

Folks You Know

Neal Ruddle remains in a critical condition.

Nathan Carey finished the plumbing work at the high school, Wednesday.

Walker Barr and Sam Grissom were squirrel hunting, Wednesday, and report a bag of 4 each.

Let Courier ads sell your goods.

Leaves will soon be falling. Let us repair those gutters before the fall rains come. Nathan Carey

Lunch at Dykes Cafe.

Tommy Jack Vaughn of Kansas City, is visiting his grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Hall.

Sure its hot, too hot to stand and work an old pump that won't do its stuff. Let us fix it or sell you a new one. Nathan Carey

John Gillispie has installed an electric water pump, sink and bath tub in his home.

Friends and relatives have received announcement of the approaching marriage of Miss Ruby Pence to Randall Eaton in Pasadena, California, Aug. 20.

The bride is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Pence formerly of this place,

Among those from here attending the district meeting of the Rebekah's were Miss Eula Morrison, Mrs. Mary Barr, Mrs. Lula Henderson, Mrs. Luther Hall, Miss Marybelle Moore and Miss Orby Shipp.

Miss Marybelle Moore of Lathrop spent part of this week with Mr. and Mrs. Luther Hall.

Mrs. Emma Morrison spent the day with her sister in Plattsburg Tuesday.

Mrs. Seniker is spending a few weeks with Mrs. Henrietta Moore.

Miss Marybelle Moore of Lathrop spent a part of this week with Mr. and Mrs. Luther Hall.

Miss Hazel Fry is visiting friends at Winnwood this week.

Tuesday evening August 16, is regular Rebekah meeting.

Mr. and Mrs. Jack Hall, Mr. and Mrs. Adams visited Mr. and Mrs. Will Ferril, Sunday.

Mrs. Fannie Simmons spent a few days last week with friends in Excelsior Springs.

Read the Ads in this paper for bargains.

Is Your Radio Ready For The Campaign Speeches?

Expert Radio Service

Marvin Thomason,

Reasonable Prices

Phone 111 R 3

Mr. and Mrs. Willard Arnold were called to south Missouri last week on account of the death of her father.

Mrs. Emma Nordyke spent Wednesday in Kansas City.

Sunday a number of relatives gathered at the home of W. G. Dollis for a picnic dinner and family reunion. Those present were; Mrs. Lucian J. Easton and son, Robert, Miss Helen Summey, John Strong, Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Easton and daughter, Miss Catherine and son, Dollis, Miss Elta Atterbury of St., Joseph and Mr. and Mrs. Parker McConnel.

Regular services at the Christian church next Sunday morning and evening.

Wagy Community

Mrs. Harry and Fred Wagy and Alice attended the missionary meeting held with Mrs. Paul Farner Wednesday.

Threshers finished in our neighborhood this week and we are not sorry.

Mrs. Ernest Schmidt was in Liberty Saturday.

Mrs. Martin Penix spent a few days at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Ecton and family.

Mrs. Alma Ecton and Miss Margaret Ross attended the Rollins reunion at Winnwood Sunday.

The Toonerville boys were defeated at Big Shoal Sunday.

Miss Edna and Russel Logan spent a few days with Mr. and Mrs. M. D. Logan and family the past week.

Matt Logan and Fred Wagy were in Kansas City Tuesday.

Mr. Jacob Sautter and William Eisler made a trip to Excelsior Tuesday.

The Toonerville Boys were defeated by a supposed to be old men's team from Paradise. Instead, the team was composed of men and boys from North Kansas City, Birmingham, Nashua and two of Smithville's professionals.

Mrs. Leo Thompson of Liberty spent Friday and Saturday at the Ernest Wagy home.

John Ecton is driving a new Ford coupe these days.

Toonerville boys are contemplating an ice cream supper in the near future.

M. D. Logan and Harry Wagy shipped stock to the City Tuesday night.

Miss Alice Wagy went to Excelsior Springs with Mrs. C. L. Smith and children Monday afternoon.

Mount Gilead

Mrs. Holt of Mosby visited her daughter Mrs. Frank Nicholson Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Rex Mathews have been guests of his mother, Mrs. John Mathews the past week.

