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NEW YORK, MARCH 5, 1909.

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THE LIBERTY BOYS AND THE MOHAWK CHIEF, OR, AFTER ST. LEGER'S INDIANS. BY HARRY MOORE.



As the Mohawks were hurrying to the brink of the river to cast Dick into the water, the chief suddenly appeared before them. "Stop!" he said, with a gesture of command.

"I am the white boy's friend."

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CHAPTER I.

LIVELY TIMES ON THE RIVER.

"Look out, Dick! Here they come!"

"Yes, I hear them. To the canoe, Bob."

Two boys were hurrying through the woods toward a river.

After them came running a party of Indians.

The river was the Mohawk, and the Indians belonged to various tribes.

The boys wore the Continental uniform, and were the captain and first lieutenant of a band of young patriots fighting for independence, and known as the Liberty Boys.

The boys were in Western New York, and were stationed at Fort Schuyler, then besieged by Colonel St. Leger.

The army of the latter was a motley affair, consisting of British, regulars, Indians, Tories and the refugees of Butler and Johnson.

Dick Slater and Bob Estabrook, captain and first lieutenant, respectively, of the Liberty Boys, were out trying to learn something of the enemy's intentions.

All at once they heard a party of Indians coming.

They retreated, hoping to get away without being seen.

They were, however, and the Indians set up a yell.

Then the two young patriots made a dash for the river bank.

They had secreted a canoe, in the management of which they were experts.

On came the redskins, a dozen or fifteen of them, yelling like demons.

Whizz!

Whizz!

Crack!

Bowstrings twanged, tomahawks flew and rifles banged.

Arrows struck trees, buried themselves deep in the bark, and remained there, their feathered shafts trembling.

Tomahawks went singing through the air, cutting twigs and leaves, and sinking deep into the trunks of trees.

Bullets went whistling close to the boys' heads, one cutting off the tri-color cockade on Dick's hat.

"Run, Bob!" he said.

Then he turned, whipped out two big pistols and fired rapidly.

One painted redskin lost his feathered topknot.

Another fell dead in his tracks without a sound.

This brought the rest to a sudden halt.

Bob had by this time reached the bank.

He quickly took his place in the canoe and took up a paddle.

Dick flashed out another big pistol, halted on the bank, and fired.

Then he quickly took his place in the canoe and picked up a rifle.

"Shove out, Bob!" he said.

Bob dipped his paddle deep into the sparkling water and sent the light craft gliding out into the stream.

Bullets and arrows came flying after the two intrepid boys.

Some of them flew dangerously near, one bullet cutting off a button from Bob's sleeve.

Then Dick threw his rifle to his shoulder.

Without seeming to take aim, he fired.

Crack!

There was a puff of smoke, a tongue of flame, and then a thud.

There was an answering yell, and the nearest redskin threw up his arms and plunged headlong into the river.

"Look out for that fellow, Dick!" said Bob, earnestly. "He may be shamming."

"No fear, Bob," shortly. "He won't come up again."

He was right, for the redskin remained at the bottom.

The Indians now began running along the bank, hoping to intercept the boys when they landed.

Dick reloaded the rifle and pistols, while Bob paddled steadily.

The boys were on the Mohawk, near its head waters.

Fort Schuyler was something below them.

The Indians could get between them and the fort, but they could not go beyond it.

Dick and Bob could do this, and make their way through a swamp and into the fort.

They were in no wise alarmed, therefore, once they were on the river.

The Indians could not reach them there, without considerable danger to themselves, and the fort was not very far distant now.

St. Leger, with his motley army, had not as yet invested it, and parties still ventured from it into the woods and out upon the river.

The redskins ran along the bank yelling and discharging their rifles, while the canoe glided down stream.

"There are some of the Liberty Boys, waiting for those," said Dick, presently.

The canoe had made better progress than the Indians, who were now and then delayed by thickets.

"Where, Dick?" Bob asked.

"There, behind that fallen tree and the clump of bushes."

"Yes, I see them. There are Mark and Ben, and Sam and some others."

As the Indians came hurrying on, half a dozen boys in uniform arose from behind a clump of bushes.

"Now then, you red scamps, come on, if you dare!" cried a handsome boy, with two big pistols in his hands.

He was Mark Morrison, second lieutenant, one of the bravest of the Liberty Boys, and thoroughly trusted by Dick.

"Yis, come on wid yez till we bate the heads off ye!" cried a jolly looking fellow, in a rich Irish brogue.

"Hello, there's Patsy Brannigan, ready for them, as he calls it," laughed Bob.

The Indian did not heed the warning given by Mark.

They rushed on, shooting arrows and discharging rifles.

"Let them have it, boys!" cried Mark.

At once the muskets rang out sharply.

Two of the Indians fell dead, and others were badly hurt.

They rushed on, however, expecting to tomahawk and scalp the boys before they could reload.

They supposed that the daring boys had only their muskets.

Here they erred, for each of the boys had three or four big pistols.

Some had even more than this, and used them most effectively.

Crack—crack—crack—crack!

They had not expected anything like this, and while the pistols were still cracking, they turned and fled in great haste.

The redskins fled without taking time to carry off their dead, and the Liberty Boys gave a rousing cheer.

Dick and Bob presently came in to the bank, landed and concealed their canoe, being joined by Mark and his party.

"We were out looking about," said Mark, "when we heard shots, and then the tramp of Indians, and resolved to give them a shot."

"You made a plucky defense," said Dick, "but these fellows may bring others, so we had better hurry on to the fort."

The boys reloaded their muskets and pistols as they went on, this being a duty which they never neglected.

"They expected to cut us all to pieces after that first volley," spoke up a jolly, lively looking boy named Ben Spurlock.

"But we knew a game worth two of that," added Sam Sanderson, Ben's chum.

"And cutting people to pieces is something that two can play at," observed Harry Judson, quietly.

"And those fellows found it out," laughed George Brewster. "I don't believe they will try it again in a hurry."

"They may be more cautious," said Dick, "but they are coming on, and we must make haste."

The boys went on rapidly now, and reached the fort in advance of the Indians.

CHAPTER II.

A STRANGE MEETING IN THE FOREST.

The Indians hung around the gates of the fort for a short time, being driven away by the shots of those within.

Colonel Peter Gansevoort was at that time in command of Fort Schuyler.

He knew the strength of the place and did not fear being driven out, except after a long and wearisome siege.

The fort was well built, having been called Fort Stanwix by the British, who had formerly occupied it during the war against the Indians.

Gansevoort knew that he could hold out for a long time, and encouraged his men to think the same.

The Liberty Boys had been fighting Indians in the Mohawk Valley, and joined the garrison at Fort Schuyler when St. Leger began to lay siege to it.

When Dick and his party entered after their brush with the Indians, they were heartily welcomed by the rest of the Liberty Boys.

"You was had some fun mit dose Inchuns, ain't it?" asked a fat German boy, weighing quite two hundred pounds.

This was Carl Gookenspieler, Patsy's friend, and one of the chief funmakers of the camp.

"Yes, and we sent them flying," said Ben.

"Maybe deir wings was gave oud den, for here dey was once more already," said Carl.

"It's fond they are av us, Cookyspieler," laughed Patsy, "an' they can't kape away."

"Was you got scalped by dose Inchuns?"

"Sure we did not."

Nein, you was all righd been, Batsy, und did you knowed der reason?"

"They niver got howld av me, that's why, av coorse."

"Nein, it was not for dat."

"An' why not?"

"Dose Inchuns was afraid been dot dey got der finkers burned off dey got dem mit your hair twisted once."

Patsy's hair was very red, and the boys all laughed at this allusion to it.

"Go on wid yez, me hair is only just a warrum tint, that's all."

"Warm, you said? Dot was red hot, I bet me. Yez could fried bacon mit dot head off yours."

"That'll do ye now, Cookyspieler. Do ye know why the Injuns wud niver hurt that head av yours?"

"Nein, for why dot was?" Carl asked, innocently.

"Because it's that thiek that it wud dull an ax," said Patsy, with a roar of laughter.

"Humbug!" said Carl.

The greater part of the settlers in the neighborhood had come into the fort when the Indians began to appear.

There were a few who had not done so, although warned repeatedly that it was unsafe to remain outside.

The cabins of these people were in secluded places where it was not supposed the Indians would find them.

Some time after the retreat of the Indians a young girl came riding up to the fort on an ox and, being admitted, said:

"I have seen signs of Indians around our cabin and I don't think it is safe."

"We don't think any of them are," replied Dick, who was near.

"Father says he can hold out against any number of Indians, and mother is sick and can't be moved now, so I came here."

"But if it is safe, why did you leave?"

"It is not, and I want someone to come and take mother away. Then father will come."

"But you say your mother is too ill to be removed," said Dick.

"Father says she is, but she is afraid to stay, and wants to leave and come to the fort."

"Do you think yourself that she can be moved?"

"Yes, if you had a litter and someone to carry it."

"We can supply both. Wait here a minute and I will see the colonel."

Dick then went to Colonel Gansevoort's quarters, stated the case, and asked:

"With your permission, Colonel, I will take a detachment of my Liberty Boys and fetch the woman."

"Do so, Captain, but be more cautious. You have already had trouble with the reds to-day, and they will be lying in wait for you."

"Perhaps not, Colonel. I think we can tell. I will reconnoiter first."

Dick took a look at the woods from different points of the fort, but saw no signs of Indians.

Then he exposed a figure at one point and another of the ramparts.

There was no demonstration made, as there would have been had there been redskins about.

Then half a dozen of the boys left the fort and were not molested.

There were certainly no Indians near the fort, whether there were any at a little distance or not.

While not sending out a large party, Dick would send one strong enough to defend itself against any ordinary body of Indians.

The girl, who said her name was Charity Wayne, wanted to go with the Liberty Boys.

Dick did not consider it altogether safe, although the girl had come unmolested to the fort.

"There may have been Indians lurking about at that very time," he said, "and they let you pass, so that you would feel secure and go again."

"I suppose there might have been," answered Charity. "You know more about such things than I do. We have not always lived in this wild district."

Dick asked her to give him some idea of the location of the cabin, which she did.

"Yes, I think I know it," he said. "It is a story and a half cabin, with a wing to it, and stands in a little hollow near a brook. There is quite a pretty little fall behind it."

"Yes, that is the place."

"Then I will find it."

Dick took Bob, Ben Spurlock, Sam Sanderson, Harry Judson, who was a Mohawk Valley boy, and six or seven others.

The boys had horses, but it was easier to go on foot in the woods.

The boys were provided with muskets and three or four pistols apiece, and had plenty of ammunition.

They carried a litter, which could be folded up compactly when not in use, and took up little room.

Dick went ahead, Bob following a few paces behind with Ben and Sam, while Harry and two or three followed at the interval of several paces.

As the party went through the woods it did not seem very big, but could be brought together at an instant's notice.

They saw no signs of Indians, as they went rapidly on, nor did they hear anything to alarm them.

Dick knew the general direction in which the cabin lay, and had begun to descend a somewhat steep slope when he heard a deep groan.

"Somebody or something is hurt," he said to Bob, going on cautiously.

In a moment the groan was repeated, but more sharply.

The boys hurried forward, and Dick presently caught sight of an Indian lying on the ground with one foot caught between a tree and a rock.

At sight of the boys he reached for his rifle, which had fallen on the ground in front of him.

The effort evidently caused him considerable pain, for a grunt escaped him, and his face showed it.

"Have no fear," said Dick. "The white boy chief never injures a helpless foe."

"Um!" grunted the Indian, whom Dick knew to be a chief by his trappings. "Foot caught, hurt much, no can get out."

"Let us see if we cannot help you. I see, you have sprained it badly in your fall. It must be very painful."

"Ugh! Injun no papoose, can stand hurt, no cry."

"Yes, but it is very painful for all that. Take hold of him and support him, boys, while I look after the tree."

"Why paleface boy no kill Injun?" with a grunt.

"Because you cannot help yourself."

"Um!" with a grunt that showed this to be a phase of human nature quite unknown to him.

Ben and Sam raised the chief a little, while Dick and Bob, throwing their weight against the tree, released the tension.

Others, pulling against the rock, all together, managed to move it sufficiently to enable Ben, Sam and Harry Judson to draw the chief's foot out of the vise which had held it.

He tried to stand on it, but would have fallen had not the boys caught him.

They assisted him to sit on a moss-covered stone, and he extended the injured foot in front of him with a sigh of relief.

"White boy much good!" he grunted.

CHAPTER III.

BACK TO THE FORT.

The wounded Indian was a war chief of the Mohawks, in full paint and feathers.

"We will have to look at that foot of yours," said Dick.

"You can't walk on it at all, and you may even lose it if it is not seen to."

He cut off the chief's moccasin, and directed one to get water, another to run to the house for bandages and liniments, and sent others to look for certain plants.

"There are herbs which make excellent bandages," he said, "and have a most soothing effect."

He bathed the chief's foot and ankle, which were already considerably swollen, with cool water, and then bound it in soft, thick leaves.

The boys returned with some liniment, a strip of cotton cloth, and some lard and coarse flour.

Dick made a paste, spread it thickly on the injured ankle, bound the leaves over all and then bandaged it with the cloth.

"Chief not old woman," grunted the Mohawk.

"No," said Dick, "but you might not use your foot for moons if you did not take care of it."

"H'm! paleface boy chief heap good medicine. Foot not much sick like before."

"You can't walk yet," said Dick. "Where are your braves?"

"In wood, in tepee, all over."

"Can you call them?"

"H'm! give whoop, make noise like bird, then they come. White boy go, then do. White boy chief much good, no want Injun kill 'em."

"We are going to a cabin yonder to get a sick woman to take to the fort."

"Um! Chief know. Injun burn, kill, bimeby soon."

"After we have taken the woman away, then you may call your braves."

"H'm! leg not sick like before, more better."

"You let your medicine man look after it when you get to camp, and it will be better still."

"What name white boy chief?"

"I am Dick Slater, captain of the Liberty Boys. This is my lieutenant, Bob Estabrook; and these are some of the Liberty Boys."

"Me War Cloud, chief. Me Mohawk. Me fight with Brant, long knives, Tory."

"You want to drive us out of the fort?"

"H'm! kill, burn. Not white boy chief. Him much good, him friend. How?"

He extended his hand and Dick took it, as did Bob and the other boys in turn.

"Good! War Cloud, Captain Slater, good friend, no hurt each other. Captain Slater good medicine, foot no be sick bimeby."

Some of the boys then led War Cloud some little distance from the spot, where they left him sitting on a stone.

"When Captain Slater go, make noise like hawk, then chief know."

"Very good," said the boys.

Dick and Bob had already made their way to the cabin, where they found Charity's mother and Wayne.

The woman had a young baby, two or three months old, and neither she nor the child had had proper care, and were ill.

"You must go to the fort and be cared for, ma'am," said Dick, in a tone of decision.

"Waal, I guess she better had," said Wayne, "but ain't ergoin' ter go, fur no Injuns livin'. I kin hold the cabin agin any on 'em."

"We have brought a litter," said Dick, "and can carry your wife in perfect comfort, and take her where she will have the care she needs."

When the woman and infant had been placed on the litter and carried out of the house by four of the boys, Dick said:

"There are Indians in the neighborhood now. Your cabin has been marked, and they mean to destroy it and kill you."

"I ain't afeerd o' all the Injuns in ther Mohawk Valley," returned the man, doggedly. "Ther cabin will stand agin 'em, an' I'm well purvided."

"You are acting very unwisely, sir, in not going with us, and you will regret it, if you persist in it."

"Was one o' ther boys hurt, what yer wanted the salves an' liniment fur?"

"No, there was a Mohawk chief who had caught his foot in such a manner that he could not release it. The hurt was most painful."

