got her?" asked Hank.

"Paleface."

"That slim-built, curly-headed smiler?"

"Ugh! All time got smile on face, all time laugh. Dark eye, light hair. Running Brook, we call him."

"That's Dan'l Magoon."

"Huh!"

"He paid you to take the gal to his hut?"

"H'm, Long Leg speak true."

"Where are the other two Injuns?"

"Go 'way, fool paleface, make big trail, fool um. Paleface got eye like eagle, see trail."

"Why, you blame skunk, ye can't fool me a minute," sputtered Hank. "I knowed the very time you divided. Has that white-livered racoons got anybody with him?"

"No, all 'lone in cabin. Make paleface gal him squaw."

"Not if I know it, he won't!" with a growl. "What we goin' to do with these two varmints, Captain?"

"Give them a chance for their lives, but if they come back, shoot them both," said Dick.

"That's all right, 'cause they're not wuth killin'. Let's take 'em a little ways to show the road."

The two Indians were allowed to get up, but were deprived of their tomahawks and knives. Dick and Bob each held one by his belt, and Hank said:

"Now go on, you blame varmints, and show us the way, but if you go to run you'll be dropped quicker'n scat. You understand?"

"Ugh!" grunted both redskins.

Then they went ahead at a good pace, Dick knowing that they were not misleading them from seeing the trail now and then. Hank was on the lookout also, and it would have been a difficult matter to have fooled them all. At last the reds paused on the edge of a creek, and one of them said, pointing to a thick growth of trees a little ahead of them:

"Cabin in dere."

"All right. Let 'em go, Captain. Turn 'em around."

The redskins were turned about and freed. They darted away in an instant, but, as quick as they were, they did not escape a solid kick apiece which the Indian fighter gave them.

"There!" he said. "Take that and get out, and if I ever see you about here agin, you'll catch it wuss!"

The two Indians ran as if pursued by hungry wolves, and in a short time they were out of sight.

"I reckon they'll remember them kicks I give 'em," laughed Hank. "I don't give no delicate kicks when I give any, I tell you. There ain't no rheumatics about me!"

"I don't believe there is," chuckled Bob. "You fairly lifted one of those fellows off his feet."

"I'd've lifted both on 'em if I'd took 'em separate," said Hank, "but I had to do things kind o' sudden."

The three went on rapidly now, but at length the Indian fighter paused abruptly, and said in a low tone:

"Go kind o' slow, Captain. That fellow is peart and he may be on the watch. 'Sides, he's a putty good shot with a gun, and he might get a bead onto us afore we knowed it."

"I don't think so," said Dick, "but it is just as well to be careful," and he unslung his rifle and held it ready to be thrown to position at a moment's warning.

Bob did the same, and the three went on cautiously, with every sense on the alert. The path led under overhanging branches hung with long festoons of gray moss, past bits of swampy ground, and at length to a little island where they saw a cabin among the trees.

"Do you suppose that is the place?" asked Dick.

"I shouldn't wonder, but how did the skunk get over?"

"Go along the stream, Bob," said Dick, "and see if there is a bridge of any sort. Signal me if there is."

Bob went to the right, and Dick to the left, the Indian fighter remaining in front and keeping an eye on the cabin, taking care, however, not to let himself be seen. Bob had gone about a hundred yards when he saw the piers of a little bridge, but no means of crossing. Then he looked again and saw that the bridge was hauled up on the other side of the creek.

"That is a clever arrangement," said Bob. "There is some way of lowering the bridge from this side, but what is it?"

The Indian fighter, watching the house, presently saw a young girl come out and look around.

"Hello, Sally!" he called, coming out. "Are you all alone?"

The girl started, and then came forward as far as she could.

"Be careful, Sally!" called Hank. "There's quicksands there. Where is the curly-headed skunk that lives in the cabin?"

"Gone away and hauled up the bridge. Can't you get over?"

"I donno. Where is the bridge?"

"Along the way. He told me he would be back with the parson."

Dick, hearing Hank talking to some one, started back, and Bob signalled at the same moment.

"Hello, Captain, here she is!" shouted the Indian fighter.

Dick hurried along and saw the girl on the bank.

## THE LIBERTY BOYS AND THE INDIAN FIGHTER

"Be careful!" he called. "There are quicksands there."

Then Bob came up and said:

"There is a drawbridge. It is up at present. There must be some way of raising and lowering it from this side. Is the fellow on the island now?"

"No, he is not."

"Did you see him lower the bridge, Sally?" asked the Indian fighter of the girl.

"No, and it was down when I was brought here. He told me not to stir out of the cabin till he returned."

"Let's have a look at the bridge," said Hank.

They all went to the little piers, and Dick looked around carefully up and down and on all sides.

"I can see the bridge, he said, "and I know there is some way of raising and lowering it from this side as well as from the island, but I can't see where it is."

"There are quicksands here?" Bob asked.

"Yes, and dangerous ones. They are all along here. Do you see any ropes overhead, Bob?"

"No; but there is so much hanging moss that you can't see much else."

"It must be in the moss itself, and perhaps it has some clinging to it to hide it."

"That is an idea. Let me see if I can find it."

Bob walked back in a straight line from the piers, looking up into the trees.

"It may be fastened to a tree trunk, and so look like a festoon of moss itself," he said. "Perhaps it is in the tree and not down at the ground."

He walked on slowly, still looking up, and at last stopped short. Then he signalled to Dick.

## CHAPTER VI.—The Attack on the Camp.

Bob had found the rope which lowered the bridge. From the top of the tree against which the bridge rested on the other side it swung across to a tree some distance from the bank on Bob's side, festooned with gray moss and looking like a vine. The branches of the trees on either side of the creek made a nearly complete arch, and this was why they had not at first seen the rope. Dick's idea that it was among the branches and covered with moss had set Bob to thinking. When he saw the rope, he found that it was fastened to the tree some ten feet above the ground. Dick came up and Bob, pointing to the deftly concealed rope, said:

"There it is, Dick. That is a very clever idea of his, but he must know that he is not working against ordinary boys, but against boys that are probably as smart as he is."

"Get up there and lower it, Bob," said Dick.

Bob easily climbed the tree and loosened the end of the rope, holding on to it and letting it go gradually.

"There she comes!" they heard the Indian fighter shout.

The bridge, which was constructed of light branches fastened together with creepers, descended and rested upon the piers. Then Sally ran across and was caught in the arms of her father.

"He's a clever fellow, I'll allow," he said, "but he's got just as clever fellows to deal with, and he'll find it out afore he knows it."

"Haul it up again, Bob," said Dick.

"The fellow has got blocks rigged up somewhere," said Bob. "It goes up as easy as the sail on a boat."

Having hoisted the bridge in its former place, Bob came down. Then Hank came hurrying along with Sally by his side. They all hurried away, Dick and Bob holding their rifles in readiness to fire at a moment's notice. They both felt that they were not yet out of danger, and were ready for any emergency. Suddenly Dick uttered a peculiar sound and dodged behind a tree. Bob did the same, and the Indian fighter quickly followed the boys' example. Dick had heard some one coming through the woods, and was instantly on his guard. There was more than one person coming, he speedily realized, and he might have to fight.

In a short time he caught sight of a young man who answered to the description Hank had given of young Magoon, and then of two men coming on behind him. He signalled this fact to Bob, who said in a whisper to Hank:

"The fellow is coming with two others."

"All right; I'll fix the critter!" snarled Hank.

Then he stepped out, raised his rifle to his shoulder, and said:

"Dan'l Magoon, I'm going to shoot you as sure as I'm standing here!"

The men with Magoon suddenly turned and ran as fast as they could, taking good care to put a number of trees between themselves and the backwoodsman. The young man sprang behind a tree as Hank fired. Crack! The bullet struck the tree a moment after the young man had gotten behind it. Then he suddenly threw up his rifle to fire at Hank, when Dick fired a shot that clipped a curl on top of his head.

"Put that up, Magoon!" he said sharply.

Then the evil fellow suddenly realized that he had more than Hank Waldron to deal with. In a moment Bob fired a shot which cut off another curl, and made the young man feel decidedly shaky. Dick gave Bob a signal, and then both boys began to pepper the tree with pistol bullets. Magoon could not stand this, and turned and fled faster than his allies had done.

"You won't get the girl!" he cried, as he dodged behind another tree and ran on.

"Don't you be too sure, Dan'l!" roared Hank. "Come back and see!"

The young man fled in great haste, however, taking very good care to keep trees between him and the young sharpshooters. They did not fire any more shots, however, having frightened the fellow off, which was all they wanted. Then they reloaded their pistols and rifles, a duty that they never neglected, and went on with Hank and his daughter.

"That makes twice you have rescued me, Captain," the girl said to Dick. "I am very grateful."

"Well, I reckon now you'll be more careful about going around, all alone by yourself, won't you, Sally?" muttered Hank. "You thought you could take care o' yourself, but you can't."

"And then boys always like to take care of

the girls, and not have them do it themselves," laughed Bob.

"That's just what I'm telling of her all the time," added Hank. "I tell her she'll be a reg'lar old maid if she goes on that a-way."

"Oh, it will be a long time before that could happen," said Bob gallantly.

Sally blushed and said:

"Well, I don't reckon I'll be a spinster, but I would if it was a choice between that and wed-ding with Daniel Magoon."

"Wull, I don't reckon I'd blame ye then," laugh-ed Hank, "but fortunately there's plenty o' good young fellows that's willin' to have ye, Sally, and that I'm willin' for you to set up with."

Hurrying on, they at length reached the place where they had left the dugouts, and here the boys and the Indian fighter separated. Dick and Bob returned to the camp, where they were well received by all the boys, who seemed to know that something had happened, and wanted to know what it was. Nothing had been seen of the troops, and the boys had had no alarm from either Tories or Indians.

"It can't be long now before we hear from the troops who are preparing to attack 'Augusta,'" said Dick, "and we shall probably have something to do in a short time."

"No one can say that we have been idle for the past few days," said Mark dryly.

The boys were all interested in the adventures of Dick and Bob, and glad that Sally had es-capeed from the evil-minded Magoon.

"He will try to get refenge on us and Hank Waldron," said Bob, "and we shall have to be on the watch. He doubtless knows the ever-glades very well, and if he were to get a lot of Georgia Rangers or Cherokees to come out here, we would have some lively times."

"Very true, Bob," agreed Dick, "but he has not found our camp yet, and it is hardly likely, with the lookout we keep upon it, that he will."

"No, and if he did, we could go somewhere else before he brought the enemy up, and then he would have to hunt again."

"Yes, so we could," with a smile, "but they have not discovered us yet, Bob."

At night the pickets were set as usual, for the boys were always vigilant, and kept a sharp watch for enemies. It was growing late, the sounds heard in the woods were now still, and the moon and stars shone brightly, the fires burning low, and not being needed even for comfort, as the night was warm. Ben Spurlock and Sam Sanderson were on guard on the main at the edge of the camp, having their beats near to each other, and were approaching when they heard a suspicious sound.

There was a boat coming along the little creek which opened into the bayou where the little islands were scattered about. Ben imitated the sound of a night bird, and stepped into the shadow of a palmetto tree. Then Sam repeated the sound and listened attentively.

"I think it ought to be somewhere about here," they heard the voice of a young man say pres-ently.

Then the boys peered out and saw a boat come out into the bright moonlight. There were two persons in it, one a young man in buckskin, and the other a man in a half military uniform.

"You didn't see them, did you, Dan?" the lat-ter asked.

"No; but they've got a camp somewhere in the everglades. They came out to attack the In-juns. Zeke Duggins never came back, and he never got to Augusta. The young rebels hung him."

"How many are there of them?"

"A hundred."

"What are they doing here?"

"I don't know; hiding, I suppose."

"They can't stay here. We've got to find them and drive them out. I'll bring a company of Georgia Rangers here and scatter them like sheep."

Then an owl hooted, and a boat glided noise-lessly along in the shadow of the overhanging branches. There were five or six boys in Continental uniform in it, and they were going to try to capture the two men in the other boat. They would have shot out from under the trees in a moment, but all of a sudden young Magoon caught sight of them and said:

"Quick! there are some of the young rebels now!"