Miss Louise Farner was a guest of Miss Meredith Smith Monday.

The Mount Gilead-Wagy Community Club has been invited to attend a picnic at Lake Maurer Thursday.

Mrs. Harry Hollaway has returned from the City and is reported well on the road to recovery.

Mrs. Walter Nuedeck and Kenneth and Mary Jo Hollaway were in the City Monday looking for a place to have the childrens tonsils removed.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Farner were guests of Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Eldridge Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. John Carey and daughter of Richmond were dinner guests at the home of his parents Mr. and Mrs. Jeff Carey Sunday.

Mr. Benj Morriss of this community is working on a basement in the home of Mrs. Eva Massey.

Mr. Fred Jones and children, Kathryn Ruth and Horace were visitors in the home of Mrs. H. C. Eldridge last week.

Monotony

"Do you enjoy going to social gatherings?" "Yes," answered Miss Cayenne. "It's a pleasure to meet old friends. But I must admit that, after a few years, ice cream and chicken salad do seem a trifle monotonous."

The Kearney Courier



Vol. 1

Kearney Mo., Thursday, August 11, 1932

No. 19

Patrons Act for 'Phone Rate Reduction

Friday evening nearly fifty patrons of the Kearney telephone exchange met at the community hall and started a committee to work with a view to obtaining lower rates.

It was the opinion of all in attendance that a lower rate should be granted and many who were prevented from attending are of the same opinion.

The writer believes that the phone company would be better off if it granted a reduction and gave service to a larger number of people than they will be able to at the present rate.

Many have had their phones taken out and this is working an injustice on the phone patrons that are left as it lessens the value of the service to them and makes the overhead expenses of the Company higher per phone.

A committee was appointed to gather some information to present at the next meeting which is to be called as soon as the committee has finished its work.

Among other things the committee is to find out as far as possible just how many who have no phone will put one in, how many who have taken them out will put them back, when and if a reduction of 50 cents per month is granted. Also how many will have to take out their phone, because it is not worth the present rate to them, if the reduction is not granted.

It is hoped that the committee will receive the cooperation of all patrons and any aid given them will be appreciated. The committee is as follows: Hobson Smith, R. G. Morris, and R. A. Whipple.

It is expected that at the next meeting one of the representatives of the company will be present and talk over the situation.

Demands for telephone rate reduction is not only local, but many points in this state, and surrounding states are striking for lower rates.

You tell us the news, we'll print it.

Bee Inspectors Here

Willie Groom of Gasland and Guy Deimer of Excelsior Springs, State Bee Inspector for Clay County, were inspecting bees in this locality Monday.

They tell us that only about a dozen swarms are left in Kearney while a few years ago there were 300 to 400, the loss being due largely to a disease known as "Foul Brood."

When a swarm is found that is infected, the hive and all are burned.

Injured With A Stick

Sam Chapman was injured in an unusual and painful way.

Early Monday morning while helping Mr. Tabor of near Perrin, Mo., with whom he was visiting at the time, drive a hog Sam picked up a piece of an old double tree that was split off at one end so that it tapered to a point at one end. Grasping this by the large end and running to head off the hog he let the sharp end stick in the ground and fell on the stick. It struck him in the ribs and ways breaking several ribs one of which punctured the lung. Had he been holding the other end of the stick, it would have impaired him.

Sam was taken to Research Hospital Kansas City, Missouri. His speedy recovery is hoped for.

Band In The Making

Tuesday evening the Boy's Band, under the direction of Reynolds Klepper, met at the S. T. Kelley home for their first practice.

The Boys are taking hold of the work in earnest and should receive the hearty support and encouragement of all who would enjoy good Band music.

In the future they will practice in the room over the Community Hall.

Should there be other boys who wish to join this Band, now is the time to do so and all learn to play together.

Robert Withers was in Kearney the in the interest of the proposed road for which he is trying to get right-of-way.

With Our Churches

Methodist Church

A friendly church

J. W. Nelson, Pastor; J. E. Mathews S. S. Supt.; Miss Thelma Thompson Pres. Epworth League.

Preaching 1st and 3rd Sundays. 10:00 Sunday School 2:30 Junior League 8:00 Senior League 8:00 Evening worship

Baptist Church

Sunday School--10:00 o'clock Morning Worship--11:00 o'clock B. Y. P. U.--7:00 o'clock Evening Worship--8:00 o'clock

104 reported present for Sunday. A box is being filled to send the Old Folks Home at Ironton.