"An' you helped an Injun?" in the greatest astonishment.

"Yes, he could not help himself.

"Huh! I'd ha' let him alone, or shot him!" angrily.

"What for?"

"Because he's an Injun, o' course."

"That's no reason. He is a human, like ourselves."

"No, sir, an Injun isn't er human. An' you axed me for stuff ter plaster up a Injun an' make him well, so's he kin kill us?"

"He won't!" quietly.

"He won't, hey? What's ther reason he won't? Ain't he an Injun?"

"Yes, but he is a man. I and the Liberty Boys are safe with him. I will tell him not to harm this cabin, nor you."

"Huh! I wouldn't trust him!" with a snort. "Yer don't need ter. I kin take keer o' m'self."

"You will only sacrifice yourself if you remain. I will tell the chief to spare the cabin."

"Huh! yer don't need ter. I kin look arter it ef all ther Injuns in creation comes yer. I ain't afeerd on 'em."

There was clearly no use in arguing with a man as obstinate as that, and Dick left the cabin.

The boys with the litter had gone on slowly, and now Dick sent the others after them.

He himself went to the Mohawk chief and said:

"The man is going to stay in the cabin. Your braves must not hurt him."

"Him friend of Captain Slater?" asked War Cloud.

"I do not want the cabin burned, nor the man injured," Dick answered.

"Good, me tell brave."

"How does your foot feel now?"

"Heap more better, but sick. No can walk on um."

Dick put on more liniment, bound the ankle up, and said:

"Now I am going to the fort. I will signal you when I get to the others."

"Good!" said the chief.

Dick then hurried away, and when he caught up with the rest, gave the signal, as agreed upon.

Then they went on as rapidly as possible, and at length overtook the boys with the litter.

They all went on at good speed after that, and reached the fort without incident.

The sick woman was cared for at once, Charity giving her a great deal of attention.

"Wouldn't father come?" she asked Dick.

"No, he said he would stay."

"He always was obstinate," the girl said, shortly.

"Won't he want to be with your mother?" asked Dick.

"I don't know. I thought he might come with you, but he's obstinate."

"Perhaps he will come when he finds himself all alone."

"Perhaps, but he always was obstinate," the girl answered.

There seemed to be some mystery here, but the girl said nothing, and Dick asked no questions.

CHAPTER IV.

THE ATTACK ON THE CABIN.

The Liberty Boys were all greatly interested in the story of the meeting with the wounded Indian.

Those who had been in the adventure told the rest, and the story soon got around.

Various opinions were expressed as to whether the Mohawk would keep his word or not.

"I think we can trust him," said Dick. "The Mohawks are a superior people."

"Joseph Brant is a full-blooded Mohawk, and we all know what a cruel, treacherous, blood-thirsty fellow he is," sputtered Bob.

"An educated savage," added Mark. "Perhaps this War Cloud, with less education, may be more reliable."

"The man struck me as being reliable," declared Ben Spurlock.

"Well, he spoke fairly enough," observed Harry Judson.

"But he is an Indian," put in Sam Sanderson.

"An' there's no more to be said, begorrah," added Patsy. "Sure Oi'd niver trust wan av thim."

"Dot was righd, I bet me," remarked Carl. "Dose Inchuns was bad peoples, und you don'd could trusted dem."

"For all that the majority of Indians are cruel and treacherous," continued Dick, "you now and then run across one who can be trusted, and who will prove a faithful friend, and I believe that this chief, War Cloud, is such."

"Well, I rely on your judgment, Dick," said Bob, "and I won't say anything."

There were no signs of Indians around the fort during the rest of the day or night, and nothing was heard which would indicate that there were any in the neighborhood.

No shots were heard, near or far, and the cabin was

near enough for them to have heard shots if it had been attacked.

Nothing was heard, however, and it was the universal opinion that Wayne's cabin was still unharmed.

In the morning, soon after breakfast, Charity came to Dick and said:

"My mother wants father here. She is worrying over his absence."

"Perhaps he will come of his own accord shortly."

"Perhaps, but he is most obstinate."

"Do you think he would come for me, more than for anyone else?" asked Dick, curiously.

"If you told him that mother was asking for him he might come."

"He has been warned of his danger, and must know it."

"Then you refuse to help me?" Charity said.

"I have refused to do nothing," said Dick, smiling, "but I see little use in arguing with a man who won't see. Do you want us to pick him up bodily and bring him here? We could do that, of course."

"I think it would move him if you told him that my mother was worrying herself sick over his absence."

"Then we will try him, if he does not come into the fort in an hour."

"Very good."

At the end of an hour Wayne had not arrived.

Dick then called Bob, Ben, Harry, Sam and nine or ten others and set out for Wayne's cabin.

They went on foot, but they made rapid progress, knowing the way now, and not having to guess it.

They were at the top of the slope at the bottom of which the cabin was situated, when Dick said, suddenly:

"Get behind trees, boys! There are Indians about."

The boys at once obeyed.

Hardly had they done so when the twang of bow-strings was heard.

Several arrows struck the trees behind which the boys had placed themselves.

Then tomahawks were hurled, and the redskins began trying to work themselves around behind the boys.

"Fire a volley, boys," said Dick, "and then make a dash for the cabin."

The boys at once followed instructions.

Crack—crack—crack!

The muskets rang out sharply, and a number of reds who had exposed themselves were hit.

The others darted back out of harm's way.

Then the boys dashed down the slope toward the cabin.

"Hello, Wayne, open the door!" cried Bob.

The settler quickly opened the door and admitted the boys.

"H'h; so yer've come ter ther ole cabin fur purtection, have yer?" the man asked, with a half laugh, half sneer.

"Yes, for your protection," answered Bob, quickly.

"Your wife is fretting over your absence, and Charity asked us to come and tell you," replied Dick.

"H'm! Mercy never was consid'rit," muttered Wayne.

"She knows very well I just can't go ter her now."

"Well, no, not this minute," said Bob, looking out at a loophole.

"Here they come, a dozen or twenty of them," added Ben.

"Yer Injun, friend don't 'pear ter be keepin' his word erbout not 'tackin' ther cabin," sneered Wayne.

"These men are Ottawas, Senecas and men from the lakes," answered Dick. "He was a Mohawk."

"Waal, I guess givin' his word won't make no difference when he takes er notion ter 'tack ther cabin. I wouldn't trust none on 'em."

"There are more coming, Dick," said Bob. "They've got blazing fagots that they are going to pile against the cabin."

"If we let them," dryly.

"Exactly."

Dick sent his party to different parts of the cabin, some up in the loft and some to the rear.

The cabin was very strongly built, as Wayne had said.

It was built of some seasoned logs, the crannies well caulked, and the doors and windows were of the stoutest timber.

There were numerous loopholes above and below, from which the defenders could keep up a steady fire upon the enemy without exposing themselves.

"The cabin is all very well," said Dick, "and it is well built, but one person could not protect it against any considerable force."

The redskins now came dashing up, dragging blazing fagots after them.

These they attempted to throw against the cabin, but the boys within opened fire upon them.

Others came up, front and rear, but the watchful boys were ready for them.

From all sides and from above they poured a steady fire upon the Indians.

As fast as one boy fired he stepped back and gave his place to another, while he reloaded.

The effect of such a fire was soon seen.

The reds could not stand up against it, and they speedily fell back.

Then, seeing that force would not avail, they determined to try strategy.

For a time nothing was seen of them, and it appeared as if they must have given up the siege.

Then Dick, looking through a porthole, said:

"Look at that clump of bushes on the slope, Bob. What do you think?"

Bob gave a glance and answered:

"There are Indians behind it, and it has been pushed forward."

"So I guessed."

"If I was to send a shot or two through the middle of it, I think there would be a scattering."

"Wait a little while, Bob," said Dick, quietly.

The boys watched the bushes and saw them move gradually forward.

The Indians had the bushes in front of the house only, but the boys watched both sides.

At last the bushes began to move forward so rapidly that there was no deception about it, and Dick said:

"Let them have a shot, Bob."

Bob took Ben's musket, put it through one of the loopholes, took a good aim at the nearest bush, and fired.

There was a loud report, and in a moment there came an answering yell, and a half-naked, painted and feathered Indian, fairly leaped out of the bush and fell forward.

CHAPTER V.

THE SIEGE RAISED.

"Thet were er putty good shot," said Wayne. "I knowed they was Injuns behind them bushes."

"Pretty good?" laughed Ben. "I'd like to see you beat it."

"Oh, it wasn't nuthin' extry. Yer didn't see ther Injun, yer on'y guessed he was there."

"Well, it was a good guess, anyway, you must admit."

The bushes did not move forward any more, and Dick said:

"Try another shot, Bob. They may have some sort of protecting shields, but you might make as good a chance shot as before."

Bob fired at another bush, but simply broke off a branch, which fell to the ground.

"Why don't you try, Wayne?" asked Ben. "I should think you might do something."

Wayne picked up his rifle and sent a shot through the bush Bob had fired at.

The bush fell forward and two or three Indians jumped up and ran away.

"I started 'em!" cried the settler, and just then another shot rang out.

One of the running Indians fell on his face and did not move.

"H'm!" said Wayne.

The redskins now fell back, and in a few minutes began shooting blazing arrows at the cabin.

A number stuck into the logs and began to blaze furiously.

"H'm! I kin soon put them out," said Wayne.

In the loft he had a big water butt with wooden pipes leading outside and a little way down.

He pulled plugs out of some of these pipes and the water began running down, putting out the flames.

"They can't set ther place on fire," the settler said. "Thet there butt is allers full. As fast as it runs out it fills agin, 'cause it ain't as high as the creek, and water has gotter get its level."

"That is a very good idea," said Dick, "but the reds could cut your pipes up on the hill and your supply would be gone."

The Indians were puzzled to know how the blazing arrows were put out, as they saw no one throw water on them, and it was not raining.

They discharged several more, but by this time the logs were thoroughly wet, and the arrows had no effect, and soon went out.

"I told ye I could hold ther cabin ergin any ermount er Injuns," said Wayne, boastfully. "They won't come agin."

At that moment, however, two or three parties of Indians were seen running toward the cabin.

Each party bore a stout tree trunk, with which they meant to try and batter a hole in the wall of the cabin. The boys opened fire upon them from above and below, and two or three fell.

The rest dashed on, however, and soon the battering rams began thundering at the door and the walls.

The boys kept up a fire, however, and picked off a number of the Indians working the rams.

The door held firm, being well built and stoutly barred.

The walls shook, but anything might cause that, and more powerful rams would have to be brought up before they would yield.

The boys kept up a deadly fire, and at last the attacking redskins were forced to drop the rams and take to cover.

"I told ye they couldn't get in," laughed Wayne, boastfully.

"Yes, but you are not alone," retorted Harry Judson.

"Never mind him, Harry," said Ben. "He is only a boaster."

Wayne heard this uncomplimentary remark, but made no reply.

The redskins retired to the edge of the woods, and seemed to be holding a council of war.

"Do you think Colonel Gansevoort will send out a relieving party, Dick?" asked Bob.

"I don't know. St. Leger may have thrown his Indians and Loyalists between us and the fort in order to cut off our retreat."

"Very true, and even if these fellows raise the siege it will be some trouble for us to get back."

"We will probably be forced to make a considerable detour to get there, Bob."

"The longest way around is the shortest way home in that case," observed Ben, with a grin.

The Indians presently came rushing on again, all carrying blazing bushes, which they meant to pile against the cabin.

Then another figure appeared and began to call out in sharp, authoritative tones.

"Jove! there is the Mohawk," cried Bob.

It was War Cloud himself, all the boys at once recognizing him.

What he said was not intelligible, but its purport was clear.

The redskins threw down the burning bushes and began to retire.

The Mohawk chief pointed to the cabin, and then waved his hand imperiously at the Indians.

They all fell back, seeming to consider the Mohawk's word as law.

Then the chief advanced toward the cabin, and Dick said to Wayne:

"Open the door, I wish to speak to the chief."

"I won't do et!" snarled the settler. "Them Injuns is all erlike an' they're a pesky treacherous lot."

"This man can be trusted," was Dick's reply. "Open the door."

"Won't do et! Who owns ther cabin, I'd like ter know?"

"And who has defended it, answer me that?" returned Dick. "Open the door, boys."

Two or three of the boys pushed Wayne aside, and Harry and Ben opened the door.

Then Dick stepped out.

The Mohawk chief, limping a little, came forward and took Dick's hand.

"Huh! Captain Slater much good medicine," the chief said. "Foot not half sick like yesterday."

"I am glad to hear it, Chief."

"Mohawk no try burn cabin. Ottawa, Seneca, Onondaga, oder Injun."

"Yes, I saw that there were no Mohawks here."

"What Captain Slater do, far from fort? Bad Injun, bad paleface catch 'um."

"We came here to get the settler to return to the fort."

"Huh! how get back? Injun everywhere."

"I will find a way," briefly.

"War Cloud tell Injun let Captain Slater go to fort."

"I am afraid you could not. Never fear, Chief. I will get there safely."

"Captain Slater brave. He say he do, he do."

Then the chief walked away, and Dick went back to the cabin.

"Don't you think the Mohawk can be trusted now?" he asked Wayne, as he entered and closed the door.

"Waal, mebbly he kin, but he's on'y one, an' ef ye leave ther cabin ther other Injuns 'll all fall on ye an' skulp an' kill ye."

"I can find a way to get back. Look out at the back, Ben, and see if there are any Indians lurking about."

Ben went away and came back in a short time, saying:

"I don't see any, Captain, although they may be hiding in the bushes, or at the top of the slope."

"There are none in front, as far as I can see," added Bob.

"There are probably none in the immediate vicinity," declared Dick, "but the trouble will be to get back to the fort."

"Yes, we will have to exercise great care."

"Mr. Wayne," said Dick, "your wife wishes you to go to the fort. She fears for your safety here."

"Oh, I'm all right," carelessly.

"You could not stand a protracted siege, and suppose the brook should dry up or the Indians turn it out of its course?"

"Thet ain't likely."

"You must count on all these things. Besides, your wife will never recover if she is under this constant nervous strain."

"I declare fur et, Mercy never was consid'rit," with a whine. "I got my reasons fur stayin' here."

"Are they sufficient for you to risk your wife's life?"

"Oh, I reckon she'll get erlong, an' 'sides, we can't go with all them Injuns hangin' erbout."

"I will find a way to avoid them. Will you go with us? Your wife's life depends upon it."

"Waal, I s'pose I must, but them wimmen folks never

was consid'rit, an' I s'pose ther babby 'll be just like 'em."

"An obstinate, self-willed donkey," sputtered Bob, at no pains to lower his voice.

CHAPTER VI.

TROUBLE AHEAD.

There was now not an Indian to be seen, and nothing that would indicate their presence.

That they would be lurking somewhere in the woods, between the cabin and Fort Schuyler, however, was certain.

How to get back to the fort was an important question, therefore.

Dick considered that the safest plan was to make a detour and approach the fort by the swamp on one side of it.

The first thing to do was to get out of the little hollow in which the cabin was situated.

At the fall there was a steep bank, thickly wooded, and Dick thought that here they might get up without being seen by prowling Indians.

The boys loaded their muskets and pistols, and then Wayne made the cabin secure.

Bob started up the bank at the fall, with Ben and Sam.

Then the others quickly entered the woods near the fall, there being nothing to alarm them.

They all made their way to the top, one helping another, and then, with Dick in the lead, set out upon their way.

They did not take the path by which they had come, as this was likely to be infested by Indians.

They were well away from the cabin when Dick, advancing rapidly, but cautiously, heard an Indian signalling to his mates.

"This way, boys," turning off. "There are Indians that way."

The boys turned aside and soon, as they were creeping along behind a thicket, Dick heard the cry again.