A single ray of light had fallen upon the boat, but it was enough. In an instant the boat back-ed rapidly away, and then Magoon turned it and shot down the creek into the shadows. They could hear the steady dip of oars, but did not try to pursue the other boat, not wishing to show them-selves as long as they had not captured the two spies at first. At last they could hear the sound of oars no longer, and they went to the little island where Dick, Bob and Mark had their tents.

"They did not discover us," said Dick, "but this fellow Magoon is spying upon us and may bring the Rangers yet."

"It is a pity we did not catch them!" declared Bob.

"Yes; but there is little use crying over spilled milk, and all the fellow saw was one boat, and he cannot be sure that he hit upon our camp or not."

"To be sure; but I would havé liked to catch the rascal. Such fellows are dangerous."

"Well, we will keep a lookout for them, and if they do come we can give them all the attention they want, I fancy," smiling.

The boys kept a sharp lookout during the rest of the night, but nothing occurred to alarm them. In the early morning, soon after sunrise, how-ever, one of the boys on the border of the camp saw a number of boats coming along the creek. They were filled with men in half military dress, and had muskets. At the same moment another of the boys discovered a number of men coming through the woods. The alarm was quickly spread by means of signals, and in a short time the plucky boys were rallying in boats and along shore, to meet the enemy and give them battle.

There were no Cherokees or Creeks that the pickets could see, and the invaders were probably all Georgia Rangers. Some of the boys came on in boats led by Mark, while a party on horseback, with Dick at their head, came along the shore. Then another detachment on foot, with Bob in the lead, appeared at another point among the trees, and in a short time the fight began.

Mark's boys attacked the Rangers in boats, while Dick and his horsemen assailed the men

along the creek, Bob using his boys as sharpshooters, and picking off the enemy from behind trees and bushes. Bob's boys were here, there and everywhere, and it was a difficult matter to tell where they would be next, he moved them so rapidly from place to place. This gave the appearance of a much greater force than there actually was, and the Rangers were greatly puzzled. They had expected to rout the boys in a short time, but instead of that, the plucky young patriots attacked them vigorously, and it soon began to look as if they and not the Rangers would be victorious.

Mark's boys attacked the men in the boats, and soon forced them to fall back, when they were suddenly fired upon by Bob's detachment among the trees, and made to retreat still faster. Then the men on shore were suddenly swept down upon by Dick's cavalry, fired upon by the boat party, and then, as they fell back, assailed by Bob and his deadshots. The boys seemed to appear at the most unexpected places, and the Rangers scarcely knew which way to turn. Muskets rang out along shore, from the creek and among the trees, and the invaders who had come out so expectantly soon found that it was a harder matter than they supposed to drive out the young rebels. On the contrary, in fact, they shortly found that they were being driven out themselves, and in a little while they were in full retreat.

#### CHAPTER VII.—A Change of Quarters.

The Georgia Rangers had been told that there were only one hundred of the Liberty Boys. With a force of something more than that, they had thought they could rout the "pesky young rebels," as they called them slightlying, with the greatest ease. Now it seemed to them as if there must be at least two hundred of the boys, if not more, and they found that instead of driving them out, they were being driven out themselves.

This was what shortly happened, in fact, for a sudden panic seized upon the different parties simultaneously, and in a moment all were flying toward Augusta in the greatest haste. The gallant boys did not pursue them to any distance, but went back into the everglades, and in another hour had changed their camp.

Dick was on the lookout for word from the expected troops, and early in the afternoon, one of the boys out scouting met a messenger coming to the camp with news from the commander. Colonel Elijah Clarke had joined Lieutenant-Colonel McCall at Soap Creek, forty miles northwest of Augusta, and they were now coming on with more than four hundred men to attack the town.

The boys made ready to join the troops as soon as they came on, and in another hour they were on the march. There was a strong trading post, a mile and a half west of the town called the White House, and one division, under Major Samuel Taylor, hurried to get possession of this, while Clark and McCall went on toward Forts Grierson and Cornwallis. The Liberty Boys were with this division, and went on rapidly, nearing the outposts without being detected. Taylor came upon a party of Indians and at once engaged them, driving them toward the White House.

They were joined by Captain Johnson and a company of King's Rangers, and all took shelter in the White House, where Taylor assailed them. Brown and Grierson, not knowing of the approach of Clark and McCall, hurried to the aid of Johnson and the Indians with a large force, leaving only a small party in the forest.

Clark, seeing this, sent the Liberty Boys ahead at a gallop, while he followed less rapidly. On dashed the Liberty Boys, led by Dick, determined to rout the redcoats and Rangers. All of a sudden the men at Fort Cornwallis found a determined body of young patriots at their very doors.

"Forward!" cried Dick. "Charge and capture the fort, boys!"

There were cannon in the fort, and the enemy quickly tried to get them into position and storm the brave boys.

"Charge!" cried Dick, and the gallant boys dashed right up to the fort, dismounted and attacked it.

In a short time they had forced an entrance and swarmed in, taking the garrison prisoners. McCall and Clark carried the other fort, and now Brown found himself shut out from Augusta, and in danger of being attacked at the White house, which, fortunately for him, was a very strong post. Clark now went to the aid of Taylor, taking Dick Slater and the Liberty Boys with him. Brown shut himself up in the White House, and the patriots were unable to dislodge him. Dick posted the boys as advantageously as possible, and a steady fire was kept upon the post till dark, but without much effect.

"This place is really stronger than either Fort Cornwallis or Fort Grierson," said Dick to Bob.

"It is a pity we did not attack it first, then, before Brown got to it, but, of course, that could not be helped."

"No, and we have the other forts, and Brown cannot get to the town. If we had more men we might get in now, but, as it is, I think it will take a long siege to get them out."

"Well, we have nothing else to do, Dick," with a laugh.

"Very true, and if Brown does not get help we may drive him out yet."

With the coming of night, the attack ceased, the patriots withdrawing, the Liberty Boys making a camp at some little distance from the fort. During the night Brown cast up breastworks around the house, and made loopholes in the building itself for musketry, thus greatly strengthening his position. During the night Dick approached the most post cautiously, taking some of the boys with him, and saw the enemy at work, but could do nothing to prevent them.

"They were bound to do it," he said to Bob, "and we could not help it, but they can't get out even if we can't get in, and in the morning we will have another try at them."

In the morning Clark brought out two field pieces from Fort Grierson to storm the White House. Dick Slater was a practical gunner, and asked leave to use one of the guns. Clark gave a ready consent, and Dick called together his gun squad and got ready. There were certain of the boys who always helped Dick at work of this sort, being well used to it.

The gun was soon ready, but in the meantime

the other exploded, killing the officer in charge. Clark was unwilling that Dick should take any risk, but the gun was fired before he could order it not to be. It was the only shot sent at the White House, however, the colonel being unwilling that the boys should run any risk, and the piece was withdrawn.

"I am sorry," said Dick to Bob, "for we might have done some execution with it, but, of course, if those are the orders, we shall have to obey them."

"Then we'll have to pepper them with our muskets," said Bob, "and do all we can to keep them in."

Shortly after this Hank Waldron came up with Drowne, Driggs and a considerable number of men from the settlement up the river.

"We heard the firing, Captain," said the Indian fighter to Dick, "and we thought we might take a hand in the fighting. We've had some experience, you know."

"We would be very glad to have you, Hank," said Dick. "You men are good fighters, and that is what we want. Pepper away at the fellows in there, and the more you hit, the better."

Hank and his band of sharpshooters took their places and did effective work. Whenever they saw any one at a loop hole they fired, and it was not long before the redcoats and Rangers became more cautious. Many of the Liberty Boys were sharpshooters, and they kept up a steady fire upon the enemy's works whenever they saw an opportunity, and with as good effect as Hank and his men.

The enemy grew very careful how they exposed themselves, and the deadshots made them careful of how they came near the loopholes also. These had been located by the sharp-sighted young patriots, and bullet after bullet was sent through one and another of them, and with such good effect in most cases that after a time the enemy kept away from them altogether and sent their fire, when they did so, from less exposed places. The patriots could not get in, but neither could the Rangers and redcoats get out, and the chances seemed to be that there would be a long siege of it. Very little could be done to hurt the post, and at length Clark sent for Dick and said:

"They will want water in the post, Captain. Go down to the river and cut off the supply."

"Very good, Colonel," Dick answered, and then, taking the gallant boys, Dick set out for the river.

They found some Indians here, and at once a fight ensued. Red Cedar, Tall Pine, and other redskins, whom Dick recognized, were there, and these knew at once what the daring lads could do, and were not overanxious to engage them. The boys rushed fiercely at the reds, and in a short time sent them running. Then Dick posted Hank and his men there, and there was no way for the garrison to get a supply of water.

"They may try to attack this point again," Dick observed, "and we must keep a watch upon it."

Not much was done during the day, and at night Dick posted his boys near the river so as to be on the watch for any one crossing to reinforce Brown. It was dark and still, the sky being overcast, and all the noises of the night

were stilled, when Dick, going the rounds, heard a suspicious sound. Some one was crossing the river.

"It can be no one but a party of Indians," said Dick. "Brown would not have had time to send to Cruger at Ninety-six yet."

Fort Ninety-six was in Carolina, and was then held by the British, Colonel Cruger and his New York Volunteers being in command. Word quickly went around, and the boys prepared to meet the Cherokees, as Dick believed the newcomers to be. The sound of paddles could be plainly heard, and Dick easily located the point where the Indians would land. From time to time guttural sounds were heard on the river, and Dick stationed his plucky boys where they would meet the redskins when they attempted to come ashore.

Not a sound could be heard from the shore, and the Cherokees came on entirely unsuspecting that the boys were waiting for them. At last they began to land. Then fires suddenly blazed up along the river bank. Crack-crack-crack-crack! Muskets and pistols began to rattle and crack, and now the settlers joined Dick and rushed fiercely upon the Indians. The firing grew hotter at once, and the redskins were pursued to the very edge of the water. Some were thrown in, the canoes being slashed from end to end with sharp knives and sunk. The redskins speedily discovered that they had come on a futile errand and escaped as best they might, a number being killed by the angry settlers. These had no mercy whatever on the Indians, and cut or shot them down without hesitation.

The garrison was afraid to venture out to the relief of the Indians, and the latter were very roughly handled, finally escaping with the loss of several of their number.

"I don't reckon them varmints will want to come again in a hurry," declared Hank Waldron. "We give 'em a smart handlin', and we didn't use no gloves, nuther."

"Sarves 'em right, Hank," replied Peter Drowne. "They wasn't any too mild in dealin' with we-uns at the blockhouse, an' I reckon if we'd wiped 'em all out, it wouldn't 've been any more'n they ought to got."

"I reckon it wouldn't, Peleg."

The Indians did not return, and the rest of the night passed without alarm. The next day Clark ordered Brown to surrender. This the Tory commander refused to do, having already sent a messenger to Cruger, asking for help. Dick suspected that this had been done, and said to the boys:

"Brown has sent for help, you may be sure, and if a large force comes, we shall have to leave, for we could not hold the forts against any number, having Brown and his force to deal with also."

"Yes; for many of Clark's men have deserted, taking plunder from the forts with them," declared Bob. "It is a pity that men engaged in such a noble cause as ours should so far forget themselves."

"So it is, Bob. Still the cause is none the less noble because such men engage in it for their own gain, and we are bound to win in spite of them."

That night Dick and some of the boys were out scouting, when the boy captain heard a sus-

picious sound. He stopped and listened attentively for a time, and then said:

"There is a large body of men coming. They are reinforcements for Brown, beyond a doubt."

"Then that means that we will have to change our quarters again," declared Ben Spurlock.

"It undoubtedly does," said Dick.

### CHAPTER VIII.—Dick In Danger.

Dick waited till he was sure that the enemy was coming, and then fell back, crossed the river, and reported to Clark what he suspected. The number of patriots had been greatly reduced by death and by desertions, and the leaders knew that if any considerable force approached they would not be able to continue the siege. In the early morning the reinforcements appeared on the other side of the river, and the siege was raised, Clark, McCall and others falling back toward the mountains. The Liberty Boys went up the river and struck for their latest camp, which the Rangers had not discovered.

Brown showed his cruelty upon the arrival of reinforcements, by hanging Captain Ashe, whom he had captured, and turning over the rest of his prisoners to the Indians to be tortured.

"The wretch will meet his just deserts some day," sputtered Bob, on hearing of this.

