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Author: Harry Moore

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## THE LIBERTY BOYS' THREAT; OR, DOING AS THEY SAID. *By HARRY MOORE.*



"Forward, march!" said Dick. "We threatened to drum you out, and we have done it." Patsy beat the drum and the four boys marched to its music. The Liberty Boys followed, while every one cheered loudly.



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## CHAPTER I.

### TROUBLE AT THE SCHOOL HOUSE.

"Hello, Dick, there seems to be trouble in the school house."

"So there does, Bob."

Two boys in Continental uniform were riding along a rough country road in North Carolina.

One rode a magnificent black horse of pure Arabian blood, and wore the uniform of a captain.

The other rode a bay, and was attired as a first lieutenant.

At that time the British were harassing the Carolinas, and the patriots were hard pressed.

The two boys had reached a little old log school house.

There had been an unusual buzz in the building as the boys rode up.

All at once this culminated in a perfect roar.

Then the doors suddenly flew open and out rushed a mob of excited boys and girls.

These quickly formed themselves into two groups.

From one a big hulking boy stepped out and, shaking his fist at the others, said:

"Yer gotter do as teacher says or yer cain't stay in this yer school."

A handsome, manly looking fellow, younger, smaller and not so strong as the speaker, stepped out from the other group and said:

"The schoolmaster has no right to teach such things in his school, and neither you, Hub Dumps, nor anyone else, is going to make me turn traitor."

"Then yer cain't stay in ther school, yer rebel, an' I'm goin' ter lick yer besides, Milt Bartow."

"Come along and do it, if you think you can, Hub Dumps," said the other.

"Come on, fellers, let's lick him," said the big boy. "He's er rebel, an' we don't 'low no rebels in this yer school."

The two boys on horseback had halted by the roadside at the first sign of trouble.

The boy called Hub Dumps now sprang out with four or five others.

Then the boy on the black horse leaped from the saddle and stepped forward.

"Fair play," he said. "You are bigger than this boy, and yet you want to get four or five boys to help you."

The big boy stared at the young captain and asked, impudently:

"Who are you, anyhow, an' what are you gotter do with it?"

"I am Dick Slater, captain of the Liberty Boys, and I am here to see fair play."

"Waal, if I go over there alone he'll fetch out five or six fellers to lick me, won't he?" with a growl.

Dick looked at the smaller boy.

"No, he won't," he said. "He is standing alone, isn't he?"

"We'd go to help Milt, Cap'n," said one of the boys, "only he told us to stand back."

"Waal, I can lick him anyhow," said Hub Dumps. "He's a rebel, and orter be licked."

"Is that your only reason for wanting to lick him, as you call it?"

"He won't do what teacher tells him, an' he's a rebel," with a snarl.

"Yes, so you said," coolly. "Can't the schoolmaster enforce obedience in his own school?"

"Them fellers said they would leave school fust."

"First what?"

"Before they'd say 'long-live the king an' down with all rebels,' that's what."

"The schoolmaster wanted Milton Bartow to say that?"

"Yus, him an' t'other fellers an' gals, an' they wouldn't. We all did, an' I reckon we're as good as them all."

"That has nothing to do with it. What do you come to school for?"

"Huh! any fool knows that," scornfully.

"Well, why do you?"

"Ter learn readin', writin' an' cipherin', o' course. Don't yer know that?"

"But not to be traitors to your country? You are an American?"

"O' course."

"And you call other Americans 'rebels,' and say that they shall not come to the school. Does your schoolmaster teach you that?"

"He's a lyal subject, an'——"

"Which has nothing to do with teaching school. Now you have said you would lick Milt Bartow. Why don't you do it?"

"Well, I'm ergoin' ter," and Herbert Dumps, called Hub, for convenience, began to wave his arms about and to jump up and down and to crack his heels.

"Well, there he is," said Dick, quietly. "He's not on the roof. Why don't you go over to him?"

Bob Estabrook, first lieutenant of the Liberty Boys, laughed outright at this exhibition of fury on Hub's part.

"He dassen't knock a chip off'n my shoulder," said Hub, temporizing.

"He doesn't need to. You said you were going to lick him. Why don't you?"

"Yer'll hit me, ef I do."

"No, I won't. Besides, you are quite as big as I am."

"An' yer've got pistols."



"Which I don't use on such as you. Go ahead, why don't you lick him? I'm waiting."

"It's my opinion he can't," laughed Bob.

"Well, I'm ergoin' ter."

Then Hub Dumps dashed his hat on the ground with great violence."

"Don't hurt it!" laughed Bob.

"There!" said Hub.

"Well, go ahead."

Then Hub took off his jacket and dashed that down.

"There!" he said. "I dare him to kick that."

"Go ahead. That's all nonsense. Why don't you fight, if you're going to?"

"Afraid," chuckled Bob, and some of the girls on Milt's side laughed.

Hub took off his waistcoat and threw it down.

"You are not going in swimming, Hub," roared Bob.

"Why don't you do something?"

Hub rolled up his sleeves and spat on his hands.

"Yes, they need washing," laughed Bob, "but the brook is better."

"Ef he'll take back what he done said ter me, I won't lick him," said Hub.

"What did you say to him, Milton?" asked Dick.

"I told him he was a toad eater, a lickspittle, a bully, a sneak, a liar, and a coward."

"And you want to take it back?"

"No, for he is all that, and worse."

"You promised to lick him, didn't you?" turning to the other.

"Yus, I did."

"Then I don't see but that you'll have to do it, Hub."

"If he can," laughed Bob.

Hub Dumps was the bully of the school.

He had expected to thrash the patriot boy, with the help of his cronies.

When he saw that he had to do it alone, he wanted to back out.

This he did not dare to do, however, while the others were present.

If he did, he would lose his hold upon them.

He had terrorized them by his size and his bluster, and they had not known that he was a rank coward.

They began to look sharply at him now, and one of them snarled:

"Whyn't yer lick him, Hub, like yer said yer would?"

"Waal, if he says he's sorry, an' axes my pardon, I'm willin' ter let it go at that," Hub answered. "I'm bigger'n him, an' it ain't fair ter hit a littler feller'n you."

"Oh, you are finding out a few things, are you, Hub?" laughed Bob.

"Are you going to say you are sorry and ask his pardon, Milt?" asked Dick.

"No!" decidedly. "If he thinks he can lick me, let him come and try it."

Milt stepped out four or five paces, a clear challenge to the bigger boy.

"I don't see anything else for it, Hub," said Dick, quietly. "You've got to do it."

Hub began to repeat his bluster and bravado, in the hope of terrifying his opponent.

"Oh, come on, you did all that before, Hub," said Bob,

impatiently. "That's only wind, that isn't fight. You're afraid, that's what ails you."

"Scare cat!" cried some of Hub's own adherents.

The crisis had come.

He had to fight now or be thoroughly despised by all. He rushed desperately at Milton, and struck furiously at him.

The smaller boy ducked and sent in one swift blow that struck Hub on the point of the jaw.

In a moment Hub was stretched out on the grass.

Then the schoolmaster suddenly appeared.

"Here, here, I can't have this fightin'!" he shouted.

"There won't be any more of it," laughed Bob.

## CHAPTER II.

### DICK TEACHES SCHOOL.

The schoolmaster was a tall, lank, sallow, flaxen-haired, cadaverous looking man, with very pale blue eyes, a weak mouth, a long chin, a sloping forehead and a long nose.

Weakness and pettiness were stamped upon his every feature.

His hands were long and flabby, his feet were big, and both in face and figure he was uncompromisingly unprepossessing.

"I want this fightin' tew stop," he whined. "You unknor right well I don't allow it."

Hub got up, looking very much dazed, and muttered, as he took himself off:

"Waal, you all know I'd have licked him, ef teacher hadn't stopped me."

"Ya, that's nuthin' but bluff," cried three or four of Hub's former cronies.

"Why didn't you come before?" asked Dick. "I saw you at the back of the schoolroom."

"I was busy, I didn't reckon there was agoin' ter be a fight. Was you encouragin' of 'em? Ain't you ashamed?"

"You remained in because you thought Hub would thrash Milt," said Dick.

"There's the truth for you," Bob chuckled in a very audible way, aside.

"You only interfered when you realized that the right must prevail and that Hub was going to get the worst of it," Dick continued.

The schoolmaster's sallow face grew more sallow, and he began to tremble.

"You teach things in your school which you have no right to teach."

"What do you know about it?" with a snarl and a whine.

"You teach politics, you teach the boys to be sneaks, or you would, but some of them won't receive such teaching."

"I ain't goin' ter have no insubordination in my school, an' that there boy refused to mind me," pointing to Milt.

"In what particular?"



"He wouldn't say his lesson."

"How is that, Milt?" Dick asked.

"He wrote that thing out on the blackboard and wanted me to read it, and I wouldn't."

"That's so," said a number of the boys and girls with Milt.

"Neither would I, nor any of us," spoke up the boy who had spoken before.

"And then?"

"The others called us rebels, and Master Squeens said he'd expell us if we didn't say it, and then we all ran get, and those fellows followed."

"And that was the only thing you refused to do?"

"Yes, Captain."

"Then go back to your seats and continue your lessons."

"They shan't go back. I forbid 'em to go back, they've been expelled for disobedience an' fightin', an' they shan't go back."

"And I say that they shall, and that you either go back and conduct the school properly or leave it altogether."

The schoolmaster winced at Dick's determined tone, and, as the scholars began to return, snarled:

"Yew're a rebel yerself, an' o' course yew stick up fur rebels. You encouraged this naughty boy tew fight, but yew wouldn't say nothin' tew encourage the other, jest because he was a l'yal subject."

"You couldn't encourage him," laughed Bob. "It wasn't in him. If he could have had five or six to help him he would have fought, but he could not fight fair any more than you can."

Most of the scholars had returned by this time.

"I'd like tew know what call you are got to interfere, anyhow," said Squeens. "Air yew on the deestrick board?"

"The right that any honest boy has to interfere to prevent injustice," replied Dick. "You are here to teach school, not make Tories of your scholars."

"I'll learn yew tew 'tend tew your own affairs. I'm goin' ter conduct this school jest as I've a mind ter."

"And let me tell you," said Dick, "that if you conduct it as you have been conducting it, we will drum you out of town."

"An' who's 'we,' I want ter know?" scornfully.

"The Liberty Boys and every honest person in the district."

"Yew cain't do it."

"You will see if we cannot. We do as we say, and you will find it out if you defy us."

"I ain't goin' ter have them onruly boys in my school, an' ef they stay there, I shan't learn 'em nothin'."

Then the schoolmaster went into the little log school house, followed by the last of the scholars.

"We will see," said Dick.

Then he called to his black horse Major, left him just outside the school house and entered.

"I've got to see this thing out," said Bob.

Then, whistling to his bay, he followed Dick inside.

As Dick entered the schoolmaster said, from his desk on a little platform at one end of the room:

"Class in spellin' come up."

Nearly all the boys came and stood in front of the desk.

Milton Bartow and the boys who had been with him were on the line.

Squeens put words out of a book to all the rest, naming them in turn.

Then he went over the same lot of boys, leaving out Milton and the rest.

"Why don't you give those other boys words to spell?" asked Dick.

"Because they ain't no pupils o' mine," with a whine. "Ef they want ter stan' up there, they kin, but I ain't agoin' ter learn 'em nothin', an' yew can't make me."

Dick took a little bench, put it next to the schoolmaster, sat so that he could look on the book, and said quietly:

"Give Milton Bartow some words to spell or you go out of the window to the rain butt."

Squeens knew it was there and winced.

Then he gave Milt five or six of the most difficult words to spell on the page.

The boy spelled them all correctly.

"Now the next one," said Dick.

"James Jessup, spell 'geometry'," the schoolmaster said.

The word was there, and Dick made no objection.

Young Jessup spelled all his words correctly, and Squeens passed on to the next, and so through the class.

Milt and his fellows were the better spellers, as they were better at ciphering, as was quickly proven.

Dick sat by the schoolmaster's side and saw that he gave out the "sums" impartially to all the boys.

It was the same with the girls, and Dick soon saw who were the bright ones.

Not only did Dick see to it that Squeens gave instruction to all impartially, but he looked after the matter of discipline as well.

He saw some Tory boys whispering, over in a corner, and said:

"You must stop those boys whispering, Mr. Squeens."

"Stop that talkin' over there," said Squeens, looking in the direction of some patriot boys who were diligently studying their lessons, while the whispering in the other corner went on unabated.

"The other corner," said Dick. "Those boys are only studying."

"Master Dumps, please stop whisperin'," said Squeens.

"Won't do et, ain't whisperin' anyhow," growled Hub.

"Yew do as teacher sez!" said a boy sitting on a bench just behind Hub, giving him a stinging box on the ear. "Yew was talkin', you sneak!"

This had been one of Hub's cronies, but he was one no longer.

"Sam Stocks, yew stop o' that!" said Squeens. "Ef there's any corporeal punishin' done in this school, it's me what administers of it."

There was no more whispering in that corner nor in any other.

The school was in the midst of a reading lesson when someone was heard shouting outside.

"Oh yes, oh yes, oh yes, hearken to the proclamation, good people."



Then a stout, red-faced man, wearing a scarlet coat and a bag wig, came into the schoolroom.

"Hearken to the proclamation of the governor, representing his most gracious majesty," he began. "Whereas——"

Dick seized a bundle of proclamations the red-faced man had under his arm, and said:

"You can't read those here!"

### CHAPTER III.

#### A LIVELY CHASE.

The red-faced man in the red coat glared at Dick and said, in great surprise:

"How dare you, young sir?"

"Because this is a schoolhouse, and no place in which to read proclamations."

"And who are you, sir, to dictate to me, what I shall or shall not do, pray?"

"Dick Slater, captain of the Liberty Boys. This is my first lieutenant, Bob Estabrook."

"Rebels, both," with a snarl. "How dare——"

"No, not rebels, patriots. We know no rebels."

"I say you are rebels, and unless you swear allegiance——"

"And I say we are not. Are you a school inspector? If not, leave this place."

"Give me those placards, sir, or——"

Dick took the bundle in both hands and tore it right across, possessing great strength.

Then he tore each half across and threw the fragments out of the window.

"There are your precious proclamations," he said.

"There will be some difficulty in reading them, after this wind gets at them," Bob chuckled.

"Sir, this is contempt, and——"

"I am glad that you see it in its proper light," said Dick.

"Yes, sir, it is contempt, and——"

"To be sure it is," laughed Bob. "Didn't you know that before?"

"It is contempt," said Dick, "and that is what we feel for you and your precious Captain Houseman and Earl Cornwallis, if not for your poor, misguided king. For him we feel more pity, because he will not choose better counsellors."

"Sir, this is treason, and——"

"It is not, it is reason. But we have heard enough. Either leave this place by the door, or you will go out of the window."

"You young rebel," puffed the big man, "I am here to give out a proclamation of the governor, representing—— Oh yes, oh yes, oh——"

"No!" laughed Bob.

Dick, seizing the big man by the collar and waistband, lifted him clear of the floor, big as he was, and pushed him through the open window.

It was something of a tight fit, and the proclamation distributor carried some of the sash with him.

Just then a sharp whistle was heard without.

Then a handsome, dashy looking boy appeared at the window and said in a low tone:

"Redcoats, Dick!"

The boy was Mark Morrison, the second lieutenant, one of the bravest of the Liberty Boys, and trusted by Dick Slater next to Bob himself.

"All right, Mark," he said.

Then he turned to the boys.

"Be obedient and studious, boys," he said, "in all things that have to do with the school. Be respectful and learn all you can."

Then, turning to Squeens, Dick said:

"And you, Mr. Squeens, remember the threat of the Liberty Boys. If you go on as you have been going, we will drum you out."

"Quick, Dick," whispered Mark at the window.

"All right."

Then Dick left the school house, followed instantly by Bob.

Outside they saw Mark, sitting on a big gray, at the window.

In the road were four of the Liberty Boys, all well mounted.