He raised his head cautiously and saw the feathered topknot of an Indian warrior not far distant on the farther side of the thicket.

He motioned to the rest to be cautious, and stole on without a sound.

Two or three hundred yards or so he came suddenly upon another Indian.

Before the redskin had time to shout, Dick was upon him and had him by the throat.

Choking him into insensibility, Dick dropped the redskin to the ground and hurried on, turning aside again.

"By the time he recovers, we will be well on our way," he said, "and it will be a hard matter to tell which way we have gone."

It was some time before they heard a shrill signal at some little distance.

"That fellow is letting his comrades know that we have been around," said Dick.

"He is some distance off, though," replied Bob.

"Yes, and we have not been going the regular track." He turned aside again, entering a thicket which would have been impenetrable to many.

The settler grumbled at being taken into such a place, and asked:

"Couldn't ye find no better road 'n this? It's er dretful place."

"Oh, yes, there are many better ones, but the redskins might be occupying them at this time."

They heard distant whoops further off than the last, and Bob remarked:

"This is not the easiest path to thread, but it seems to be the safest, just now."

The Liberty Boys were accustomed to making their way through all sorts of tangles, however.

Now and then, using their knives to cut a way through the underbrush and trailing vines, they pushed on.

They passed the worst of it at length, and when they next heard the whoops of the Indians, they were much farther off than before.

Pushing on, they at length came to the swamp, and now they no longer heard the cries of the Indians.

There was no such tangle to go through, in the swamp, as they had traversed, although they had to be careful in picking their way.

As they went on, they heard loud whoops, and then shots.

"There they come," said the settler, in alarm. "I knowed ye wouldn't get erway from 'em."

"Those whoops are on the other side of the fort," Dick answered. "We need have no fear of the redskins here."

Pushing on, they at last entered the fort in the rear, where there was no chance of the Indians reaching them.

There was a large force of Indians, Tories and regulars before the fort, however, and the boys could not have entered had they come that way.

"I am glad you brought him," said Charity to Dick. "It will greatly relieve mother."

The girl did not show any great delight at seeing Wayne, however, scarcely noticing him.

"Them wimmen folks air so inconsiderit," whined Wayne. "Now I know them Injuns 'll break inter ther house an' ruin everythin'."

"But you say that the cabin is so strong," answered Ben.

"Well, o' course, but that's when I'm there ter watch et. I wouldn't have them Injuns get in fur nothin', an' ruin all I've done."

"It is better that they should do that than that you should all be killed, isn't it?" Ben asked.

"What's ther good er livin' when all yer prospecks is ruined?" asked Wayne, by way of answer. "Yew boys don't understand, and ther wimmen folks know, an' they're dreadful inconsiderit."

Ben had no time to waste on the man, and hurried off to one of the sally ports where they were beginning to fire upon the enemy.

"If we can't get out, they can't get in," he heard Bob say, as he came up with the boys.

"Do you think there will be a siege, Bob?" he asked.

"I think that is what it will amount to eventually."

St. Leger has just sent in a demand for the surrender of the fort."

"Which Gansevoort refused, of course?"

"I should say so," sputtered Bob. "It was a great piece of assurance on St. Leger's part."

Ben smiled at Bob's impulsiveness, and added:

"It was very inconsiderate of him, as this settler, Wayne, would say, wasn't it?"

"That man wears out my patience. He has no business to be called Wayne, for there are no fighting qualities about him such as 'Mad Anthony' possesses."

"He must be in his cabin, strongly entrenched, to show fight. When he was in the open he showed real cowardice."

"Well, as I say, he tries my patience," replied Bob.

There was a considerable force of the enemy without, but no attempt was made to storm the fort.

The latter was too strongly built for St. Leger's light artillery to have any effect upon it, and it was probable that the British would proceed to invest, and then resort to the tedious process of a siege.

During the day observations from the fort showed that St. Leger was taking up a strong position outside, so as to prevent anyone leaving and going for aid.

The enemy were not within range as yet, but with powerful glasses the defenders could see that they were putting up breastworks and preparing to stretch a line of them as far around the fort as possible.

"We will have more trouble in getting out now," said Dick to Bob.

"Yes, unless we make a detour, as we had to do in getting in."

"A siege is tiresome business."

"Then we shall have to vary the monotony by occasional sallies."

"Perhaps we shall."

CHAPTER VII.

AN ADVENTURE IN THE WOOD.

Dick Slater did not see anything of Charity Wayne until evening.

Then he met her in the open space as he was coming from supper.

"How is your mother now?" he asked.

"She is somewhat better, thank you, owing to the better care she gets here."

"And I suppose having your father near her relieves her mind?"

"Yes," dubiously, "but he annoys her, too."

"In what manner?"

"Oh, he is so obstinate. He wants to go back to the cabin."

"But it is dangerous to remain there. He must have seen that to-day."

"It seems impossible to make him see anything these days," in a tried voice. "He used to be much different."

"In what manner?"

"He was not so absorbed in himself. Tell me, do you think a thunderstorm can affect a man's mind?"

"Well, it might," smiling. "He was not struck by lightning?"

"No, he was not, but part of the wing of our cabin was. We had a terrific thunderstorm a few weeks ago."

"He was not struck?"

"No, but since then he has been different, and it seems to have affected his mind. In fact, I think he is insane."

"On what particular subject?"

"He says he has discovered a gold mine, and that we are all going to make our fortunes."

"There are gold and silver and iron and other metals in the hills of New York State, iron especially, and very good iron at that."

"Yes, I know, but is there gold?"

"A little, but I don't think there is enough to make it worth while for anyone to try and mine it."

"I wish you would tell him that," eagerly. "He says there is a valuable gold mine right in our basin, and that we will all be rich."

"I doubt it."

"It all dates from that thunderstorm. I believe his mind was afflicted by it."

"But you say he was not struck by the lightning?" Dick asked.

"No, he was in quite another part of the cabin."

"Then how could his mind have been affected?"

"He has acted queerly ever since. He talks of little but gold, and is constantly digging for it, and says we will all be rich."

"But has he found any?"

"He says he has, and he has a piece of stone which looks as if it had been spattered with melted gold."

"Where did he find it?"

"Outside the cabin after the storm."

"You had never seen any there before?"

"No, but the lightning may have struck the rocks, as it did the wing of the cabin, and so exposed it."

"I suppose it might, but you have found no more?"

"No, that was all."

"It is very curious," observed Dick. "I shall have to take a look at this supposed mine of your father's."

"You won't go there while the Indians are about?" showing great apprehension.

"I shall be cautious if I do," returned Dick.

"Could you tell if there was a gold mine on the place?"

"There may be gold there, for it is found in many parts of the state, but not in sufficient quantities to make it pay for the work put on it."

"I wish there were none at all," said Charity, "for then father would get over this strange notion, and be more like himself."

"We will see what we can do about it," said Dick.

The Indians and Tories remained around the fort, and Dick did not venture out again that day.

He told Bob of Wayne's strange notion, and added:

"He may have found some gold ore, although I have never seen any in these parts."

"Could the storm have affected his brain, Dick?"

"Yes, but Charity says he was not in the part of the cabin that was struck."

"Then he may have found some gold after all?"

"Yes, Charity has seen it."

"Could it be what they call fool's gold?"

"It might. We can test it."

The next day Dick determined to go out, not so much to look for a gold mine, as to see what the enemy was about.

He took Bob, both going in disguise.

They went through one end of the swamp, and got into the woods without being discovered.

Then they made their way in the direction of the enemy's camp.

Proceeding cautiously, they at length heard voices.

"Someone is coming!" whispered Dick.

"Yes, Tories, no doubt. They don't sound like Indians."

"No."

There was a sort of rough road here, and the men the boys heard were coming along it.

At one side there was a steep bank, lined with thick bushes.

The boys climbed up the bank, where the bushes were thin and hid behind two clumps of thicker ones.

On came the men, and halted just in front of where the boys lay concealed.

"I don't suppose we can get around any other place?" said one.

Dick peered cautiously out, making no sound.

The men belonged to the Royal Greens of Sir John Johnson, a notorious Tory of the Mohawk Valley.

He had broken faith with General Schuyler, and had fled to Canada, where he had secured a royal commission and formed a body known as the Royal Greens.

Many of the men composing it were refugees from the Mohawk Valley, and the people of the district had no love for him.

"No, I don't suppose we could," answered another of the group.

"Has ther rebel left the cabin the Injuns tried ter git inter yesterday?" asked another.

"Yus, I guess so."

"Then s'pose we go an' set fire to it."

"What's the use o' that?"

"Ther rebels 'll smell smoke an' come out, an' then we'll ketch 'em, and 'sides, they may have left some vallybles into it, an' we kin git 'em."

"That'll be more wuth while than burnin' et, an'—lemme tell yer somethin', Pete."

Bob leaned forward to hear what was said.

The bank was undermined, and the bush suddenly gave way, letting Bob down.

He went rolling down the bank, struck the Tories and bowled them over like a lot of skittles pins.

"Scuse me, but I guess I must ha' been ersleep. Watchin' them 'ere rebels makes er feller lose er lot er sleep, don't et?"

"Where was you?" growled one of the men.

"Up there on ther bank, o' course. Did yer think I come up out o' ther ground?"

"Yer ain't one o' ther Royal Greens, be yer?"

"O' course not. Ther R'yal Greens is all fine lookin' men, what don't go ter sleep, an' I'm only er boy."

"Be'n watchin' ther rebels, have yer?"

"Yus, an' it's er lot er trouble."

"Wull, we'll give them some trouble, after a while."

"I'd like ter see yer," but Bob meant otherwise than what the men understood.

"Oh, we will. Find out anything erbout 'em?"

"Yus, I know how ter git inter ther fort."

"Yer do?" cried the men in chorus, greatly excited.

"Yus, er course."

"Show us, then."

"All right," and Bob led the way and soon got the Tories tangled in the swamp and ran off to join Dick.

To the latter he told what he had done, Dick laughing heartily.

"They won't make their way to the fort?" Dick asked.

"No, they'll get out the way they got in, that's all, but they'll know better than to try it again."

"Then there is no harm done," laughed Dick.

CHAPTER VIII.

AT THE CABIN.

From a good hiding place the two Liberty Boys saw the Tories make their way out of the swamp, muddy and scratched, some of them without their boots, and all angry and out of temper.

"Where's ther young feller what got us inter this mess?" demanded one, angrily.

"I dunno, but I hope he's stuck in the mud up ter his neck, ther blame young skunk."

"Great snakes! I bet he's er rebel hisself."

"Huh! Why didn't yer think er that before?" with an angry snarl.

"I'll bet he's Dick Slater hisself. It's just like ther blame young rebel."

"Yus, so it is, but this is a putty time ter think of et," growling.

"Wull, yer didn't think of et yerself, did yer, till I told yer?"

The Tory made no answer.

They rubbed the mud off their clothes as well as they could, and went on, grumbling at every step.

Bob had great trouble to keep from bursting into a laugh at the plight of the Tories and their anger.

He restrained himself, however, and he and Dick avoided them and went on.

"There is no danger of their finding it," Dick said.

"No, not in the least, and I did not think they would."

"I think it is safe to go on to the cabin now, Bob."

"Won't those fellows go there?"

"I don't think so. They spoke of it, to be sure, but they won't go while in their present sorry condition."

"No, I suppose they won't."

The boys then went on toward Wayne's cabin, keeping a lookout for Indians.

They saw none, and found the cabin as they had left it.

"The redskins have been too busy around the fort to return to it, I suppose," observed Bob.

"Yes, but there is no saying when they may."

Dick could see the effects of the lightning on the wing, but saw no signs of gold.

"This is not the sort of rock to find gold ore in," he said to Bob, to whom he had related the story.

"But Charity said her father had a piece."

"Yes, but I have not seen it myself."

"No, and it may prove to be something entirely different."

"Yes, and we can do nothing until I do see it."

"Perhaps she does not know how gold ore looks, Dick."

"I doubt it—down with you, Bob, there's someone coming."

The boys secreted themselves in the thicket at the foot of the fall.

Dick had heard someone coming, and in a few moments a party of a dozen or twenty Royal Greens came into view.

These were one of the party whom the boys had seen, and they came from a different direction.

They halted at the top of the slope and looked down at the cabin.

"That's the cabin of some rebel," said one, an officer.

"Maybe they've gone to the fort, sir," suggested a sergeant.

"Perhaps. Go down there and see, sergeant. Take half a dozen men with you."

The sergeant and six men made their way rapidly down the slope.

Then the sergeant rapped loudly on the door with his hanger.

The echo of the sound within was the only answer.

"They seem to have gone, sir," said the sergeant.

"Try the rear door, then."

"Suppose they see our footprints, Dick?" whispered Bob.

"They may not."

The sergeant rapped loudly at the rear door, but with the same result as before.

"There's no one here, sir," he said.

"Break in the door, then."

The six Greens battered on the door with the butts of their muskets.

It was too stout to yield, however.

"Nothing short of an ax, and a good stout one at that, will break it down, sir," the sergeant declared.

"Confound them, then pile a lot of brush up against it and set fire to it."

The men at once got a quantity of brush and piled it against the door.

Then, lighting a sulphur match, the sergeant set fire to the pile.

"There, that will do the work," growled the lieutenant. "Come along, Sergeant."

The sergeant and the six privates rejoined the rest, and all marched away.

As soon as they were out of sight, Dick and Bob emerged from their hiding place.

They scattered the burning brands with their feet, and as yet but little damage had been done to the door, which was of hard wood.

"I saw an old bucket lying against the wing, Bob," said Dick. "Go get it full of water."

Bob ran off, filled the bucket, brought it back and threw it against the door.

All trace of flames was quickly extinguished.

"See what I found by the bucket, Dick," Bob said.

He held out half a dozen links of a heavy gold chain.

"Where did you find this, Bob?"

"Under the bucket."

"It is a part of a chain. Was there no more?"

"No, this was all there was."

"It seems to have been broken."

"Yes, or melted, Dick."

"So it does, but it takes a pretty good heat to melt gold, Bob."

"So I should suppose."

"Let me have it, Bob. It is probably a keepsake of Charity's, and she may want it."

"All right, Dick," and Bob gave the end of the cabin to his companion.

Dick put the trinket in his pocket, and the fire being thoroughly extinguished, the boys put back the bucket and left the house.

The Royal Greens had gone toward their camp, as Dick easily saw by the footprints they had left.

If they had been as watchful as we always are, Dick, Bob observed, "they would have seen our tracks."

"If they had been Indians, they would have done so, but a great many persons never think of looking at things around them."

"No, they do not. Now, you saw that bucket, and that is how I found the bit of gold chain."

"There is nothing lost by keeping one's eyes about him, Bob," with a smile.

"No, indeed, and one has to do it when he is fighting Indians, and redcoats, and Hessians, and all sorts."

"We have found it so, Bob."

"The cabin is all right again, and it's hardly likely that anyone will visit it."

Hurrying on along the trail of the Royal Greens, the boys at length left it so as to get to the fort by a detour.

It was not necessary to make as long a one as they had done when leaving the cabin before, as they knew now just where the enemy were and how to avoid them.

They went as far as where Bob had rolled down the bank, and then turned aside and made their way to the fort.

Here he found Charity, and gave her the end of the gold chain.

"Why, that was mother's," the girl said. "It's been missing since that thunderstorm. Is this all?"

"That is all we found," answered Dick.

"Where did you find it?"

"Close to the wing of the cabin, under an old bucket."

"I don't see how it got there. It is broken, too."

"Yes, and it looks as if——"

At that moment there was an alarm at the front, and Dick hurried away.

CHAPTER IX.

THE CHIEF KEEPS HIS WORD.

The enemy were bombarding the fort, but with little effect.

Colonel Gansevoort did not reply to the fire, as he did not consider it worth while to waste powder.