He was partly correct, for later Brown had to fly from place to place, and at times was in great danger of being captured. The Liberty Boys went to their camp and felt safe, as no one knew of it, and it was not easy of approach. At the settlement things were going on well, the settlers rebuilding their cabins and having no fear from an attack by the Indians. The latter had been too roughly handled to make a second attack, and Brown did not care to go so far for so little, so that the settlers were safe from him.

The Liberty Boys would remain in the neighborhood for a time, and would then probably go farther north, Dick awaiting orders from the commander. Meanwhile they would keep a lookout for enemies of all sorts, even if their camp did seem unapproachable. Neither Dick Slater nor any of the Liberty Boys made too sure of anything, being always cautious, and therefore the boys were always on the watch, instead of taking things for granted.

They had been a day in the new camp when Dick, dressed in backwoods fashion, went out to reconnoiter, not knowing if there might be foes abroad. He took a dugout and went on the river, making his way toward the settlement, where he meant to see how they were getting on, and then go down the river cautiously. He was paddling along not far from the bank at an easy pace, looking out for enemies of any sort, and listening attentively, when he heard some one approaching. The trees hid whoever it was, but in a few moments he saw a boy hurrying along through the weeds.

"Hello! where are you going?" the boy asked, catching sight of Dick.

"Up the river," Dick answered. "What is your haste?"

"There's Injuns about, and I thought I'd go and tell the settlers."

"Many of them?" Dick asked, keeping his eyes on the woods.

"Yes, a right smart lot of 'em, and they're heading for the settlement. You better hurry if you're going that a-way."

"Why didn't you go that way yourself, instead of coming this way?"

"I saw you on the river, and I come to tell you about it."

"You did not see me at first, and you came out of your way to reach the river, when you might have gone on and saved all that."

Dick was paddling on slowly all this time, watching the boy and the woods, for he did not like the boy's looks, and suspected him.

"Oh, yes, I did; I seen you a long way off," the boy said, "and then the Injuns are upstream, and I'd've run right ag'in 'em if I'd went on. That's what I come to tell you about."

Dick saw no signs of Indians and heard nothing, but he suspected they were somewhere about, and that the boy was a decoy. He paddled out from the bank a bit, and then went on at a faster rate, still watching and listening.

"You better look out if you go that a-way," the boy said. "There's Injuns up there, and they're going to the settlement."

"That is why I am going that way," said Dick. "I want to warn the settlers," and he pulled farther out and went faster.

His change of course sent him farther from a wooded point where he was approaching, and where he thought Indians might be concealed. He shot farther out still, and went faster, and all of a sudden, as he was abreast of the point, he heard the whiz of arrows. He lowered his head in a moment, and three or four arrows passed over him and fell into the water. In an instant he fired a pistol shot in the direction the arrows had come and paddled on more rapidly.

There was a yell and a half-naked Indian fell into the water. Dick turned his head to see if the redskin came up or swam under water. He suspected that the man was not injured as much as he made out, but meant to swim to the dugout and upset it. The appearance of the water showed him that the Indian was coming toward him, although he could not see the fellow as yet, the stream being muddy. He shot off at a right angle, therefore, and watched the water, knowing that the redskin would soon have to come up. This was what did happen, the man being greatly astonished at seeing the dugout in quite another place from what he had expected.

Dick fired a shot at him as his shiny poll appeared above the water, inflicting a painful but not dangerous scalp wound. The fellow howled and sank like a stone. Dick saw him swimming rapidly toward shore in a few moments, however, and knew that he would not be troubled by him again. He did not see the boy, but he did see three or four other redskins, who now sprang into the water and began swimming toward him.

It was not an easy matter to upset a dugout, but they might get him out of it, and this he must prevent. Ordinarily the sort of craft he was in was very clumsy and hard to manage, but Dick Slater was an adept at anything. Under his hand the thing became almost as manageable as a well-trained horse, and was quite as light as a canoe in the hands of most persons. The heavy

craft suddenly swung around, and the bow struck one of the swimming Indians on the head quite unexpectedly, causing him to utter a grunt of astonishment and go down.

Then Dick sent it whirling with a stroke or two of his paddle, and bore down upon another of the redskins. The wily rascal sank in order to avoid Dick, but the latter suddenly sent the dugout fairly flying. It struck the Indian between the shoulder blades and sent him down like a stone. Then Dick whipped out two pistols and wounded two more of the reds, which caused the others to grow more cautious. Then with a deep sweep of the paddle, which took the rising redskin in the head, he altered his course again and went on up the river. The Indians went back to the bank, while others sent a shower of arrows after Dick, which, however, did him no harm.

"I doubt if they ever saw a clumsy dugout handled in quite so lively a fashion," he laughed.

The redskins did not follow him, and he stopped deliberately and reloaded his pistols in sight of them, then sending the dugout ahead and around a bend in the stream.

"I don't know how many of the Indians there are," he said to himself, "but there may be enough to make trouble for any of the boys going singly through the woods, and I must warn them as soon as I get back."

Keeping on, he neared the settlement, and determined to get at the lower end of it, where Hank Waldron had had his cabin, and visit the Indian fighter first. Hank would be rebuilding his cabin, he knew, and he would be certain to find the man there. He ran in to shore somewhat below the cabin site, and was just about to land when three or four Indians sprang out upon him without the least warning and seized him. He had neither seen nor heard the first sign of their presence, and was taken completely by surprise, something which very seldom happened to him. He did manage to fire a single shot, which gave one of the reds a nasty scalp wound, but that was all.

"If Hank is anywhere near, that shot will alarm him," he thought.

The Indians quickly hurried him away without stopping to sink the dugout or even to send it out into the stream. They went hurrying downstream, but at length stopped at a little opening in the woods, tied him to a tree, and began to deliberate as to what should be done with him. Then two or three more reds came up, and Dick recognized one of them as having been with the party he had met farther down the river. This man grunted at seeing Dick, and said something to the others.

"He is telling these fellows of the encounter we had," thought Dick. "He will want revenge."

The Indians spoke in monosyllables, now and then looking at Dick, and the young patriot knew that they were talking about him, although he did not understand what they were saying. Then the newcomer came up to him and said with a grunt:

"Paleface gotter die!"

"I suppose I have, some time," answered Dick. "I do not expect to live forever."

"White boy chief die now, heap soon!" grunted the other.

"Will Tall Pine do it?" asked Dick, fixing a sudden piercing look upon the Indian.

The man shrank before that fierce gaze and slunk away. Then there was considerable talk among the redskins, but in short sentences, and with averted looks, as if they were afraid to gaze upon the daring young patriot. Dick was tightly bound, and quickly realized that he could not release his bonds, the Indians having used deer thongs, which were tough and hard to stretch. In fact, Dick found that they cut into his wrists the more he tried to loosen them, and he soon gave up the attempt.

"Hank may have heard the shot I fired," he said to himself, "and in that case he would come to see what it meant."

The Indians held a lengthy pow-wow, and at last some of them got up and began to pile up dry wood against a tree near at hand, while others set to sharpening their knives and tomahawks, as if they expected soon to use them.

"If the Liberty Boys knew of my danger they would soon be here," the young captain thought, "but they do not, and I am not sure that Hank Waldron knows of it."

The redskins said no more to Dick, but went on with their preparations for putting him to death. Dick listened attentively, and at length was sure that he heard a stealthy footstep in the woods behind him. He was unable to turn his head, and so he listened with greater attention, feeling sure that some friend was near. In a moment he was certain that he heard a footstep, and then two of the Indians came toward him, one saying:

"Paleface going to die now, heap soon, only take a long time, Injun go slow, make heap more fun for um!"

At that moment Dick felt the thongs about his wrists give way, and the blood rushed into them and set them to tingling. His hands were free, but he kept them behind him as before. Suddenly he felt the handle of a knife touch his right hand, and he closed his fingers upon it.

"Injun going to make paleface jump!" laughed the redskin, as he poised his tomahawk close to Dick's head.

Then Dick suddenly shot out his left hand and seized the weapon. Leaping forward, he brandished it before the redskin and caused him to fall back with a cry of alarm. Dick struck down the other Indian, and then turned and sprang behind the tree to which he had been bound.

"Quick!" he heard a voice say. "I am alone."

The voice was not that of Hank Waldron, as he had expected, but of Sally. Then he hurled the tomahawk at the Indians as they were coming on, striking the foremost one. The man fell in his tracks, and half a dozen of his fellows tumbled over him in their haste. This made great confusion and caused delay, and Dick took advantage of it. He ran on, hurrying Sally before him, and making his way toward the river.

"Quick!" he said. "We must get the best of them. Have you a pistol or a rifle?"

"I have a pistol," the girl said.

"Very good, but hurry."

Dick presently reached a tree where there was

a broken limb at the height of his head on the farther side. He quickly took off his hunting shirt and hung it on the limb, hastening after Sally.

"Give me your pistol," he said.

The girl gave him the weapon, and he fired a quick shot at the oncoming Indians.

#### CHAPTERIX.—Off for the Mountains.

Crack! The shot rang out sharply, and one of the Indians fell. Dick hurried on, but got a thicket between him and the reds, and for some minutes they were unable to see him. They saw the sleeve of the hunting shirt, and thought that Dick was behind the tree. Then they got behind other trees and opened fire upon him, not daring to come out for fear of being hit. They put two or three shots through the sleeve of the hunting shirt, and at length brought it down.

Then they saw how they had been deceived, and were very angry. Meanwhile, Dick and Sally were hurrying on, not knowing when the Indians might come up. All at once there was a wild yell, and they knew that the redskins had discovered the cheat practised upon them, and were coming on in haste. Then Hank Waldron suddenly appeared, put a big pistol in Dick's hand, and said:

"Use that, Captain. I reckon you know how. Run, Sally, fast as you know how, and fetch up some of the settlers."

Sally ran on, and Dick and the Indian fighter opened fire upon the redskins as they came on yelling and firing their rifles. Two of them fell, and the others promptly sought places of shelter. This gave Dick and Hank a chance to fall back, and at the same time to reload their weapons. Hank had his rifle, which he had not yet fired, and now, as the redskins came on, seeing that the whites had fled, he used it to good advantage, bringing down one of the enemy.

The redskins paused, finding it dangerous to advance, but Dick fired again before they could all reach the trees and brought down another. The Cherokees became more weary now, for they knew that they had foes to deal with who were quite their equal in craftiness. Dick and Hank fell back, but kept trees between themselves and the Indians, the latter not missing them at first. Then, when they saw that the whites had left, they hurried on, but were not cautious and lost another of their number. Then there was a shout, and a number of the settlers came hurrying to the scene and opened fire upon the Indians. The latter, seeing that they were outnumbered, and were getting too near to the settlement, fled in haste, and soon not one of them was to be seen.

"I saw your dugout and suspected that everything was not right," said Hank, "and went arter you. I never suspicioned that I would see my darter Sally, though."

"I thought it was you when I heard her in the woods," said Dick, "and was greatly surprised."

"The captain had done so much for me," said the girl, "that I considered it was time for me to do something for him."

"That was right enough, darter," said Hank,

"but how did ye happen to be out there all alone by yourself in the woods when I told ye—"

"We haven't seen an Indian for days, and how was I going to know that they were around?" Sally returned.

"No, I reckon you didn't, so I won't say nothing."

"I can excuse you myself, this time," laughed Dick, "seeing that your being around saved my life undoubtedly."

"If them varmints don't keep away, they'll lose some o' theirs," muttered Hank. "A body don't know when he's safe, and they are gotter quit that sort o' business or they'll find themselves dyin' out faster'n usual."

"As long as Brown encourages them, they will always be troublesome," declared Dick. "There are probably a number of them now close to Augusta, and others not far off, waiting for orders from Brown."

"I reckon you're right, Captain, but I can tell 'em this here, that if they get too near — and go to cutting up any capers with us, they'll find their tribe gittin' smaller and smaller every day."

"The more you oppose them, the less they will trouble you, Hank," said Dick. "They lose heart very soon, and a few such lessons as we have given them to-day will teach them to keep away."

"I reckon it will, Captain," said the Indian fighter, "and we're willin' to learn to keep away in that fashion every time they come around—the varmints!"

"More so than they are, I fancy!" tersely.