One rode a speedy bay mare, one a roan, and the other two a pair of well-matched sorrels.

The red-faced man whom Dick had thrown out of the window, was now seen dashing down the road, shouting at the top of his voice.

The tramp of horses was heard in that direction, and Dick said:

"Have you seen them, Mark?"

"Yes, from the hill. They are redcoats, Dick."

"Away with us, then, for there may be more of these fellows than we will care to meet."

Dick, Bob, Mark, and the rest now went flying up the road as a party of redcoats came in sight from the other direction.

There were thirty or forty of them, and they came on at a dash.

Catching sight of the boys, they fired.

The brave young fellows answered the volley with musket and pistol and rode on.

Their volley had greater effect than that of the enemy.

Three or four redcoats were seen to waver in their saddles, and one or two drew rein suddenly.

The rest dashed on, firing another volley at the daring boys.

Ben Spurlock, Jack Warren, Harry Thurber and Harry Judson turned in their saddles and fired two or three shots apiece with their pistols.

"Never mind, boys," said Dick. "They won't trouble us much longer."

The plucky fellows quickly disappeared behind the trees which bordered the road and went on at a gallop.

"Things have been going at a lively gait for us, this morning," laughed Bob.



"Have you two been having adventures, as usual?" Mark asked.

"Yes, plenty of them."

They presently turned into a narrow lane, hardly distinguishable on account of the many trees bordering it and the grass which grew between its ruts.

They rode at a more leisurely gait after entering the lane.

In a short time they heard the redcoats go thundering past, never suspecting how the clever boys had escaped.

The boys could ride only two abreast down the lane, but they made good progress.

Keeping on this secluded road for some little time, the boys at length got upon another road.

They followed this for a time, then entered a wood, and at length came upon the camp of the Liberty Boys.

"Good mornin', Captain dear, an' how are ye the day, Liffinant?" said the rosy-cheeked, pug-nosed Irish boy who met them at the edge of the camp.

"Very well, thank you, Patsy," said Dick, riding on with Bob and Mark.

"An' how are ye, byes?" asked Patsy Brannigan, the Irish Liberty Boy, as the others dismounted.

"Pretty well, Patsy," said Jack. "The redcoats from Rocky Mount got after us."

"Did they now? Sure Oi loike the impedence av thim, chasin' a foine lot av byes loike yersilves."

"For why you was like dot?" asked a fat German boy who stood near. "Dot don'd was goot to been chased by dose redgoats, ain't it?"

"Sure ye know what Oi mane, Cookyspiller," said Patsy. "Av coorse Oi don't loike it, an' that's why Oi said Oi did."

"Dot was ein funny way off speaking, to said what you don'd was mean. I dinks you was ein goot looking veller once."

"Sure Oi know Oi am."

"But dot was meanted dot you don'd was dot."

Then the German boy, whose full name was Carl Gookenspieler, but which Patsy could never get straight, walked off as sober as a judge.

The other boys laughed, and Patsy said with a grin: "Sure ye wudn't think he cud get howld av an idee so quick, to luck at him, wud ye?"

"You never can tell," said Ben Spurlock, who was one of the liveliest and jolliest of the Liberty Boys. "Now, we know that you are intelligent, but—"

"Oi'll butt ye in the shtomach av ye say Oi don't luck it," Patsy retorted, with a laugh.

Then the boys went on, and the story of Dick's adventure at the little old school house was soon known.

One of the boys had saved a copy of the proclamation issued by Captain Houseman, the British commander at Rocky Mount.

This called upon all the people of the district to meet in an old field and come under the protection of the crown.

"We may be at that meeting," said Dick, tersely.

"Yes, to show these Tories and this arrogant redcoat that the spirit of patriotism is not dead in the Carolinas," answered Bob, who was of an impulsive, impetuous nature.

"Exactly!" said Dick.

"Well, we'll try our best to accomplish it."

## CHAPTER IV.

### A WARNING.

The camp of the Liberty Boys was in a secluded spot just off the Rocky Mount district, where they would not be likely to be disturbed by the enemy.

Dick Slater was just now acting under the orders of General Thomas Sumter, known as the "Carolina gamecock."

Sumter was gathering an army to oppose the redcoats, and Dick was watching them and getting information.

There were many Tories in the district, and Captain Houseman's proclamation would have a great influence upon them.

There were many sterling patriots as well, however, and these would resent Houseman's officiousness.

"Fellows like this schoolmaster, Squeens, and this distributor of the proclamations may do a lot of mischief," declared Dick to Bob, as they sat in the former's tent.

"Unless they are drummed out," chuckled Bob.

"And that is just what will happen," firmly. "The Liberty Boys do not make idle threats."

"They do not. They do as they say."

"I have given that schoolmaster one warning," continued Dick, "and I am willing to give him another."

"He does not deserve it," impetuously.

"He may not have quite understood that I have the power to carry it out."

"That's no fault of ours. You stated the case plainly enough."

"I also mean to warn this distributor of these insulting proclamations, whose name I did not catch."

"It does not matter very much," with a laugh.

After dinner, which was prepared and served by Patsy, with the assistance of some others, Dick set out on Major to look over the ground.

With him were Mark Morrison, on his big gray; Jack Warren, Mark's chum, on a bay mare, and the two Harrys on their sorrels.

They rode in the direction of the log schoolhouse, and, coming in sight of it, Dick saw the red-faced man in the red coat dismount from a scrubby little horse, and enter.

"Here is more interference, I fancy," he said. "Come, boys."

Reaching the schoolhouse the boys heard a great buzzing within.

They dismounted and said:

"Come with me, Mark. Jack, you and the two Harrys keep a watch outside."

"All right, Captain."

Then Dick and Mark entered without announcing their coming.

"Esquire Bijah Greenhill has been appointed on the school board," the schoolmaster was saying, "and he has something to say."

Dick and Mark took seats on a bench in the rear.



"Before beginnin' my remarks," said the red-faced man, clearing his throat, "I must demand that the two rebels in the rear at once disperse."

"I am here in the interests of right and justice," Dick answered, "and I shall remain."

The man's face grew redder as he proceeded.

"I understand that there has been great insubordination in this place of late," he said, pompously.

"There has," whined the schoolmaster.

"Master Milton Bartow, step out here."

The boy arose in his place, but stood there.

"I prefer to stand here," he said.

"What do you mean by goin' agin the rules o' the school?" asked Greenhill.

"I have not," firmly.

"Tut-tut, don't answer me in that fashion. Say 'sir' to me, you young rebel."

Milt said nothing.

"Didn't you refuse to read out your lesson?"

"I did not."

The offensive sentence was now written out on the blackboard in staring white letters.

"Ain't it the custom of the master to write out sentences for the scholars to repeat in concert?"

"It is."

"Then read what is writ on the board."

"I will not," firmly.

"Why will you not, Milton?" Dick asked.

"Because, Captain, what is written there has nothing to do with our school work."

"What is usually written there, my boy?"

"The capitals' of the states, with their geographical position, the boundaries of the states, and problems in arithmetic."

"Very good. This is none of those."

"The master has the right and privilege of writin' whatever he pleases," said the squire. "Are you goin' to read that?"

"No."

There was a buzz all around the room.

"Lieutenant Morrison," said Dick, "oblige me by erasing that offensive and unnecessary sentence."

"Yes, Captain."

There was a wet sponge on the edge of the blackboard. Mark walked over to it, took the sponge and erased the writing.

"Master Bartow," said the squire, "you are no longer a pupil of this school."

Then Milt's friend stood up.

"If he isn't, neither am I," he said.

"Nor me!" cried half a dozen boys and as many girls, popping up in different parts of the room.

Then Dick arose and walked to the platform.

"Wait a moment, girls and boys," he said.

Then all sat down and there was immediate silence.

"Mr. Greenhill," said Dick, "why is this boy expelled?"

"It's none o' yure business," with a snap.

"And I say it is."

"You have heard the reason," snarlingly.

"I have heard no reason. The boy has not broken any of the rules of the school."

"He don't do as teacher says," snorted the other, angrily.

He had been appointed evidently for the purpose of assisting the master in his high-handed conduct of the school.

That he was giving Squeens very little assistance, however, was patent to all.

"Mr. Squeens has introduced entirely irrelevant matter into the school exercises," said Dick. "It is very proper to refuse to read out such things."

"Are you on the school board?" snapped Greenhill.

"It is not necessary for me to be. You are both exceeding your authority, and must stop."

"How dare you say 'must' to me, you rebel?" and the squire's red face turned purple.

"Because I have authority behind it," firmly.

The room became as still as a vault.

"You, Mr. Greenhill, have been circulating offensive handbills in this district. You, Master Hiram Squeens, have exceeded your authority in the conduct of this school."

Neither of the men said a word, but glared at Dick.

"The Liberty Boys never make a threat that they do not carry out," he continued.

The silence that followed was almost painful.

Everyone present was impressed with the dignity and authority of the young patriot.

Even Squeens and Greenhill were forced to admit that he enforced respect.

"Listen," said Dick. "If you two men continue your offensive practices, you will be drummed out of the district."

"Do you dare to threaten me?" gasped the squire.

"Yes; boys, you are not to be expelled. Remember what I said to you this morning."

"I'll see if my authority is to be put at naught by a young rebel," blustered the squire, as he rose from his seat.

"Be careful how you call people 'rebels' in this district," said Dick. "Some won't stand it. As for me, I don't heed such things."

The angry squire, more red-faced and puffy than ever, with his wig on awry and the sweat pouring from his forehead, stamped out of the room.

"Understand me, Mr. Squeens," said Dick. "This is no idle threat. I shall know how the school is being conducted, and there will be no tale-bearing, either."

"We will proceed with our lessons; first class in geography stand up," snapped the schoolmaster, and Dick and Mark went out.

## CHAPTER V.

### GETTING NEWS.

"There was a very peppery gentleman who came out just now, Captain," laughed Jack, "and he had a lot of most uncomplimentary remarks to make about you and me, and all of us."



"That does not matter, Jack," quietly.

"He also mentioned that he would find out the camp of the 'saucy young rebels' and hunt them out like a lot of rats."

"Ah, that is of more importance, Jack," said Dick. "That will need our attention."

Then the boys rode off toward the camp at an easy gait.

Presently Mark said:

"There is someone coming on behind us, Captain."

"Yes, I hear him. There is only one person."

They kept on, still hearing the sound of the single horseman behind them.

"Hang back a little, Jack," Dick said presently, "and see who it is. I think it is someone following us."

The boys went on, Jack waiting at the side of the road till he saw the rider appear.

He was Hub Dumps riding on a big, ungainly horse of a very loose-jointed action.

Jack took one glance at the boy and dashed ahead after Dick and the others.

"It's Hub Dumps," he said.

"Didn't he see you?"

"I think not."

"Take the road through the woods, boys. Remain with me, Mark."

Jack and the two Harrys turned off, Dick and Mark keeping on.

In a short time they heard the boy coming after them as before.

They went past the lane and finally stopped.

In a few minutes Hub Dumps came up.

He seemed surprised to see the boys, and halted abruptly.

"Where are you going, Hub?" asked Dick.

"Goin' home, o' course," replied Hub, but Dick could see from a certain change of color that the boy was not telling the truth.

"Is school over?"

"Yus."

"All right, go ahead," and Dick drew up on one side, Mark doing the same.

Hub went on, but one could easily see that he did not want to do so.

"Turn back, Mark, and go down the lane," said Dick.

Mark did so, Dick keeping on till he caught up with Hub.

The latter seemed better satisfied to have Dick go ahead, and yet showed his astonishment at the latter being alone.

Dick went ahead at a pace which Hub could not possibly keep up with and, being well in the lead, turned off down an unused road, went through woods, and by many devious ways at length reached the camp.

"If that fellow follows us, he is a good deal smarter than I think he is," Dick said, with a laugh, to Mark.

"You think he was trying to?"

"Yes, sent by the master or by this pompous squire."

"They will have to send a smarter messenger than Hub Dumps."

"That's what I think."

Later, Dick set off on Major, and had gone a short

distance on the main road when he met Milt Bartow, another boy and two girls.

"School out, Milt?" asked Dick, as the boys touched their hats.

"It seems to be out for us," the boy answered. "Mr. Squeens won't have anything to do with us. We might just as well not be there, for all the attention he pays us."

"You will go, as usual?"

"I suppose so, unless——" and the boy paused.

"Unless what, Milton?"

"Are there any vacancies in the Liberty Boys?"

"Yes, two."

"Do you think I would do? If I can't go to school, I would like to do something for my country."

"Is there nothing else you can do, besides being a soldier, Milt? That is a perilous life."

"Yes, but so is living about here, with Tories burning barns, shooting men from behind thickets, and running off with cattle and horses."

"Very well," thoughtfully. "The Tories think of holding a meeting, Milt. Do you suppose you could learn where it is to be held?"

"It is in the old field."

"Yes, but when?"

"I'll find out, Captain."

"Hub Dumps knows," said the other boy. "He and some others were talking about it."

"You didn't hear the time mentioned?"

"No."

"See if you can learn, Milt," said Dick. "I will meet you here some time this evening."

"I'll have my chores to do, and it will be after sundown before I can get here."

"That will be time enough. I will be here."

"Very well, Captain."

Dick rode on, and the boys and girls went their ways.

Not far from the schoolhouse Dick met Hub Dumps and three or four of his cronies.

They looked black, but said nothing, and he rode on.

"Those fellows would have attacked me if they dared," he said to himself, "and they mean mischief, as it is."

In front of the schoolhouse Dick saw Squeens and the squire coming out.

The red-faced man got upon his horse and said, snarlingly:

"You thought you had the best of us, but them rebels is expelled from the school, and you will be drove out of the district by to-morrow."

"The scholars have not been expelled, and the honest men of this district shall know of your high-handed proceedings. Remember my warning. If you continue this line of conduct, both of you will be drummed out."

"Not for any boys that I can thrash like I would birch an unruly pupil," snarled Squeens. "I ain't goin' out not for no young rebels like you all."

"We will see," said Dick, quietly, and then he rode on.

When out of sight of the two Tories he heard some men coming on, talking loudly.

He drew rein as he heard one say:



"We'll meet to-morrow in the old field and settle them rebels."

"Yus, we will, an' r'up out them Liberty Boys. Hub 'll find out where their camp is."

Then the men, there were three or four of them, caught sight of Dick.

They glared at him, but did not offer any violence, and both he and they went their ways.

"Hub is going to find our camp, is he?" laughed Dick. "I don't think he will."

At length Dick turned and rode toward the camp.

Soon after passing the schoolhouse, which seemed to be deserted, he heard someone coming on behind him on horseback.

"They mean to follow me," he said, and at a turn in the road hid in the bushes, causing Major to lie down.

Before long he heard someone say:

"I don't hear him, do you?"

"No, but I reckon he must have went on."

They passed, and in a few moments Dick took to the road again, and turned into the lane without being seen.

After dark he was at the point where he had promised to meet Milton.

Before long the boy appeared, walking.

"Have you learned anything, Milton?" Dick asked.

"Yes, Captain. The Tories meet in the old field early to-morrow morning."

"Very good."

"They also mean to learn the location of the Liberty Boys' camp, and drive you out of the district."

"Yes, I know that. They have tried to follow me two or three times, since I saw you."

"They have not succeeded, I should judge," with a laugh.

"No, but they have tried, and will try again."

"These Tories, if they succeed in arousing enthusiasm, expect to be joined by others, especially by one Captain Huck," added Milton.

"I know him, a profane, cruel man. He has a good deal of influence, I know, and we must counteract it."

"There will be more trouble in the school if these Tories succeed."

"We must see that they do not," quietly, "and I thank you for what you have done."

Then Dick said good-night and rode away.

## CHAPTER VI.

### BREAKING UP THE MEETING.

Early the next morning the Liberty Boys left their camp and made their way cautiously toward the old field.

They went through the woods and down bylanes, and made very little noise, going in parties of a dozen or twenty.

They reached the thicket bordering the old field and spread out so as to make a rush at the word.