We would like for every B. Y. P. U. member who possibly can to go to the Association meeting next Sunday. A way will be provided for you. We will leave the church at 2 o'clock.

New Hope

The G. A.'s met last Friday afternoon with their counselor, Mrs. Wylie Bush.

Paradise

Revival services at the Baptist church began Tuesday night and will continue each night until August 21. Day services will be held in the mornings of the second week, August 14-21. Rev. G. Horace Wood from New York City, the former pastor, will preach the second week of the meeting. Mildred Bruner, the pianist and Eddie Williams, tenor soloist, will have charge of all the music. The pastor, Earl Longfellow, will preach the first week. The public is cordially invited to these series of Gospel services

Japan has the largest delegation of foreign newspaper correspondents covering the Olympic games.

One paper alone sending seventeen. Approximately one quarter million words are filed by the correspondents of 600 newspapers.

The Kearney Courier

Published every Thursday at
Kearney Mo. by
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23, 1932 at the post office at Kearney,
Mo., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

Folks You Know

Mrs. May Ervin and children, Mrs. Rose Perrin and Kirk motored to Overland Park, Kansas Sunday to the home of W. E. Poston and family. Twenty-two relatives and friends were present to help celebrate the birthday's of C. E. Poston and Mrs. Ervin.

Grover Albright is driving a new car.

Miss McGinniss and Miss Jones, former teachers in Kearney schools, visited with the S. T. Kelley family last week.

Kirk Perrin spent the week end with homefolks.

Rev. Nelson and family and Stanley Ervin returned home last Friday morning after a most pleasant trip to Pagnell Dam. They spent a great part of the time in fishing and swimming.

Oren Mathews is taking a vacation from his duties at the Smith Drug Store this week. He plans to spend some time with his sister at Winnwood.

Mrs. George Taylor of Brookfield visited Mrs. Nurdyke a few days the fore part of this week.

Professor Zion, who finished his school work at Columbia, Missouri Friday morning, came to Kearney Friday evening, and left early Saturday morning for Colorado to join Mrs. Zion and Miss Bessie Lee who have spent the summer there.

We Make a Specialty of Pumps
and Pump Repairs
Bring Us Your Work and We Will
Appreciate It. All Work guaranteed
Prices Right

G. M. Brown

Mirror of the Community

Quoting from the Texas Commercial News, the Leavenworth Echo contends that a community may cover up evidence of its decay but there is one thing that will let the cat out of the bag despite everything and that is the newspaper. The Echo says a newspaper is the mirror of the community and if the town is dead, its gaunt, grinning skeleton will stare out at you from every column, from the banner head on page one to the last filler.

That does not mean the newspaper is dead. Some of the best newspapers are published in towns not entitled to any kind of a newspaper but such conditions do not last long because a newspaper is a business enterprise and if run at a loss, it too must fail.

"The cost of news production is higher now than at any time because more is demanded of the newspaper. The cleanest and newsiest newspaper without ads denotes a dead town. If the business people are not liberally represented in the advertising columns of the local newspaper, it is a reflection on the enterprise and progress of the community."—Washington Newspaper

Cooks paint at Major Brothers.

Matt Winn accompanied by his father, B. G. Winn and Miss Jennie drove to Lathrop Sunday where they helped celebrate the birthday of the Young brothers. Arthur Riley and family also went from here.

There were about 45 guests present.

Building materials for every need. Major Brothers.

Charles Smith and family and Mrs. Katie Pence had a pleasant trip Sunday driving through Weston, crossing the Missouri river at Atchison and returning by way of Kansas City.

You tell us the news, we'll print it.

Mrs. Harry Hall is visiting her parents for an indefinite time.

Charles Dugan, the Liberty monument man, was in Kearney Friday.

Lunch at Dykes Cafe.

Let Courier ads sell your goods.

NOTICE!

We have received several items lately that we cannot use solely because the writer failed to sign his name.