Dick went to the settlement, saw that affairs were progressing well there, and then took his leave, going back in the dugout. One of the settlers gave him a shirt, and Hank supplied him with two pistols, and plenty of ammunition, as he did not know but that he would need it on the way back. He did not need it for himself, and he saw no Indians until near the point where he went in toward the camp. He heard firing and, hurrying on, saw Mark and half a dozen of the Liberty Boys engaged with a party of redskins. He fired a shot and gave a shout as he ran forward. The Indians, seeing him, thought that he had brought the settlers with him, and quickly retreated.

"We met a treacherous white boy," said Mark, "who told us that you were in danger, and we were hurrying on to your relief when the Indians appeared."

"I met the same boy," replied Dick, "but suspected him. If you see him again, give him a good thrashing."

"I'll tan his hide well for him, you may be sure," said the impetuous young second lieutenant, and the other boys laughed.

"That is what he needs," declared Dick. "If he were older, we would hang him, but that is too good for him."

"And a waste of good rope," declared Ben Spurlock dryly.

They all went to the camp, and during the forenoon received a message from Pickens bidding them come on in a short time.

"We will go to-morrow," said Dick. "That will be time enough, for it will be better to start in the early morning so as to get a good headway before noon."

In the afternoon Dick and Mark, with a dozen

of the boys, went out on a scouting trip, looking for signs of the enemy, when one of the boys suddenly said:

"There is that little sneak who misled us this morning. I'll bet he is up to some mischief!"

The boys saw the young patriots and turned to run. They were on their horses, however, and Ben and Sam and the two Harrys gave chase in an instant. The boy tried to get away by diving into the woods, but Harry Thurber was too quick for him. The Liberty Boy leaped from his horse, plunged into the woods, caught the young spy by the collar and pulled him off his feet in a moment. Harry fairly dragged the coat and shirt off the spy's back in getting him into the road, and here the other Harry and Ben seized him.

"What you going to do to me, you rebels?" asked the boy.

"You ought to be hanged," said Dick.

The boy broke into a howl and begged for his life.

"But that is too good for you," added Dick.

"Lemme go and I won't bother you rebels no more," the boy said.

"No, that is true enough, you won't," said Mark, "but you are going to catch it for calling us rebels."

"He's just in good shape for it," laughed Harry. "We won't have to take off his shirt."

"No, we will not. Get some switches, boys."

Dick left the affair to Mark, knowing that it would be well attended to by the dashing young second lieutenant. The little spy's wrists were fastened together and tied to the limb of a tree about a foot over his head.

"Now, then, tan the young rascal's hide for him!" said Mark.

Then the boys began to lay on the switches with no gentle hand. The decoy yelled and howled and begged to be let go, but the boys gave him something to remember them by, and to teach him that it was dangerous to try to get them in trouble. At last they released him and threw his clothes at him, but, without stopping to pick them up, the treacherous little scoundrel ran as if for his life, and they saw him no more.

"That is the last we will see of him about here, even if we stay a year!" laughed Mark.

"His skin ought to make good leather after this," chuckled Ben, "for it got an excellent tanning."

"That's the way to treat fellows like that," laughed Harry Judson. "And it's the only thing they really appreciate."

"Older fellows than he have been benefited by that sort of cure," observed Sam.

"We won't see him again," said Dick, and they did not.

There were no Indians seen around the camp that night, and the Tories kept away, probably thinking that the boys had departed. There was no alarm that night, therefore, and in the morning the boys broke camp and set out upon the march at a leisurely gait. They left Augusta well behind them, and set out for the mountains. They passed the settlement on their way, and took leave of the Indian fighter and the settlers whom they had saved from the redskins. The settlers wished them all sorts of good fortune, and supplied them with many things that would come in convenient, greatly to Patsy's delight.

Then they went on and were well on their way by afternoon, when they made a halt. Patsy and his assistants set to work getting dinner, others drew water and hauled wood, and the camp was a very lively place just then. The boys had been on the march since morning, and were glad of a rest, although a call to arms would have found them ready to fight without the least complaint.

However, no such thing happened, and the boys ate their dinner in comfort, and then occupied themselves in various ways. They were going on again before long, when a man of the neighborhood came riding up and said:

"I reckon you-uns had better get on right quick. There's a lot o' them pesky Georgy Rangers and redcoats coming on a-kitin', and I shouldn't wonder if they'd like to catch you-uns. I've been keepin' ahead on 'em, seein' which way they're goin', and I reckon they'll come this here way for sure. They don't like us fellers overmuch, and call us rebels and such, but if rebels ain't better'n Tories, what go agin' their own country, where they was born and bred, I want to know it."

The man looked honest, Dick being a good judge of character, and he now asked:

"Do you think they are following us, my friend?"

"I reckon somebody has told the skunks about you-uns, for I heard 'em talkin' about young rebels, and I knowed when I see you that you-uns must be the rebels they meant. They kin call us rebels all they like, but I'd a heap sight wear a blue uniform 'n a red, any time."

"How far behind are they, do you think?" asked Dick.

"Quite some, 'cause I've been comin' on putty lively, and they was talkin' of stoppin' to take a rest. I hain't heard nothin' on 'em fur quite some time now."

"Is there a large force of them?"

"I reckon they is. Furder on they's a pass and a right smart hill and a bit o' mountains, an' I reckon if you get there ahead of 'em you-uns kin hold yer own."

"I think I know the place," said Dick, "and it will be as well to go on even if they don't come right along."

"I reckon it would. I kin go back, and if I see 'em comin' on right fast, I can make my own nag go, an' come an' tell you-uns."

"Very good," said Dick, who saw no reason to doubt the countryman.

The man then rode away, and the boys went on without delay. In an hour they reached the place he had mentioned and found that it was a natural fortress, easily defended, and large enough to accommodate all the boys. Here they rested and set a guard at the mouth of the pass to keep a lookout upon the enemy.

#### CHAPTER X.—Holding the Pass.

Well up on the slope the pass was not more than wide enough for two horsemen to ride abreast, while a little beyond it widened, and here the boys rested. On each side the rocks towered far above their heads in perpendicular

masses, up which not even a goat could have climbed. There was no getting behind the boys, therefore, without making a detour of miles, and in front a dozen boys could hold back a hundred. When the boys and their horses were made comfortable, Dick set some of the former to work piling up rocks across the pass, so as to strengthen it. The stones were piled a little more than breast high, thus forming an extra defense behind which they could fire upon the enemy.

"We are greatly indebted to you for telling us of the enemy's approach," said Dick to the guide, "for they might have gotten too near us for comfort before we knew it."

"Well, I heard what you-uns did for the settlement back there," the man replied, "and I allowed it wasn't no more'n proper to help you-uns when I could, and so, knowing that you had gone ahead, and seein' the redcoats a-comin' on, I just reckoned that I'd better tell you-uns what you might expect."

"Somebody might go back and tell the redcoats and Rangers what they may expect if they persist in coming on," laughed Bob.

"I reckon they'll get all they deserve," said the guide. "Fellers what'll turn prisoners over to Injuns to kill and scalp and torture, don't deserve much consideration, to my way o' thinkin', not by a jugful."

"Did Brown do that?" asked Mark.

"Yuss, he did, and he hung a captain on the stairs o' the White House where everybody could see him, and him a prisoner what ought to been treated right."

"These ruffians do not deserve the name of soldiers, nor to be treated as soldiers!" sputtered Bob. "We ought to hang the lot of them, for they are nothing but outlaws, thieves and murderers."

"We must defend ourselves, of course, Bob," said Dick, "but we cannot lower ourselves to their level by adopting their methods."

"I suppose not, but at any rate we won't fire over their heads when they come on."

It was getting on toward evening when Dick heard the sound of the tramp of many feet and the clatter of hoofs in the pass below. At length they saw the glitter of scarlet uniforms, and the glint of arms below them, and the enemy halted. There were Rangers with the redcoats and also a number of Indians.

"Surrender, you thundering young rebels!" cried a man on a white horse and wearing a half-military dress, riding forward and shouting in a loud, commanding tone.

"We shall do nothing of the sort," said Dick, appearing above the rock breastworks, "and let me tell you that if you are not gone in ten seconds, you will be fired upon. That white horse of yours makes an excellent target."

At once the rocks began to bristle with muskets, and the Ranger retreated in hot haste.

"That's the way to talk to fellows like that!" sputtered Bob, as Dick got down. "This fellow comes laying down the law to us and we give him his own coin with interest."

"Yes, and he took it," laughed Mark.

It was coming on to dusk in the pass, and the boys noticed a number of Indians sneaking up, with the evident hope of stealing a march upon

the boys and getting over the breastworks. Dick saw the redskins, and said to the boys:

"Pick off those Indians. We must show these fellows that we are on the watch."

Crack-crack-crack! At once the shots began to ring out, and the rocks fairly blazed. A number of the redskins were stretched lifeless in the pass, and at once the others turned and fled in terror, fear giving wings to their feet.

"Surrender, you rebels, or you will be cut to pieces!" cried one of the British officers, riding forward.

"Come up and cut!" cried Dick tersely.

The officer rashly obeyed the summons, dashing up with forty men at his back. Then the muskets and pistols began to rattle and snap, and the boasting officer was the first to fall. Then a lot of the Rangers came rushing up, thinking they could force the pass.

"Don't waste any powder and ball on them," said Dick. "Stones are good enough."

Then the boys laughed and began to collect all the stones, little and big, within reach. With these they sent in a volley upon the Rangers, redcoats and Indians, and there was a tremendous clatter as the stones rattled against the rocks and on the path. This sort of fusillade was as effective as a musket volley would have been, and the enemy quickly retreated. Bruised and banged about, covered with dust, and greatly chagrined at being made the targets of stones rather than of bullets, the redcoats retired, greatly insulted, the Rangers falling back at the first volley. The boys laughed heartily at the discomfiture of the enemy, and Bob said with a roar:

"Ammunition is cheap, boys. Suppose we give them some more."

Then a number of stones, as big as two or even three boys could lift, were sent rolling down the pass. They fairly thundered as they went rolling and bounding down the steep incline, and the enemy speedily got out of the way and retreated to the level where they could spread out and avoid the dangerous missiles.

"That was pretty good!" laughed Bob. "We won't need to give them another such bombardment in a hurry, but I think it may be just as well to lay in a supply of the same sort of ammunition in case we want to use it in a hurry."

The boys collected a lot of small boulders and put them where they could be used at short notice, meantime keeping a watch on the enemy below, so as not to be taken by surprise. As it grew dark, pine torches were obtained and lighted, being stuck at intervals along the top of the breastworks. These torches lighted the pass, but did not reveal the boys to the enemy, as the former were higher than the latter.

"That will keep them from coming on in a hurry," declared Bob. "They won't want to run the risk of being fired upon, and they daren't come on singly as the Indians did."

"And they are not trying it again," chuckled Mark.

The enemy did not make another attempt to force the pass, and at last Dick said to Bob:

"Take a number of the boys and go on quietly. I will send more from time to time."

"You think that the enemy are trying to get behind us, Dick?" asked the young lieutenant.

"Yes; I noticed some of the Indians talking with some of the officers, and some of them have withdrawn."

"The redskins doubtless know the way around."

"Exactly, and will lead a party of the enemy so that they can come up behind us."

A considerable number of the boys were withdrawn without making any noise, and later others were sent after them, under the guidance of the man who had warned Dick of the approach of the enemy.

"There is a way around," the settler said, "but it's a right smart piece, and would take all of an hour, and maybe more."

"So I supposed," Dick returned, "and I think we will reach the place first. I shall send all the boys on in time."

The man went away with the second party, and later Dick sent still more, keeping watch upon the pass at the same time. At length the enemy tried to storm it again, and Dick knew that this was done to call off attention from the rear so that the parties sent out could come up without being observed. Dick and his boys received the enemy valiantly, however, and soon forced them to retire. Then more torches were stuck in the crevices of the rocks and several round sticks were thrust through apertures in such a manner as to give them the appearance of musket barrels.

Then a number of cocked hats were placed here and there, just on a level with the top of the breastworks, to give the idea that there were Liberty Boys on guard at those points. The torches and the sight of the muskets and the cocked hats made the enemy wary, and it was not likely that they would fathom the deceit practised upon them for some time.

Dick took it for granted that they would not, at any rate, and now went off with the last of the Liberty Boys, leaving the breastworks unprotected except by the dummies. No sound was heard from the end of the pass for some time, and then they began to hear the sound of rapid firing, increasing every instant. Then they heard a considerable volley, and a loud rumble followed by a tremendous shout.