All had assembled, and the Tories, with a party of sol-

diers from the fort at Rocky Mount, were just about to begin their meeting.

Then Dick Slater gave the signal, and down upon them Tories swept the Liberty Boys.

Milt Bartow had told more than the Liberty Boys of the intended meeting.

A number of patriots had gathered close to the old field.

They remained hidden in a lane until they heard the cheer of the gallant boys.

Then they came rushing out of the lane, and fell upon the Tories and redcoats with a shout.

Squeens, Greenhill, Hub Dumps and others were recognized.

Hub and other boys of his age were the first to retreat. Down upon the surprised Tories dashed the Liberty Boys and the people of the district.

The soldiers from Rocky Mount made some show of resistance at the first.

The Tories were driven helter-skelter from the field, however.

Then the redcoats were forced to follow.

They went in better order, however, and kept together.

Milt and some of the patriot boys from the school were in hiding opposite to the Liberty Boys.

When Hub Dumps and his cronies fled they ran right upon the boys.

They arose quickly and fell upon the Tory bullies.

They were equal in number to the Tory boys, and the latter could not say that there was not fair play.

They showed themselves in good time for the Tories to have prepared themselves.

Milt at once attacked Hub, his chum pitched into a boy as big, and all along the line the brave boys fell upon the Tories.

Milton quickly conquered Hub, who could not rely upon any of his cronies to give him assistance.

It was the same with the rest, none of the Tory boys being able to get another to-help him.

The Tory boys were routed, and now the men were flying in all directions.

Squeens and Greenhill had horses, and they found and sprang upon them without delay.

They did shout to the Tories to stand firm, but they did not set the example, and no one listened to them.

The Tories having fled, the Liberty Boys charged upon the redcoats.

The latter fled to Rocky Mount, where Captain Houseman was most indignant at the conduct of the patriots.

The field was left in the possession of the Liberty Boys and their allies, and there was great rejoicing.

The Liberty Boys quickly returned to their camp, and the neighbors went back to their homes.

During the early forenoon Dick set out with some of the boys to see if he could learn any news of the self-styled Captain Huck, and also of General Sumter, whom he was daily expecting to put in an appearance.

With him were Bob Estabrook and Jack Warren, Ben Spurlock, Will Freeman, George Brewster and Ned Nash, all brave boys.

They arrived at the little log schoolhouse at the mo-



ment that the scholars were let out for the forenoon recess.

They saw only Tory boys, however, although there were a few girls whom Dick recognized as having sided with Milt Bartow and his companions the day before.

The girls, seeing Dick, came forward, and one, a very pretty miss with a white sunbonnet hanging by its strings, around her neck, said:

"The other boys are kept in during recess."

"Probably for fear they will thrash Hub and his bullies," chuckled Jack.

"For what?" asked Dick.

"Fighting, the schoolmaster says."

"Among themselves?"

"Why, no, they wouldn't do that," puzzled.

"They why aren't the others kept in at recess as well as these boys? The boys must have been fighting with them."

"Mr. Squeens says that they struck them without provocation."

"That is his idea. I saw the whole affair. Your boys struck first, to be sure, but the others were at a lawless meeting and we broke it up."

"And you did not wait for the redcoats to shoot at you, I don't suppose?"

"No, we did not," with a laugh.

Just then a ferule came flying out of the window.

Another followed it in a few moments.

"Hello, there is trouble inside," said Jack.

"Yes," said Dick, and leaping to the ground, he hurried across the playground and went inside.

At the end of the room stood Squeens, white with rage.

"If you young rebels don't submit to discipline, you'll catch it wuss in the end," he snarled.

The boys stood in a row, defiance in their every look.

"What is the trouble, Milton?" Dick asked.

"Mr. Squeens wants to ferule us for fighting," answered the boy.

"Has he punished the others?"

"He has not, and won't."

"You want to punish them for the affair this morning, do you?" asked Dick.

"Yes, I do, and I'm going to. They began the fight, and there're going to get licked for it."

"Nothing of the sort. Boys, go out and amuse yourselves."

The boys immediately ran out.

"Yew're teachin' of them boys disobedience," snarled Squeens.

"I am not. I am teaching them to fight tyranny. I could keep them all out of the school, and then where will you be?"

Squeens knew that if the better class of boys left his school would go to pieces, and he would be out of employment.

Even knowing this, he was self-willed and obstinate, and was determined to have his own way.

"I won't stay in the school," he snapped. "I won't learn the pesky rebels nothin'."

"You've got to teach them. You were hired to teach all the scholars. If you get out, so much the better."

"Huh! school teachers don't grow on every bush," snorted Squeens.

"Perhaps not, but we'll find one, and a better one than you are."

Just then Dick heard a signal from Bob.

The latter signalled that enemies were coming.

Dick listened and heard the tramp of horsemen.

Then he went to the window, as if to look out.

He thereupon signalled to Bob to hide.

Then he sat down, and Squeens went to the door and called to his pupils.

They all came trooping in, and took their seats.

Hardly had they done so when the tramp of horses was heard.

Milt Bartow looked alarmed, and cast a warning glance at Dick, who did not seem at all worried.

Presently in marched the squire and six redcoats.

The Tory shot a triumphant glance at Dick, and said:

"Ha! we'll see if we can run the school to suit us, you rebel. Arrest that feller!"

"Don't let them, boys!" cried Milt. "Now then, to the rescue!"

A dozen boys sprang between Dick and the redcoats.

"Get out o' the way!" snapped Greenhill. "Sergeant, order your men to fire if them young rebels don't get out o' the way."

"Go sit down, boys," said Dick. "Milton, go to the window."

Squeens suspected something and snarled:

"If he does, shoot him!"

Dick suddenly sounded a shrill whistle.

In a moment, as it seemed, at every door and window there was a Liberty Boy, each with two pistols in his hands.

Then Dick suddenly drew his own pistols and said:

"Boys, disarm those redcoats!"

## CHAPTER VII.

### ROUTING THE SQUIRES EMISSARIES.

The redcoats were taken by surprise and there was no escape.

Milton Bartow and the other patriot boys quickly followed Dick's instructions.

In a short time all the redcoats were disarmed.

"You thought I was alone," laughed Dick, "but I don't take risks without knowing what is behind me."

"What will you do with the redcoats, Dick?" asked Bob.

"Send them back to Rocky Mount. What sort of horses do they ride?"

"Carolinas."

"Inferior to our own. Let them keep the horses. They will be in a hurry, no doubt."

The soldiers did not seem to grasp the humor of the situation as Bob did.

"You meddling old fool," said the sergeant to the



squire. "You have got us into this scrape. If we help you again, you will know it."

"Don't you talk to me like that!" stormed Greenhill. "You're nothin' but a sergeant. Air you aware that I hold the rank of a major?"

"You are not a regular," retorted the sergeant. "This boy here," indicating Dick, "is your superior."

"You'd better get back to the post without delay, sergeant," said Dick. "We could make prisoners of you."

"But we really don't care to be bothered," laughed Bob.

The redcoats left the room in haste.

The squire was following, when Milt and the other patriot boys suddenly pelted him with books, rules and everything they could pick up.

His hat was knocked off, his wig was put awry, and he went out in a very undignified haste.

Dick did not reprove the boys, for Greenhill was not the master, and had simply meddled.

"Mr. Squeens," Dick said, "you will conduct this school as you should, and show no discrimination. We mean to have no more trifling."

The school was being conducted in a quiet and orderly manner when Dick left it.

The redcoats had gone off in hot haste for, being unarmed, they did not know what enemies they might encounter on their way back to Rocky Mount.

"Captain Houseman will be more indignant against us than ever," laughed Bob, as the boys rode away.

"Yes, we quite insulted him this morning," said Jack, "and now comes this last affair."

"We must learn more about Captain Huck and his Tories," observed Dick. "Unless Sumter arrives soon this profane Tory may do a good deal of mischief."

"There are the Liberty Boys to fight as well as watch him," answered Bob.

"Exactly, but it will need more than the Liberty Boys. Christian Huck can raise a large force, I understand."

Huck was a notorious Loyalist of the district, who with Houseman's orders, was getting ready to do all the harm he could, burning, killing and pillaging.

Bill Cunningham, another Tory, the leader of the infamous "Bloody Scout," was also somewhere in the district, and was greatly to be feared.

These lawless men burned and destroyed, picked off isolated sentries, attacked solitary persons, and always went in large parties, never annoying the soldiers, but attacking defenseless men and women.

It was men like Bill Cunningham and Christian Huck that were to be feared, for they terrorized Tories and lukewarm Whigs, and so had a strong influence over them.

In the event of the success of men like these, many who had been wavering would go over to the side of the opposite.

It was necessary, therefore, to learn of Captain Huck's intentions and put a stop to his marauds.

Taking the boys with him, Dick rode off in the direction of the place where Huck had last been heard from.

Already the militia were preparing to drive out Cunningham, and now Huck must be looked after.

Riding on for some distance, Dick and his little party

suddenly heard shouts and shots down a little lane they were passing.

"There is some trouble," said Dick. "Forward!"

The boys dashed down the lane, the sounds of conflict increasing.

Then they began to smell smoke, and to hear the crackling and snapping of fire.

They presently came in sight of a cabin, in front of which were a dozen evil looking men, shouting, firing rifles and muskets, and setting fire to the fences and little barn next to the cabin.

From the latter shots rang out, and it was apparent that the inmates were defending themselves as best they might.

With a shout the gallant boys hurled themselves upon the Tories, for such they were, no doubt.

They fired a rattling volley as they came up, and then clubbing their muskets, assailed the enemy most vigorously.

Dick and Bob, using their pistols, dashed in with the rest.

Then two men, a woman, a boy and a girl, came running out of the cabin and joined in the fight.

The Tories fled in great haste, and then Dick and the rest proceeded to put out the fire.

"I'm obliged ter yer, young sirs, and glad ter see that ye're good patriots," said one of the men.

"Were these some of Bill Cunningham's 'Bloody Scout' do you know, sir?" Dick asked.

"No, they wasn't, they was a lot o' evil fellers who belong ter Huck's army, goin' ter jine it, an' I can tell who sent 'em."

"Who did?" Dick asked.

"Bijah Greenhill, the squire, as he calls hisself. He been stirrin' these Tories up ter jining Huck."

"You are sure of it?"

"Yes," said the boy. "I go to the school where you stopped t'other day."

"Well?"

"Squeens said I shouldn't, an' sent me home. Dad had work to be done, anyhow, so I couldn't go."

"Well?"

"Then last night when I was goin' after the cows I heard squire talking to these men, some of 'em, an' telling 'em they must join Huck, an' in the meanwhile do all the mischief to the rebels that they could."

"Tom told me erbout et," added the man, "an' we made ready for them."

"That is another count against Greenhill," declared Dick. "The Liberty Boys will carry out their threat before he knows it."

"Yes, Tom says you told him that you would drum out him and Squeens if they didn't behave theirselves."

"And so we will. Go back to school, Tom, just as soon as your work is done, and stay there."

"The teacher won't show him things like he does Huck an' some o' the Tory boys," said the man.

"I know he won't, but we are going to stop all that. You go to school, Tom, do your work, and obey all proper rules."

"All right, Captain. Sis an' I will both go."



"There was more trouble at the school this morning," Dick added, "but you must go, just the same."

"We will."

"As for Huck's army, we will look out for that," Dick continued, "and there will be no more recruiting for it, if we can prevent it."

"That's right, I hope you will. Teacher's been carryin' things on with a high hand, I reckon, fur's I kin learn, but Tom ain't ther sort ter kerry tales, an' I have ter git ther news outside."

"We will attend to the schoolmaster's case also," replied Dick. "I shall give him no further warning, but carry out our threat when he least expects it."

Having done all they could about the place, the boys took their departure.

As they neared the head of the lane, they heard the sound of a drum.

Dick went forward cautiously, and saw a number of men, whom he recognized as having seen on the road near the schoolhouse.

"Is it much furdur ter go?" asked one.

"On'y ter Williamson's," answered the leader. "Cap'n Huck is goin' ter camp there an' then we're agoin' ter march agin ther rebels, an' drive 'em out'n ther kentry."

"If you are not first driven out," thought Dick.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### SOME DISAPPOINTED TORY BOYS.

The recruits to Huck's army were allowed to go on unmolested.

Dick had learned where the man was encamped, and that was enough for that time.

If he attacked these men, they would know that he had learned something and would warn Huck.

It was better to let them go on, therefore.

Returning, he told Bob and the rest what he had heard.

"It was all right not to bother them now," observed Bob, "but now that we know where to find them, we will do something when the proper time comes."

"Yes," said Dick, "Jack, you are well mounted. Ride to Colonel McClure's camp and tell him that Huck will encamp to-night at Mr. Williamson's plantation."

"Very good, Captain."

"It is a good ride, but your mare can do it with ease. Then return to our camp."

"All right, Captain. I shall want to avoid these fellows who have gone on, I suppose."

"Yes. Take the road to the right, a little way on. Then you will not see them."

"Very good," and Jack saluted and rode on.

Dick and the rest now turned back and went toward their camp.

Reaching the lane, he left Ben and the others, while he and Bob went on.

Coming in sight of the log schoolhouse, he saw that everything was quiet about the place.

He caught sight of the back of the schoolmaster's head through a window, and, dismounting, went forward.

"Keep a watch, Bob," he said.

Bob took Major and his own horse into the thicket and waited.

Nearing the open window, Dick heard Squeens say:

"You gotter find out where the young rebels have their camp."

"We've done tried ter, teacher," said Hub, "an' we cain't do it."

"Make Milt Bartow tell you where it is."

"He dunno et, no more'n we do. I reckon he met ther rebel on ther road an' talked to him, an' didn't go ter ther camp at all."

"Then you gotter find it, I tell you, or you'll get a thrashing. Them rebels has gotter be drove out. Find where it is, and Captain Huck 'll come and drive them away."

"How be we goin' ter find out? Every time we try ter foller him or any o' them, they scatter all over, go down lanes, or inter ther woods, an' they ain't no tellin' where they be."

"It takes a smarter boy than you are to track any of the Liberty Boys, Hub," was Dick's thought.

"You gotter find 'em, you fool, or I'll take the hide right off'n you!" snapped Squeens. "You an' the rest git ter work."

"All right," said two or three boys.

"If yer don't find out where it is by to-night," Squeens continued, "I'll warm yer jackets so you'll think yer've been settin' next ter ther fire. Now git out!"

Dick dodged around to the side and Hub and others presently came out at the front.

They went off down the road, and then Dick came out and signalled to Bob.

"The schoolmaster says that he will take the hides off of those fellows if they do not find our camp before night," he said, when Bob came out.

"Then I guess he will have to begin tanning right away," Bob returned.

"I think I will let them do it, Bob," smiling.

"I don't know that it will do any harm, seeing that we will probably leave there to-night."

"That's what I was thinking of," dryly.

They rode off in the direction taken by Hub and the rest.

In a short time they overtook the Tories.

The latter ran as soon as they caught sight of Dick. A little later Dick said to Bob:

"You go ahead with Major, Bob. I want to see what these fellows are going to do."

Dick then dismounted and made his way back cautiously.

He soon saw the Tory boys coming on, talking earnestly.

"There's their hoss track," one said. "Why can't we foller that?"

"We kin, if they keep straight on," growled Hub, "but suppose they go in haff er dozen different ways?"

"They cain't, 'cause they's on'y two on 'em."

"Wull, we've done tried ter foller 'em afore, an' couldn't."



"We gotter do et now, anyhow, Hub Dumps, an' ef yer back out, I'll tan yer hide, 'sides what teacher does."

"Here's their tracks, anyhow," said another, "an' they're plain as kin be."

Dick stole away, made a detour and caught up with Bob.

"They are following us, Bob," he said, "so we must make a good easy trail."

"And they think they are clever," with a laugh.

"Hub Dumps has been dethroned. Any of the boys can talk to him now as he pleases."