The enemy could not get in, and if they chose to bombard the fort uselessly, there was no harm in letting them do so.

"Let thim pepper away as long as it amuses thim," laughed Patsy. "Sure it don't hurt us, an' they may want the powdher before they get through wid us."

"Ya, dot fort was not so easy broke down, I bet me," laughed Carl. "Put ould your headt, Batsy, und dey was tought dere was ein fire coming."

"Go on wid yez. Sure all ye have to do is to put yer back agin the breastworks an' nothin' can batther thim down, ye're that solid."

However, the firing was not kept up long, although it could be seen that the enemy had strengthened their position.

It was more difficult to make a sally than before, and it was evidently St. Leger's aim to keep the defenders in.

He had expected to make an easy conquest of the fort, and now he realized that it was going to be a long task to reduce it, if he did.

The next day Dick and Ben and two or three others set out to reconnoiter.

They left the fort without discovery, although they had to make a longer detour than before.

They observed that the enemy's lines had been extended, but were not certain if any reinforcements had arrived.

They heard Indians calling to each other in the woods, and used great caution in avoiding them.

Presently as they were working their way along a rocky path where there were thick bushes on each side, a rattlesnake suddenly sounded his dread warning.

Ben was just behind Dick, who was threatened.

In an instant the boy whipped out a pistol and shot off the reptile's head.

Nothing else would have served, but in an instant there was an alarm.

Indians came running from all directions, as it seemed.

The boys might have avoided them, but for the shot.

They were quickly surrounded and seized, one of the Indians saying:

"Paleface make plenty trouble for Injun, now Injun make plenty trouble for paleface."

The Indians were Mohawks, and were in full war paint and feathers.

The boys were bound hand and foot and each was carried between two redskins.

They were taken some little distance and then placed on the ground, while the Indians sat around in a circle and discussed what was to be done with them.

Finally one of the Indians came to them and said:

"White boy plenty good swimmer?"

"Yes," said Dick.

"Den white boy swim. Plenty rock in river, show how swim good."

There were rapids in the Mohawk at certain points, as Dick well knew.

Here there were jagged rocks, whirling eddies and many other dangers to be avoided.

A good swimmer could keep clear of them, and so escape, but it did not seem possible that the Indians were going to free them.

"Good swimmers no need hand or foot," the Indian continued. "Float on back."

Then the boys were picked up and carried toward the river.

This was not far away, the roaring of the waters being plainly heard.

It was now quite clear what the redskins were going to do.

The boys were to be thrown into the river, hand and foot.

Once in the rapids, they would be unable to help themselves.

Only by the merest chance would they float safely through the rapids.

There was not one chance in a thousand that they would do this.

The Indians bearing Dick went first, and made their way towards a point where the bank was considerably above the water.

The boys could hear the waters swirling and rushing, and wondered how they would ever escape.

Their relief came from an unexpected quarter.

As the Mohawks were hurrying to the brink of the river to cast Dick into the water, the chief suddenly appeared before them.

"Stop!" he said, with a gesture of command. "I am the white boy's friend."

Dick, Ben and the rest were placed upon their feet, the Mohawks looking stolidly at War Cloud.

The sun had set, and the sky was all gold and red and purple, the rushing waters reflecting the wondrous tints.

"Captain Slater friend of War Cloud," the chief said. "Chief be friend to all Liberty Boys. Good medicine, good friend. Let white boy go."

The Mohawks cut the thongs which bound the boys' hands and feet.

"Give pistols," said War Cloud. "Suppose meet had Indian, must have pistol, musket."

The boys' weapons were returned to them without a word.

Apparently the Mohawks did not relish having to release their prisoners, but the word of the chief was not to be questioned.

"War Cloud's foot sick, Captain Slater make well, good medicine. War Cloud say he be friend, and he keep his word."

That was enough for the Mohawk braves.

If their chief had given his word, he must keep it, and no one would dispute it.

The sky grew more brilliant, and soon the evening shades would gather.

"Captain Slater find way to fort, sabe?" asked the chief.

"Yes, I have a canoe hidden in the bushes below the rapids," said Dick. "We will be safe."

"Go!" said the chief to the Mohawks. "No hurt Captain Slater. He is the chief's friend."

The Mohawks disappeared in the forest, and Dick, taking War Cloud's hand, said:

"We thank you for your timely rescue, Chief. I do not know how we would otherwise have escaped."

"War Cloud give promise. War Cloud keep it,"

and now we must go, as it will soon be dark. Come, boys."

Ben and the rest took the chief's hand, and then all set off rapidly along the river.

They passed the rapids, and at length plunged into the bucket, where it was beginning to grow dark.

Dick knew just where the canoe was, however, and at length he came to it.

It was large enough to hold them all, and they quickly got in and pushed off, Ben and Sam paddling.

"There are others besides Mohawks," said Dick, "and we must keep a lookout for them."

"It will soon be dark," said Ben.

"Yes, but it is not dark yet, and there may be Indians along the bank or even on the river itself."

Ben and Sam paddled steadily, and with little noise.

Presently, as they glided around a bend in the river, Dick held up his hand.

The boys ceased paddling, the canoe gliding gently on.

There, a few hundred feet distant, was a large canoe containing seven or eight Indians, while not far off was another, holding three or four.

The canoes were farther out in the stream than Dick, and he might pass them unnoticed in the gathering gloom.

CHAPTER X.

A CLOSE SHAVE.

Dick motioned to Ben to paddle slowly and noiselessly, and to keep in nearer to the bank.

Here there were deeper shadows and, screened by them, they might escape the notice of the Indians, in the canoes.

There might be others on shore, although Dick did not see any at that moment.

Ben paddled steadily and noiselessly, and the canoe was soon gliding on not far from the bank, where the shadows were the deepest.

Presently there came a hello from the woods.

Then half a dozen Indians of the Ottawas came hurrying toward the river.

The shout was answered from the canoes, but the latter remained in their old position.

The canoe glided on close to a shelving bank, toward which the Indians were coming.

The Ottawas came on, and began to shout to the men in the canoes.

The canoe glided under the bank, and was hidden by it for a few moments.

The shadows were growing deeper, but the Ottawas were nearer now, and might see the boys in the canoe.

The Indians out on the river were plainly seen, but Dick and the boys were in the shadow, and, as the Indians were not expecting them, they might not see them.

The canoe glided out from under the bank, and now the Indians were almost to it, calling out something in their own tongue to those on the river.

The latter answered, and began paddling leisurely toward shore.

The canoe glided noiselessly down the river, Ben holding his paddle across his knees.

It was evident that neither party of Ottawas had as yet seen the boys.

In midstream the waters reflected the brilliant hues of the sky, now growing darker, but along shore they were dark.

On went the canoe, and deeper grew the shadows, those out on the river being purple, while those near shore were black.

Ben presently dipped the paddle into the water and sent the canoe gliding swiftly on.

He was a trustworthy boy, and could be depended upon to use good judgment.

Suddenly he heard a noise in the underbrush.

Then he made out dimly the forms of three or four Indians, and heard the guttural talk.

Dick sat with a musket across his knee, ready to fire if need be.

Ben sent the canoe gliding more rapidly down the river.

He had to go out a little farther presently, on account of a wooded point.

Passing it, he saw more Indians in a canoe, fifty feet from shore.

He sent the canoe speeding between the other one and the shore by a swift stroke.

The Indians uttered sudden grunts, and one of them said something.

Ben grunted in reply, and his canoe passed between the other and the shore, and then beyond.

They went on past the other canoe, which followed slowly.

The occupants had not discovered the identity of the boys, apparently.

On glided the canoe, more rapidly than before, Sam using his paddle now, as well as Ben.

On they went, and at last landed at a point where they could easily reach the fort.

"That was close work!" muttered Ben, as they set out in the darkness.

"Yes, but you managed it very well, Ben," replied Dick.

"You gave me signals, and then past experience has taught me much."

"You are one of the boys who learn from experience, Ben. Many do not."

There were no Indians nor Tories to be avoided in this part of the woods, and the boys at length reached the fort and were admitted.

"Sure it's a late shtay ye made, Captain dear," said Patsy, "an' the supper is all aten and cowld, only Oi saved ye byes some, an' kep' it hot."

"There's a fine bull if ever there was one," laughed Ben.

"Where dot bull was?" asked Carl. "Gave him to Batsy, und he make fine soup mit it."

"The bull came out of Patsy's mouth," laughed Sam.

"Der bull chumped vrom Batsy's mout' ouid?" cried Carl. "Mein gollies, I was knowed he was got ein big vun, but——"

"Sure, that's something ye can't undherstand. Cooky-spiller," laughed Patsy.

"No, sir, I bet me. I don'd was understood how ein bull could ouid from your mout chumped," said Carl, and all the boys laughed again.

Dick and the boys who had been with him had their suppers and related their adventures, all being greatly interested.

Patsy and Carl sat on a log in front of a fire chatting amicably, as they often did of an evening.

Not far away was an old wheelbarrow, used in the fort.

Nothing had been said for some moments, when Carl heard a snore from his companion.

"Batsy, wake oob," he said, giving the Irish boy a poke in the ribs.

"Sure Oi'm not asleep."

"Don'd you was snored?"

"Maybe Oi did, but Oi was not ashleep."

"How you was snored off you don'd was asleep?"

"Aisy. Because Oi have legs Oi don't have to walk all the toime, do Oi?"

"Nein."

"An' av Oi shut me eyes, Oi needn't be asleep?"

"Ya, dot was so."

"The barrow beyant has legs, but it's not a man."

"For cause not."

"So ye see ye can't raison that way at all."

"You was meant dot efen off dot wheelbarrow got some legs, it don'd could walk, ain't it?"

"Sure, now ye're gettin' the idee, me bye."

"What you t'ought off dot wheelbarrow was walking? Dot it was ein man already?"

"Sure Oi wouldn't. Oi'd think Oi wor bewitched."

"Ya, I bet me dot was ein funny dings to saw."

"Yis, but Oi don't want to see it."

Conversation lagged again before long, and Carl, asking Patsy a question, got only a snore for an answer.

"I fix dot veller, I bet me," he said with a chuckle, as he got up quietly.

He walked over to the wheelbarrow and got behind it, being hidden.

"Batsy!" he suddenly cried, in a loud tone, "look off dot!"

"Phwat is it?" cried Patsy, starting up suddenly.

"Look off dot wheelbarrow. It was got fits."

Then, to Patsy's amazement, the barrow came toward him, impelled by no motive power that he could see.

Carl was behind it, pushing it, but Patsy could not see him in the dark.

Then Carl uttered a deep groan, and made the barrow jump first on one leg and then on another.

"Begorra, the barrow's dancin', it's bewitched Oi am," roared Patsy, turning to run.

He fell over the log, got up, saw the barrow moving toward him, and, with a wild yell, started across the open.

"What's the matter, Patsy?" asked Ben, stopping him.

"Sure it's bewitched Oi am. Oi saw the barrow wa in'. Troth, there it comes now."

"Of course, and Carl Gookenspieler is behind it, pushing it," for Ben could see it all now.

"Cooky-spiller?" cried Patsy.

"Ya, dot was me," laughed Carl, getting up. "Dime I fooled you, I bet me."

"Sure ye did not," said Patsy, boldly. "Oi knowed wor yerself all the toime."

"Den for why you was runned off you don'd wor scared?"

"Just to kape up the joke, sure," with a laugh.

"Humbug! Did you saw somedings green mit me eye in already?"

"Sure Oi can tell ye're green widout luckin' in yer eye."

"Humbug!" and Carl wheeled the barrow back and resumed his old seat.

CHAPTER XI.

A BRAVE SALLY.

The next morning as Dick was about to set out reconnoiter, three men came into the camp.

They had made their way through the swamp, and had come from General Herkimer, then at Oriskany some eight miles east.

Herkimer had a force of some eight hundred men and meant to try and push through to the fort, with Gansevoort's co-operation.

The colonel was to fire three signal guns upon the arrival of the messengers, when Herkimer would push forward.

He had expected that his messengers would reach the fort very early in the morning, having started the evening before.

Through some delay, however, they did not reach the fort until between ten and eleven o'clock.

Gansevoort complied with the general's request as soon as he received the message, and the three signal guns were fired.

Then Colonel Marmus Willett, of the New York Continentals, who was with the garrison, was detached to make a diversion by attacking that part of the enemy's camp occupied by Johnson's Royal Greens.

As soon as Dick heard of this move he requested permission for the Liberty Boys to form a part of the sallying party.

It was granted at once, for both Gansevoort and Willett knew the bravery of the dashing young patriots.

The boys received the orders to get ready with the greatest delight.

No time was lost in getting out the horses, and the boys made a gallant array.

Dick Slater rode a magnificent black Arabian, which he called Major. Bob had a fine bay, and Mark Manson was mounted on a big gray.

Ben Spurlock bestrode a roan, Harry Judson and Ichum, Harry Thurber, were on a pair of well-matched sorrels, Sam rode a chestnut, and there were many other good horses.

Even Patsy and Carl were well mounted, for they could ride and fight, too, for all that they made so much fun for the Liberty Boys.

"Sure, it's glad Oi am we're goin' to do something," cried Patsy. "Oi wor gettin' quoitte rusty for the lack of a little fun and devarasion."

"Ya, I could saw dot rust coming out from your hair since," laughed Carl.

Everything being ready, Colonel Willett, with a force of two hundred men and the Liberty Boys, made his sortie.

Out they rushed, entirely unexpected, and fell upon the camp of the Royal Greens.

That of the Indians was next to it, and the Liberty Boys attacked it.

"Charge, Liberty Boys!" Dick shouted, in ringing tones. "Away with the red rascals!"

"Liberty forever! Down with the red marauders!" echoed the boys.

There were Ottawas, Senecas, and some of Brant's Mohawks, although the famous chief himself was not there, being at Oriskany.

St. Leger had heard of Herkimer's coming, through his scouts, and had sent a detachment to waylay him.

This consisted of a detachment of Johnson's Greens, a company of Rangers under Colonel Butler, and a strong body of Indians under Brant.

Dick did not see War Cloud, and was glad, as he would have been sorry to attack the chief after what he had done.

Gansevoort, of course, knew nothing of St. Leger's move toward Oriskany, and expected that Herkimer would push through.

Dick Slater, at the head of his brave boys, rode right into the camp of the redskins.

Volley after volley was fired, and many of the redskins fled in terror to the woods.

A swarm of fierce Ottawas came dashing at Dick, hoping to capture him.

Bob saw Dick's danger, and shouted:

"To the rescue, Liberty Boys; look out for the captain!"

With a roar, half the troop flew at the Indians, and they were driven back, losing many of their braves.

They at once fled to the woods, the Royal Greens being driven to the river at the same time.

The camps were sacked, and wagon loads of all sorts of camp equipage, clothing, blankets and stores, were seized.

Sir John Johnson's personal baggage and papers were captured, as well as five standards, and carried away safely.

Then Dick heard the tramp of a large body of men, and told Colonel Willett.

"Yes, I hear them, Captain," Willett answered. "It is probably St. Leger with reinforcements."

"The Liberty Boys will cover your retreat, Colonel Willett, if you will allow it."

"Very good, Captain," with a smile.

The patriots at once began their retreat, the Liberty Boys composing the rearguard.

The captured stores and baggage were sent ahead rapidly, and Willett and his men followed.

The Liberty Boys brought up the rear, but made a stand as St. Leger and his troops were seen coming on.

"Make a show of resistance, at least, boys," said Dick. "Of course we can't stand against a large force, but we can make them think we are going to."

The boys cheered and formed in open line, which made it seem as if there were very many more of them.

The enemy came on warily, and the boys, seeing that Willett had a good lead, dashed away.