"They have forced the breastworks and have discovered the cheat," said Dick, "but they will be cautious about coming on."

The boys shortly came upon Mark and his party at a point where the other path came in, and pushed on, joining Bob later. The enemy had not yet arrived, and the boys went on rapidly, the settler telling them of another mountain retreat where they could hold the enemy in check even better than at the first. They hurried on, guided by the moon and stars, and at length came to a natural fortress in the hills, even stronger than the other had been.

Here they halted and strengthened the approach to the mountain citadel, a task which was quickly done. The greater part of the Liberty Boys then composed themselves to rest, as Dick thought they needed it, the others acting as guards. It was the darkest, stillest hour of the night, when Dick, going the round, as he always did, heard a suspicious sound below. The fires had died down so that they gave out only a glimmer of light, all was still, and the camp was ap-

parently fast asleep. Listening attentively, Dick heard stealthy footsteps approaching, and at once knew that Indians were coming on, hoping to surprise the sleeping camp. Stealing noiselessly to the nearest fire, he took a brand and went with it to the little breastwork they had put up.

Here he waved it about his head till it burst into a bright flame, and then hurled it down the path toward the prowling Indians. It fell upon the back of a nearly naked savage, and in a moment there was a frantic howl, and then a number of redskins went scampering away. The firebrand lay in the path and gave considerable light, the redskins retreating well beyond its influence. As the light of the torch died down, there was a sudden rush, and a number of Indians came swarming up, thinking to surprise the boys and carry the breastworks. Dick had not been idle, however.

Awaking a score of the boys with little noise, he had them ready to meet the redskins. At once the muskets began to rattle, and the astonished Indians discovered that it was easier to catch a weasel asleep than to surprise the wide-awake Liberty Boys. A number of the Rangers hurried to the relief of the redskins, but there were more boys on hand now, and the Tories got a warm reception, which caused them to fall back in great haste. By this time all the Liberty Boys were awake and ready to meet the enemy.

## CHAPTER XI.—Routing the Rangers.

The Rangers and redcoats did not seem desirous of attacking the boys in the dark, and they accordingly fell back to wait for daylight. Then Dick took a number of boys with torches to reconnoiter. He wanted to be sure that there were no places where the enemy might steal up behind them and surprise them. The guide said that there were none, but Dick wanted to assure himself that such was the case. Farther back there was a little stream that ran off to one side and tumbled into a ravine. There was no getting up the sides of the ravine, but Dick looked at the stream and said to Bob:

"I think we can make the stream help us, Bob, and drive out the redcoats most effectually."

"Make the stream help us, Dick?" repeated Bob.

"Yes, I think it can be done. Harry, go back and get a number of picks and shovels."

"All right, Captain," said Harry Thurber ran off to obey Dick's orders with alacrity.

"The stream may be diverted, Bob," said Dick. "By digging a channel here and damming it below, the water will go into the new channel along here."

Harry presently came back with more boys and a number of picks and shovels, and Dick set them to work. Beginning at a point a few feet from the bank of the stream, they started to dig, carrying their ditch along one side toward the breastworks they had built. Then another gang was sent to strengthen the latter at one point, and to build a wing to it. When the sun began to rise the ditch had been carried quite to the wing, and Dick's intentions were plainly seen. When

the water was let into the new channel it would flow as far as the breastwork, where it would be held back by the breastwork and its wing.

The moment it reached the top of the barrier, or if the latter were broken, it would go rushing down into the pass below as it had done into the ravine. The redcoats, hearing the sound of picks and shovels, supposed that the boys were strengthening the barrier, but had no fear of not being able to carry it. At length, when the sun was well up, and they had had their breakfasts, they began to advance.

"Surrender, you miserable little rebels!" shouted the leader. "If we have to come up there and haul you out of your holes, we will hang the lot of you."

"I would advise you to go away," said Dick.

"Ha-ha! that is very good! And, pray what will happen if we do not take your precious advice?" with a sneer.

"You will be swept off your feet."

There was a peal of loud laughter at this, the redcoats thinking that the "saucy young rebels" were jesting. Then Dick sent a number of the boys back to cut the barrier between the old and new channels. The dam they had made had begun to bank the waters considerably, and now some of them built this stronger while others cut the bank. In a short time the water was running into the new channel, and had left the other nearly dry. Then, raising the dam, the boys soon had the channel entirely dry, while the new one began to fill up rapidly.

The enemy were coming up the pass, determined to drive out the daring boys. The boys at one side of the wing of the breastworks fired a volley, and then Dick got all his boys with picks to work at the barrier. Dick threw all his workers at one point, and told them to cut away the dam as rapidly as possible. The others fired upon the enemy at the same time to take off their attention from the workers on the dam as well as to protect them. Dick was watching this work and knew just when to warn the boys to leave.

"Get away, boys!" he suddenly shouted. "It will help itself now."

The boys sprang aside and ran back. Then all of a sudden there was a crashing sound, and water shot up into the air, while earth, stones, sand and logs began to go rolling down the pass. Then the water flew up again, and in another moment there was a louder roar than before, and all at once the dam burst, and a flood went rushing down the path. All at once the redcoats and Rangers found themselves carried away or tossed aside by the rushing waters, and knew that Dick Slater had spoken the truth.

Tossed hither and thither, the redcoats lost heart, and those who had escaped dared not stay for fear some other disaster might overtake them. The force of the flood soon expended itself, but none of the enemy either cared or dared try the ascent of the pass, and the boys were left unmolested. The stream went rushing down toward the lower levels, making new ways for itself, and at length reaching the ravine from which it had been turned aside. The redcoats had been thoroughly routed, and the stream had helped the gallant boys to do this, just as Dick had said it could be made to do, and now the boys

were the victors. The pass had been torn away in places by the rush of waters, but the boys were not going back, and this did not affect them.

The enemy had had a lesson which they would not soon forget, and the bruised, wet, bedraggled and thoroughly disgusted redcoats that were rescued from the floor or cast aside by it, had no further desire to attack Dick Slater and his plucky Liberty Boys. They shortly disappeared, and then Dick got his boys together and set out upon their journey. The enemy did not pursue them farther, and they eventually reached the patriot camp in safety. Here they soon found plenty to do, for they were not long idle at any time.

Later when they returned to Georgia and wrested Savannah from the grasp of the British, some of them saw Sally Waldron, and renewed their acquaintance with the girl. Magoon had disappeared, as had all the men who had been once associated with Zeke Duggins. The Cherokees had ceased to disturb the settlers, the Tories had mostly gone away or would after the redcoats were driven out, and republican power was once more on the ascent in Georgia.

The boys shortly left Georgia, but some of them returned to it after the war was over, some because they had their homes there, and some to take away wives, and Sally Waldron was one of the Georgia girls who went away. And neither Sally nor her father ever had any cause to complain of the choice she had made.

Next week's issue will contain "THE LIBERTY BOYS' RUNNING FIGHT; or, AFTER THE REDCOAT RANGERS."

#### FED HUGE ARMIES, YET DIED PENNILESS.

While thousands of people made fortunes out of the war, it is a melancholy reflection, says the News of the World, that Gen. Sir John Cowans, the greatest Quartermaster General the world has known, who, during the war fed millions of men on a front extending from Flanders to Mesopotamia, died insolvent.

His widow is utterly unprovided for.

The case of Sir John Cowans illustrates one of the tragic ironies of state service. He controlled stores worth hundreds of millions. He organized victory in that he kept the British army and those of our smaller allies clothed and fed as armies had never been clothed and fed before.

He possessed one of the greatest organizing brains of the country, yet his personal fortune of \$40,000, which in his will he left to his wife, is entirely swallowed up by his debts, and he died worth less than a small tradesman in an obscure back street.

An effort is being made to secure a grant for Lady Cowans in order that she may spend the later years of life free from financial cares and worries.

## CURRENT NEWS

## GIRL SLEEPS IN GUN.

Louise O'Brien, 14, missing from her home at Port Townsend, Wash., all night, was found at daybreak asleep inside the muzzle of a 14-inch gun of the shore batteries at Fort Worden. Other guns at the fort had been fired just before the girl was discovered.

According to military authorities she had gone for a horseback ride the previous afternoon.

Far from home, while she was dismounted, the horse ran away, and she, losing her way and weary of wandering in the darkness, took refuge in the long black object that suddenly loomed in her path.

## HIS BIG MEAL FREE.

James Foley, twenty-seven, transient, entered a restaurant at No. 781 Sixth Avenue, New York, the other night, and this is what he ate:

A large, juicy steak.  
A portion of potatoes.  
A glass of near beer.  
A cup of coffee.

The check was \$1.80.

Then Foley admitted to Edward Gotz, manager, he "did not have a nickel."

At the West 47th Street Police Station later Foley said:

"I had not had anything to eat since the day before yesterday—and that a 5-cent meal in the Bowery. I had been out of work two months. When I passed the restaurant and saw people eating inside, I could not resist the temptation to go in and order a big meal myself."

"Lieutenant, I withdraw my charges," said Gotz. "I shall pay for that meal out of my own pocket."

A patrolman said he would help Foley find a job.

"Then I'll pay back that \$1.80," said Foley.

## RODENTS GET A \$30,000 HOME.

The superrat, like the superman, is not, as Nietzsche would have it, of the warrior type, but is a gentleman or gentlewoman, an aristocrat at heart, although democratic in his ways. He is gentle and sociable, a good fellow, as it were, healthy and active and has an aesthetic side, being fond of good music.

These are some of the conclusions drawn from years of experiments with the ordinary rodent by Dr. Milton H. Greenman, director of the Wistar Institute, Philadelphia.

To make observations on a more extensive scale and under more favorable conditions than heretofore, particularly in food research, the institute is building a \$30,000 homes for rats. This building, now in course of construction, will be a one-story wing to the present building and will be provided with every kind of convenience conducive to rat comfort and well being. The results, it is believed, will be of far-reaching benefit to mankind.

Besides an office and laboratory there will be a well equipped gymnasium for the rats. Lad-

ders for climbing, modified trapeze, running space, treadmill cages and gnawing apparatus will be provided to give the eugenically raised rodents the proper exercise.

## ALLIGATORS IN LAKE FRIGHTEN BATHERS.

This is a story in which the remedy proved almost worse than the disease. But at last F. M. Cowell, manager of the Hotel Longue Vue, in Broadway, between Yonkers and Hastings, has solved his problem by simply fencing it off.

There is a lake which the diners may overlook while eating at the hotel. The body of shimmery silver under moonlight is 200 by 50 feet. This little lake has been the source of attraction to moonlight devotees for some time, but the other day objections began to pour in on Mr. Cowell. Bathers were roiling the water, and how can muddy water be romantic?

Mr. Cowell solved the bathing end of his problem by bringing two large alligators from Florida. The bathers abandoned the lake waters to the exclusive use of the alligators. But the massive creatures from Florida were not content and soon new complaints rolled in. This time they were to the effect that the alligators were roaming the Yonkers golf links. How can a person putt calmly with alligators as an audience and swallowing stray balls on occasion?

Unable to keep the alligators confined, Mr. Cowell has decided to keep them at all costs. A fence is now being built around the lake to keep out the bathers and keep in the alligators.

## BERMUDA BARS LIQUOR SHIPMENTS TO THE UNITED STATES.

The Colonial Parliament has passed a special law to prevent liquor smuggling from Bermuda to the United States. Any one putting intoxicants aboard a vessel bound to American ports incurs a fine of \$100, and the penalty for a second offence is \$200. Local dealers who are found to be in connivance with the lawbreakers are penalized and may be deprived of their licenses.

This law, which is now in effect, was brought about through the reckless manner of carrying on illicit operations during the last year. Not only were hiding places for "booze" in all parts of the ships utilized, but the smugglers went so far as to open up barrels of potatoes in the hold and insert whisky bottles.

Discovery of this practice led to an outcry from local produce shippers, who foresaw interference with their deliveries entailing delay and money losses. The Bermudians were concerned over the possibility of having the liners held up at New York by Federal agents to the peril of legitimate trade and the interruption of tourist traffic, on which local prosperity so largely depends.

The recent capture off the Carolina coast of a schooner with forty-five barrels of whisky loaded here at St. George also had its effect in hastening legislation.