The boys went on, turned into the lane, and rode ahead, making as broad a trail as possible.

After they had reached the camp Dick went out, made a detour and finally came upon the Tory boys following the trail.

"We'll find 'em this time, all right," said Hub. "I follered ther trail good."

"You hain't done it any more'n the rest on us, Hub Dumps. You needn't go to crackin' of yourself up like that."

"Wull, we all have done it, o' course. That's what I meant," apologetically.

Dick watched them following the trail, keeping even with them, but out of sight, and quite relished their delight at having been able to trace the boys to their camp.

"And they have no idea how we helped them," he chuckled.

When they came in sight of the camp and saw the Liberty Boys moving about, the Tories sneaked away.

"Well, they have found us, Bob," Dick said, when he returned.

"Yes, with our help," laughing.

"They don't know that, and they think they have done something wonderful."

"And when Huck does not find us to drive us out, Hub will get his thrashing," Bob laughed.

It was nearly supper time when Jack Warren returned.

He went to Dick's tent at once and said:

"The troops are coming down to-night, Captain. They will make the attack early in the morning. We are to meet them."

"Good. The enemy know the location of our camp, Jack, and are going to attack us."

"When?" asked Jack.

"Oh, when we get through with them," laughing. "The schoolmaster sent some of his favorite pupils to find out where we were."

"And did they?"

"Yes, with our help. Never mind. We won't be here to-night."

"Oh, I see. You played them a trick?"

"Yes."

The boys were greatly pleased when they knew that they were going to march against Captain Huck.

Even if the man's army were not dispersed, the Tories would see that there was opposition, and would be cautious how they acted.

It was after dark when Milton Bartow rode out into the camp and asked to see Dick.

"Hub Dumps and some of the Tory boys have discovered the camp, Captain," he said.

"Yes?"

"I overheard them talking about it to Mr. Squeens and was able to find it by their deception."

"Well?"

"The Tories are all going to attack it to-night and drive you out."

"We won't be here, Milton, we are going to attack some other Tories."

Then it's all right."

"Yes, and we knew of this, but I am just as grateful to you for giving us the information."

"I thought you ought to know."

"Quite right, and you are a good patriot, Milton."

The boy remained a short time, and half an hour later the Liberty Boys were on the march.

## CHAPTER IX.

### THE DEFEAT OF THE TORIES.

The boys saw nothing of the Tories on their march, as it was probably too early for the latter to make their attack.

They moved rapidly but quietly, and there was no alarm given.

They rode until midnight, and then, being not far from the camp of the Tories, rested.

Dick shortly went out, with great caution, and found the patriots under Bratton and Noel.

The Tories were encamped in the middle of a lane and were totally unsuspecting of the presence of enemies.

"The Liberty Boys are at the other end of the lane, colonel," said Dick to Colonel Bratton.

"Very good," said the other. "When dawn approaches draw near. When you hear our firing, make the attack."

"I will," said Dick. "Huck means to do a lot of mischief, but he will find us ready for him."

"Yes, and we shall put an end to this Tory uprising, which is bound to do a great deal of harm, if not put down at once."

Dick returned to his own camp, using due caution, for, notwithstanding the stillness, he did not know at what moment a sentry might spring out and challenge him.

The Tories, confident in their strength, were sleeping soundly, however.

Not a breath was heard and the sentries, if there were any, seemed to be as sound asleep as the camp they guarded.

Dick heard nothing, saw nothing to alarm him on his way back.

Not a sentry challenged him, nor did he hear a tread as he crept silently past the sleeping camp.

The Liberty Boys had their pickets set, as usual, but no one came near the camp during the rest of the night.

Just before dawn the daring fellows moved noiselessly forward toward the end of the lane.

All was dark and silent.

The boys lay waiting the signal from the other end of the lane.



At daybreak it came.

First there was a single shot, then a cheer and after that a volley.

Then the Liberty Boys sprang forward and dashed into the lane with a cheer.

"Forward, Liberty Boys!" cried Dick. "Scatter the Tory marauders!"

"Liberty forever!" echoed the daring lads. "Down with Huck and his Tories!"

The surprise was complete.

The Tories, reposing in fancied security, were suddenly aroused to find themselves beset on all sides.

Fire!" cried Dick.

Crash—roar!

A tremendous volley answered the command.

Many a Tory was laid low as they came rushing forth to give battle to the brave boys.

It was a fierce fight, for the Tories saw that the patriots were in earnest, and realized their peril.

Muskets rattled, pistols cracked, bullets whistled, brave boys shouted and cheered, and the din was tremendous.

Huck was killed, and then the Tories, losing heart, began to fall back.

The Liberty Boys were ordered to pursue the fugitives, and were quickly in the saddle.

Fast rode the Tories, but close behind them raced the gallant Liberty Boys.

Terror stricken, the Tories urged their horses forward with spur and voice.

The plucky young patriots gave chase and kept the beaten marauders on the dead run.

The boys pursued the fugitives almost to Rocky Mount, and then turned and rode back more leisurely.

Many of the Tories fled this way and that, on the way to Rocky Mount, while the remainder scattered far and wide.

Within four hours there was not a vestige of Huck's army left, and it might never have been for what was ever known of it afterward.

The pursuit of Cunningham and the capture of four of his party, and now the death of Huck and the falling to pieces of his army, aroused the patriots, discouraged the Tories, and alarmed the redcoats at Rocky Mount.

Meanwhile the Liberty Boys, having rested, returned to their old camp.

Here they expected to remain till Sumter arrived.

The next morning Dick set out with Mark, Ben, Jack and the two Harrys to reconnoiter.

They had only been a short time on the way when they met Milt Bartow on horseback, hurrying toward them.

The boy halted as he met them, and Dick said:

"Well, Milt, any more trouble at the school?"

"Not exactly, although I think that—Polly Weeks is missing."

"One of the girls?"

"Yes, you will remember her, she has yellow curls, and wore a white sunbonnet."

"She carried it around her neck by its strings, mostly, I should say," laughed Jack.

"Trust to Jack for noticing the girls," chuckled Mark, who was a bit of a tease.

"Yes, so she did," said the Carolina boy. "Somebody has kidnaped her, Captain."

"Say you so?"

"She would not run away. Her sunbonnet was found in the road, and there were the evidences of a struggle."

"Could you make out any of the footprints, Milt?"

"They were greatly confused, and then hoofmarks were seen, as if she had been carried off on horseback. There were wheel tracks, too, but they may have been made afterward or before, for that matter."

"But the footprints?"

"They ceased after a short distance."

"Did they go into the woods?"

"No, they stopped short, in the middle of the road."

"Do you suspect anyone?"

Milt paused for a few moments before answering.

"The schoolmaster tried to kiss her yesterday after school. He pretended to be fond of her, if she was a 'rebel,' as he called her."

"Was he in school this morning?"

"Yes, I went there first."

"How did he seem?"

"He said he was sorry."

"Did he look so?"

"No, and if I can tell anything by a man's face, he was glad."

"When was Polly missed?"

"Last evening, just before sundown."

"You did not see Squeens last night?"

"No."

"Where does he live?"

"He lives around. Just now he is at the house of Hub Dumps."

"Have you been there?"

"No. Hub said she had run off with some scamp, no doubt."

"Hub wants a thrashing," said Jack.

"He got it," replied Milt, briefly.

"And now you want the Liberty Boys to help you find her?" asked Dick.

"Yes."

"Why did you not come before, Milt? I am afraid the trail is cold."

"I did not know it until this morning. Mr. Weeks was scouring the neighborhood all last evening, but he did not come to our house till late, and I was in bed and asleep."

"I think that Squeens and the squire had something to do with it," said Mark.

"Perhaps, Mark," answered Dick, quietly, "but we must have proof before we accuse these men."

"To be sure, but Squeens is mean enough, and the other would help him out."

"Take us to the place where this happened, Milt," said Dick.

They turned into the road and were soon riding along at a good pace.

"There's Hub Dumps," said Ben. "He seems to be taking a holiday this morning."

Hub was coming along on foot, and seemed not a little alarmed at the sight of so many patriots.



He kept to one side of the road, and seemed ready to run at the slightest sign of trouble.

"Come on, Hub," said Dick. "No one is going to hurt you."

Hub kept close to the side of the road, and Dick shot a quick glance at him as he passed.

On the shoulder of Hub's coarse jacket were two or three long yellow hairs.

## CHAPTER X.

### A VISIT TO MRS. DUMPS.

Hub hurried on, as if doubtful of Dick's honesty and, when once by, broke into a run.

"Does Hub live in that direction?" asked Dick.

"No, he lives the other way," answered Milt.

"Let us see the place where you found Polly's sun-bonnet."

"Hub lives beyond that, on a rough road."

"Did the tracks lead in that direction?"

"Not the wheel tracks. The others did, but then they got confused, and you could not tell where they went."

"Is it a stony road?"

"Yes, and full of ruts. A wagon would be rattled to pieces going over it."

They came at length to the place, and Dick got down and began to examine the footprints.

They were confused now, and men had come by that morning.

Dick could tell the old tracks from the new, and he presently said:

"Hub Dumps wears a pretty big boot, doesn't he?"

"Yes," answered Milt.

"I noticed it as he passed. These tracks were made last night."

"He went home from school this way."

"Yes, but there are a girl's footprints, and then everything is confused."

"Do you think the bully was engaged in it, Dick?" asked Mark.

"Did you notice the yellow hairs on Hub's shoulder?"

Dick asked, by the way of reply.

All the boys were interested in an instant, and besieged Dick with questions.

"Yes, I saw them, but I did not wish to alarm Hub. He would have warned the rest."

"Then he was in the affair," said Mark.

"Undoubtedly. These footprints convince me of that. I wanted to get a look at Hub's feet, and I noticed his shoulders."

"You see everything," said Mark.

"Well, not much escapes me at any rate."

"I never thought of such a calf as Hub," declared Milt.

"He was working for another, no doubt," Dick answered.

"But would they take the girl to Hub's house? Squeens is boarding there and some of us suspected him at once."

"They might," returned Dick. "At any rate, we will

go there and have a look around. We won't all go. Some of us had better hang back when we get near it."

Then they set off in the direction of the rough road which Hub lived.

"It is just beyond that clump of bushes," said Milt, length.

"Very good, wait here, boys," said Dick. "Milton and I will go ahead."

The road was narrow and rougher than ever by the bushes, and Dick dismounted.

Then he took something from the bush and said:

"Polly wore a pink print dress yesterday, I believe."

"So she did," answered the other. "She often did."

"Is this a piece of it?" and Dick handed a little bit of cotton cloth to Milton.

"Yes. Where did you get it, Captain?"

"From this bush."

"I did not see it."

"No, but I suppose you are not accustomed to looking for such things as I am."

"Then that shows that she came this way?"

"Yes, for it is not likely that Hub would tear it and put it on the bush."

The two boys now went ahead, Milton dismounting.

Stuck on the side of the rough road was a log cabin a story and a half in height, but of some extent.

It was approached by a flight of rough steps dug out of the bank and washed out in some places by the rain.

Two or three untidy looking girls were at play on the steps, and a boy of eight, ragged, dirty and ill favored was at the top.

At sight of Dick Slater, this boy suddenly gave out yell and shouted:

"Hello, ma'am, here's some rebels come arter the strange gal!"

Then he ran into the cabin, and in a moment there was the sound of a resounding slap, followed by a yell.

"Shut yer mouth, yer dratted nuisance," a sharp voice cried.

"Rebels, rebels!" cried the little girls as they sprang up and began to throw pebbles at Dick.

He ascended the rough steps and the girls ran away. An untidy looking woman appeared at the door.

"What yer want?" she snapped. "Rebels ain't no business in this house."

"You are Mrs. Dumps?" asked Dick.

"Yus, I be, but et ain't naught ter yew. What's yer business?"

"I have come for Polly Weeks, the young girl who was brought heré last night," quietly.

"How'd yew know she was brung here?"

"For several reasons, but they don't matter."

"Huh! s'pose I was ter say she wasn't brung here with a snort."

"I wouldn't believe you," tersely. "She was. I have evidence of it."

"Wull, she was, an' her an' Hub was huggin' an' kissing ter beat all, an' I sent her out'n ther house."

Milt's face was scarlet as he cried:

"It is not so, you are not telling the truth. Polly Weeks would have nothing to say to a fellow like Hub Dumps."



Then the boy, appearing at an angle of the cabin, jumped up:

"Teacher tried ter kiss her an' she fetched him one on the mouth that putty nigh sent his teeth down his throat."

"Luck Dumps, yew shet up carryin' tales!" snarled the woman, "or I'll tan ye!"

"Where is the girl?" asked Dick.

"I sent her away, I tell yer," with a snap.

The little girls began throwing stones again, but not being good on the aim, hit their mother instead of Dick or Milt.

"Lisbeth Ann, Sairy Jane, yew stop o' that or I'll warm ye!" Mrs. Dumps yelled. "Ther gal ain't here, I tell ye."

"Teacher tooked her away this mornin' or las' night, I reckon," said the eldest of the girls. "I wisht I had ther frock."

"Yew hold yer yawp, Samantha M'ria Dumps," said the woman. "Yew donno nothin' erbout et, yew wasn't awake."

"I was so, an' I heerd the shay drive away with the gal into it, an' I seen teacher adrivin' with a black man settin' behind, holdin' onter ther gal."

"Squire Greenhill has a negro coachman," said Milt.

"She ain't here, I tell yew, an'—ef yew don't stop firin' them rocks I'll take a rawhide to yer!"

"Did Mr. Squeens drive off with her this morning?" asked Dick.

"Yes, he did, an' that's all I know about et, an' yer don't needn't ter ast me no more questions, 'cause I dunno nothin'."

"Where was he going?"

"I donno."

"Was it Bijah Greenhill's rig?"

"Yus, an' his nigger. I told 'em I wouldn't have ther gal here with folks suspicionin' I done et. Kidnappin' is ergin' ther lawr, an' I wasn't ergoin' ter be mixed up in any o' ther lawr business."

"Where did they go?"

"I donno, ter ther parson's, I reckon, 'cause teacher he says he was ergoin' ter marry ther gal, but et's a clear case o' kidnapin', whatever he says."

Dick saw that the woman, in her fear of the law, was now telling the truth.

"Do you think they went to Squire Greenhill's?" he asked. "Is he a magistrate, could he marry them?"

"He ain't no squire, he just says he is, he couldn't marry folks no more'n that boy o' mine. They went ter ther parson, I reckon."

"When was this?"

"Last evenin' or early this mornin'. Leastwise ther gal didn't stay here all night."

"And Hub and the teacher helped to bring her here." "My Hub?"

"Yes, I saw three or four yellowish hairs on his shoulder. They must have fallen there in the struggle."

"Waal!" muttered the woman, angrily. "Hub 'll git warmed fur thet! An' I won't have teacher here no more arter that!"

Then the angry and frightened woman rushed into the house.

A few moments later one of the windows on the side flew open.

Then out came a shabby portmanteau, shoes, a beaver hat, a pair of broadcloth breeches, and various other articles of wearing apparel.

"The schoolmaster is changing his quarters," laughed Milt, "but that's an odd way to do it."

## CHAPTER XI.

### A TROUBLESOME PRISONER.

Dick was forced to laugh at the energetic way Mrs. Dumps had of getting rid of an unwelcome lodger, and said:

"If Squeens makes himself unpopular with Tories, how much more so must he be with patriots?"

"She is thoroughly frightened," said Milt, "and fears to be involved in his troubles and so won't even have his things in the cabin."

Dick went back to the others, and said to Milt:

"They have gone to Greenhill's. You know where he lives?"

"Yes, I wonder they were not upset, driving along this road."

"Perhaps the negro drove. He would be more careful than Squeens."

"Yes, and know more about it as well."

They retraced their steps, going into the other road, and then set out for the house of the arrogant Tory.

"He may pretend to be a magistrate, and try to force the poor girl to marry Squeens," observed Dick.

"She would never do it!" said Milt, emphatically.