Later, they made a stand, fired a volley or two, holding the enemy in check for a short time, and then, setting off at a gallop for the fort, which they reached safely.

Herkimer did not arrive, and Gansevoort did not know till later that he had been seriously wounded at Oriskany, dying a few days afterward at his home, whither he had been taken.

As Herkimer did not arrive, Colonel Gansevoort supposed that he had been delayed or had perhaps had an engagement with the enemy.

Knowing that he would want to hear something, Dick went to the colonel and said:

"There must be some good reason for General Herkimer's failing to arrive, Colonel, and if you will permit it, I will go and endeavor to learn the particulars."

"Very good, Captain," replied the commander. "I know that you will use all caution, and that if it is possible to learn anything, you will do so."

Disguising himself in the ordinary clothes of the region, Dick left the fort without being observed.

He went alone, as he considered it safer, although there were plenty who would have gone with him gladly, had he permitted it.

He did not set out until well along in the afternoon, as it was not likely that there would be anything to be learned till then.

Advancing cautiously, upon nearing the camp, he saw a group of men sitting under the trees, a short distance from it.

Making his way on his hands and knees, he reached a thick clump of trees within a short distance of the men.

They belonged to the Royal Greens, and were talking of an engagement which had taken place near Oriskany that morning.

"The old Dutchman didn't get there," said one, "although he made a good fight."

Dick knew that Herkimer was meant, as he was of German origin, as were many of the people of the Mohawk Valley.

It was important that he should hear what was said, therefore, and he gave his whole attention to the conversation.

CHAPTER XII.

MORE DISCOVERIES.

"If the Indians get many more such setbacks as they got this morning, they'll be deserting in hundreds," said one of the men under the trees.

"Yes, and they were in ambush, too, but the rebels fought like tigers."

"H'm! I should say they did!" snarled another. "They're all Mohawk Valley folks, and they hate us wuss'n p'ison."

"And for good reasons," Dick said to himself.

"Yes, they fought in the rain, and if there had been a few more of them, they would have beaten us and pushed their way through."

"Well, they didn't, and Gansevoort doesn't know it, and St. Leger will spread the worst kind of reports."

"Which no one will believe," was Dick's thought.

He heard others converse, and crept away in order to escape being discovered.

He was obliged to lie flat on his face under a bush, the men came so near.

They did not see him and, after they had passed, he crawled away and got on his feet.

He was making his way along a rough path, when he came upon half a dozen rough looking men, dressed in semi-military style.

These were some of Butler's Rangers, who were even worse than the Johnson Greens.

"Hello, boy! Where did you come from?" asked one.

"From ther camp, o' course," returned Dick, boldly.

"What yer doin' there?"

"What yer s'pose, fryin' taters? What do folks gen'ally do in er camp?"

"I guess ye're er rebel, that's what I guess. Ain't yer one?"

"Wull, do I look like one? Yer ain't much of a Yankee ef yer can't guess better'n that."

"Where are yer goin'?"

"Wull, I don't seem ter be goin' nowhere, stoppin' here ter answer foolish questions, but I was goin' 'long this way."

"I'll bet ye're er rebel."

"How yer goin' ter prove it?" scornfully. "Say, I'm tired o' waitin. I'll wrestle any o' you fellers, an' ef I don't throw him, I'm er rebel."

"Will yer throw me?" asked the biggest of the crowd.

"Yus, as easy as any on yer. Come on, one fall decides et, mind."

The big fellow rushed at Dick, expecting to throw him with no difficulty.

Dick secured a sudden clinch, and before the big fellow was aware how it happened, he was flat on his back.

"That settles ther question, an' I ain't no rebel," said Dick.

Then he walked away, and the Rangers were so astonished that they did not think of stopping him till he was too far off.

The big man got up, felt of himself, and said:

"There's only one feller what kin throw me like that, an' that's Dick Slater, captin' o' the Liberty Boys."

"What, ther rebel?"

"Yes, an' that's him, or I'm one."

"Why didn't you say so?" cried all the men.

"Wull, I did."

"But why didn't yer say so before. When we could ha' ketched him?"

"Wull, ef you'd been flung on yer back so's yer breath

was knocked out'n yer, I guess yer couldn't think right away about nothin', no more'n I did," growled the other.

Dick had disappeared by this time, and the Rangers had no idea where to look for him.

Dick laughed at the easy way in which he had settled the question, and went on toward Wayne's cabin.

The matter of the gold mine greatly puzzled him, and he determined to get at the bottom of it.

If Wayne was simply the victim of a delusion, what was it?"

He determined to make a careful investigation, therefore, and see what grounds there were for the man's belief that there was gold in the district.

He met no enemies on the way, and reached the cabin safely.

He examined the ground about the wing, but saw no sign of gold ore nor of iron nor copper, nor other metals which often accompany those more precious.

Near the wall of the wing where they had found the bucket he saw something shining, and stooped to pick it up.

It was an ordinary stone, round, and about as big as a hen's egg.

On one side of it there was clearly something that looked very much like gold.

"That is not ore, and this looks like gold," said Dick. "It looks as if molten gold had been spattered upon it."

At that moment there was a sound of distant thunder.

"I wonder Wayne did not see this, but then it was ground into the earth by the heel of someone."

The thunder grew louder, and Dick turned away, dropping the stone into his pocket.

Not wishing to be caught in the storm, which was evidently approaching, he hurried on.

A louder peal than before sounded, and he saw a distant flash.

The sky grew dark, the thunder rolled, and the wind went sweeping wildly through the forest.

"It is one of those sudden storms which so often come up in the summer," he said, "and probably will not last long."

It came on rapidly, and he was obliged to hurry to avoid it.

He reached the fort not far ahead of it, and had only got to shelter when it burst upon them.

He reported to Colonel Gansevoort what he had heard, and then went to find Charity.

"Is your father's piece of supposed gold ore like this?" he added, showing the girl the stone he had found.

"Yes. Where did you get it?"

"Near the cabin. It was nearly ground into the earth."

"It is just like his piece, but is not so large."

"And it is not gold ore at all," positively.

"What is it?"

"It looks as if molten gold had been dropped upon it."

"Yes, but how could that happen?"

"Have you the piece of chain we found?"

"Yes."

"Let me see it."

Charity went for the fragment of chain, and when

she brought it, Dick compared its color with that of the gold on the stone.

They were the same.

"Do you see the end of this chain?" Dick asked.

"Yes, it looks as if it had been melted."

"So it has. Where was it usually kept?"

"In the wing room."

"The one that was struck?"

"Yes."

"Put away?"

"No, generally on the table near the window. The baby played with it sometimes."

"Your mother was not in the room at the time the bolt struck?"

"No. She was elsewhere."

"I think I can locate your father's gold mine," quietly.

"But you said——"

"The bolt hit the corner of the wing, passed down, melted the chain, and spattered molten gold on the stones outside, carrying the chain with it."

Then there is no gold mine after all?"

"No."

"Well, I don't know how father will take it," musingly.

"He will have to take it in the only way it can be taken, sensibly."

CHAPTER XIII.

THE DANGER OF EAVESDROPPING.

Dick's explanation seemed the only sensible one, after all.

It was well known, even then, that lightning generated intense heat.

The chain, being in the way of the bolt, could easily have been fused in an instant, and the molten gold spattered over adjacent objects.

"Have you the piece of ore your father bases his belief in a gold mine upon?" Dick asked.

"No, he always keeps it by him."

"What is it like?"

"Like any ordinary stone that one can pick up."

"Are there any crystals in it?"

"No."

"Is it broken?"

"No, it is just a round stone as large as my two fists."

"Such as are commonly found in and around brooks?"

"Yes."

"Where did he find it?"

"At a little distance from the cabin."

"And he has been digging in that spot?"

"Yes."

"Did you miss the chain?"

"Yes, and could not fancy what had become of it."

"Does your mother believe in the gold mine theory?"

"She does not."

"What did she say about the piece of supposed ore?"

"Nothing."

"Do you think she suspected what it was?"

"I don't know. The explanation is so strange, and yet reasonable, when one comes to think of it."

"When one considers the strange pranks that the lightning plays, it is perfectly reasonable."

"Yes, but I don't believe you can convince father. He is most obstinate."

"A man who cannot be convinced by facts can never be convinced," said Dick.

The storm was now most violent, the lightning playing and the thunder rolling almost continuously.

Patsy was about to cross the open space in the fort when the rain came down.

He immediately set out upon a run and reached the barracks door just as fat Carl was coming out.

Patsy had his head down to avoid the driving storm.

He had seen the door open, and that was all that he noticed.

Carl did not see that his friend was coming until too late.

All of a sudden Patsy's head struck Carl in the pit of the stomach with the force of a battering ram.

"Ach!" yelled Carl, and then he sat down with great force.

Patsy turned a somersault and landed on his back some distance away.

"Well, Oi got out av the wet, annyhow," he said in a tone of satisfaction.

"Mein gollies, who dot was hitted me?" sputtered Carl, getting his breath.

"Was you hit, Cookyspiller?" asked Patsy, now on his feet.

"For sure I was. You dinks I was sitted on der floor for nodings?"

"Maybe ye wor shtruck be loightning?"

"Ya, und dot lightdning was red already."

"An' whoever h'ard av red loightnin', me bye?"

"I don'd was know, but I was saw dot, und it was had two legs, und it's name was Batsy."

"Me, is it?" with a look of innocence. "Sure, ye must be mistaken."

"No, sir, dot was you, und off I was caughted you, I was put you in der rain ould."

"Did ye iver hear how to cook a rabbit?" asked Patsy, with a laugh.

"Nein, I don'd was der cook."

"Well, ye must first catch the rabbit."

"Humbug! You don'd was ein rabbit. You was ein donkey."

The next day St. Leger sent a letter, purporting to have been written by the prisoners taken at Oriskany.

This letter gave the most dismal accounts of the battle, and of the difficulty of getting any help to the garrison.

He also stated that Burgoyne was probably at that time before Albany, and advised surrender to prevent inevitable destruction.

With the letter St. Leger sent warning that should the garrison persist in resistance, he would not be able to restrain the fury of the Indians.

He added that these, although held in check for the time, would, if further provoked, slaughter the garrison

and lay waste the whole Mohawk Valley in revenge for the deaths of their warriors.

The letter and St. Leger's threats failed to shake the resolution of Gansevoort.

He determined to hold out, knowing that the enemy's artillery was too light to make any impression on the ramparts, which were heavily sodded.

St. Leger was forced to resort to the slow progress of siege, therefore, and in the meantime Gansevoort sent messengers to General Schuyler, asking for succor.

Dick had no more talk with Charity on the subject of the gold mine, and said nothing at all to Wayne about it.

He told Bob what he had told Charity, and Bob readily agreed with him.

"You can't convince the man, Dick," he said, "so there is no use in saying anything to him about it."

"I don't intend to, Bob," with a smile.

Dick could not remain idle in the fort and, after Gansevoort had sent his messengers out, the young captain obtained permission to go and spy upon the enemy.

"I need not tell you to be cautious, Captain," said the commandant.

"I know the danger, sir," was Dick's reply, which was quite sufficient.

He disguised himself as a country boy, took two or three heavy pistols, and set out.

He knew the risk he ran, not only from the Indians, but from the British regulars, Johnson's Greens and Butler's Rangers.

The danger to be feared from the Tories was as great as that from the redskins.

These Loyalists, refugees and renegades were more cruel and unrelenting than even the Indians, who seemed to learn new atrocities from their white allies.

Getting safely away from the fort, Dick was proceeding rapidly, but with due caution, toward the enemy's camp, when he heard voices.

He quickly sank to the ground behind a dead tree lying at the top of the bank.

Peering out cautiously, he saw a party of Ottawas approaching.

He did not understand their language, but he knew the difference in the trappings of the various tribes.

The Ottawas were as cruel as the Mohawks, and were as much to be feared.

With the Ottawas were two white men, some of Butler's Rangers.

One of these, in fact, was the very fellow whom Dick had thrown so cleverly.

To the young patriot's disgust, if not dismay, the party halted directly in front of the dead tree on the bank.

Some of the Indians sat, cross-legged, on the ground, while some stood.

The big Ranger sat on a stone, and taking a pipe and some tobacco from his pockets, proceeded to smoke.

"Can't ye find any way to get into the fort?" he asked one of the Indians.

"No way," grunted the redskin. "Big gun go boom! Kill Injun."

"Ain't there a back way somewhere? They's er swamp, can't yer get in that way?"

"Swamp bad place, plenty hole, get in, no get out, bad quicksand."

"Ther swamp ain't ter be thought of, Bill," said the other Ranger, but I got er plan er gittin' in that I guess 'll work fust-class."

"What is et, Bud?" asked the smoker.

"Why, et's just ter——"

Dick was leaning forward, so as not to miss a word, when the bank suddenly gave way, and he and the dead trunk suddenly went rolling down upon the Indians.

CHAPTER XIV.

WAR CLOUD TO THE RESCUE.

Bill was sent flying from the stone, his pipe going one way, his musket another, and his hat sailing up in the air.

Two or three of the redskins were bowled over before they could get up, and those standing had to get out of the way in very lively fashion.

Dick scrambled to his feet and drew a brace of pistols as he started to run.

One of the Rangers and an Indian got in front, and there were others behind.

"Don't let him get erway!" cried the big Ranger. "Thet's Dick Slater, the rebel!"

"Why, so et is," echoed the other. "That's ther feller what throwed yer."

The Indians were closing in upon Dick, and the only way of escape seemed to be by way of the bank.

He would have to turn his back on the Indians, however, in running up, and that was a perilous proceeding. Suddenly an idea occurred to him.

He imitated the sound of a rattlesnake to the life.

There was nothing more dreaded than this poisonous reptile.

The Indians started back in alarm, and the two Rangers tumbled over each other in trying to get away.

Dick seized his opportunity and flew up the bank.

Just as he reached the top, however, it gave way with him, having been weakened by the rains.

Dick fell and slid to the bottom, being seized by the redskins as he tried to rise.

"Don't kill ther blame rebel!" shouted Bill. "We gotter have some fun fust."

Dick hurled aside two of the Indians, and knocked down two more with his fists before he was overpowered.

He was quickly disarmed and held by three of the reds, while Bill said, with a savage growl:

"Now, yer blame rebel, yer won't get erway this time."

"We'll see," said Dick, in a quiet tone.

"We won't see, then, an' don't yer fret erbout et," snarlingly.

"What yer goin' ter do with him, Bill?" asked the other Ranger.

"We're ergoin' ter kill him," savagely, "but we're er-

goin' ter take plenty o' time to et, so's ter let him enjoy et all ther more."

Dick well knew what the scoundrel meant.

They would torture him slowly, so as to prolong his agony.

"Thet's right," with a horrible laugh. "Make et pleasant fur ther rebel."

The Ottawas began talking excitedly in their own tongue, and Dick knew that they were discussing his fate.

"Talk so's a feller kin understand, Injun," said Bill. "We got something ter do with this business."

"Paleface no let white chief go?" asked one of the Ottawas.

"Er course not. Tie him ter ther tree, an' then we'll consider what we'll do with him."

Dick was bound hand and foot, and then bound securely to a stout tree close at hand.

"Shoot at him," said Bill, "but don't yer git clumsy an' kill him, 'cause that'll spile all their fun."

The Ottawas began shooting arrows at Dick, pinning his sleeves to the tree, but taking care not to hit him.

The arrows penetrated his sleeves, the skirts of his coat, and his breeches, but did not touch the flesh.

Dick kept his nerve through this trying ordeal, and did not utter a sound, nor show the slightest tremor.

Then the redskins began hurling tomahawks at him, the keen blades sinking into the wood within a hair of his flesh.

Still he made no sound, nor showed the slightest sign of fear.

"Confound ye, why don't ye yell fur massy?" snarled the big Ranger.