# Bellville Academy Boys

—OR—

## VICTORIES OF TRACK AND FIELD

By RALPH MORTON

(A Serial Story)

### CHAPTER I.

#### The Great School Fracas.

"Rush them, fellows! Eat 'em alive—down with the Seniors!" yelled a clear voice, which was drowned by a chorus of howls, jeers, cheers and the general sounds of a terrific combat, which would have made a wild west show seem tame for a minute or so.

Dan Barnett, the most popular fellow in the Junior class of Bellville Academy, was leading his class "fracas," as the annual spring mix-up was called.

He yelled once more to his side, and the fifty or more lads swung in a great circle about an equal number of Seniors.

They were catching their opponents unawares, for although the contest was scheduled for this hour with hundreds of other students and the townspeople of Bellville on hand to watch, still, Dan Barnett had managed to scatter his classmates out in such a way as to trap the others.

The fight centered about a little decorative lake, which was only a hundred feet long by fifty, directly in front of the big library of the Academy.

This lake was devoted to water plants and pond lilies.

The chief crop at this time of the year was a thoroughly ducked and saturated crowd of students, depending each season upon which of the contesting classes could force the other into the first swim of the season.

"Now, surround them and chase 'em in. Shove, lads, shove!" shouted Dan Barnett.

"You'll get there yourself!" snarled a big chap, who was in the higher class, as Dan began pushing away with all his might.

These contests were supposed to be mainly like class wrestling matches, and were generally in rough and good-nature.

But some of the rougher of the students forgot the milder custom, and this heavyweight determined to outbattle his opponents by hook or crook.

Against the rules of the contest he suddenly swung a terrific blow against the jaw of Dan Barnett.

The lad fell limply to the earth.

"Hurrah!" cried the big bully.

He grabbed the inanimate youth, and gave his body a tremendous toss into the waters of the small lake, around which the class contest waxed so hot.

"Now, we see who goes into the water first!"

"You cowardly sneak!" cried one of his classmates as he shot a punishing blow against the bully's face. "This is not a fighting rush, but I'll show you some fight if you are in my own class. You threw in an unconscious fellow, who is just apt to be drowned."

The big bully dodged backward, but his upbraider delivered another telling blow, and instantly jumped into the water after the unconscious lad.

The melee continued, and amid the shouting, cheering and general tussle of the great class rush, it was hard for the others to realize that here was something serious.

The Juniors closed in tighter and tighter on the upper classmen, and the Seniors were forced to follow the lead of Bob Whitacre, who had leaped to the aid of Dan Barnett.

But Whitacre was struggling to hold Dan's face to the air, for the lad was gasping and choking, and senseless, so that it seemed as though he would drown the next instant.

"Here, here, fellows!"

Whitacre motioned to some of his mates for help.

"Whitacre has a Junior to duck—come on, we'll fix him!" yelled Algy Tenson, who was a satellite of the big bully.

He struck at the unconscious lad, and the lads in the water all swarmed around the three in the center, wading cumbersomely to them.

"Fellows, they are trying to drown Dan Barnett!" yelled one of the Juniors on the bank. "Let's go in and get him—we chased them in, and we don't mind a wetting, anyway."

It was a terrible mix-up.

Surely enough, some of the excited Seniors, thinking that Barnett was a sort of prisoner, were trying to bob his head under the water for a joke, not realizing that he was unconscious.

Bob Whitacre did his best to ward off the blows, however, and it was high time that the Juniors leaped into the water, for there is no telling what would have been the result if poor Barnett had been bodily brought forth, with a tug-of-war between the fellows who held him.

"Here, boys!" called the superintendent of the school, old Dr. Macdonald, rushing towards them. "You have almost killed this poor lad."

The big bully who had been responsible now was slinking back in the crowd, for he did not want to face the consequences of his own work.

"I always thought my students were manly," said the good-natured superintendent, now in a very serious mood. "But foul play is a disgrace to any academy. Who was it struck this youth?"

"No one—it was just in the regular way," piped up Algy Tenson, who was a great wielder of gab. "You see, he was trying to kick my friend, Newthwaite, when—"

Tenson did not complete his string of lies, for the superintendent raised his hand warningly.

"I know now—I had forgotten which one it was that I saw deliver that blow. Here, we must attend to this young fellow first."

The superintendent, with several Seniors and Juniors, now forgetting their class affair in their anxiety, leaned over the senseless youth.

(To be continued)

## THE NEWS IN SHORT ARTICLES

## BICYCLE BOY'S REWARD.

Thomas Andrews, twelve-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Andrews, Middletown, N. Y., has just completed reading the Bible through and has received a new bicycle from his father as a reward.

The boy is a devoted member of the Sunday School of the First Presbyterian Church. The reading took him about two months.

## BURGLAR FRIGHTENED BY MUSICAL BRACELET.

It was a curious old bracelet which frightened away a burglar who had entered the home of Mr. and Mrs. Stanlay Richardson of Newcastle-on-Tyne.

In gathering up the jewelry in the Richardson bedroom the burglar happened to pick up this valuable old bracelet, the clasp of which was contrived so as to give forth a musical sound when closed. Mrs. Richardson was aroused from her sleep by the musical bracelet and called to her husband, who chased the burglar from the house.

## BITES OFF MAN'S FINGER.

John Lysett, of Albany, N. Y., is minus most of the little finger on his right hand. With a party of five others he attacked a strikebreaking motorman in the South End the other night, it is alleged. In the scuffle the motorman got Lysett's finger in his mouth and bit part of it off.

Lysett was found at a hospital as he was having his hand dressed and was placed under arrest. He refused to tell the police how he came to lose the finger, but the motorman reported the occurrence to the police and turned in the finger for evidence.

## FAR NORTH HERMIT HIES BACK HOME.

"I have been in civilization a year now, and I am going back home as quickly as I can," said W. D. Clark, of Edmondson, Alta., who has been a hermit in the Arctic wilderness nearly a quarter of a century.

Clark's "home" is on the headwaters of the Peel River, 180 miles from Herschel Island and 110 miles from Fort McPherson. His nearest neighbor is fifty-six miles away. They see each other once a year. With the exception of this one other man Clark is the only human being in a thousand square miles of country. The Indians do not go that far North and the Esquimos do not come so far South.

"Once a hermit always a hermit," said Clark, preparing to return to the solitude of his cabin in the wilderness.

"A hermit wants nobody's pity. I wouldn't trade my solitude for all the pleasure and excitement of cities."

"I have seen 10,000 caribou in one herd. What have you in the cities like that?"

"The mercury gets down to 75 degrees below in winter, but it is really the most healthful climate in the world."

## GREED HAS KILLED STURGEON FISHING.

The huge sturgeon that once inhabited the Columbia and other Pacific Coast rivers have almost disappeared. For many years these large inoffensive fish were supposed to be of no value, and when caught in salmon nets or on hooks were destroyed. Then it was discovered that the eggs of the sturgeon were valuable as caviar and its flesh as food, and a period of reckless fishing began. In a few years the most productive waters were depleted. The annual catch for the last few years of sturgeon has been but a few thousand pounds, and this spring but one fish has even been sighted.

There is a great demand for its eggs and flesh, and prices are very high. A mature female sturgeon is said to be worth \$150, for such a fish will yield more than a million eggs no larger than a pin head.

All attempts at artificial propagation of sturgeon eggs have failed in the West. The United States Commission on Fisheries has recently recommended to Congress to prohibit all taking of sturgeon for five years.

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## The Little Orderly.

By KIT CLYDE.

Several years ago a Mr. James O. Taylor was appointed one of the sub-Indian agents in Arizona. The agency of which Mr. Taylor had charge lay on the extreme frontier, and at times was hardly regarded safe.

He was located at a fort where a small trading post had suddenly sprung up, and a company of soldiers was thought sufficient to guard the agency. These were under command of Lieutenant Charles R. Pierson, a brave but careless officer of the U. S. A.

For the last few months after his arrival at the agency, everything had been so quiet that Mr. Taylor brought out his family, consisting of two lively little girls of fourteen and eleven years of age.

The girls found it very lonesome at the old fort, and soon began to pine for their associates at home.

The only person near their own age was a boyish-looking sergeant, named Rush. Johnny Rush was only eighteen years of age, and had been but a few months in the army, yet for his sterling worth and intelligence had been promoted to orderly in his company.

The captain and second lieutenant were away, one at an eastern watering place, and the other home; so the entire command fell on Lieut. Pierson. He being too indolent to attend to the business, threw the principal part on Johnny Rush, the little orderly, as he was called.

Johnny bore this double duty with perfect good nature, never murmuring. He soon became a great favorite with the children of Mr. Taylor. When not required to be on duty, he devoted a portion of his time to their amusement.

They frequently took rides upon the plain on spirited but docile little Indian ponies. Both the girls were excellent riders, and Johnny was a gallant escort.

One morning Lieut. Pierson informed the little orderly that he was going to take a squad of men and set out for Prescott.

"Why, lieutenant," he said, in astonishment, "is it not a little rash to start there now? It is fully seventy-five miles away, and we have not had any very pleasant news lately."

"Oh, bosh!" replied the negligent lieutenant, who, when his mind was made up, changed for nothing. "If one gets scared at every whisper the wind sends over the prairies he will be eternally scared."

"But, lieutenant, when our scout came in last he reported the Apaches in large force not far away," persisted the little orderly.

"What do I care for that? I shall only take twenty men with me, and I'll risk it with them. That will leave forty-two here with you in the fort. You can surely defend it against all the Apaches in the territory with that many men."

"I shall do my duty," answered the young soldier, with a sigh.

The lieutenant then detailed a duty sergeant

and nineteen men to accompany him. They saddled their horses, and galloped away over the plain.

Mr. Taylor looked uneasy after the retiring cavalcade, and wished from his heart they had not gone.

The little orderly felt that a great responsibility rested on him, and he took every precaution to make the fort safe. It had been erected some three or four years ago, and consisted of three blockhouses in a triangular shape, with slight earthworks and palisades, making the triangle complete.

Upon a careful inspection he found many of the palisades so rotten that they could almost be pushed down, and the fortification was very weak in three or four places.

He set men to making the repairs that had been needed so long.

"Can we not go riding on the plain, papa?" said Lillie to her father, as they walked about watching the men at work.

"You must not go to-day, my darling," said the father, gazing anxiously over the plain. "I have heard that there are Indians not far away."

Lillie sighed, and seeking her sister Hannah, told her they could not go. Then they both sighed and said what a lovely afternoon it was, and wished papa was not so scarey.

The gates of the fort were open, and the soldiers not engaged on the works were strolling back and forth. The guard walked lazily along his beat, and wished he was off duty that he might go to sleep.

The fort was on the headwaters of a small stream, which was fringed with a fine growth of forest trees. The grove came to within a few hundred yards of the fort. A guard of two men had been placed there, who were passing away the time with a greasy deck of cards.

The little orderly was still urging on his men in the work of repairing. It was the middle of the afternoon and the soldiers were lazily digging and pecking away.

The crack of a rifle down in the direction of the picket post startled all.

"To arms, fall in!" cried the little orderly.

In an instant the long roll sounded, making the earth tremble with the roar, and the men sprang to their muskets, buckling on their belts and accoutrements.

"What does it mean, father; why does that awful drum beat so fearful?" asked the frightened Hannah.

"That is summoning the men to death," answered Mr. Taylor, as with pale, almost bloodless lips, he stood at the door of the blockhouse.

A volley of gun shots, and a chorus of yells came from the woods. They saw one of the sentries flying toward the fort, with fully three hundred painted Indians after him.

Shot after shot was fired at the poor fellow as he ran for life. He dropped his gun, and ran on. A ball knocked his hat off, and he ran the faster. Now he limps. His arm is shattered, and he is failing, but continues to run; his comrades in the fort cheering him on. He is struck in the shoulder, almost falls, but continues to limp feebly forward. At last, when almost safe with-

in the walls of the fort, he sinks and dies from a shot through the body.

The soldiers fully appreciated the deadly foe with whom they had to contend. The prairie was covered with the red demons speeding forward like the wind, on foot and horseback.

The well-disciplined troops began a steady and effective fire, as soon as they were in range, which they returned from three hundred rifles.

The battle raged; the rattle of firearms, roaring shouts of many voices, drowning the feeble groans of the dying. The smoke covered the plain and rolled over the fort.