"No, I don't believe she would, but he would try, for his own protection."

"But if he is not empowered to do so?"

"He may be. He is called squire. This woman may not know."

"Very true, but Polly would never marry that white-livered rascal."

"No, and a marriage under compulsion could be annulled. This Tory could say that he knew of no compulsion, and so clear his own skirts."

"He looks like a crafty fellow, and may do so," said Mark.

"He is," replied Dick, "but he is ignorant as well. His arrogance will make him less afraid than this woman, but he may not know how far he can go."

"I think he has gone far enough to deserve the drumming out we threatened him with."

"Yes, if we can prove it."

"Very true, and he probably knows enough to try and cover his tracks, as they say."

"And Captain Slater is as good at following the trail of a snake as that of a man," chuckled Jack.

"Then you will go there, Captain?" asked Milt.

"Yes. The man would not provide his horse and his



servant unless he expected the girl to go there. Is there a clergyman near?"

"None that would marry Squeens. They all know him too well."

"Then he may have agreed to do it."

Riding along at good speed, they at length came in sight of the pretentious house where the Tory lived.

They all rode in at the gate, and had not gone far when a negro came forward and said:

"What am you' wishes, youn ge'men? De mastah ob dish yer 'state am gone o't on impo'tant business."

"We wish to release a young woman who is kept a prisoner in this house," was Dick's reply.

"Yo'm rebels, I reckon?"

"So they call us, but we are patriots."

"Waal, I'se jus' glad you's done come 'long, 'cause dat young woman done make a heap o' trouble, an' I reckon Marse Squire 'll be mighty glad when she's o't o' de ho'se."

"Then she is kept a prisoner here, as I supposed?"

"She ain' kep' one, she done keeps herse'f."

"What do you mean?" Dick asked, puzzled.

"She done lock de do' on de inside, an' won' let no one in nohow."

"That's just like Polly!" cried Milt. "She's got lots of grit."

"Dat's raight, young ge'man," said the negro. "She done slap de squire in de face till yo' kin see de print ob her five fingers plain as any'ting, an' den she lock de do' an' no one cain't get in, not fo' coaxin' or nuffin. She's a smaht gal."

"Is Mr. Greenhill out?" asked Dick.

"Yas'r, he'm o't jus' now, but ef yo' wan' ter leave any wo'd, I'll undertake to delivah it."

"First, let us into the house to release this young lady."

"Yas'r, an' glad ter do it, fo' ob all de trubble makin' young pussons I ebah see, she am de wust!"

"Remain behind, Ben and Jack, to look after the horses," said Dick.

Then he and the rest went into the house, preceded by the negro.

The latter led the way to a room on an upper floor, and Dick rapped on the door and said:

"It is I, Captain Slater, Miss Polly. Do not be afraid to open the door."

"Captain Slater, of the Liberty Boys?" cried Polly, from within.

"Yes, and a number of the boys," as the bolts were heard being withdrawn, and someone else."

The bolts shot back rapidly after that, and the door flew open.

"Milt!" cried Polly, and in a moment the two were clasped in each other's arms.

"Better hurry up, Marse Cap'n," said the negro.

"Why?" asked Dick.

"Ole marse am comin' wif a lot o' redcoats f'om de fo't. Yo' kin see 'em o't o' dish yer window."

Dick looked and saw a large detachment of redcoats coming along the road, not far distant.

"I am obliged to you," he said to the negro.

"Yas'r, tank you', sah. I'se gwine ter tell ole marse

dat yo' done broke inter de ho'se, but yo' bettah get away raight smaht, I reckon."

"Yes, there are too many of them for us to handle," said Dick.

Then they all hurried below, and were soon in the saddle, Polly riding in front of Milt.

"Did Squeens carry you off?" the boy asked.

"Yes."

"You were put on a horse?"

"Yes, with Hub riding behind."

"And went to his house?"

"Yes, at first, but Mrs. Dumps was afraid and made Squeens take me away."

"Did you see Greenhill?"

"Not at first. Afterward he came and said that I married Squeens."

"And then?"

"I slapped his face, shut the door and locked it on the inside, and defied them to do their worst."

"You're a plucky girl, but it took Captain Slater to find out where you were. I could not have done it."

"But you suspected?"

"Yes, but I did not know how to go to work. He saw some of your hair on Hub's shoulder, he found a bit of your frock, he recognized Hub's footprints."

"Well, you went and got him, at any rate."

"Yes, I did that."

"That was something," greatly pleased.

They heard the tramp of the redcoats not far off behind them as they rode out at the gate, and dashed down the road at a gallop.

They were not seen by the enemy, however, and Milt said, with a laugh:

"That black fellow will have a terrible story to tell of how we broke into the house, smashed things generally, terrorized them all, and carried off the girl."

"He has a good model in his master," added Jack dryly.

They reached Polly's home at length, and were most heartily received.

Polly herself was welcomed with every demonstration of joy, and Milt was praised for what he had done.

There was great indignation expressed against the schoolmaster and the squire, and Weeks declared that he would have them both run out of the town.

"We will attend to that," said Dick. "We threaten to drum them out, and we always do as we say."

"Then every decent man, woman and boy in the district will turn out to see you do it," heartily.

The Liberty Boys now rode back to the camp, and were met by Bob, who said:

"General Sumter is coming, and will shortly attack the fort at Rocky Mount."

"Then the Liberty Boys will have something to do," said Dick, and all the boys cheered.

## CHAPTER XII.

### THE NEW LIBERTY BOY.

Preparations were at once made to go and meet Sumter and the camp was a busy scene.

The boys would not march at once, as that would arouse suspicion.



Preparations could be made, however, and at the proper time the boys would go on the march.

Lieutenant-Colonel Turnbull now commanded at Rocky Mount.

The garrison consisted of one hundred and fifty New York volunteers, and some South Carolina Tory militia. These were stationed principally in three buildings upon a slope surrounded by a ditch and an abatis, and encircled by an open wood.

Sumter had crossed the Catawba, and was rapidly approaching Rocky Mount.

He was accompanied by Colonels Neil, Irvine and Lacy, and Captain McClure, all brave fighters.

While the Liberty Boys were making ready, Patsy said to Carl:

"Av we do be going away, Cookyspiller, we will want to take something to ate wid us."

"I was t'ought you was rather fighd as eat, Batsy?"

"Sure Oi would," retorted the Irish boy, promptly.

"Den why you was wanted to got somedings to eated already?" asked Carl, with a laugh.

"But there do be some av us what would rather ate than foight, do ye moind," Patsy added, soberly.

"Was dot so?"

"Yis, an' ye're wan av thim," and Patsy let out a roar.

"Humbug! I was fighted like anydings."

"Yis, an' ate loike iverthing," with a laugh.

"Gone ould mit you."

"An' we'll have to get something to ate for thim fellys, so come along wid ye."

"All right, I was went mit you," and the two comical Liberty Boys presently set out, taking a box wagon with them.

"Don't you two funny fellows go to getting into any trouble," laughed Bob, as they left the camp.

"Sure Oi won't mesilf," said Patsy, "an' av Oi do be along, Cookyspiller can't."

Patsy had the seat and drove, while Carl sat in the bottom of the cart.

"Dot wagon don'd was had some springs, und I was went boompetty-boomp like eferydings," complained Carl, when they were a little while on the road.

"Sure that's all right," Patsy answered, laughing.

"Subbose you letted me drove und you was sit der bottom off der wagon on, und den you know how dot is," Carl retorted.

"Sure Oi niver could hold it down loike yerself, so set still."

"I don'd could sitted still, I was all der dime choomped aboid."

While they were talking the horse set off on a road of its own.

It was scarcely more than a cart path, and led to a little brook with steep banks.

Carl began to get more bumps than ever.

"Where you was went?" he asked. "Dot don'd was der road."

"It's a short cut, that's all, an' we'll get to where we're goin' all the sooner."

When the horse started down the bank Patsy flew off the seat and landed on the animal's back.

Carl slid down toward the front of the wagon and bumped his head against the seat.

"Hold ould, where you was went?" he shouted.

"Sure, that's all roight, it's a postillion Oi am," laughed Patsy.

When the horse started to go up the other bank, after crossing the brook, Patsy had some trouble in holding on.

"Begorry, Oi'll be roidin' on his tail next," he said.

"Hold on, Batsy, what you was doed?"

"Sure Oi am howldin' on as hard as Oi can, but Oi can't rache his ears."

"Hold ould, I toldt you, I was slipped der wagon ould."

"Howld on, me bye, sure we want ye for ballast."

Carl slid out of the cart into the brook, however, with a great splash.

Relieved of his weight, the horse went easily up the bank.

"Mein gollies, off you was toldt me I was went shwimming, I was mein clothes tooked off," sputtered the fat German boy.

However, the day was warm, and when they got out upon the road in the warm sunshine, his wet clothes soon dried.

They returned by the bridge, however, so that there were no more wettings for either of them.

An hour or so before supper Milt Bartow came into the camp and said to Dick:

"Captain, I have brought a note from my folks. They are willing for me to join the Liberty Boys if you will take me."

"We would like very much to have you, Milton," answered Dick. "You know all the boys, or many of them, so amuse yourself while I think it over."

Milt knew many of the boys, and Jack, with a significant look at Ben, said:

"How are you at shooting, Milt?"

"Fair," the boy answered.

Jack brought a musket and, pointing to a dead branch high on a tree nearby, said:

"Can you hit that?"

"I don't know, I'll try it."

He took careful aim, fired and snapped the branch in two.

"Come along and take a swim, boys," said Ben. "The captain says we may."

Ben, Sam, Will, George, the two Harrys and Jack went off, taking Milt with them.

On the way Jack suggested a foot race, and Milt went into it, doing as well as some, and better than others.

He was a fair swimmer, a good breather, and an excellent diver.

Then they wrestled, and here he showed a great deal of proficiency.

All this, although he knew it not, was done to test him, and he passed a very creditable examination.

At last they walked leisurely back to the camp, and while Milt was talking with some of the boys, Ben and Jack went to Dick's tent.

"Well, boys?"

"He's all right, Captain," said Ben. "He is not as fast



a runner as Jack, nor as good a shot as I, nor as fine a swimmer as Harry, but he keeps up a good average in all."

"He'll do very well," added Jack. "Keeps his temper, doesn't brag, knows what he can do, and is ready for anything."

"And he is a good patriot and loyal to his friends. He would not do a mean act, and his principles are the best."

"He's just the boy we want with us," said both boys.

"I agree with you. Send him here in a few minutes."

The boys returned, and at length Ben said:

"The captain would like to see you, Milt."

The boy colored and said:

"Come along, Ben, I don't think I could stand it alone."

"Well, all right. Come on, Jack."

Dick smiled as the three boys came up, and said:

"You thought perhaps I would not want you, Milt?"

"Well, I didn't know, of course, but I thought I could stand it better if I had someone with me."

Dick laughed, and said:

"Will you swear to uphold the honor of your country, to fight its battles, to stand by your comrades in all that is right, and to face even death in defence of the cause of freedom?"

"I do," said Milt, firmly.

"Then you are one of the Liberty Boys. We are on the eve of a battle. Do you want to go home first and see your parents?"

"Father said there might be one before I knew it, but to stick it out if you took me," answered Milt. "So I think I'll stay."

"Very good," and then Milt was fitted out with a uniform and provided with a musket, the boys all giving him a hearty cheer.

### CHAPTER XIII.

#### A BRAVE ASSAULT.

The Liberty Boys set out for Rocky Mount that night. There was no time to attend to the schoolmaster and Greenhill at that time.

"If they are wise, those two fellows will leave the district at once," declared Mark.

"They never struck me as being the wise kind," answered Jack.

"They think that if they say a thing, it makes it so, observed Ben, "and they are too pigheaded to see any difference."

"Well, we'll give Patsy something to do when we get back, beating the drum," added Harry Thurber.

Patsy was the drummer, on occasion, as well as the cook.

"Well, don't ye know that an Oirishman loikes to get howld av something he can bate?" laughed Patsy. "Oir can bate the dhrum loike iverything, because it do have a red coat."

"Humbug!" said Carl. "Dot drum was nodings but leader."

"Loike the heads av some of the redcoats," laughed Patsy.

Nearing Rocky Mount, the boys halted and waited the appearance of Sumter.

It was still dark, but the boys were careful about lighting fires, for fear that the enemy might see them.

They set pickets, to keep a lookout for stragglers, some of whom might give information to the enemy of their approach.

There was a small fire lighted, beside a rock near the road, and here Milt Bartow was on picket.

The fire did not burn brightly, but could be stirred into flame at any moment.

Milt walked across the road and back, keeping his eyes and ears open.

Toward morning when the fire had nearly died out, he heard someone coming along the road.

Jack, Ben and others had told him the Liberty Boys' signals, and had practised him on them till he knew the principal ones fairly well.

These consisted of natural sounds, given in a peculiar manner, all of which meant something.

The hoot of an owl, the cry of a night hawk, the croak of a frog, the chirp of a cricket, all hid a meaning.

By using these sounds, the boys could communicate with each other in the presence of an enemy, and the latter be none the wiser.

There were two or three persons coming along the road, Milt could tell by the sound.

They were conversing in ordinary tones, but he could not as yet distinguish what they said.

Stepping well into the shadow at the side of the road where he was not likely to be noticed, the boy remained silent and waited.

As the strangers came on, Milt recognized their voices as those of Tory neighbors.

"What are those men doing so far from home?" he said to himself.

"Squire says they weren't in their camp," said one.

"Yus, but he donno if they come this way or no," growled another.

"No, but they ain't any more redcoats, 'cept at Hang Rock, an' that's a matter o' twelve mile."

"The pesky young rebels moughter come this way," the third man said, "but we hain't saw 'em yit an' so we can't tell ther redcoats——"

"What's that?" cried the others in a startled tone.

"That's only a owl. What yer skeered on, Bill?"

The new Liberty Boy was signalling to those nearest him.

"It's pooty late for a owl ter be out. It'll be daylight soon."

"Huh! I donno. There he goes again funder off."

The three men were passing the almost extinguished fire and had not noticed it.

Suddenly a puff of night air stirred it, and it quickened into flame.

Three or four Liberty Boys were revealed, creeping toward them.

Milton was seen standing by the road, and beyond were seen more Liberty Boys and their horses.

"Great snakes, rebels!" gasped one.



"And them pesky Liberty Boys inter ther bargain," cried another.

"Run, yer fools, run!" yelled the other.

Milt and the other boys sprang forward to seize the three Tories.

The latter fled, post haste, each in a different direction, and escaped.

"That's too bad!" muttered Ben Spurlock. "Now they'll tell the enemy that we are here."

"I suppose I ought to have put the fire out," said Milt, "but I had no idea it would flare up like that."

"You couldn't help it, Milt," answered Sam. "No one would have thought of it but Dick."

"And he thinks of everything," added Will.

The sound of the men's footsteps quickly died out, and all was quiet.

Dick was informed of what had occurred and said:

"Well, they may inform Turnbull, but it could not be helped, so there is no use in fretting about it."

Soon after daybreak, Sumter appeared with his force on the summit of a hill near at hand.

The Liberty Boys soon joined him and preparations were made for the attack.

The enemy had been informed of Sumter's coming and were prepared to receive him.

The plucky "Carolina gamecock" was determined to make the attack, however, even if the enemy had learned of his presence.

The word to charge was given.

Forward dashed the gallant lads and sent in a volley.

The others fired several volleys, but they seemed to have little effect.

Orders were then given to get over the abatis and drive the enemy into the houses.

This was work just suited to the Liberty Boys.

Dismounting his brave fellows, Dick led them to the attack.

It was difficult work surmounting the felled trees with their branches interlaced and projecting in all directions.

The boys scrambled up like so many cats, sending in a pistol volley as they climbed.

The enemy tried in vain to drive the brave fellows back.

All along the line Sumter's hardy veterans were swarming up the abatis.

Where they were driven back in one place, they advanced at another point.