"Because I know that there is none in you," was Dick's quiet reply.

"Ain't yer feared ter die?"

"Not for my country!" proudly.

"Try shootin', Bill," said Bud. "That'll make him holler."

The Ranger picked up his musket and took aim.

Then the leading Ottawa pushed aside the weapon, and said, sharply:

"No kill; dat too quick."

"I ain't ergoin' ter kill him," snarled Bill. "I kin put er bullet withjn haffer inch er his ear, an' not hurt him. I want ter make him holler."

"Paleface no have steady hand. Kill young chief."

"No, I won't. Git outer ther way."

"Injun say no," with an angry look.

The Indians were growing impatient at the delay in reducing the fort, and were under much less restraint than formerly.

At Oriskany, excited by the sight of blood, they had shot Royal Greens as well as patriot militiamen.

It was plain to be seen that they would submit to no dictation from the two Rangers.

There were many more of them than there were of the whites.

They could easily kill the latter, drag them away, and no one be the wiser.

The two Rangers evidently realized this, and Bill said:

"Oh, very well, but we wanter have some o' ther fun as well as yew Injuns."

"Bimeby paleface take knife, cut white chief."

Then he took a rifle and aimed at the lock at the top of Dick's head.

Suddenly a report rang out sharply.

The Ottawa fell in his tracks as he was pulling the trigger.

The rifle was discharged, the bullet striking one of the Indians in the head.

The two Rangers beat a hasty retreat.

The Ottawas fell back in alarm, and seized their weapons.

Then a commanding figure sprang into the open, and began swinging a clubbed rifle about his head.

It was War Cloud, the Mohawk chief.

Three or four of the Ottawas fell to the ground with broken heads, and the rest quickly took to their heels.

Then the Mohawk ran to the tree, pulled out the tomahawks and arrows, and cut the thongs which bound Dick.

"White boy chief hurt?" he asked.

"No."

"Good! No stay here, hurry, more bad Injuns come."

Dick recovered his pistols, picked up a loaded rifle, and said:

"Ottawas kill chief if he stays."

"No, Ottawa no dare, Ottawa bad, War Cloud kill um."

"You have risked your life for me, you must not stay."

"War Cloud go again, no 'fraid of Ottawas, dogs, wolves, kill 'em like sheep."

"I thank you," said Dick, taking the Mohawk's hand.

"White boy chief good medicine man, brave, no fear."

"No, but we are two against many, and I must not run too great a risk. My duty is to my country."

"Good! We go. War Cloud show safe way," and then he hurried away, with Dick at his side.

CHAPTER XV.

IN CURIOUS QUARTERS.

The Mohawk chief led the way toward the river, apparently at a point where they would strike the enemy's camp.

Dick trusted the Mohawk, and yet he could not see at the moment how they could avoid meeting the red-coats.

He knew the direction in which the camp lay, and, to his mind, they were heading directly toward it.

Just as they caught sight of the white tents among the trees, War Cloud shot off to one side and plunged into what seemed a perfect tangle.

A few steps brought them to a twilight shade, so thick were the branches overhead.

"Keep close," said the Mohawk, and Dick followed just behind.

At length Dick could scarcely see the Mohawk, and they seemed to be descending a steep path.

Then they were in pitch darkness, and all around it

was damp, and a strange noise could be heard above them.

"Where are we?" Dick asked.

"Under river, little way. Very few know this place. Come out all right."

Now and then a drop of water fell on Dick's hand or face, giving him a most uncanny feeling.

The floor of the strange passage was of rock, and was damp and slippery, and if Dick had not been sure-footed, he would have fallen.

"Not much further," said the chief. "Only few know this. Sometime water in. Not now."

Whether the passage was a natural one, or had been dug out, Dick had no means of knowing, as all was as dark as night.

A little farther, and he could touch either side of the passage without stretching out his hands.

"Lower head," said War Cloud, presently, his voice sounding most uncanny in that strange place.

Dick obeyed, finding the roof of the passage much lower than before.

"Get down on knees," said War Cloud, a few moments later. "Not much farther."

Dick obeyed, and went along on his hands and knees for twenty feet.

"Go like snake now, then get out," the Mohawk said in a few moments.

Dick was obliged to lie almost flat and work himself up a steep incline with just little more than room for his body.

Then he heard a scraping sound, and light entered the hole, for it could not be called anything else.

Then there was more light, and he saw the Mohawk draw himself out.

In a moment War Cloud gave him a hand, and he stepped out.

They were in a thick wood, but he could make out the river through the trees at a little distance.

The Mohawk pushed a flat stone over the hole from which they had emerged, and said:

"Some time, if Injun come, take stone off, get in, pull after, get away."

"Where are we now?" Dick asked.

"Not far from fort, get there pretty soon, no trouble. Good-by."

Then the Mohawk darted away into the wood, and Dick went on.

"That is a wonderful place," he said to himself. "I don't know if it is a natural passage or if it has been made by man. At any rate, it is worth knowing about."

In a short time he reached the fort, signalled, and was admitted.

"How did you happen to come this way, Dick?" asked Bob. "Weren't you afraid of being seen?"

"It was the nearest way," tersely.

"Your clothes are damp, and have been torn or cut, and you have a rifle. Where have you been, Dick?"

"In one of the strangest places you ever were in, Bob. I have been under the Mohawk river."

"In it, you mean, Dick?"

"No, under it, but I could not describe the place, as I did not see it."

"I know that you are sane, Dick," answered Bob, with a laugh, "but I don't understand all this. Where have you been?"

"Under the river, Bob, or at least the Mohawk says so."

Then Dick related his adventures, which Bob pronounced to be certainly the most wonderful one he had ever had.

"Could you find the place again, Dick?" he asked.

"Yes, but it is not always safe, I fancy, as the Mohawk says that the water sometimes gets into it."

"Well, it is surely the strangest thing I ever heard of, and if anyone but you had told of it, I would hardly have believed it."

"I would not have thought it possible myself, Bob," in a quiet tone.

"And you did not learn very much?"

"No, except that the Indians are growing dissatisfied, which is not to be wondered at."

"No, for they lack patience, for all their boasted endurance, and the loss of so many of their warriors discourages them."

"I would not be surprised, if the siege continues, to see them deserting in droves, and going back to their homes."

"Cannot St. Leger restrain them, Dick?"

"No, nor Brant himself, at times, nor any other chief."

Dick reported what he had heard about the dissatisfaction of the Indians to Colonel Gansevoort.

"They are not to be depended upon in a crisis," the colonel answered, "and if the siege were to continue any time you would find them all deserting."

"Then if they knew that reinforcements were coming to us in any numbers, they would leave?"

"Very rapidly."

"It might be well to spread just such reports among them," said Dick.

"Yes, it would."

Although Dick did not know it at the time, this was just what was done by General Arnold, who was now coming to the relief of Fort Schuyler.

Dick thought the matter over, and formed a plan of action, which he submitted to the colonel.

The latter approved it, and on the following morning it was put in operation.

Dick took an old coat and hat and had two or three of the boys shoot holes in them with their muskets.

The men on the ramparts were given their instructions, and then Dick was let out at a point where he was safe from the observations of the enemy.

Then he made his way toward the fort, in the open, where the Indians were sure to see him.

As he approached, the men on the ramparts fired several shots at him.

Then he turned and fled, as if for his life.

One bullet only went through the crown of his hat, and left a smoking hole.

It was fired by Bob, who knew just how not to injure Dick.

The other muskets had no bullets in them.

Dick grabbed his hat, and ran as if for life itself.

Some Indians had seen the men from the fort fire on him.

As he ran swiftly toward them, they came out.

He stopped, shook his fist at the fort, and showed his coat, still smoking.

"That's what the blame rebels done," he said, excitedly. "Look at that," showing the skirt and sleeves of his coat.

"Yankee do?" asked some of the redskins.

"Yus. I was spyin' about, an' they seen me. Lucky I didn't get hit."

Then he began feeling his arms and legs as if to see if he had been hit.

Three or four of Butler's Rangers came up at the moment.

"So they fired on ye from the fort, hey?" one asked.

"Yus, the blame rebels."

"Well, we'll get in before long. They can't hold out."

"I donno," simply. "There's others coming."

"Many come?" an Indian asked, eagerly, while others crowded around.

"Many? Yes, so many," and Dick waved his hands toward the leaves. "Lots an' lots of 'em."

"Shut up, you fool!" growled one of the Tories, who feared the influence of this report upon the Indians.

"I won't!" muttered Dick. "It's so, the rebels are coming like the leaves on the trees."

"Don't believe him, he's crazy," growled the Tory, but Dick saw that the redskins believed him, and not the Ranger.

CHAPTER XVI.

AN OBSTINATE MAN.

Dick walked away, followed by the Indians, whose number increased every moment.

The Rangers were greatly outnumbered, and the Indians would have nothing to say to them.

Neither would they permit them to see or speak to Dick.

The latter feared nothing from the redskins in the temper they were then in.

They had seen him fired upon from the fort, and saw the still smoking holes in his coat and hat.

They were satisfied that his story was true, and they believed it.

The Tory's statement that he was crazy only influenced them the more in his favor.

His eyes had a shifty look, his jaws hung, and he walked with a disjointed, slouching gait.

From his appearance it would be easy enough to pronounce him not more than half witted.

The Indians looked upon an insane person as one under the special guidance of the Great Spirit, and not to be injured.

The Tories could not have helped Dick more, therefore, than pronouncing him out of his mind.

"Paleface come?" the Indians asked.

"Yes, they come," said Dick.

"How many?"

"Heaps! Can you count leaves? Can you count sand grains? Heap more than that!" and Dick waved his hands over his head.

The Indians grunted, and seemed visibly affected.

They looked at the holes in his coat and hat, and talked glibly among themselves, Dick not understand a word.

He sat on a fallen log in the wood, yawned, stretched his arms, and then lay out at full length on the ground alongside.

The Indians left him, and he knew that his tales would be circulated broadcast.

He presently crawled away and made toward the river.

He suddenly met a number of Butler's men, however, and one of them said, angrily:

"You blame fool, don't you know better'n to tell ther Injuns ther rebels air comin'?"

"Wull, they be, ben't they?" and Dick gave a silly laugh and looked foolish.

"Waal, I suppose they be? Yer don't want ter tell it to everybody, do yer?"

"Why don't yer, if it's so?" with a simple look.

"'Cause the Injuns 'll git scared an' run erway, thet's why," angrily.

"Will they?" with an idiotic laugh.

"Suttinly they will."

"Wull, they axed me, an' so I told 'em. Mustn't yer allus tell ther truth?" simply.

"No, you mustn't!" sharply.

"What fur?"

"Did you get into the fort?"

"H'm! did yer see me? Didn't yer see them rebels fire at me? How yer s'pect I'm goin' ter git in with the bullets erwhizzin' round me? I was lucky ter git erway with a hull skin."

Dick was walking along as he was talking, the Rangers trying to detain him.

"What yer ketchin' hold o' me fur?" he said. "Stop ercrowdin', can't yer?"

"You want to stop tellin' the Injuns that the rebels are comin', 'cause fust you know they'll believe it."

"Wull, s'pose they do? They ain't no harm in believin' what's so, is they?"

"Did yer see what was in ther fort, an' how many men they are got?"

"What chanst had I to get inter it?" with a grunt. "I guess you're foolish!"

"Well, yer gotter keep erway from the Injuns, I tell yer."

Dick pushed the Rangers aside, but just then they met others, whom Dick recognized.

They recognized him, also, for one said:

"By George, do you know who that is? It's Dick Slater, the rebel spy, and——"

Dick suddenly tripped up two of the Rangers, and shot out his fists, taking two more in the jaw.

Then he darted off, the Rangers quickly following.

Dick knew here he was, and running swiftly, he soon came to the flat stone on the edge of the woods.

He quickly pushed it aside, and crawled, feet first, into the hole, drawing the stone over it.

He could hear the Rangers go hurrying past, shouting and discharging their pistols, the sounds soon growing fainter, and at last dying out.

"They will never suspect this place," he said, "and it was fortunate that I was so near it."

Pushing aside the stone, he listened, and, hearing nothing, crept out, closed the opening, and walked away.

"They'll have a long hunt," he laughed, "and will be inclined to think that I have melted away or been caught up in the clouds."

He made his way around to the rear of the fort lest there might be anyone about, and entered unobserved.

He reported to the colonel what he had done, and then, coming from Gansevoort's quarters, met Patsy, who said:

"Dinner is ready, sor, an' Oi have no doubt ye do have an appetoite for it."

"Yes, Patsy, for I have had adventures enough to give me one," with a smile.

"Sure thin ye ought to have wan all the toime, for ye niver go out that ye don't have some sort av a toime."

After dinner Dick saw Charity, who said:

"Father does not believe that your theory of the lighting having melted the gold is the correct one."

"I did not suppose he would," quietly, "but it is not a theory, it is fact."

At that moment Wayne himself came up, with a round stone in his hand.

"Do yer mean ter tell me," he said, "that that ain't the richest piece o' gold ore ye ever see?" holding it out.

"Yes," said Dick, "I do. It is not one at all. It is simply a big pebble spattered with gold."

"Yer can't prove it," stubbornly.

"I can, but you won't believe it when I do."

"How can you prove it?" asked Charity.

"Wait a moment," and Dick ran off.

He soon returned with a heavy sledge hammer.

Placing the stone on a bit of board, he struck it a sharp blow with the heavy hammer.

It split into three or four pieces, and Dick picked them up.

"Do you see any gold inside?" he asked.

By splitting the stone, some of the gold on it came off in a thin sheet, which Dick held in his hand.

"That is all the gold you will ever find in that stone," he said, "if you pulverize it and put it in the hottest fire you can make."

Charity took one of the pieces and looked carefully at it.

"I don't see anything but the ordinary grain of an ordinary stone," she said.

"Well, mebbly there ain't any inside," said Wayne, doggedly. "Some on it comes that way."

Then he walked away.

"There is no use in trying to convince a man like that," said Dick.

"I only wish we could," added Charity.

Patsy was busy superintending getting dinner that day, and doing a good deal of the work himself.

He had a big iron kettle suspended over the fire and in it was soup for the boys.

There were gallons and gallons of the soup, and sent out a savory odor.

It was hot around that kettle and Patsy had his coat off, his sleeves rolled up and a white apron tied about his waist.

Along came Carl and said:

"What kind off soup dot was, Batsy?"

"Sure it's a soup av me own," said Patsy, not wishing to disclose secrets.

"Ya, I subbose so, but what it was made off?"

"Sure Oi made it out av me own head, I tell ye," in a tone of impatience.

"You was dot soup made von your headt?" cried Carl. "Humbug! Your headt was your shoulders on already ain't it?"

"I got the idee out av me own head, thin, av the plases ye betther."

"Dere was ideas mit dot soup? What dey was, av bages? Dot was somedings like your headt, ain't it?"

"Go'n wid ye. Ideas is notions."

"Mein gollies, off you was put der ocean mit dot soup it was too salt been already."

"Sure Oi don't think a little salt would hurt ye, Cookspiller. Ye'd kape betther."

"Dot soup don'd was some good, I bet me, off you gings ouid von your headt to put mit it."

"Go'n wid ye. Oi thought it out, Oi tell ye. Is that plain enough?"

"Dot soup don'd was some good, anyhow," laughed Carl.

Patsy took off his apron, rolled it in a ball and threw it at Carl.

The German boy ducked and then the apron suddenly disappeared.

"Fetch me back me apron, Cookspiller," said Patsy.

"I don'd was had it."

"Sure ye must have swalleyed it thin."

"No, sir, I don'd was doed nodings mit it."

Then Carl walked away and Patsy was too busy to think about the apron.