Please do so in the future or send us your name and we will gladly print the items. Your name will be printed or not, as you prefer.

MISSOURI WELDING CO.

We weld any break in any metal
Raditaors, Tanks, Boilers, Farm
Machine Castings Repaired.
All work guaranteed.

FRANK HOLSBURG
123 E. 3rd., KANSAS CITY, MO.

What Does It Mean?

Adam Barr has been displaying an odd shaped egg that closely resembles a peanut in shape, but is about two or three times as large, one end being larger than the other.

Mr. Barr thinks this is a token of something or other as the egg was laid primary election day.

A number of guesses as to what interpretation may be placed on the oddness of this egg has been made. The most popular one is that the large end represents the Democratic party and the little end the Republicans in the coming election. Mr. Barr says that would be a natural prediction for a Democrat as the Democrats always want the big end of everything.

Now since the egg was shown us and our opinion was asked as to what it means, we will venture the guess that the hen was trying to register her dissatisfaction with Mr. Barr's contemplating the voting of the Democratic ticket this fall.

A Little Breathing Spell

People in this vicinity are enjoying a little rest from the plague of candidates that swarmed about all summer. Old timers tell us they remember no time when candidates worked so hard for the all offices as they have this time.

Many good men were in the race for county offices and, of course, only one for each place could win. As a result, more are disappointed than there are rejoicing, but very few sore spots are left as most all show good sportsmanship in losing as well as in the manner they conducted their campaign.

Dr. C. C. Pemberton.
Deputy State Veterinarian
General and Small animal Practice
Residence Phone 9.
Office:- Perkins and McGinness Drug
Store, Phone- 58. LIBERTY, MO.

Folks You Know

Ed Boggess was transacting business with the County Court Wednesday.

Let Courier ads sell your goods.

Doran Yates tells us that about 8 o'clock Saturday night he is going to hang a sign on the door "Gone Fishing" and he and Mrs. Yates and Mr. and Mrs. Forest Dagley are going to start for South Missouri for a days fishing.

Lunch at Dykes Cafe.

Saturday the Girls Club returned from Lake Maurer where they spent a delightful week.

Nathan Carey was a business visitor in Kansas City Monday.

Mrs. Harry Smith visited in Chillicothe Sunday afternoon.

W. S. Riley and William Scudder attended a meeting of the road commission held at Maryville Tuesday.

Mrs. John N. Nicholson was buried Tuesday afternoon, at Muddy Fork. Funeral services were conducted at the home by Rev. C. F. D. Arnold of Liberty.

Benton Massey of Bonne Terre was in town Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Clinton White of Kansas City visited with R. C. Eddins and Mrs. Nurdyke Sunday. They motored to the Springs, taking a picnic lunch. They returned in time for services at the Methodist church that evening.

You tell us the news, we'll print it.

Rev. C. F. D. Arnold visited friends a short while in Kearney Tuesday while waiting for the 5:40 train.

The first Union Prayer Services will be held at the Baptist Church Thursday at eight o'clock.

J.W. WELCH

Chiropractor
Palmer Graduate

Office hrs. 9-12 A.M. 1:30-7 P.M.

Thursdays 9 A. M to 1 P.M.

Sundays 9 to 10 A. M.

NORTH KANSAS CITY

Suite 8 Phone

Peoples Building Norclay 107

"Chiropractic Adds Life to Years and
Years to Life."

Mrs. Harry Smith went to Chillicothe Monday and stayed over Tuesday for the Royal Neighbor meeting.

Kearney Ball players are going to play Liberty Sunday, here.

Mrs. Margaret McConnell is filling Miss Mildred Sabens' place at the Kearney Grain & Supply Company while she is taking her vacation.

B. Y. P. U. Junior No. 2 union will meet at the Baptist Church Saturday evening at 6:30 for the monthly business meeting.

Mr. and Mrs. John Davis were in Liberty Tuesday.

Trucks have been rolling pretty steady the past few days, or nights to be more exact, moving livestock. Some nights practically every truck in this section was going.

A few of those shipping were-- Winn Wilkerson, George Eaton, R. E. Porter, Greenfield Brothers, Jim Corum and Zack Robinson.