The Liberty Boys massed themselves, one helping another, and thus they made good progress.

There was a constant pop-pop-pop from their pistols, and it was impossible to drive them back.

"Liberty forever! Down with the redcoats. Forward!" they cried. "Let them have it, boys."

Step by step they advanced, cheering and firing as they climbed up and over the obstruction.

There was no keeping them back, and their pluck inspired the rest.

At last they surmounted the obstacle and were within the enclosure ready to continue the good work.

"Charge!" cried Dick, and they dashed forward, firing a rattling volley.

The garrison was driven into the houses, but now the next thing to be done was to force these.

## CHAPTER XIV.

### THE ESCAPE OF THE ENEMY.

The houses were situated near the bottom of the slope, were built of logs and were very strong.

Having no artillery, Sumter was obliged to resort to other methods.

The order was given to throw burning fagots upon and against the houses, to set fire to them.

The plucky Liberty Boys, headed by Dick Slater himself, undertook to do this work.

Providing with bunches of blazing fagots, they rushed forward.

Some of the most nimble footed succeeded in throwing the fagots against the buildings.

The garrison sent in a hot fire, and they were forced to fall back.

Some of them were hurt, but none seriously.

"We can't do it that way, and it's a pity," sputtered Bob. "We've got this far all right, and now we ought to get the rest of the way."

"Very likely these redcoats think that we have already gone too far," said Mark, with a laugh.

"I'm not looking at things from a British point of view," sputtered Bob.

"But you could not expect them to look at it from your side, could you, Bob?" smiling.

"No, I suppose not," and Bob was forced to laugh himself.

Another method was now resorted to as a means of destroying the houses.

An old wagon was found and piled high with straw and brush taken from the abatis.

Upon these were thrown fagots, and the whole set on fire, and the wagon rolled down the hill against one of the houses.

"Aha! that will give them a warning!" cried Bob, joyfully.

The boys all cheered, seeing the logs beginning to take fire.

The British, seeing their danger, hoisted a flag.

"I thought that would fetch 'em," sputtered Bob.

Sumter, supposing the enemy were about to surrender, gave the order to cease firing.

At that moment a heavy shower descended, and in a few moments the flames were extinguished.

The white flag was quickly hauled in, and the enemy opened fire upon the patriots, defying them.

Sumter had no other means at hand to dislodge the garrison, and he withdrew.

"It was too bad," declared Bob. "It's a great pity the rain did not come after we had driven those fellows out."

"I suppose it is," returned Dick, "but we cannot con-



trol such things, and the British probably regard it as a special act of Providence."

Sumter withdrew to the north side of Fishing Creek, near the Catawba, while the Liberty Boys went back to their old camp.

"We've got those Tories to look out for," said Dick. "They may try to do some more mischief, our attempt to dislodge the enemy having failed."

"And we have an old score to settle with them, as it is," asserted Bob.

"Very true, and the folks around here have not forgotten it, I'll warrant," added Mark.

"We made a threat," said Dick, "and it is quite time to execute it."

When they were in camp again, Dick said to Milt:

"If you want to go home and see your folks and Polly, Milt, you may do so, now that you have been in a fight."

"Very well, Captain," said Milt, coloring with pleasure. "I should like to, very much."

"Be back to breakfast, Milt," added Dick.

"Yes, Captain," and the boy quickly made ready and set out.

It was about nine o'clock that night when the boys were startled to hear a rapid clatter of hoofs coming toward the camp.

In a few moments Polly Weeks came dashing in, quickly drew rein and dismounted.

"Where is the captain?" she asked, almost breathlessly. Dick came forward.

"What is it, Polly?" he asked.

"The Tories have attacked our house. Milt is there. I got away on my horse without being seen."

"And rode bareback," said Dick. "Get ready a score or more of the boys, Bob."

Bob hurried away to execute the order.

"Are there many of them, Polly?" asked Dick.

"About thirty, I should think, but many of them were boys, Hub Dumps and his crowd."

"Was the schoolmaster with them?"

"Yes, but he was disguised. Still, I knew his figure, and I heard his voice."

"Tell Bob to get about forty of the boys, Ben," said Dick.

"All right, Captain," and off ran Ben.

"I heard them say that when they burned down our house they would go to Bartow's," Polly continued.

"I see."

"And that then they would see the other rebels."

"I suppose they think we were beaten at Rocky Mount, and so they can do what they like."

"Yes, that is what they said."

"Are your folks able to hold out against them?"

"Yes, the house is strong, and there are my father and brothers and Milt and one of the neighbors."

"They are all armed?"

"Yes."

At that moment Ben came up, mounted on his roan, and leading Major, Dick's splendid black.

"All ready, Captain," he said.

"Good. You had better wait here, Polly. We will ride much faster than you are used to, I think."

"Very well, Captain."

The boys set out at once and rode like the wind.

As they rode on, they heard shots.

"The Tories are getting desperate," said Bob. "We did not hear shots before."

Then there were more shots, fired in quick succession.

"The patriots are answering them," declared Dick. "The Tories probably thought they could surprise them, and did not want to fire for fear of alarming us."

There were no more shots heard for a time.

Then, as the boys drew near, they were heard again, with loud shouts and yells.

As they came in sight of the house they saw a large crowd on the lawn in front.

The original party had evidently just been reinforced, and they were now making ready to attack the house.

A crib near the house had been set on fire, and by the light of the flames Dick made out Squeens, Greenhill, Dumps and others whom he knew.

"Forward, Liberty Boys!" he shouted.

"Down with the Tory marauders, liberty forever, give it to the sneaks!" the boys answered with a shout.

Then they charged pell-mell upon the riotous Tories. Their coming was utterly unexpected, and threw the Tories into a panic.

The Tories did not attempt to fire a volley, but fled in great haste.

Many of them were recognized by more than Dick, and a number of the patriots identified both Squeens and the squire.

None of them fell into the hands of the patriots, as all fled too rapidly.

No other houses were visited, the Tories being afraid to do so after being so thoroughly routed.

Milt rode back with the Liberty Boys, and then took Polly home.

"Be back early in the morning, Milt," said Dick. "There will be work to be done."

"Very well, Captain," said Milt, well understanding what the work was.

## CHAPTER XV.

### DRUMMED OUT.

Milt Bartow was back to the camp betimes the next morning.

It was soon after sunrise when the Liberty Boys set out from camp.

One party set out for the house of Hub Dumps, another went to the squire's, and another to the schoolhouse.

No one was found at home at the house of Dumps.

Dumps himself, Hub, Mrs. Dumps and the younger children were nowhere to be seen.

"They have taken the alarm and have decamped," said Mark, who led this party.

The cabin was shut up and there was no sign of life about it.

"There is nothing to be done here," said Mark. "Let us go to the settlement."



The party under Bob, which visited the schoolhouse, was more successful.

They found Squeens in his accustomed place, but there were no patriot scholars, and some of the Tories were absent.

Hub Dumps was not to be seen, nor were four or five of his particular cronies.

Squeens was defiant, and refused to come out when Bob summoned him.

"Yew rebels were beaten at Rocky Mount," he snarled. "Gin'ral Sumter has retreated, an' all you rebels air goin' to be druv out."

"Jack, Ben, Harry, Sam, Will, go in there and fetch this fellow out," ordered Bob.

The doors were barred, but Jack promptly climbed in at a window, and was quickly followed by others at different points.

A few of the Tory bullies tried to stop the plucky boys. They were promptly knocked down for their pains.

Squeens tried to draw a pistol, and was seized by the two Harrys.

Ben and Sam held back the Tory boys, and Will opened the front door.

Then they marched out with the schoolmaster between them.

"This is a high-handed outrage," whined Squeens, "an' I'll have ye prosecuted by the law."

"You were one of a mob who tried to burn down the Weeks' house last night," said Bob. "That was not an outrage, of course?"

"I wasn't nuther. I was ter home all ther evenin'."

Jack suddenly tore open the schoolmaster's long-tailed coat.

In an inner pocket was found a black mask and some sulphur matches, and a tinder box.

"What are these things?" the boy asked.

"I keep 'em so's I can make a cup o' tea for myself arter school, evenin's," whined Squeens.

"And that's your teapot, I suppose?" holding up the mask.

"It's no use for you to try and lie out of it, Squeens," said Bob. "You were recognized by a dozen different persons."

"And there's an abduction case," said Jack, "to say nothing of defiance of all warnings."

"You will find out whether the Liberty Boys keep their threats or not," added Bob.

The schoolmaster's hands were tied behind him, and he was made to walk to the centre of the village.

"We'll let you ride later," observed Bob, dryly.

All the boys smiled, for they knew what sort of steed would be provided for the obstinate fellow.

Dick's party, at the squire's, met with some opposition at first, but Dick said firmly:

"Understand me, once for all. We are determined to have this man if we have to tear down the house and shoot everyone of you. You are only servants, and we have no use for you, but we want Bijah Greenhill, and we mean to have him."

The house was then thrown open, and the boys entered.

The squire tried to sneak out by a rear door, but was seen and seized.

Then he was taken to the square in the centre of the village.

Here Dick found Bob and his party and Mark.

A number of the villagers had assembled, and now more came flocking from all directions.

The news quickly spread that Hiram Squeens, the schoolmaster, and Squire Greenhill were to be drummed out by the Liberty Boys.

The two men had no sympathizers, for both were thoroughly despised by every honest person in the district.

When the Liberty Boys had all gathered, no time was lost in getting ready for the business of the day.

Patsy was ready with his drum, and Carl had his fife.

A good stout fence rail was procured, and upon this the two offenders were placed, back to back.

Their arms were tied together, and they were securely bound to the rail also.

The roadside was lined by men, women and boys.

Not one in the crowd felt the least sorrow for either of the men.

Many of them knew of the Liberty Boys' threat, and were glad that it was being executed.

The rail with its two riders was lifted to the shoulders of four of the stoutest Liberty Boys.

Then Patsy and Carl took their places at the head of the procession.

On the bank, on the fences, and in the windows, and at the doors of the houses, the people were gathered to see the procession go by.

"Forward, march!" said Dick. "We threatened to drum you out, and we have done it."

Patsy beat the drum, and the four boys marched to its music.

The Liberty Boys followed, while everyone cheered loudly.

The fife played merrily, the drum beat loudly and the procession passed on.

Squeens looked defiant; but Greenhill seemed abjectly miserable, and hung his head in shame.

He had posed as a man of great importance, and now to be brought down to his proper level greatly humiliated him.

The men were uncomfortable, to say nothing of the shame of it, and before long Squeens began to whine to be let down.

He said nothing of high-handed outrages and prosecutions at law now.

"You are cuttin' my legs off on this here rail," he said. "Can't you let me down?"

"You might have got it a good deal worse, Master Squeens," answered Bob. "Those folks back there might have cow-hided you and given you a coat of pitch and goose feathers."

The procession went on until the last house in the settlement had been passed.

Then they stopped, the drum and fife ceased playing, and the two men were lowered from the boys' shoulders and released.

"Now," said Dick, "we have carried out our threat, but if you return, or if we hear of your doing as you have



done here in any other place, you will be drummed out again."

Squeens and the squire had nothing to say.

"And if we have to drum you out too often, we will resort to even harsher methods."

The two Tories, humbled and smarting with rage, fear and pain, set off in different directions, while Patsy and Carl played the "Rogues' March" till they were out of sight.

Then the boys returned to camp.

## CHAPTER XVI.

### THE SCHOOLMASTER AT HIS OLD TRICKS.

Nothing was seen of either the schoolmaster or Greenhill for the next three or four days.

It was likely that the warning of the Liberty Boys was having a good effect, therefore.

Then the boys went to the neighborhood of Hanging Rock, where there was a detachment of British soldiers.

It was quite probable that Sumter would attack them, and therefore Dick wished to be there.

The day after his arrival in the new neighborhood, Dick set out to reconnoiter, taking three or four of the boys with him.

There were Milt Bartow, Ben, Sam, and Jack Warren.

Dick usually took new recruits with him when he went out scouting, to give them an idea of the work.

The boys had ridden a certain distance when they came to a little one-story log cabin, setting a little back from the road.

From the very appearance of the grounds around it, Dick and the rest knew just what the little log cabin was used for.

It was a schoolhouse.

As the boys halted, there came the sound of blows from within, followed by lusty howls.

"I'll learn ye to do like I say or take the hide off'n ye!" they heard, in strident tones, and then there was another blow.

The boys looked at each other and smiled.

"Master Hiram Squeens is at his old practices," said Milt.

"If he is thrashing the boys for simple stupidity or infraction of the rules, there is no need of our interfering," said Dick.

Then he dismounted and walked forward.

Entering the door, he stood in the little passage outside and heard Squeens say:

"Now you say what I tell ye or I'll give ye another switchin'. Are you goin' ter?"

"Yes, teacher," in a sobbing voice.

"Then say it. We ain't goin' ter have no rebels in this school."

"I forget it."

"Long live the king."

"There's no great harm in that," said Dick, "for he can live as long as he likes, if he lets us alone."

The boy within repeated the words.

"Down with Washington, Sumter and all rebels," continued Squeens.

Then Dick stepped within.

The schoolmaster turned at the sound of Dick's step. His face turned more sallow than ever, and his watery eyes grew more watery.

"Up to your old tricks, are you, Squeens, teaching boys to be liars, sneaks and cowards?" Dick said.

"I'm goin' to run this here school as I got a mind ter," the man snapped.

Dick looked around him.

The greater part of the scholars were under twelve years of age.

The boy whom Squeens had been flogging was only nine.

"You were drummed out of one school for exceeding your authority, and you will be drummed out of this, if you are not careful."

Some of the pupils began to show interest.

"Were you punished for not talking against the patriots?" Dick asked the boy in front of him.

"Yes, sir."

"Not for not being studious?"

"No, sir, I always know my lessons."

"Yes, you look as if you might. Go and sit down. The man will not punish you for that again."

Many of the pupils smiled, and looked relieved.

"It looks to me as if you had been doing this thing right along, Squeens," said Dick.

"I'm goin' to do as I've a mind ter, I tell yer, and yer interfere with me I'll go to the captain at Hanging Rock an' you rebels will be drove out."

"Be careful how you threaten me, sir," said Dick firmly. "Shall I tell these boys and girls what happened at Rocky Mount?"

The scholars all looked greatly interested, while the schoolmaster scowled.

"You are here to teach, not to make Tories. You may have all sorts, but you are here simply to instruct them in the common branches."

"You donno what I'm paid for teaching," snapped Squeens.

"I know that it is not to teach politics or to force patriots to become Tories, and if you continue it, you will be drummed out of town."

Then turning to the scholars, Dick said:

"You must be studious and obey all the rules of the school, but if the master tries to make Tories of you refuse, and report the matter to your parents. This is not tale bearing, it is putting down an evil practice."

The greater part of the pupils seemed relieved at this.

"Remember, you have every right to refuse to say anything against your convictions, and to report it to your parents. You may be Tories, if you choose, but the school is no place to make converts."

Squeens sat at his desk scowling and frowning, as Dick turned to him and said:

"Remember, sir, whenever the Liberty Boys make a threat, they keep it."



Then he went out, and, as he mounted and joined the others, a number of the scholars came out.

"More trouble, boys?" Dick asked.

"School is out till this evening," said one, the term "evening" being often used for "afternoon" in the Carolinas.

"Very good," said Dick, and then he and the boys rode on.

"Same as ever, Captain?" asked Milt.

"Yes, and I repeated my threat. It may be that we shall have to carry it out."

"Did he defy you, Captain?" Jack asked. "I heard a few words."

"He did at first, but he said nothing in the end. I think he realized that I was in earnest."

"He ought to have realized that when we drummed him out," laughed Ben. "If he did not, I don't believe he ever will."

"He spoke of bringing the soldiers at Hanging Rock against us," said Dick. "We must keep watch, therefore."

"But they don't know where our camp is."

"He may try to learn its location and bring them to it, and so we must keep a lookout."

"You can depend upon us all to do that," said Ben.

"I know I can."