At length the dinner was ready and Patsy began ladling out the soup into buckets for the assistants to take away.

He had filled three or four when along came Carl with one to be filled.

Patsy dipped in his ladle and brought out something which did not look like meat or vegetables or fish.

He poured it into Carl's bucket and then both boys saw what it was.

It was the lost apron.

"Mein gollies, off you was soup made vrom abrons, don'd was eated dot," said Carl.

"Sure it was clane, anyhow," laughed Patsy.

"First you said you was dot soup made vrom your headt und now I was found abrons in it."

"Sure that's all roight!"

"Maybe off I was looked, I found a pair off preeches und a goat."

"Av ye look too far, ye may foind yerself in it, though ye're a bit too fat for good soup. It would need too much shkimmin' off."

"Took dot abrons ouid, dose boys don'd was eated dot."

"Put it back in the pot. Sure it'll save washin'," said Patsy.

"I was toldt dose vellers dot you was gife dem soup made von your headt und old dirty abrons."

"Go'n wid yez, it was elane just phwin Oi put it on. I ye say a worrud Oi'll scald ye wid it."

However, the apron did not go back in the pot, but no one was hurt by eating Patsy's new kind of soup.

CHAPTER XVII.

WAR CLOUD'S DEPARTURE.

In the course of a week it was seen that there were much fewer Indians outside than there had been.

The tales spread by Dick had evidently had their effect.

St. Leger was making regular approaches to the fort with the object of undermining it, but this was slow work.

The Indians, never patient, were growing more and more dissatisfied every day, and scores had already deserted.

Some claimed that the hunting season was approaching and that they must get home and lay in their winter's supply of provisions.

Others made no excuse whatever, but simply went away.

Wayne had not spoken to Dick since the latter had split open the supposed mass of ore.

Charity was the same as ever, and the Liberty Boys all liked her, some more than others.

"I think some of the boys will be glad to have the degree last, so long as Charity Wayne remains in the fort," said Ben to Mark.

Now Mark was a bit of a tease, which Ben knew.

"Who are they, Ben?" asked Mark.

"Oh, you'll have to guess," with a laugh. "I'm not telling secrets."

"Well, but you told part of it. Who are the fellows who think so much of her, Ben?"

"Well, I'll tell you one," seriously, "but that's all."

"Who is he, Ben?"

"You won't tell?"

"Of course not."

"But you'll tease him."

"How do you know?"

"Because you always do."

"Oh, go ahead," laughing. "Who is he?"

"You won't tell?"

"No."

"All right, I'll tell you."

"Who is he?"

"Patsy Brannigan," and Ben ran off laughing.

As Patsy liked all the girls he ever met, Mark had not earned very much, nor did Ben mean that he should.

St. Leger was learning, too late, how little reliance was to be placed upon his Indian allies.

They were deserting rapidly, and neither Johnson nor Butler could do anything with them.

They had been led to expect easy times, little fighting, many scalps and much plunder.

Instead, they were put to work, had fought hard, had lost many of their best chiefs, been checked in their cruelty and had gained no booty.

Then Arnold's agents arrived, told wonderful tales of the great numbers of whites that were coming, and discouraged the Indians still more.

St. Leger called a council of his chiefs, and offered to place himself at their head with three hundred of his best troops, and meet the enemy as they advanced.

This was agreed to, and they sallied forth together to choose a fighting ground.

Then more disturbing rumors were heard, and the Indians insisted on instant retreat.

St. Leger determined to send off his sick and wounded and his artillery by Wood Creek that night, but the Indians became ungovernable, broke into the stores, became intoxicated, and behaved like very demons.

Dick Slater was out upon a scouting expedition, and saw the enemy getting ready to decamp.

He hastened back to the fort with all speed and reported what he had seen.

At noon St. Leger departed in haste, leaving his tents still standing, with his artillery and the greater part of his ammunition and stores.

Gansevoort, upon the receipt of the news of St. Leger's intended departure, at once despatched a party in pursuit.

The Liberty Boys formed a part of the detachment, and rode out of the fort in high spirits.

While the rest seized the camp equipage and artillery, and harassed the British and Tories, Dick went after St. Leger's Indians.

They came upon a body of them carrying off plunder from the camp, and at once fell upon them.

Some of the redskins dashed off in the direction of Wayne's cabin with their plunder.

Others abandoned their booty to save their lives, while others clung to it and pushed on.

Dick pursued the main body, consisting of Ottawas, Senecas, Onondagas, and a springling of Mohawks.

War Cloud was not to be seen, and Dick was glad, as he would have been reluctant to fight one who had proved so good a friend.

Coming up with the reds, Dick attacked them furiously.

The Liberty Boys had as little pity for the Indians as they had for Hessians or Tories, and always attacked them relentlessly.

"Charge the red scoundrels!" shouted Dick, waving his sword. "Down with them!"

"Liberty forever, down with the red marauders!" fairly yelled the plucky fellows, as they urged their horses forward.

"Give it to them!" cried Dick. "Down with the red pests, fire!"

A tremendous volley echoed the command, and the ranks of the brave boys fairly blazed.

Crash—roar!

The very woods seemed to shake as that tremendous

peal rang out, and the ranks of the enemy were seen to tremble.

The gallant lads followed up the first volley with one from their pistols.

The redskins attempted some show of resistance, but the daring boys forced them back.

They scattered in many directions, the boys pursuing the main body along the carrying place of a mile between the head waters of the Mohawk and Wood Creek.

At Wood Creek they had scattered still more, but a large party hurried along the creek, the Liberty Boys after them.

The woods becoming denser, Dick dismounted his plucky boys and led the greater part of them cautiously forward.

The Indians might form an ambush, and Dick was wary.

Experience had taught him to be very watchful of the Indians at all times.

Advancing cautiously, he reached a ravine, through which the road led.

He hesitated about following it, however.

The place was just the sort of one where an enemy could hide to excellent advantage.

Dick determined to examine the place before venturing into it, therefore.

All at once the Mohawk chief appeared from a clump of bushes, and said:

"Don't go there, Captain Slater. Plenty of bad Indian hide there. Kill white boy braves."

"I suspected it," said Dick, "and I mean to come upon them another way."

"Good! War Cloud is going away. He will not fight the white patriots again. Good-by."

"Good-by, Chief," said Dick, taking the Mohawk's extended hand. "I am glad you are going. I could not fight against you after what you have done."

"War Cloud cannot fight white man, cannot be like Brant, Red Jacket and those cruel men. He is going home. The Great Spirit be good to Captain Slater. Good-by."

Then he withdrew his hand and darted away, and Dick never saw him again.

"That one man in ten thousand," said Bob, warmly. "How many such Indians do you find?"

"Not many, it is true," said Dick.

"The chief knows that the patriots have a just cause," added Mark, "and he is not deceived by sophistries of Burgoyne, St. Leger, Cornwallis and the rest."

"Very true," answered Dick. "The man's connections will not let him fight against the patriots, and he will never be seen on the field again, unless against the British and Tories."

Dick then prepared to carry out his plan to surprise the redskins, and show them that he was not to be caught in any trap they might set.

CHAPTER XVIII.

AFTER THE INDIANS.

Leading the Liberty Boys away from the ravine, Dick found a narrower path leading along the top of it.

Creeping behind rocks and bushes, almost on their

faces, the boys made their way for a hundred yards more, when Dick looked cautiously into the ravine.

Crouching behind rocks were many Indians, waiting for the boys to appear.

Dick did not see any of them he knew, but he did enough to satisfy him that there was a large party.

Having satisfied himself on this point, Dick quickly signalled to a score of the boys to come up rapidly.

Some of the most expert sharpshooters of the company hurried forward.

There were Ben, Sam, Harry, George, Will Freeman, Arthur Mackay, Phil Lewis, and a dozen more.

"Let the rascals have it, boys," said Dick.

The boys sprang to the edge of the bank and fired down into the ravine.

Others quickly came up, took their places, and delivered a rattling volley.

The surprised Indians leaped to their feet and began to discharge rifles and muskets at the boys.

They were at a disadvantage, however, and the boys sent in the liveliest kind of fire.

Bob, Mark, Dick himself, and all the boys kept up constant fire, and the Indians, tired of the unequal contest, rapidly took to cover.

When there was no longer an Indian in sight, Dick turned the boys back to the entrance of the ravine and through it.

Then he came suddenly upon the redskins, and began their battle, surprising them by the rapidity of his charge.

They attempted to rally, uttering fierce yells, but the brave boys were not to be terrified by mere noise, and they answered with a rattling volley.

Then they rushed pell-mell upon the Indians, charging their pistols rapidly, and driving them on.

"If we can't catch St. Leger, we can get after the Indians," declared Bob, impetuously.

The Indians took to the thick woods, and here the boys followed them, adopting the enemy's mode of warfare and firing from behind rocks and trees.

They would often lie flat on their faces and pick up an unwary redskin, being ready with a pistol in case other Indians rushed in expecting to scalp them before they could reload.

Patsy, behind a big tree, had just brought down an Indian.

Two others rushed up, expecting to make short work of him.

"Stood back!" cried Carl, suddenly coming to the Liberty Boy's aid.

Then he fired and brought down one Indian, while the other took to his heels.

"Ye may be heavy, Cookyspiller, but ye're not so heavy as be anny manes," laughed Patsy.

"Nein, I bet me dot was der dime where you were quick been," said Carl, soberly.

Being met in their own fashion, and by boys, every one of whom was a good shot, while some were experts, the Indians realized that they were outmatched.

The boys remained perfectly cool, and there was no shot fired that did not tell.

This sort of thing did not suit the redskins. They made one or two sorties, expecting to slaughter brave boys. The loss of men soon showed them the folly of this, however, and they became more cautious. The boys were on the watch, however. They did not show themselves, but whenever an Indian appeared, there was someone to fire at him, without shots being wasted. The Indians at length withdrew, a dozen at a time, and as secretly as possible. Dick kept a watch upon them, and knew that they were making off. When quite a number had left, he gave orders to charge. Then the rest suddenly sprang up and they dashed forward. The Liberty Boys, pursued them till all had come to bay. Then the plucky boys concealed themselves and concealed the attack, in backwoods fashion. They were as good at this as the Indians themselves, and latter speedily realizing it. They made no more sorties, and after trying in vain for an hour or more, to get a shot at the boys, losing some of their own men in the attempt, they stole away more secretly than before. The day was drawing to a close, and Dick did not care to be too far away from the fort at nightfall. He therefore withdrew quickly and returned rapidly to the point where they had left their horses. They arrived here none too soon. A detachment of Sir John's Greens, separate from the main body, had come up a few moments before. Seeing the horses, they thought to capture them. The boys in charge of them made a stubborn resistance, and then Dick came up with the main body. The Tories suddenly found themselves caught between the fires and made haste to get away. The boys did not pursue them, but made their way safely back to the fort, which they reached at dusk. The others had arrived shortly before with much plunder from the abandoned camp. Provisions and ammunition had been growing scarce at the fort, and the captured supplies were most welcome. The brave boys were heartily greeted upon their return, and Patsy and a corps of able assistants at once set to work to prepare supper. "We should have seen Cookyspiller," laughed the jolly boy. "Sure he wor a hayro, no less." "If you was called me dose names some more, I was to be you by der nose," retorted Carl. "Sure ye wur, thin. A big Injun, with scarcely anny more shame to him, thought to put the comether of us wid an ax, when up shtud the Dootchman, as cool as a cucumber, an' sint a bullet right throo his wind-

"Dot was nodings," said Carl, stolidly.

"Troth it wor a great dale for the Injun, for he's had throuble wid his breathin' iver since."

"Was you wanted dot I should letted him killed you already?" Carl asked, without a smile.

"Sure Oi wud not, an' that's why Oi call ye a hayro. Don't ye know what that is, me bye?"

"Off dot was anydings bad, I proke your chaw, I bet me."

The boys all laughed, and Ben said:

"Why, a hero is a good fellow, Carl, one that does the right thing at the right time, no matter how great the danger."

"Dot was all righd den, but off dot was somedings bad, den I spanked dot Irisher veller mit mehn feet already, I bet me."

"No, it was all right," with a laugh.

"Den off you was oxcuse yourself, Batsy, I don'd said some more abboud it."

"Sure yer wor a funny feller."

"Ya, und so you was alzo," and to this all the boys agreed.

CHAPTER XIX.

LEAVING THE VALLEY.

Arnold and his troops arrived the next day, too late to encounter St. Leger, but just as welcome.

It was not until the unfortunate St. Leger was well on his way that he learned how he had been outwitted.

It was a most calamitous campaign for him, and nothing but misfortune seemed to have been his share.

The Indians plundered the boats and even slaughtered the redcoats, who sought to protect them.

They could not take away all they stole either, and much of it was found thrown down ravines or streams along the road.

With the departure of St. Leger and his motley army there was safety at the fort, and in that part of the Mohawk Valley.

The settlers began to go back to their cabins, some of these being in ruins, however, and needing to be rebuilt.

The Liberty Boys offered their services for this work, and were kept busy for some time.

Wayne had taken his family back to the cabin, which was found practically uninjured.

One day Dick, Bob, and a party of the boys rode over there.

They saw Charity sitting on the doorstep in the warm sunshine, with the baby in her lap.

"How are things going with you now?" suddenly asked Dick.

"Oh, about the same. Father is constantly grumbling."

"He is not digging for gold?"

"No, he has given that up, but he complains of having to go too far for water.

"Why, the brook is right at your door, you might say, and he has pipes straight to the cabin."

"The brook is low and the pipes fail to work, the well is clogged, and he has to walk to the spring."

"Why don't you clean it out then?"

"Huh! Why didn't they? I oughtn't ter be made ter do work arter other folks."

"Well, I don't see how you can very well help yourself."

Dick then called up Bob and the boys.

"Let's go to work and clean out the well, boys," he said.

They rigged up a windlass in place of the old sweep, and two of the boys went down.

They took out rusty muskets, blood-stained coats, broken bottles, broken kegs, and boxes and other rubbish.

Then they got hold of some boxes, which to Dick's practiced eye, seemed to contain gold.

Wayne became interested now, and assisted in the work.

Two strong oak boxes, brass bound, were brought up and, upon being opened, were found to contain three or four hundred pounds in gold.

"Waal, I always said I'd find gold on the place," said Wayne.

"Yes, but not through your own efforts," said Bob, sharply. "You don't deserve to have it, for you wouldn't work for it."

"If it's found on my place, it's mine, isn't it?" said Wayne.

"No. You didn't put it there, and it belongs to the one who found it."

This seemed a new idea to Wayne.

"If I found gold on the place it's mine, isn't it?" he asked.

"Gold ore, yes, for that is in the ground, and was not placed there by man."

"Waal, this money was put inter my well, an' some on et belongs ter me, don't it?"

"Not if we do not choose to give it to you. You were not willing to work, even to clean out your own well, till you found that there was money in it."

The settler looked greatly shame-faced.

"The lieutenant is right," said Dick, "but we do not want the money, except for the good it will do our cause."

"Waal, o' course, I'm a good patriot, an' I'm willin' ter give suthin' ter ther cause, but seems ter me I got er right ter things found on my ground."

"If you had found them, you would, but not otherwise. Will you give us the next box we bring up?"

"I'll give you one o' these," said Wayne, evidently afraid to take the risk.

There was another box of treasure brought up, it contained only fifty pounds.

The well was cleaned to the bottom, and in the bottom was found all sorts of baggage, thrown there by the Indians.

It was taken out and the place was cleaned up, Dick made Wayne work as hard as anyone.

"There is no gold on the place," he said, "and you only waste your time by trying to find it."

The settler seemed to think the same now.

"The treasure thrown into the well would have remained there for all of you," Dick continued, "and don't deserve it. I am going to give it to your wife Charity. They will take good care of it."