Mrs. Eva Massey is having a basement put under her house and other improvements done.

Miss Roxie McGinness sold her property in the north part of town to Claude Walker. The reported price was \$1,260.

The L. T. L. met Wednesday afternoon at the Baptist Church.

Arley

Mrs. John Moog visited with Mrs. Clarence Hessel, in Kearney, Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Conard Hessel, Mrs. Fred Hessel, Mrs. Bert Hessel and children were Andrew Co., visitors Wednesday.

John Bailey of near Paradise was robbed of \$750.00 by two parties who forced him to sign a cheque for that amount, and confirm the signature over the telephone.

Mr. Wallace Eberts of Arley is reported very ill.

Mr. J. Gifford of Arley neighborhood was in Kearney Wednesday.

Meats Fruits and Vegetables

Clover Bloom Full Creamery Butter, None Better. Also Nutola Butter which carries a good percent cream kept pure and sweet by Electric Calvinator process

Brooks and Major

Klepper Klips

We have an awful good good corn knife for the money. Just ask to look at it.

Owner of Small Car (who has collided with a truck): "But couldn't you see me coming?"

Truck Driver: "I thought it was a fly on the windshield."

If interested in an electric stove look at the one we have here.

Rastus Johnson, a thoroughly married ducky, was one day approached by a life insurance agent.

The Agent: "Better let me write you a policy, Rastus."

Rastus (emphatically); No, sah. Ah ain't eny too safe at home as it is."

We can fix up that pump for you. Also those gutters that you might need.

Judge: "What were you doing in that joint when it was raided?"

Locksmith: "I was making a bolt for the door."

Did you know that nails are four cents a pound at this store? A \$1.00 flashlight 75 cents?

Meet your friends here.

Klepper Hardware

Kearney, Missouri.
Phone 90

The Community Club will picnic at Lake Maurer Thursday evening, this week.

Miss Eula morrison returned home Saturday, from Columbia where she attended summer school.

When wheat went to 27 cents Marion Talley gave up her hope in agriculture and got married, so the Jewell Republican figures it out. (Missouri Notes.)

Most wheat farmers are already married. What is left for them to do?

Want Ads

FOR SALE:- A mattress, two rocking chairs, linoleum 7x15ft., and a folding bed.

Mrs. Chas. A. Riley.

Cooks paint at Major Brothers.

Needed a larger subscription list read our offer on another page of this issue.

If you have property for sale or rent try a Courier want ad.

Courier ads get the job done.

The Kearney Courier

Pini smiled. "Infor Garde, I'm sure, will make explanation."
"I attacked him, my general."
"Mother of G—d!" Bolivar gasped.
"That is," I dissembled, "my attack upon him and his shooting of me came so near the same instant that it would be impossible to tell which was cause and which effect."

"Was this—er—unfortunate affair in any way related to the loss of Maracay?"

"No, general," Colonel Pini lied; "it was purely personal. We could not have held Maracay with the force at my command."

Now Bolivar's eyes questioned me. It was not in me to explain to the Liberator how Colonel Pini had wasted a precious hour in drunkenness and in an unsuccessful attempt to win the favor of the Senorita Lamartina; an hour in which he might have made the necessary preparations for successful defense of Maracay.

"Colonel Pini is entirely right, general; that unfortunate affair was purely personal. I confess to having been insubordinate. I confess to having attacked the colonel, my superior officer, and I do not care to offer any defense."

Bolivar's face was a study. He must have known that in service to him and to Venezuela, I had given my best; he knew that the Apure battalion of three hundred Indians whom I had commanded was the best of his native fighting force for I had trained them with the greatest care. "Why, then, Garde," he questioned, "did not Colonel Pini make report of this on his return to Tinaquillo?"

"That, my general, is a question for Colonel Pini."

Pini must have realized that his burst of anger had opened up a dangerous abyss for himself, for he smiled and, assuming a pose of charity, said: "One must make allowance for a gallant soldier. General: our Americano has been a bit impetuous and I did not report that hapless circumstance because I had no wish to injure him in your eyes. Our personal difference."

(To Be Continued.)

Sale Bills

If you need some come in and see US

His Fate

Johnson—The last pedestrian died this morning.