The little orderly was everywhere, encouraging his men to their utmost, in coolness and precision of aim.

This had been only a sub-outpost, and a strong guard had never been deemed necessary for it, consequently was but ill prepared for the attack.

The frightened children, whose ears were unaccustomed to the flash of guns and shouts of combatants, clung frantically to their father.

Some places in the palisades were so weak that the sergeant had constant fears of a breach being made. He kept a strong force at the weak places, and the men being good marksmen, kept the enemy away.

During a lull in the attack, Mr. Taylor approached the young sergeant, and asked what their chances were for beating the enemy off.

"I can't say," said Johnny, shaking his head. "They outnumber us five to one, and may have reinforcements coming. We will die like men, Mr. Taylor. If we cannot save your family, we can die trying."

"Noble fellow, gallant soldier," said Mr. Taylor, his eyes growing moist. "I will not permit you to do all the fighting. I see yonder a poor soldier on the ground, who has fought his last battle. His gun is at his side. I shall take it and become a common soldier in your ranks and help in our mutual defense."

The remainder of the day was spent in constant fighting. Sometimes in repelling a charge on one side, then on another. Then came intervals in which only an occasional dropping shot could be heard. The soldiers had fought well, and the plain was strewn with dead and dying savages.

Mr. Taylor shared the common danger and fatigue with them, and they lifted their caps in silent admiration of his coolness and bravery as the enemy retired out of gun range, to form another plan of attack.

"Mr. Taylor," said the little orderly, with a look of intense anxiety on his face, "I feel it my duty to make a startling discovery known to you."

"What is it?" said the man, calmly.

"We are almost out of ammunition, and cannot possibly hold out until morning. Even if we were well supplied, the works are too weak to withstand the cunning and desperation of our enemies during the night. As soon as it is dark enough to cover their approach, they will advance in a body on us. They will not be seen perhaps until within the walls of the fort. There will be a few moments maddening, desperate fighting, and then all will be over. Some may escape in the general confusion, but it will be few."

"I feel in my heart every word you utter to be the truth," replied Mr. Taylor, "and I am strongly impressed that I shall be among those who fall. I have a request to make of you—that is, that you will rescue my little girls, if possible. In the general melee, you may find an opportunity to escape with them. Will you do so?"

"I shall, or die!" and then the Indian agent wrung the hand of the young soldier in silence.

Darkness gathered about the plain, creeping over the earth like one vast, dark pall.

There were creeping, moving objects, unseen and unheard, but felt by all within the fort. They came crawling over the plain among the slain, and stealthily to the palisades.

It seemed as if the furies of a volcano had burst upon the fort. The earth shook with yells, the heavens were red with blazing guns, the enemy poured through, under and over the palisades, and joined in hand-to-hand combat with the soldiers.

Johnny Rush remained to give a last command—to know that all was over—to see Mr. Taylor fall dead at his feet—and hastened away in the darkness to where Hannah and Lillie stood behind a blockhouse, trembling with terror.

"Come!" he whispered to them, "all is lost, and we must escape if we can."

He led them through the back way, and out on the plain. They ran for some distance, and then paused on the dark broad prairie to gaze on the scene.

The Indians were still shooting and stabbing the soldiers, some of whom were fighting stubbornly. The blockhouses were on fire, and they made haste to get out of the circle of the light.

Some of the survivors of the general massacre had escaped, and were running over the plain as fast as they could; some pursued, and many killed by the relentless red foe.

The young orderly hurried his little companions on as fast as possible, encouraging them by kind words, and even carrying them by turns in his arms. Thus a long, weary night passed, and by morning they were far away from the late scene of carnage. They concealed themselves in a thick chaparral during the sultry day that followed. Another weary night's travel without food, and at dawn the next day they were picked up by a body of soldiers sent out expressly to find survivors of the massacre. They were taken worn out and half starved, to a military post.

This event happened several years ago, and as the young reader is always anxious to learn the final disposition of a character, we will add that Johnny Rush, the little orderly, is now post captain on the frontier, and Hannah Taylor, now Mrs. Rush his wife, is one of the most beautiful women in the Far West.

#### WOMAN KILLS BEAR.

One rifle shot by Mrs. Agnes Rainwater, Kalishell, Mont., saved the life of her small son when a black bear proved her target as the beast was charging upon the child. The woman, a homesteader, heard her son cry out in fear and rushed to his rescue. Her aim resulted in the animal's hide making a rug for their home.

**THE LIBERTY BOYS OF '76**

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 2, 1921

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**ITEMS OF INTEREST****LIGHT CHANGES COMET'S TAIL.**

The tail of a comet is sometimes a hundred million miles long, but it is made up of such light gases that the mere pressure of light causes them to be driven away from the direction of the sun.

**AUSTRALIA'S TALLEST TREES.**

The tallest of California's "big trees" is 325 feet in height, but among the great gum trees of Australia many specimens are more than 400 feet in height, and one, which was felled in southeast Australia, measured 471 feet—the tallest tree on record.

**U. S. TO DROP 19,000 CLERKS.**

Fully 19,000 Government clerks will be lopped off Government payrolls under the reorganization proposed by the administration. Approximately 4,000 are to be dropped from the payroll, bringing the number now employed in Washington to around 75,000, or the lowest since the beginning of the war.

Under the economy plans, which call for a further reduction in personnel to about 60,000 or possibly less, a great saving in expenses is projected.

**PETER COOPER'S THRIFT.**

Even as a boy Peter Cooper was always inventing things. His first invention was an arrangement for pounding linen on wash day. This he worked out to help his mother. When his father, mother and eight brothers and sisters needed shoes, he made them, and that, too, without any help. In his autobiography he tells how he did it.

"I remember one of the earliest things I undertook, of my own accord, was to make a pair of shoes. For this purpose I first obtained an old pair, and I took them all apart to see the structure, and then, procuring leather, thread and needles, and some suitable tools, without further instruction I made the last and a pair of shoes which compared very well with the country shoes then in vogue."

When Cooper was 17 years old, he went to New York City to make his fortune. Here he became

an apprentice to a coachmaker. He was an apprentice for four years, receiving \$25 a year, besides board, washing and mending. At the end of four years he was an expert coachmaker. All his life, whatever he did he did well.

He was always thrifty. During the first two years of his apprenticeship, he not only bought his clothing from the meager yearly pay of \$25, but managed to save \$20. His fellow-apprentices often laughed at him because he would not go with them evenings to have a good time. But Peter was always looking ahead. He spent his evenings in study or in extra work on coaches, for which he was paid.

When he was 21 years old, he went to work in a woolen mill on Long Island. Here he worked for three years at a dollar and a half a day. While here he invented a machine for shearing the surface of woolen cloth. He made \$500 from this patent and gave all of it to his father to help pay his debts.

When Cooper was 23, he bought a small glue factory. This proved to be the foundation of his fortune. He made such good glue that for 50 years he practically had a monopoly of the nation's trade.—Arthur H. Chamberlain in *The Thrift Magazine*.

**LAUGHS**

"Do you waltz, Mr. Guy?" "Oh, I skip a little." "Then I think we'll have no trouble in skipping the next dance."

"I understand she refused to marry you last night?" "Worse than that." "Worse?" "Yes, she refused to marry me at all."

"Ah, Miss Blossom, since first we met there has been a feeling here." "Dear me! Why don't you try a little Jamaica ginger?"

Gilmore—How did you begin your downward course? De Witte—I began at the top, of course. Did you think I began at the bottom?

Mother—Tommy, what did I say I'd do to you if you touched that jam again? Tommy—Why, it's funny, ma, that you should forget, too. I'm blamed if I can remember!

"I can't imagine anything more unsatisfactory," remarked the chronic kicker, "than a meal at our boarding-house." "No?" replied the sentimental youth. "Evidently you never got a kiss from your best girl over the telephone."

"The teacher spoke to me after school to-day, mamma. "What did he have to say?" "He asked if I had any brothers or sisters." "And what did he say when you told him that you were an only child?" "He said 'thank heaven.'"

She—Yes, when I was a little girl I loved all my dolls, but I had a dear little monkey that I loved still more. He was such a lovely, ugly little thing. He—I'll get you a monkey when we settle down. She—Oh, don't trouble. There's no need now that I have a husband.

## ITEMS OF GENERAL INTEREST

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### THE PHILADELPHIA-CAMDEN BRIDGE.

Six roadways are provided in the plans of the bridge to be built across the Delaware River to connect Philadelphia and Camden. In addition there are to be four trolley lines, two of which are for high-speed service, as well as two ten-foot walks for pedestrians. An example of the size of the proposed structure may be taken from the plan, which proposes that the east main river tower shall rise 380 feet above the Delaware River. The span length on the Franklin Square-Pearl Street location is 1,750 feet between towers. The proposed bridge will surpass by a good margin any of the existing suspension bridges.

### MILE-A-MINUTE CAR.

When a high school boy can take a few parts of a demolished motorcycle and in a short time construct a real automobile that will travel 60 miles an hour, and run from 30 to 40 miles on a gallon of gasoline, it looks as though De Palma, Tommy Milton, Resta and all the other speed kings will be back numbers when some of the youngsters grow up.

Harry Habig of Cincinnati is a young fellow who spent his spare time in working over the parts of a motorcycle, and his product, the "Habig Special," is a wonder of mechanical skill. He doesn't need to worry about freezing up in the winter, for the engine is air cooled. The machine weighs less than 500 pounds, and it's no trick for Harry to change one of his standard motorcycle wheels before the average chauffeur gets his tools out. Young Habig certainly started something in town, and the most desired graduation, birthday and Christmas present for the current year is a second-hand motorcycle—*Illustrated World*.

### ORIGIN OF THE ANCHORAGE FLAG.

A statement issued by Coast Guard Headquarters relating to the origin of the anchorage flag gives the following facts which were furnished by Secretary J. Myers, of the Anchorage Board. The flag was adopted in November, 1888, upon the recommendation of Lieut. J. J. Runker, U. S. N., in charge of anchorages in the port of New York, and consisted of a blue field with a foul anchor in the center at an angle of forty-five degrees. On July 1, 1896, the Secretary of the Treasury in a department circular promulgating rules and regulations governing the anchorage of vessels in the port of New York, as provided in the act of May 16, 1888, included the following paragraph: "All vessels of the Revenue Cutter Service assigned to the duty of enforcing the anchorage regulations will carry a distinctive flag at the bow. Said flag shall be a white field with a blue foul anchor in the center placed at an angle of forty-five degrees."

### BATHTUB FULL OF PRUNES.

A tale of a bathtub full of soaking prunes, a twenty-gallon still and eight barrels of mash, told by detectives who invaded the home of Mrs. Anna Kiernan, at 553 East 134th street, New York,

was waved aside by Magistrate Douras in Morristown Court the other day, when he learned that the detectives acted without a search warrant.

Detectives Sterner and Colby, who made the arrest, told the court they were informed several days ago that Mrs. Kiernan was trafficking in liquor. Friday they went to her apartment and offered to buy a quart of whisky. Mrs. Kiernan asked them in, they said, and promised to have a quart ready for them in a few minutes.

When she led them into the kitchen, they charged, they observed a large still. Poking into the bathroom they found the tub filled with floating prunes. The mash was found in another part of the house. They seized all these and arrested Mrs. Kiernan. The detectives said she had been making "eight-year-old bottled in bond whisky" in fifteen minutes, and that the still they found was being used to run off their quart.

### FAIL TO FIND PIRATE GOLD.

Another quest for the \$100,000,000 Peruvian treasure buried in the mystic South Seas by ancient pirates has failed, adding another chapter in the long succession of fruitless searches for the cache of gold doubloons.

Only a few cannibal bones hidden beneath a native altar rewarded the expedition in its search for heavy sea chests of treasure.

While the sailing yacht *Genesee*, formerly owned by W. K. Vanderbilt, is tied up again off South Brooklyn, waiting to turn her nose once more toward the Society Group on a second hunt for gold, Capt. James T. Houghton, formerly a soldier of the Rainbow Division, who was wounded in France, is registered at the Harvard Club. To a group of clubmen he told the story of the hunt, on which he acted as surgeon.