Wayne did not seem altogether satisfied by this arrangement.

He could not help himself, however, and at last consented.

Dick took only the smaller box of money, and eventually turned it over to General Schuyler, to be used for the cause.

Burgoyne was not before Albany, but he was menaced in the Hudson river region, and troops were needed to combat him.

Arnold returned, the Liberty Boys going with him, eager to be in active service once more.

Clinton, Lincoln and others arrived at about the same time as Arnold, and then Gates took command and a vigorous campaign was opened.

The Liberty Boys took an active part in this, and a share in the defeat of Burgoyne.

Charity Wayne saw one or more of the Liberty Boys from time to time, and after the conclusion of the war when her little sister was quite a child running errands and being of great help to her mother, she became the wife of one of them.

Wayne devoted himself more to work when he found that it was necessary to her comfort, and all the gold he got out of the ground was by honest toil.

THE END.

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FROM EVERYWHERE.

Cremation is increasing in Great Britain, the number of ashes cremated being 742 in 1906, against 604 in 1905. Constance Mahin, at Nottingham, writes: "There are crematories at Leicester, Hull, Leeds, Ilford, Bradford and Sheffield, owned by the respective municipalities, besides several conducted by private companies in other cities. The operation of cremation takes about an hour and a half; the ashes are perfectly white and weigh four pounds, and the cost is about \$25. Cremation is now fully recognized by law in Great Britain, though closely guarded."

Their climate makes the English rosy. Ours makes us dry and yellow. The Japs, from sitting with their legs curled under them, are short of stature. For the Chinese flat nose these mothers are to blame. The Chinese mother," the ethnologist explained, "carries her baby in a sack on her back. The baby's nose is pressed against her. Day in and day out, through its babyhood, the little thing's soft and malleable nose is pressed against its mother's back. Hence it is no wonder that the Chinese are a flat-nosed race."

The largest book yet printed is a colossal atlas of beautifully engraved ancient Dutch maps. It takes three men to carry it from the giant bookcase in which it is stored in the library of the British Museum. This monster book is bound in leather, magnificently decorated, and is fashioned with a cover of solid silver, richly gilt. It is unlikely to be stolen, however, for it is nearly seven feet high and weighs 800 pounds. This, the largest book in the world, was presented to King Charles II before leaving Holland in the year 1660.

The great cataract in the New River, formed in the Imperial Valley, California, by the escape of the waters of the Colorado River, has been likened to Niagara Falls. It varies from 90 to 100 feet in height, and is from 1,500 to 1,800 feet broad. It likewise resembles Niagara in eating backward, or upstream, but its progress in this direction is extremely rapid, amounting to about one-third of a mile a day. It arises from the fact that the channel of the stream is cut through the fragile material deposited centuries ago by the Colorado River at the head of the Gulf of California. It is predicted that if the escape of the waters of the Colorado is not arrested before the cataract has cut back far enough to unite the New River and the Alamo River, the Imperial Valley will be entirely deprived of its irrigation streams. The cataract may be called "man-made," since its existence is due to his interference with the waters of the Colorado.

The snake casts off his clothing. The form of reptiles is not adapted for allowing them to clean themselves, but they do not allow a trifle like this to trouble them. They simply change their skins as convenient. Snakes shed their coats several times a year, toads lose only their epidermis, or merely the mucus that covers it, but this suffices to render them clean. Frogs are said to molt every eight days, which amounts to a weekly washing. The aquatic birds bathe in the open, and while disporting themselves in the water they take some of the liquid in their bill and besprinkle their entire body with it. The swallows skim the surface of ponds and dip their outspread tails into the water; then they afterward turn the tails under the belly by an abrupt motion, in order to sprinkle the body. After the bath all the birds shake themselves vigorously and then proceed to smooth the feathers one by one with the bill. Finally, the head is cleaned by rubbing it in all directions upon the breast and the wings. Birds that live in families or gregariously share with each other these important operations. This fact easily is verified in the domestic geese and ducks of a poultry yard.

HAPPY MOMENTS.

"They tell me you've been workin' hard night and day since you were up before the magistrate for pushin' your husband about, Mrs. Robinson." "Yes. The magistrate said if I came before him again he'd fine me 40 shillings." "And so you're workin' hard to keep out of mischief?" "What! I'm workin' hard to save up the fine."

There was a suburban lady whose house, one summer, was quite over-run with moths. A tramp told her that in return for a square meal he would give her an infallible moth cure. She set a square meal before the tramp, he devoured it, then he said: "All ye need to do, ma'am, is to hang yer moth-filled clothes and carpets an' things on a line and beat 'em with a stick. Good-by to yer moths then." "Will that kill them?" asked the lady. "Yes, if ye hit 'em," said the tramp.

A school teacher in the Italian quarter of an American city told her children the story of the fox and the grapes. Tony was especially delighted with the story, and eagerly sought his chum, Joe, who was in another class. By good luck the teacher overheard Tony's version. In his excited, broken English, he told the fable much as it is written until he came to the end. This was his rendering of the climax: "De olda fox he say, 'Da grape no good, anyhow; alla sour! I guess I go getta de banan!'"

Once a denizen of the up-State regions, where whiskers grow in plenty and umbrellas bulge at will, decided to visit New York. But he decided to visit the bewildering metropolis quite as a man of the world—not to be taken in by the wicked men who, as he understood, made a business of deceiving the gullible up-Stater. Hence he arrived at the Grand Central looking very, very wise, and proceeded, first of all, to visit the collection of wax figures at the Eden Musee. He was engaged in looking critically at one of the most lifelike groups on exhibition there when a policeman suddenly plucked him by the sleeve. The up-Stater turned. "You mustn't smoke in here," said the policeman severely. A look of wisdom beyond the power of words to describe came over that up-Stater's face. Continuing brazenly to smoke, he remarked: "Tut! tut! Go away. Don't you think I know that you're made of wax?"

TRACKING A BIGAMIST.

By JOHN SHERMAN.

"Hello, Ed, here's a notice of marriage in high life," said a young police captain, glancing over the morning paper.

The person addressed was a man about thirty-five years of age, dressed in a suit of sober gray.

Rather tall, with an easy, careless air about him; a mild, hazel eye, and a perfectly passionless face.

One to see him would not take him for a detective, yet he was by far the shrewdest man on the entire force.

His name was Edward K. Smith, and at that time New York knew no shrewder man, or one better calculated to ferret out crime than he.

"Who is is?" asked Ed, the detective, quite carelessly, without looking up from his memorandum-book.

"The bridegroom is Mr. Walter C. Simpson, the bride Miss Josie Crawford."

"Walter C. Simpson. Aha, I know him. He is a rather fast young fellow who lives expensively uptown."

"Probably," the police captain replied. "I know nothing about him."

"What does the paper state of the bride?" asked Ed Smith, coolly.

"Nothing, save that she is beautiful and worth a cool half million."

"Good strike for Walter."

"Very."

Both again relapsed into silence; the captain to delving into the newspaper, the detective to comparing notes in his note-book.

Several minutes passed without anything to disturb the two officers.

There came a knock at the door.

It was a light, timid knock, as though the person who rapped almost feared to enter.

The captain arose and opened the door.

Before him stood a woman with a pale, careworn face—a face which had once been beautiful, but sorrow had filled it with care and wrinkles; a face woung, and the hair, still remaining evidences of golden beauty, was streaked with gray.

Traces of beauty could yet be seen in the faded face.

The mild blue eyes were soft and tender, yet filled with sorrow and care.

The detective started up, and returning his note-book to his pocket, looked once into that pale, sad face.

That one glance convinced him of the cause of her sorrow.

Before him was a heartbroken woman.

He read her as plain as if she had been an open book.

But one cause of all others could fade the cheek and turn that golden hair gray.

She had been deceived and disappointed in her affections.

"Is this the office of the chief of police?" she asked.

"It is, madam," answered the officer.

"Is he in?"

"No, ma'am, but he deputized me to act in his place while he was gone. If there is any official business upon which you wish to see him I can perhaps attend to it equally as well as he."

The lady—for lady she certainly was—glanced timidly about the apartment, and Ed Smith, constring her glance to mean that the interview was to be private, arose and left the room.

Entering his own private office he sat down at his desk, and resumed his contemplation of the notes in his memorandum-book.

In the meanwhile the newcomer was relating to the police officer her own sad story.

It was full of woe indeed, though in reality the same story so often told, so sad and so true.

It was a story of love, marriage, and desertion.

From what she told and the police officer gathered and mixed, it was about as follows:

She was from the rural districts, and her name had been Sarah Font.

She was the belle of the village, the pride of her parents, loved and admired by all who knew her.

Of lovers she had scores, but never gave in until she met Mr. Knowles.

Mr. Knowles was from the city, and dressed so elegantly talked so beautifully, and had such an urbane air about that he was at once the admiration of all the girls in the village, and envy of all the young men.

He wore a "slick" hat, a beautiful mustache, and was dressed in the best of style. His language was superb, and the girls all declared him "killing."

In short, he won the heart of the beautiful Sarah Font.

When he asked her hand in marriage she could not refuse, and though her parents desired her to wait until she knew better, she consented to a secret marriage.

The knot was lawfully tied, as she supposed, and she was the wife of the man she had loved so passionately.

Her parents forgave her, and she and her husband—her name was Richard—came to the village to dwell with her father until he could purchase a suitable site for a magnificent residence.

It was the intention of Mr. Knowles to astonish the other inhabitants of the village with his wealth and power by the construction of a residence worth at least half a million dollars.

Poor little Sarah's head was turned by the reputed wealth of her husband.

She believed his stories. How could a young wife believe her husband false?

A few short weeks of brief honeymoon passed.

Then came the sad awakening.

The wife was deserted, just at the time she needed her husband's care and love.

Weeks passed into months, and he came not.

She received letters from various places, which was evidence that he was drifting about.

At last letters failed altogether to come.

Rumor was circulated that she was a deserted wife.

Her child was born, but died when but a few hours old. She arose from a sick-bed, a sad wreck of her former self. Her beauty had faded, and hair grown gray.

She moved about silent and ghost-like.

Well she knew now that she was deserted and betrayed. When sufficiently recovered, she determined to set out to find the man who had so cruelly wronged her, and make good repair the injury.

She left home in the night, and had traveled about from place to place, tracing her faithless husband at last to the city of New York.

Here she had come and invoked the aid of the police in finding her to find him.

The police officer listened to her sad story with patience and at last said:

"I sympathize with you very much, madam, and will do all in our power to aid you. But such villains usually cover up their tracks so well that it is hard to get at them. The marriage is probably void—"

"I have heard it hinted that it was," she replied. "We were married in a hotel which stands direct on the line between the States. They say we were married in the State requiring a license, and had none."

"In such a case the marriage would be void, and he could

be convicted of bigamy, should he have married before or since."

The woman placed a handkerchief to her eyes and wept bitterly.

Her trials were indeed severe.

At last she said:

"I do not care to convict him, bad as he is. If I cannot win his love and retain it, I want him to do me reparation for the great wrong I have suffered at his hands."

The police officer reflected a moment, and then said:

"One of the most difficult things will be to find out where this Richard Knowles is."

"He must be in the city," replied Mrs. Knowles.

"He might as well be in the heart of an African wilderness for all the good such information may do you. You will need the services of an expert detective in ferreting him out. The gentleman who was in when you came in is a detective of no little experience, either. If you desire him to assist you I will call him in."

The lady expressing such a desire, the police officer went to the door of Ed Smith and rapped upon it for him.

The door opened and Ed came out.

Beckoning him into the office, the policeman introduced him to Mrs. Knowles, and he had her story from her.

Care was taken that the affair should not get into the daily papers and thus give the criminal a scare and time to make his escape.

Ed Smith, more as a matter of charity than duty, consented to work up the case, and see if he could discover the truant husband.

In company with Mrs. Knowles, both disguised, sometimes as men, and sometimes as women, they traveled about the city, visiting various places of amusement where they would be most likely to find the fast young man of society, as the truant husband doubtless was.

Every effort failed.

For three weeks they went about from place to place, house to house, and discovered no trace of the traitor.

Poor Sarah Knowles was almost on the verge of despair.

The detective, however, was by no means despondent.

He had a clew to work upon, and ascertaining from Sarah the place of her marriage, he left the city for a few days, telling her to remain at her hotel until he returned.

"It is all right now," said Ed Smith. "I think I know where the scoundrel is."

"In this city?" asked poor Sarah.

"Yes, and besides he is wealthy, and has married again."

Sarah clasped her hands over her heart, as though she felt a severe pain there.

She had started to her feet, and staggered as if she had received a severe blow.

Had not Ed Smith caught her and supported her for a moment, she would have fallen to the floor.

After a few moments she was sufficiently recovered to stand, and the detective rang the bell. When the servant appeared he ordered a glass of wine.

When Sarah had sipped about one fourth of it she expressed herself as feeling better.

"It was only a sudden attack," she said. "It is gone now, and I shall be well in a few moments. You will not see me here thus again."

"When you are strong enough we will go to him," said the detective.

"I am thoroughly recovered now, and fully able to meet him," she said.

"Do not overestimate your strength. The trial may be easier than you anticipate."

"I know just what it will be," she said, "and I am fully pre-

pared to meet him. You will see no more weakness on my part."

"Then if you desire it, we will go at once," said the detective.

She having expressed such as her desire, the detective went down and ordered a carriage.

They got in and were driven away. Straight to the palatial residence of the newly-married man, Mr. John H. Simpson, the carriage was driven.

When in front of it the driver halted.

"Your husband lives in that house," said the detective, pointing to the magnificent Simpson residence. "You had better get out and go in and see him alone. I will be near enough to aid you if necessary."

All trembling with excitement and emotion, which could not be put down, Mrs. Knowles descended from the carriage and started forward to the door of the house.

At this moment the door opened and a gentleman, tall, handsome, and richly attired, came out upon the street.

It took only one glance for her to recognize him. It was her husband, Richard Knowles, alias John H. Simpson.

The detective watched her from the carriage, and was gratified at the manner with which she bore up under the meeting.

They met upon the pavement face to face.

"Richard Knowles," she said, leaning against a lamp-post for support.

"Who are you?" he demanded, somewhat gruffly.

"Have you forgotten me already?" she said, lifting her veil, showing the face of the woman he had once professed to love.

John Simpson started back with an oath.

"You here?" he said.

"Yes, Richard Knowles, or John Simpson, or whatever your name is. I am your wife, and wherever the husband is, there the wife should be also."

"I am not your husband," he replied, almost savagely.

"Why not?"

"Our marriage was illegal. We were married in a State requiring a license, without any. You are not my wife, and shall not come to ruin my happiness now."

As he spoke he raised his slender cane to strike her.

"She is your wife," hissed a voice in his ear, and the next moment Ed Smith had him by the throat. "You were married in the State not requiring license, you scoundrel. I have investigated it all. Now you are my prisoner."

"On what charge?"

"Bigamy."

The news was broken gently to Josie Crawford, and she, after her first wild paroxysm of grief was over, sent for poor Sarah.

"You are more wronged than I," she said, "but everything here is yours. I have no rights here, but will be a sister to you."

Sarah divided the property with Josie, and they both live in the same house, loving each other as only true women in misfortune can, while their husband, the cause of so much woe, is serving out a ten years' term at Sing Sing.

Skating is believed to have been invented in Northern Europe in prehistoric times. William Fitz-Stephen speaks of it in London toward the end of the twelfth century; but it did not really catch hold until the Cavaliers who had been in exile with Charles II. brought it with them from Holland. On Dec. 1, 1662, Mr. Pepys, having occasion to cross the park, "first in my life, it being a great frost, did see people sliding with their skatps, which is a very pretty art." On the 8th he went purposely to see the sight and again found it "very pretty."

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