Blake—Motorist run over him?

Johnson—No—an automobile salesman talked him to death.

Pleasant Grove

Roy Peterson and Joseph Corum spent Sunday afternoon with Raymond Bogart.

Several from this vicinity attended church at Mosby last Wednesday evening. Rev. Guy Moore is holding a revival meeting there.

Miss Mildred Posey of Excelsior Springs is visiting her aunt, Mrs. Ben H. Barr, and family.

Mr. and Mrs. John Robeson and sons were Sunday guests of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Cole and son. Mrs. Lewis Bogart and son were also Sunday afternoon guests.

Mr. and Mrs. Wilbert Ellington entertained Rev. and Mrs. Burnham and son last Sunday.

Marie Bogart is spending a few days this week with Mary Alice Winston in Liberty.

Mr. and Mrs. N. L. Bogart and Gladys and Mr. and Mrs. Paul Bogart were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Toliver Cave and family last Sunday.

Willman Miller of Chicago and Bill Miller of Kansas City spent several days last week with their sister, Mrs. Don Cave, and family.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Hatfield went to Cowgill, Missouri last Monday to visit a few days with her parents.

A Yelp for Help

In order to secure some advertising contracts we have in mind we must increase our circulation.

Why not take advantage of the offer we make in our ad on another page of this issue and utilize your surplus produce to good advantage?

At a recent convention in Emporia a Chanute man met a friend from Ottawa. "How's business?" inquired the Chanute man.

"Business is so quiet in Ottawa that if you stand up next to our bank building and listen, you can hear the notes drawing interest."

"That's nothing! It's so quiet in Chanute you can hear the dividends passing."—Emporia Gazette. (Missouri Notes)

Impossible in Kearney because of the noise the people make talking about the deprssion.

Happy Days Are Here Again

Neighbor—Johnny, I hear you're all on a diet at your house.

Johnny—Not any more. Dad's working full time again now.

4H Club Notes

The Happy Stitchers met at the home of Kathryn Chaney, August 3. There were 12 members and 4 visitors present. In the absence of our leader, Mildred Riley, Mrs. Earl Arnold took charge.

The girls worked on their underclothing. At the next meeting, to be held August 10 at the home of Betty Sue Eaton, they will work on their dresser. All are working for the exhibit to be held at Liberty. Refreshments were served.

Visitors are always welcome and all members urged to come.

Progressive Sewers 4H Club met with Wanda J. Cave Aug. 4th.

The meeting was called to order by the Club president leading us in repeating the 4H pledge. The secretary gave the roll call all members present, with one visitor, Freda Gifford. The minutes were given. Our Club Leader lead us in singing the songs. The meeting was adjourned to sew. The girls worked on their dresses and are doing fine.

At the close of the afternoon games were played in and out of doors. The hostess served ice-cream and cake, which was enjoyed by all.

The next meeting will be at the home of Sara Cole Aug. 12th. At this meeting we are to learn to take out stains.

Maude La Barr, reporter

Lunch at Dykes Cafe.

Have You?

Have you tried shopping about the stores in Kearney lately? Just compare prices in Kearney, quality considered, with others and see for yourself that it pays to trade in Kearney. Each merchant in Kearney stands ready to see that you receive satisfactory merchandise when purchased from him.

Let Courier ads sell your goods.

Extraordinary Sale
Two Pr. Pants cleaned
and Pressed---30 cents
and 1 lb. country butter
Liberty Cleaners

We like fresh country butter.

Liberty,

Missouri.

Subscribe for the Courier NOW

and help us increase our circulation.

Pay the subscription price of \$1.00 per year with \$1.00 worth of:

Potatoes, onions, beans, tomatoes, cucumbers, honey, chickens, lard, meat, grain, hay or any other produce you may have to spare if you would rather do so than pay the cash. If you want to subscribe, write us now and bring the produce at your convenience.

If you do not have a dollars worth of any one article make up an assortment.

Produce to be delivered to our residence

THE VALE OF ARAGON

By
FRED McLAUGHLIN

Author of
"The Blade of Picardy"

Copyright by Bobbs-Merrill Co.
(WNU Service.)