"My opinion is that he will not remain in the neighborhood," spoke up Milt.

"Why so?"

"He has had a lesson. Just now he defied you, because the scholars were present, but I believe that he will go away very shortly."

"I shouldn't wonder if you were right, Milt," Dick replied.

The boys then returned to the camp, where all were cautioned to keep a look out for the enemy.

Later in the day Dick received word that Sumter was coming, and that an attack would be made upon the enemy in the morning.

The boys would move their camp that night, and in the meantime Dick went out in disguise and on another horse, so as not to be recognized.

Reaching the schoolhouse, he found all the scholars at play outside.

"No school, boys?" he asked.

"Waal, we s'posed they'd be, but teacher went away this noon time, and he hain't been back all the evenin', an' it looks like he wasn't comin' back no more."

"But why shouldn't he?"

"Waal, he was tryin' to make Tories out'n us, an' a young soger fellow said he dassen't, an' I reckon he's went away, an' ain't comin' back no more."

"I shouldn't wonder," said Dick.

Then he rode on, saying to himself:

"Milt was right."

## CHAPTER XVII.

### A LOST FIGHT.

The Liberty Boys joined Sumter in the night, and early the next morning they marched against the enemy.

Lord Rawson had established a post near Hanging Rock, on the western bank of the creek, and here were

stationed a part of Tarleton's legion, and a considerable number of Loyalists, all under the command of Major Carden.

In the formation of the British camp, the regulars were on the right, a part of Tarleton's legion in the centre, and the Loyalists, some distance on the left, the creek being in the rear.

Sumter's force first came upon the Tories and charged them furiously.

The Liberty Boys were part of the advance guard, and fell upon the Tories with great spirit.

Among them, riding a horse and looking as pompous as ever, was Greenhill.

He was an officer of some sort, but he might have been a general, if airs and officiousness counted for anything.

"Be the powers, av there isn't the felly Oi dhrummed out av town," roared Patsy, as he caught sight of the man.

There was a roar of laughter all along the line, and the squire quickly fell to the rear.

He was not the only one, for the assault of the gallant boys was so furious that the Tories retreated in great disorder, scarcely firing a shot.

Many of them threw away their muskets without discharging them.

They were quickly seized by Sumter's men, who had not more than two rounds apiece when they entered the fight.

On pushed the patriots, seeing their advantage, and soon fell upon Brown's Provincials, who poured a heavy fire from a wood.

Brown's men then took their bayonets and there was a fierce conflict.

Dick Slater picked out two score of the Liberty Boys, all being deadshots, and said:

"Now, boys, break the line. We must get through."

From behind trees, rocks and bushes, the young sharpshooters began to pick off the enemy.

There were Bob, Mark, Jack, Ben, Sam, the two Harrys, Patsy, Will, George and others, all magnificent shots.

At every crack a redcoat fell, and now, as Sumter's riflemen joined in the firing, the effect was soon felt.

Brown's corps was thrown into confusion and fled, leaving their arms and ammunition behind them.

These were quickly caught up by Sumter's men, who were greatly in need of them.

Had the men stopped at seizing the arms, all would have been well.

Instead, however, they began plundering the camp and drinking the liquors they found.

"For shame!" cried Dick, coming upon a number doing this. "Would you rather be drunkards than win the fight?"

"It's here," said one. "Why shouldn't we take it? Help yourselves."

"The Liberty Boys never drink intoxicating liquors," said Dick.

"The bigger fools you then, when it is right to your hand," laughed several.

"And the greater cowards and knaves you, to stop to



debauch yourselves when there is a battle to be won," retorted Dick, with burning indignation.

One or two struck at the fearless fellow, and were promptly knocked down.

Dick's words of just indignation shamed some into leaving the liquors, and they slunk away.

The greater part, however, yielded to their appetites, and Sumter could only muster two hundred men, with Davie's cavalry and the Liberty Boys in addition, to renew the attack.

The enemy formed a hollow square and Sumter attacked them on three sides of it.

They were on the point of yielding when a reinforcement arrived from Rocky Mount, and Sumter, the number being exaggerated, prudently retreated.

It was now noon, the fight having lasted four hours.

Sumpter retreated toward the Waxhaw, taking his wounded with him, the Liberty Boys falling back to their camp near Hanging Rock.

"The squire did not show off very well," laughed Bob, when they were once more in camp.

"No, he did not, but Bryan's Tories were all like that," returned Dick, "so that he had plenty of company. Their retreat was as shameless as the conduct of our men in pillaging the enemy's camp and making themselves drunk."

"It lost us the fight," declared Bob, "and it was a great shame."

"It makes me prouder than ever of the Liberty Boys," answered Dick. "I am sure that they will not be thus tempted, but can be depended upon to fight right through until the battle is finished."

"And you have taught them all that, Dick," said Bob.

Early in the evening, before it was quite dark, Dick set out to reconnoiter.

On the way to the camp, he came upon a little tavern by the roadside.

Here he heard sounds of merriment, and judged that some of the Tories and perhaps some of the British regulars as well, were celebrating their partial victory.

He was in disguise, and did not fear detection.

He left his horse tethered to the fence outside, and entered carelessly.

In the main taproom he saw Greenhill sitting with a party of Tories, drinking ale from pewter pots, and smoking long clay pipes.

There were no redcoats in the place, but a number of Loyalists and Provincials.

"Maybe we did run to-day," Dick heard the squire say, as he took a seat near him, "but I can make it up."

"How, sir?" asked a fellow at the same table.

"By showing you the camp of them rascally young rebels, the Liberty Boys," the Tory answered.

"Do you know where it is?" cried one.

"Can you do that?" another echoed.

"If you do, it will make up for your running away."

"Yes, I know the place well, and will take a party to it, surprise the young villains, take Dick Slater and hang him, and scatter the rest."

"Yes, that's all very good, but where is the camp?"

Dick listened attentively, not knowing if this were simply a boast on the Tory's part.

The squire began giving a description of the place, and happened to catch sight of Dick.

He stopped, looked at the boy, and said:

"I donno as I ought to tell any more. Who's the young feller?"

"You are sure you have got the place right?" Dick asked.

"Yes, of course."

"Well, I'll wager that when you go there where you've said, you'll find that the Liberty Boys are not there."

"What do you know about it?" asked two or three of the company.

"Only that I've seen the camp of these boys, and that it won't be where this man says it is, when you go to look for it."

The peculiar phraseology was not noticed, but Greenhill said, with a snort:

"Well, then they've moved it, for it was there this evening. I know the place, I tell you, and I'll take a detachment there to-night and rout 'em out."

## CHAPTER XVIII.

### A NIGHT ATTACK.

The men at the table seemed to believe Greenhill rather than Dick, and the latter soon managed to slip away unobserved.

"They may come out there," he said to himself, "and it will be as well to be prepared for them."

He jumped on his horse, therefore, and rode away to the camp.

"Squire Greenhill is going to bring a party of Tories out here some time to-night," he said to Bob, "and break up our camp."

"Are they the same fellows he was with to-day, who ran away so bravely?" laughed Bob.

"I think they are, mostly, but they regard us as mere boys, and eager to conquer."

"Don't they know the experience we have had?" spluttered Bob. "Maybe we are boys, but we don't run the first fire and throw down our muskets."

"Greenhill ought to know what we are," dryly, "if he wants revenge on us for drumming him out."

"To be sure, and he may get a lot of these other Tories and come out here."

"I'd like to know how they discovered our camp, though, Bob."

"Yes, for we were supposed to be very careful about concealing it."

"He knows, for he described it."

"Squeens may have told him."

"I don't believe Squeens is anywhere near here."

"No, perhaps not."

"Some of those other Tories who went away just before he did, may have found it."

"Hub Dumps, Dick?"

"Perhaps."

"What are you going to do, Dick?"

"Move the camp something nearer, and surprise the fellows when they come out."

"That will be a good idea."

Orders were at once given to break camp.



When the Liberty Boys knew the reason, they were eager to meet and thrash the Tories.

The camp was moved quite a little distance nearer to the British line, in a deep wood well back from the road.

Everything was dark and still, and no one, passing that way, would ever have guessed that there was a camp within miles of the place.

There were no fires and not a sound could be heard to give evidence of the boys' presence.

They were on the alert, however, and guards were posted along the line of march, to give timely warning of the coming of the enemy.

It was quite late when the dull tramp of a goodly body of men could be heard.

Word of the coming of the enemy was rapidly sent along the line by signals.

"They are coming, then," said Dick. "They may have secured some of the men who did not run away to-day."

As the enemy was not near the place where they supposed the boys to be, they were at no pains to keep their coming secret.

Louder and louder grew the tramp of many feet, till at last the Tories reached the point where the camp was, and never suspected it.

The horses were at the farthest point from the road, and gave no sign that they knew the enemy was near.

The Tories passed on and at length the tramp sounded sinister, and it was evident that they were proceeding with more caution.

Then the boys heard someone else coming along the road, and saw the gleam of lanterns.

Jack and Milt Bartow, who were together, recognized the boys before they could see their faces.

One was Hub Dumps.

"I ain't goin' ter break my neck stumblin' over this here road," said Hub.

"No, siree, nuther be I," replied the other. "They're comin' ter lick ther rebels?"

"Yus, an' I'm goin' ter git Dick Slater's pistols an' his sword, an' get up a comp'ny o' King's Boys, what'll lick—yew, what yer doin' on, yew caow?"

At a signal from Jack, the two boys had suddenly dashed out upon Hub, kicked his lantern out of his hand and seized him.

Then they ran him into the woods, while two others grabbed his companion and made off with him.

Hub was taken before Dick, who said:

"So it was you who told the Tories where our camp was, was it, Hub?"

"Yus, I did, an' they're agoin' there, an' you're goin' ter be captered, an' all o' you rebels is goin' ter be druv out."

"But our camp is not where you said it was, Hub, and our friends will be greatly disappointed."

"It ain't where it was," greatly surprised. "Whyn't you stay there an' let 'em s'prise yer?"

Hub seemed to be quite indignant that this had not been done, in fact, and Dick laughed outright.

"Oh, we couldn't oblige you that way, Hub," he said. "It's too bad, I know, but we prefer to do the surprising."

"Huh! you won't s'prise nuthin', 'cause when the sogers come back this here way they'll find ye."

"Yes, so they may, Hub, but they may not like it."

Hub was taken away where he could not give the alarm, and at length the Tories were heard coming back.

They were very angry at having found only the remains of a camp, and blamed Greenhill for their disappointment.

As they came on a number of Liberty Boys at different points suddenly began to shout.

"Forward, Liberty Boys, down with the Tories!"

"Forward, march, drive back the ruffians!"

"Charge! Now then, down with 'em!"

It seemed as if there were half a dozen different bodies, Liberty Boys, regulars and militia, all ready to fall upon the Tories.

They could see no one, and they did not know at which point they would be attacked first.

They heard bodies of men, as they supposed, moving forward, and then came a sputtering volley.

They dashed forward at full speed, some discharging their weapons in the air, some throwing them away, and some wounding their own companions.

Then the plucky boys came tearing through the woods, making a terrific noise, shouting, cheering and firing their pistols.

As all these sounds went echoing through the woods, it seemed as if there must be a thousand of the enemy to the Tories.

The darkness added to their terror, and they imagined all sorts of things.

They fled in great confusion, falling over each other, tripping one another up with their muskets, getting lost in the woods, and turning right about in their confusion and going the wrong way.

The gallant young fellows had many a hearty laugh at the discomfiture of the Tories, and when they were at last gone, Hub and his crony were set free.

"Don't try to bring the enemy to our camp again, Hub," said Dick. "We always know of these things in advance."

"Then that plaguey squire done told you," snarled Hub, "fur ye wouldn't ketch me doin' a thing like o' that."

"Not unless you expected to make something out of it, Hub," with a laugh.

In the morning the boys moved their camp nearer to Sumter's position, and kept a watch on the enemy.

They were some little distance from their former position, and not likely to be discovered by the enemy in their hidden camp.

Dick, a few hours after their arrival, set out to scour the neighborhood, when on a rough, little traveled road, he suddenly came upon Squeens, the schoolmaster, mounted upon a small, stocky horse.

## CHAPTER XIX.

### SQUEENS IN A NEW OCCUPATION.

"What are you followin' of me around all the time for, you rebel?" demanded Squeens, with a whine, as both halted.



"I am not," answered Dick, "I did not know you were here."

"What you want to stop me from earnin' my livin' for?" continued Squeens.

"I do not."

"You do, you've drove me outer two schools now."

"If you would simply teach what you are paid to teach I would never trouble you, but you go beyond your authority and terrorize your pupils, making sneaks and cowards of them, and that I will not permit."

"Don't you make rebels of folks?" snarlingly.

"No, I did not tell you that you must make all your scholars patriots. The school has nothing to do with such things."

Squeens started to go.

"Another matter," said Dick. "You abducted Polly Weeks and laid yourself open to a severe punishment."

"I would have married her," with a whine.

"Against her will? That is not a civilized way of doing things. We could have punished you for that, but simply drummed you out as we threatened."

Squeens went on, muttering something which Dick did not catch.

"I don't think he is in a very penitent mood yet," he said to himself, "and if he can make trouble for us he will."

Dick kept on upon the rough road which seemed hardly such a one as the enemy would take if they were anywhere about.

Proceeding, he at length came upon a better one, which showed signs of recent travel.

"Troops have been along here recently," he said to himself. "Perhaps Tarleton is in the district. If he could surprise Sumter, he would. I must make sure of this."

Riding on, he at last came upon a queer little log cabin in a clearing, where a tall, bearded man was hoeing corn.

The man look up and said gruffly:

"Mornin', young stranger. That 'ere uniform o' yours is a sight for sore eyes."

"Then you are a patriot?" answered Dick.

"Yus, I reckon I be. Some folks calls me er rebel. Ther last sogers I see around was redcoats."

"How long ago?"

"Some time this mornin', I reckon. I had my noon meal sence."

"Where were they going?"

"I dunno, zackly. They met a loose-jinted, white-faced feller, that told 'em ef they kep' on, they'd s'prise Sumter or some such feller."

"General Sumter? Is he in the neighborhood?"

"Waal, I couldn't say, but tennyrate this slab-sided feller told 'em he was on ther crick, an' that ef they'd hurry, they'd ketch him."

"Don't you know that Sumter is a patriot, or a 'rebel,' as these men call him?"

"Jerushy! yer don't say? Wisht I'd er knowed et, an' I'd er told the long-legged feller he was erlyin', an' sent ther redcoats off t'other road."

"Squeens must have known where Sumter was, and informed them."

"Waal, I reckon he did."

"They were mounted?"

"Yas, oh, yes, they had horses, an' a right smart o' 'em, an' they was a cunnel with 'em, an' he seemed in powerful sweat. They rid on like the old scratch and that."

"Sumter is on the creek, and Tarleton will surpris him," muttered Dick. "It is too bad."

"Waal, I'm plumb sorry for et, stranger," said the other, "but yer see I didn't know, an' ther loose-jinted feller had fust say, an' I didn't know whether Sumter was a rebel or no, an' so I jus' held my yawp."

"It is astonishing what ignorance prevails," thought Dick, as he turned back and rode at a gallop.

When well upon his way he came upon Squeens, coming toward him.

"You told Tarleton's men where to find Sumter," Dick said.

"S'pose I have? You're rebels, ain't you?"

"Oh, I am not going to drum you out for that," said Dick, "although we might hang you as a spy."

Squeens suddenly leaped from his horse and dashed into the woods, fearing to be caught.

Dick darted ahead, having no time to spend upon a man just then.

At another time he would have captured the man, but now it was necessary to make all haste.

A bullet came flying after him, and if he had remained behind, the consequences might have been more serious.

He hastened on, reached the camp, aroused the Liberty Boys, and soon had them on the march.

They went rapidly, taking all the short cuts across country that they knew of.

They were not in time to warn Sumter, however, and could do no more than harass Tarleton's rearguard.