The hunt for the buried gold centered on the island of Tubai, a reef ring fifteen miles across and also the most northern one of the Society Group. Acting on a lead obtained from an aged sea captain who had sailed the South Seas during the most romantic days, a Capt. Brown of Augusta, Me., the expedition spent three weeks digging and blasting on the island. Only after every possible hiding place had been searched did the treasure seekers decide to give up the quest and return to New York to confer again with the aged mariner.

Some of the promoters of the expedition, which was financed by the sale of stock shares to persons who were caught not only by the sentimental appeal of a treasure hunt, but also by the chance of making an enormous profit, have returned to Augusta with the hope of obtaining new leads that will take them to the treasure.

Capt. Houghton, in describing the search for the heavy sea chests believed to be buried somewhere on Tubai, said the treasure seekers had left the island "looking like a battle field in France."

"We dug and blasted until our hands were blistered and our backs were sore. Although I was only the doctor, the lure of gold was the lure to dig, and I worked with the rest," he said.

## THE NEWS IN SHORT ARTICLES

### 23,154 WORDS ON A POSTAL CARD.

Marcel Mauvais sent to La Nature (Paris) an ordinary postcard on which he had written 23,154 words, with a total of 125,000 letters. It is quite legible even to the naked eye. The average book has about 300 words to the page, so this postcard represents about seventy-seven pages.

### ENTIRE OHIO ORCHARD OF 150 TREES STOLEN.

The man who stole a bass drum and got away with it was gone one better. Hamilton police are looking for a thief who stole a fruit orchard, 150 trees.

They were new trees, however, just set out very recently. The farmer who had an orchard yesterday and didn't have one to-day lives in Morgan township, Ohio, and refuses to let his name be used.

### CENSUS OF MOTOR CARS.

Dealing with the motor industry in 1920, the National Automobile Chamber of Commerce has published statistics showing that this country possessed 9,211,295 motor vehicles. In Great Britain, by the latest return of the Ministry of Transport, 554,000 were in use in that year.

About 3,000,000 of the United States total were in use on farms. In passenger cars the number in use was 8,221,197. Of these about 33 per cent. were owned by farmers.

The figures show that 83 per cent. of the world's motor cars are in the United States.

To continue the list: Canada with one car to every 31 persons, New Zealand with one to 41, Australia with one to 64, Cuba one to 94 and Great Britain with one to 110 are the largest users of motor cars in proportion to the population, while Liberia, with a ratio of one to 250,000 of the population, is at the bottom.

### OLD COINS ARE HARD TO PASS.

It was one of our great national facts that every scrap of metal which has ever received the stamp of legality from a United States mint is good until defaced or redeemed. There are therefore a great many thousand dollars worth of old fashioned coins wandering around which no one ever thinks of trying to spend or would agree to take, except as a curiosity. The principal of these are the old silver five and three cent pieces, the nickel three cent piece and the bronze two cent piece.

Askance is looked more and more frequently at the larger silver coins with the seated figure of Liberty, and even the "nickel" with the figure "5" which ceased to be coined in 1883, while the Jonah of the whole family is the still perfectly legal tender half cent, coined between the years 1793 and 1857. What would happen if a busy trolley conductor were tendered ten of these as a fare at the rush hour may best be left to the imagination. The smallest check ever issued by the United States Treasury is one for "one cent," mailed a few years ago to a San Francisco wag who stood on his constitutional right to present two bronze half cents for redemption.

### STUDYING JUNGLE FOLK BY AIRPLANE.

Jason Humphreys, the twelve-year-old English boy who flew with his father, the pilot, a camera man and a scientist from Cairo to Cape Town in March, enjoyed a more novel experience than most boys of his age will ever know. Indeed, there are not many grown-up aviators who have seen the African jungle and all its wild life from the air.

The sudden changes from bush to civilization as represented by clearings for small villages and farms in darkest Africa and back again impressed young Humphreys very much. Human habitation is hemmed in on all sides by dense jungle in Central Africa, but not more so than the behavior of the wild beasts and birds over which he was flying. These took the passing of the airplane variously. Birds showed almost no curiosity except in the remotest regions. "They just flew along with us or left us," says Jason. This, it is said, is because birds fly far, and during the years of the war African birds undoubtedly saw flying machines if not in Africa itself in the war zones then in other parts. They had grown more or less used to them.

Wild beasts showed individual temperaments. Lions, tigers, leopards could be seen stalking along, obvious to the giant purring overhead. If the machine came so low that the noise of the engine could not help reaching them, they sidled under protecting underbrush, but they never looked up. The naturalist has offered no explanation for this. It is a new phenomenon and must be studied.

Usually lions, tigers and leopards are fearful of noises. They in common with all wild beasts, are in terror of strange noises, and know from infancy, by instinct, that gunfire bodes them no good. During the late war there was a general exodus of wild beasts from every quarter of Africa where any fighting was going on. They crashed through the jungles for miles trying to get away from the sound of the guns; they traveled far from their real homes, and enemies traveled together in their fright without molesting one another. Since the close of the war bushmen and hunters have found them all back home again or travelling back. Their indifference to the sounds of the airplane, therefore, is surprising.

Apes and monkeys made wild efforts to reach the topmost branches of the highest trees in order to get a better view, and they could be sometimes heard screaming to one another above the noise of the engine, more in excitement and curiosity, presumably, than in fear.

Giant hippopotami were indifferent, neither hastening their lumbering steps nor glancing up; they did not seek ambush, as did the cats. But rhinoceri were panic stricken. They rushed off headlong to cover. Crocodiles sprang from the banks of streams and hid beneath the surface of the water until the flying machine had passed. Pictures taken when the stream was fast receding into the distance show them just venturing to stick their heads above water.

MILES OF RED TAPE.

A group of college students climbed to the top of the Washington Monument. The elevator was out of commission. A senior arriving at the top, exhausted, fell against one of the windows, 555 feet up, and his hat rocketed down the elevator shaft.

The hatless college lad sought the aid of a guard, who sent him back down the thousands of steps to the monument office, where he obtained an order for the opening of the lower elevator door. Armed with his pass the youth rushed back. Then he was curtly told that he must have the counter signature of another attendant. And this attendant at the moment was at the top of the shaft. Breathless the boy hastened to establish his identity had to climb the thousands of steps again all the way to the top of the shaft, and after getting the signature turned around and descended the shaft.

The lad got his hat. He also got inside information on Government red tape. Officials, learning of the incident, felt that Gen. Hell and Maria Dawes, in the course of Government housecleaning, may hurl his spectacular form against some of these specimens of needless rules.



Do You Want It?

FORD WILLSON, 141 W. Chicago Street, Dept. 2467

GIVEN AWAY

SOLVE this puzzle, win Ford Auto votes free. The letters of the alphabet are numbered: A is 1, B is 2, and so on. The figures in the little squares to the left represent four words. (20 is the letter "T".) What are the four words? Can you work it out? If so, send your answer quick. Surely you want this fine, new Ford auto. Send no money. I have already given away many autos. You can own an auto.

SEND ANSWER TO-DAY

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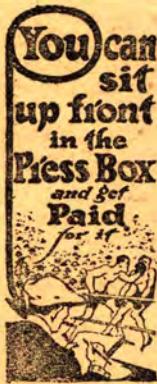
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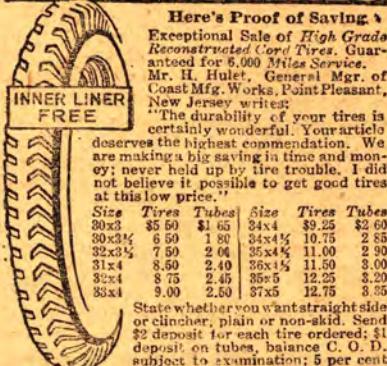
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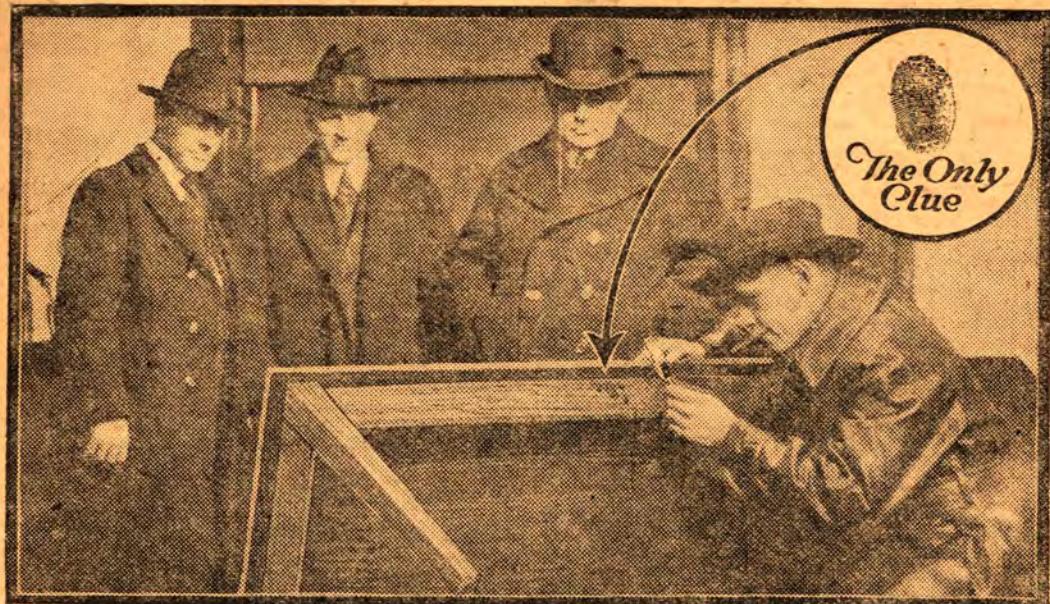


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A ROCKING STONE FROM BUENOS AIRES.

Those who are familiar with the sights of Bronx Park, New York, know what a rocking stone is. For others, it may be explained that the term refers to a boulder of decent size that has been deposited, usually by glacial action, on the surface of rocky ground in such a way as to sway back and forth under the application of pressure from the wind or from a human hand, without toppling completely over. The phenomenon must obviously be a rare one, since the stone must possess sufficiently stable equilibrium to prevent it from keeling over entirely, yet be unstable enough to make motion possible. And now we learn of a rock down in the southern hemisphere, near Buenos Aires. In at least one respect this is more extraordinary than the New York stone, for the latter presents an entirely solid picture to the eye, and one would never suppose that it would rock until one had tried it; but the Argentine boulder looks as though the least touch would topple it over into the valley below. This rocking stone is no small stone with regard to size, either; it is 24 feet high and 18 feet long, weighs 300 tons.



# \$500 REWARD for TWO HOURS WORK

WARREN BIGELOW, the Finger Print Detective, was making his usual review in the morning newspapers. He had just finished reading the press reports of the daring robbery of the offices of the T-O Company when the telephone on his desk rang. Central Office was calling, asking him to come immediately to the scene of the robbery.

Although he drove his high powered roadster rapidly and arrived very shortly at his destination, he had plenty of time to consider the main features of the case as reported by the press. The job had undoubtedly been done by skilled cracksmen and robbers of uncommon nerve. Sixty-five hundred dollars in currency—the company pay-roll—were gone. Not a single, apparent clew had been found by the police.

## Finger Print Expert Solves Mystery

On his arrival, Bigelow was greeted by Nick Austin, Chief of Detectives, who had gone over the ground thoroughly.

"Hello, Warren. Here's a job that has us stumped. I hope you can unravel it for us."

By this time, the district officers and the operatives from Central Office had almost given up the investigation. After hours of fruitless efforts, their work was at a standstill. They were completely baffled.

With lively interest and a feeling of relief they stepped back to await the results of the Finger Print Detective's findings. They were plainly awed at his quiet, assured manner. The adroit old Chief himself was manifestly impressed at the quick, sure way in which Bigelow made his investigation.

Almost immediately Bigelow turned his attention to a heavy table which had been tipped up on its side. Examination of the glossy inahogany showed an excellent set of finger prints. The thief might just as well have left his calling card.

To make a long story short his prints were photographed and taken to Central Office, where they were matched with those of "Big Joe" Moran, a safe blower well known to the police. Moran was subsequently caught and convicted on Bigelow's testimony and finger-print proof. Most of the money was recovered. In the meantime the T-O Company had offered a \$500.00 reward, which was given to Bigelow—his pay for two hours' work.



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