CHAPTER I.—At nightfall, in the old city of New Orleans, in the year 1821, Loren Garde, recently an officer under General Jackson, is surprised by the appearance of three figures, in ancient Spanish costume, two men and a woman whose beauty enchants him. Representing the arrogance of the elder of the two men, Garde fights a duel with him with swords, and wounds him. Afterward he learns his opponent is Adolfo de Fuentes, colonel in the Spanish army in Venezuela. Garde sees from gens d'armes, taking refuge in a garden, where he overhears a plot to overthrow Spanish rule in Venezuela. Discovered and threatened, he fights, but is overpowered.

CHAPTER II.—Garde finds himself a prisoner on the Santa Lucrecia, Spanish ship bearing contraband arms and ammunition for the Venezuelans under Bolivar. On board are the conspirators he had overheard, the lady of his love, her brother Polito, and De Fuentes. De Fuentes reveals the presence of the conspirators. An attempt to seize the ship fails. From the girl, Garde learns her name is Dulce Lamartina. He does not tell her of his love, but feels she is not indifferent to him. The vessel is wrecked during another attempt to seize it, and Garde, thrown overboard, reaches the Venezuelan shore, alone.

CHAPTER III.—Garde, making his way inland, meets a man who introduces himself as Monahan, captain in the British legion under Bolivar. He sees Dulce, with De Fuentes and Polito. Learning his history, Monahan urges Garde to join the Venezuelans, but his mind is set on reaching Caracas and again seeing Dulce, though on his way inland he has passed through the village of Tucayan, burned and pillaged by the Spaniards and every inhabitant massacred. Monahan directs him to friends in Caracas.

CHAPTER IV.—At Caracas, Garde, supplied by Monahan with the secret sign of the patriots, and disguised, is welcomed at the Cantina Merida, revolutionary headquarters. He reveals his purpose, and with a companion, Manuel, who had been on the ship, goes to the cathedral, where the wedding of Dulce and De Fuentes is in progress. Dulce recognizes him and leaves De Fuentes at the altar. She is torn from Garde's arms and in the confusion he escapes.

CHAPTER V.—Dulce makes her way to Garde. She tells him her wedding to De Fuentes was to have been the price of Garde's life. They reveal their mutual love. Garde is seized by Spanish soldiers led by De Fuentes, and learns that Dulce has disappeared.

CHAPTER VI.—Garde is rescued by Manuel, and with Polito sets out for Bolivar's camp. They are intercepted by a party of Venezuelan soldiers. Garde discovers his companion of the night has been Dulce, and is dismayed by his lack of perception. Dulce escapes, but Garde is seized. His captor is Colonel Pini.

CHAPTER VII.—Garde tells his story to Bolivar, and through a letter of recommendation from General Jackson, is enrolled in the patriot army, with the rank of major, which he had held in the American army. Garde is with a force under Colonel Pini which captures the town of Maracay. The Spaniards threaten its recapture, while Pini is dilatory.

CHAPTER VIII.—Garde, seeking to urge Pini to action, finds him with Dulce, whom he has found in Maracay and looks upon as his prize. Seeking to save her, Garde is shot in the right arm by Pini, whom he had struck. The quarrel is ended by the return of the Spaniards and the flight of the revolutionists.

We came, one day, to a great rent in the close-packed trees and the interlacing vines of our forest prison. It was such a path as some monster dragon of the deep, emerging from the sea, might have made in its passage through the jungle; yet we knew that no dragon of the deep existed, knew that no animal might have laid these mighty trees flat and pushed others out of its path.

I recalled the day of the storm, and the wreck of the Santa Lucrecia, and the dark bulk that had passed in the gloom as I fought for my life with the waves.

I remembered that the tremendous thrust of the wind had lifted the ocean into the maze of woods, and had deposited me in a tree. The Santa Lucrecia, then, had freed herself from the clutches of the reef and, riding the elevated waters of the tidal wave, had driven over the flat floor of the jungle—which lay only a few feet above the level of the sea—and had found at last a grave in the forest whence it had come. And the Santa Lucrecia, I remembered, had a cargo of arms and ammunition and food!

"Colonel Pini," said I, in the long silence that had held us, "may not this small army of ours—given food and arms and powder and ball—win through the lines of Spain? If I fill them with food, and put weapons and ammunition into their hands—?"