They were at length obliged to beat a retreat themselves, which they did in good order, and without loss of one of their number.

Later they joined Marion and did good work with him, joining Sumter again at a still later period.

They came upon Squeens again, some time later, the man then being a spy in the pay of the British.

Dick almost captured the fellow, Squeens only escaping by plunging into a river on horseback.

The Liberty Boys shortly went north, and Dick saw more of Squeens.

Milt Bartow remained with the Liberty Boys until the close of the war, and then returned home where, a year or two later, he was married to Polly Weeks, and settled down as a planter.

THE END.

Read "THE LIBERTY BOYS AFTER DELANCEY OR, THE BOLDEST STROKE OF ALL," which will appear in the next number (425) of "The Liberty Boys of '76."

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## FROM EVERYWHERE.

A large flock of wild geese became bewildered at Berlin, Somerset County, Pa., recently, and fifty shots were fired at the birds from the square of the town, as they were circling about the electric light. The whole populace assembled in the square to enjoy the novelty. The geese were frightened away, but afterward a number were secured, one gunner, it is said, shooting seventeen.

Dr. Louis Kolipinski reports the arrest of persistent hiccough by depressing the tongue. A patient was attacked by hiccough which had persisted for four days before being seen by the doctor. He complained of the fulness in his throat, a condition which he thought the result of the hiccough. He was directed to sit up, and with a large spoon handle the tongue was pressed down and back with steady force to allow inspection of the fauces. Firm pressure on the tongue, with the hope of further noting the action of the patient's muscles, was continued, when, to the doctor's surprise, and the patient's astonishment and joy, the hiccough ceased. When the hiccough returned, the patient himself stopped it by using the spoon handle.

Western brides have an easier time than their Abyssinian sisters. On the occasion of her marriage, an Abyssinian bride has to change her skin. From ebony she has to become the color of cafe au lait. To accomplish this the expectant bride is shut up in a room for three months. She is covered with woolen stuff, with the exception of her head; then they burn certain green and fragrant branches. The fumes which they produce destroy the original skin, and in its place comes the new skin, soft and clear as a baby's. The elders of the family feed the young woman with nutritive forcemeat balls.

With the arrival on the Pacific coast recently of the sealing schooner Thomas F. Bayard, particulars were learned of the experiences of an Indian hunter and his wife during thirteen days of exposure and starvation on the storm-tossed waters of Bering Sea, after their canoe had been carried away from the schooner by a gale. The couple had seven biscuits with them—their day's allowance—when they left the schooner to hunt seals, and four of them were washed overboard shortly after leaving the Bayard. They allotted themselves one inch of biscuit each day, and managed to eke out an existence on this allowance for nine days. They had no drinking-water with them in the canoe, but when it rained they caught the water in the folds of their sail. On the tenth day, when hope

was almost gone, they managed to kill a seal which was asleep on the ice. A fire was made in the bottom of the canoe, the unfortunates using their spear-poles and mast for fuel. Before the meat was more than half cooked the Indians snatched it and ate it. They were famished and almost exhausted. On the fourteenth day after leaving the schooner they landed at Bristol Bay, Unimak Island. While searching for water they came upon some bears, which immediately made for the Indians and scared them back to their canoe. The canoe was overturned in the surf, the woman being caught underneath the boat by her clothing. She was extricated with difficulty, and both waded ashore. The canoe had been cracked by pounding on the rocks, but they calked it with a portion of the man's shirt, and for two days more the craft was kept afloat by dint of constant bailing, until a landing was made at an abandoned hut, where two quarts of flour were found. Here they lived for eight days. Eventually they were picked up by the steamer Dora, in a most pitiable condition, their hands and feet being swollen to nearly twice their natural size from exposure.

## HAPPY MOMENTS.

"Pa, what's tetanus?" "Oh, he was a Roman senator or something—I forget just what. Now, don't bother me any more."

Suburbanite (to applicant for a job)—Do you know anything about gardening? Applicant—Sure. I worked in a beer garden once.

Employment Agent—Come, now, how is this? You stayed two weeks in your last place. How did that happen? Domestic—Sure, Oi dunno. Oi musht av overshlept meself.

Mulligan—The byes say ye licked poor Casey. Shure, he niver hurt iny man's feelin's. Harrigan—He's a snake in the grass. The blackguard referred to me as his contimperary, and I'll be the contimperary to no man livin'.

An American, who had to leave on a journey before the end of a case begun against him by a neighbor, gave orders to his lawyer to let him know the result by telegraph. After several days he got the following telegram: "Right has triumphed." He at once telegraphed back: "Appeal immediately."

Mr. and Mrs. Jerome Barker have been married ten years, yet Jerome found out only yesterday why his wife's favorite seat in a street car is the middle of the front seat in an open car. The chances are he wouldn't have found out then if she hadn't aroused the ire and the curiosity of half a dozen passengers who had been shuffled around at her request to make room for her in the chosen seat. After that juggling stunt had been successfully accomplished, one woman, with a ruffled temper and a torn skirt, asked the cause of Mrs. Barker's predilection for that particular spot. Jerome himself had frequently pressed her for an explanation, but he never got any satisfaction. But Mrs. Barker answered the other woman: "I like to sit here," she said, "because the motorman forms a background for that big piece of glass, and makes an excellent mirror. When I am here I can watch myself and keep my hair in place and my hat on straight all the way downtown, which is quite an advantage on a windy day like this."



## BETRAYED BY CONSCIENCE.

By PAUL BRADDON.

The old adage that "a guilty conscience needs no accuser" finds verification very often in a detective's experience, and very often aids him in solving mysteries that, for their nature, seem incapable of solution.

The most notable illustration of this proposition occurred shortly after I began my detective career, and my success in this case had great influence in determining me to follow the business as a profession, having always had a predilection for a detective's life.

Among my acquaintances and schoolmates in my native village, in the western part of the State of New York, was a young lady named Lizzie Hunter. She was a veritable flirt by nature. Handsome, witty, and accomplished in all modern graces, it was little wonder that she succeeded in playing havoc with the hearts of the many susceptible swains in the village and the country round about, a number of whom she wheedled into the belief that she was favorable to their intentions to make her their wife; and then, when the consummation of their hopes were submitted to her decision, found themselves cast aside with as little unconcern as she would decline an invitation to a party to which she was opposed to attending.

Her flirtations were the cause of a great many heartaches, and the observing gossips, who noted her career, predicted that in the end Lizzie Hunter would meet with great misfortunes through her heartlessness.

To all these conjectures Lizzie retorted that she would surprise them yet; that she understood her actions perfectly, and was willing to accept the consequences. In reply to the assertion that she might decline a good offer once too often, and find herself in that, to all women most lamentable condition, an old maid, she replied that when the right man cast his hook, she would be caught very easily.

The right man in due time presented himself in the person of a wealthy farmer, named Webster, who had been a widower about six months, when he began to bestow his attentions on the fickle Lizzie. Webster was old enough to be her father, and in personal graces was about as uncouth a personage as one would meet in a day's journey.

Their courtship was of very short duration, and one day the villagers were startled by the announcement that Webster and Lizzie Hunter were to be married in the afternoon at one of the village churches.

The ceremony was duly celebrated, and the gossips and jealous swains were loud in their predictions that such an ill-sorted union would soon end disastrously; that she had no love for him, and had merely married him for his money, and that Webster would rue the day when he allowed himself to enter such a union.

During this time I had removed to New York, and was ignorant of what had transpired, save through letters, which I received from friends in the village. I gave the matter only a passing notice, being so deeply engrossed in my private affairs that I had no time for thought on matters outside of them.

About six months after I had received the information of Lizzie's marriage, I concluded to pay a visit to the village, and spend a few weeks among the friends and scenes of my youth.

On my arrival there, I went direct to the only hotel in the place. After registering my name, and making other necessary arrangements, I went into the sitting room, where I found a number of old friends engaged in a very excited discussion. The first remark that caught my ears as I entered was:

"It's a hard thing to say, neighbor; but I believe Webster's young wife is the cause of his sudden death. I saw him before yesterday out in the fields plowing, and he was healthy and strong as an ox."

"I believe you're right, Joe," spoke up another. "There's something mighty mysterious about it. The doctors who have examined him say there was no indications of heart disease, apoplexy, or any of those sudden diseases that take a man off quick. That young flirt of a wife of his is the only one who is to be benefitted by his death, and, from what I know of her character, I don't think she is above doing a little crooked business to carry her points."

I mentally put down the latter speaker as one of the large number of suitors for Lizzie's hand who had met with disappointment, and was prompted in his remark by revenge.

So interested were all in the room in the discussion that place that my entrance was not noticed.

Walking across the room, I took a seat by the side of the last speaker, who exclaimed at once:

"Hello, —! where did you come from? You have come here just in time. There's a case in town for you to work up, a very mysterious one, and I think you are just the man to clear the mystery up."

His greeting and remark directed the attention of the company to me, and I was at once surrounded by all hands, who pressed me to investigate the matter, and find out whether their suspicions were correct or not.

In reply to my inquiries as to whether any post-mortem or other investigation had been made of Webster's remains, and whether his funeral had taken place, I was informed that no one had taken sufficient interest in the matter to make demand an investigation, and that the funeral was to take place on the morrow.

Inquiry as to the reasons upon which they based their suspicions, brought out the fact that on the evening of the day which Webster had met his death, he was around, appeared in as good health as he ever was, and that shortly after he had retired at night he became a corpse.

In reply to my question whether anyone resided with Webster besides his wife, I was informed that the only person besides himself was a servant girl, who attended to the culinary duties of the household.

"Why," I asked, "do you not suspect her as well as Webster?"

"Because," said the young man who sat beside me, "the servant girl was not at home the day he died, nor for a week before."

Under the circumstances I could see no way to investigate the matter unless I could induce the coroner to make a post-mortem investigation of the remains to discover the cause of Webster's death; and, having come to the village in an official capacity to get rid of the cares of business, I did not care to interest myself in the matter sufficiently to detain this of that official.

The following day, in company with a great many others I attended the funeral in the same church from which a few months before Lizzie came forth a blushing bride.

To a less experienced eye than mine there was nothing in her manner to denote the slightest presumption of guilt.

At every allusion to her dead husband's good qualities, she gave way to the most pitiful emotions of grief. In fact, her genuine did her sorrow appear to me that I inwardly felt that the suspicions which had been expressed in the past were the promptings of jealousy and disappointment.

Still, in my experience, I had met with many cases where appearances were as equally deceptive as in this, and my professional instinct made me resolve that before I went



village I would find out whether the villagers' suspicions had any foundation in fact.

A few days passed by, and the suspicions of the villagers seemed to have been buried in the same grave with Webster. They were not spoken of except in the most guarded manner, and then only by those who were supposed to have a pique against the young widow.

But the case had taken such deep root in my mind that I could not shake it off, and about a week after the funeral I resolved upon a plan which I thought would solve the mystery.

Presuming on my acquaintance with Mrs. Webster in her maiden days, I determined to call upon her at her farm home, which was only about a mile distant from the village.

Accordingly, I directed my steps thitherward one pleasant afternoon, and in a short time arrived at her residence.

I was cordially received by Mrs. Webster, and found her, despite her bereavement, in a very pleasant frame of mind.

She retained, notwithstanding her sad marital experience, the same sprightliness and archness of manner which had distinguished her maidenhood, and I fancied I detected in her countenance a disposition to indulge in her old-time coquetry.

She was aware of my profession, and to disarm any suspicion that she might have concerning my visit, I indulged her in her disposition for flirting.

Selecting a favorable opportunity, I invited her to take a walk with me over the farm, an invitation which she readily accepted.

We started up a long lane, which ended in a thick piece of woodland.

Wandering along until we came to a small bank of earth under the spreading branches of a huge oak, I suggested that we sit down for a few moments' rest.

She assented, and for the first time I spoke of her recent bereavement.

"Poor Webster," she replied, "his death was very sudden and very sad. He had been so happy during our married life, and was looking forward to the future with so much pleasure;" and she heaved a deep sigh.

"Yes, it was very sad," I replied, looking her square in the face; "and, Lizzie," I continued, "you were the cause of his death!"

"Goodness gracious! Mr. —," she exclaimed, starting to her feet and looking me in the face, her frame trembling like an aspen-leaf with guilty emotion, "how did you find that out? Have they found poison in his body?"

Seeing that she had been thrown off her guard by the suddenness of my accusation, I determined to follow up my advantage by a little deception, and replied:

"Yes; his body was disinterred yesterday and subjected to a chemical examination, and a large quantity of arsenic was found in his stomach."

"Heaven help me!" she exclaimed, "I am ruined! Oh, what shall I do? It was a foolish thing for me to do;" and giving way to her feelings, she reeled to and fro like a drunken man, and would have fallen to the ground had I not been to my feet and supported her.

When she became a little composed I seated her on the bank and requested her to tell me all.

Thinking that secrecy was of no further avail, between us she told me how from the first a union with Webster was abhorrent to her, and that she only accepted him on condition that he would make a will giving her all his property; that from the moment he put that document into her hands and she became his wife, she determined to cut his life short, how she administered the fatal dose in a cup of tea, and how since his death her conscience had goaded her so keenly that she had yearned to impart her secret to somebody who would share her sorrow with her.

After she had told me all I informed her that I had deceived her, that her crime was known to nobody but me.

"Well," she replied, "I am glad the secret is out. It has been a source of great agony to me, and knowing your profession, I shall expect that you will inform the authorities, so that I may be dealt with according to my deserts."

I told her that I regretted deeply to meet her under such circumstances, but that my duty to my profession and to society would compel me to give her up to justice.

After a few moments of desultory chat we returned to the house, where I left her for the village.

I laid the case before the magistrate, who immediately issued a warrant for her arrest.

When brought before him she repeated her confession as fully to him as she had to me, and was remanded for trial and sentence to the county court.

She was indicted in due form, and when arraigned the evidence of her guilt was so conclusive that the formality of a trial was omitted.

The visitor to Auburn State Prison, in wandering along through the corridors, will see in one of the cells a middle-aged woman, whose face, despite the trouble she had undergone, still bears traces of girlish beauty. If curiosity prompts him to learn her crime a glance at the card pinned on her door tells him that the inmate is Mrs. Lizzie Webster, sentenced for life for poisoning her husband.

#### HOW OLIVE OIL IS MADE

The finest olive oil in the world is grown in Tuscany—the garden of Italy.

The trees blossom in Tuscany in the month of May. The fruit begins to ripen in November and is generally in full maturity in January.

Sometimes the fruit remains on the trees till May, yielding a pale, very thin oil, appreciated in some quarters, but which speedily develops rancidity.

The process of extracting the oil is simple in the extreme; the fruit is first crushed in a mill to a uniform paste, then the paste is transferred to circular bags or receptacles made of vegetable fibre. A pile of these are placed in a press and the exuding oil flows into a collecting tank below.

Essential conditions are that the mill should not revolve too fast, or it will overheat the olive paste and give a bad flavor to the oil; that the bed of the mill should not be of metal for the same reason.

Also the degree of pressure, when the object is to get the finest quality of oil—"oil from the pulp," as the term runs—is essentially a cold drawn oil. Heat is prejudicial to quality.

However, when all possible care has been taken in the process the fact remains that olive oil can be made only from freshly gathered, perfectly sound, ripe olives of the proper kind. The big fat olives of hot, subtropical climates can never yield a delicately flavored oil.

The newly made oil must be allowed to settle. It is then clarified simply by passing it through cotton wool in a suitable filter. Really fine olive oil calls for no other treatment whatever, chemical or otherwise, to render it fit for the table. On this point it is as well to be clear, as reference has been made before now to processes for refining olive oil so as to obtain a specially fine quality—one might as well try to "paint the lily or adorn the rose!"

After being brought to America the clarified oil is preserved in warehouses in large slate lined tanks, holding up to 20,000 gallons each, wherein the oil is maintained at an equable temperature. For bottling and can filling purposes it is transferred by pipes from these large tanks to other smaller tanks in the packing rooms.



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