"Are you mad?" he cried.

"If I do these things, my colonel, may I ask that this court will be forgot, that my wounded arm and the broken door at Maracay—and, the Senorita—?"

"Lindsay and Captain Monahan may witness," said Pini, and he smiled, "my

promise to forget Maracay if you obtain the manna for these starving soldiers."

"I will tell you, then, my colonel, that this path marks the first and last land passage of the Santa Lucrecia, and if we only follow it we will come upon a store sufficient for an army."

For three days we ate and rested and caroused, unmindful of the forces of Spain, for we could have held this ship against an army. And the lean Indians filled out like dogs at a feast, and eyes brightened, and shoulders squared, and patriotism flamed again, and strength came back to us—strength of body and mind and spirit—and the will to win was ours, and a desire to pit against the enemy this renewed vigor that belonged to us.

We put away one more gargantuan meal—a breakfast—and took, each, two pistols and a musket and sufficient ammunition to carry us through a score of skirmishes, and then we set the torch to the good ship Santa Lucrecia in a dozen different places. We turned our faces southward toward the barrier range, where an enemy awaited us, and with songs of victory on our lips, we drove onward up the timbered slopes while flames spurted skyward from the doomed ship and, spreading into the jungle, fashioned a raging hell behind us.

We emerged from the cover of the forest and fell upon the thin line that held the heights. They must have considered us shrieking demons from the fiery pit that we had left, for they broke, crying out in the fulness of their terrors, and cast their weapons away as useless against the imps who had just escaped from the blazing tumult that devoured the jungle.

On we went, ever southward, down the forested incline that led toward



"Lindsay and Captain Monahan May Witness," Said Pini, Still Smiling.

the vast basin of Lake Valencia. East of Valencia we swept across the fields that were checkered with green and brown. Free, at last, of enemy inter-

ference, we skirted the lake and bent our steps toward the town of Tinaquillo, near which, we knew, would lie the lines of Bolivar, and where, before the sun had set, we fell, exhausted but happy, into the arms of our own.

Verily the spirit of the dead had armed the living!

Storm-clouds were gathering in the south and east, and thunder rumbled along the crest of the Carabobo hills while we stood at attention, waiting for General Bolivar to pin upon the jacket of Colonel Pini the coveted Order of Liberators. He complimented the colonel upon the courage of himself and his men in breaking through the Spanish lines and taking the town of Maracay, and he offered mild apology that Paez and Plaza had failed to help him hold it.

Francisco touched my elbow. "Do not your fingers ache, Garde, do not those capable hands of yours itch to take hold of Pini's throat?"

"Why should they," said I, for I knew that Monahan had talked; "did not Pini give me my life?"

"For the Order of Liberators," he said, smiling, "a cherished decoration . . . and to think that a man like Pini should have got it."

"As far as I am concerned, Francisco, our colonel may have it; surely it will give him little joy." Now I remember the look in Pini's eyes when they had rested on the Senorita, and a flame or rage scorched me. I wondered then if I would not yet have to deal with the colonel, and I hoped in my heart that I would.

"Has there been any news of the Senorita, or of Polito?" Francisco's finger, I knew, was upon the pulse of Venezuela.

"None, except that Adolfo is now in command of the Valencia garrison, and we may assume that the Senorita and her brother are there also."

"It is good news, my friend, for Valencia is scarce twenty miles from here."

"With only a Spanish army of seven or eight thousand soldiers barring our way. A simple thing indeed," he jeered, "for La Torre and Morales, with all the available forces of Spain, await us on the plains of Carabobo."

"Then we meet them there, Francisco?"

"Aye." He thought a moment. "I think La Torre made a mistake when he did not dispute our passage at Buena Vista; he lost an advantage there. I—I cannot help believing, Garde, that at Carabobo tomorrow, we stand—or fall. The general stakes all on this last battle; we win an empire—or we are for ever slaves."

CHAPTER X

The Battle of Carabobo

I think Bolivar as a toastmaster was the peer of any man I have ever seen. It was his wont to bring his officers together once a week in what he termed a dinner, but which usually developed into a well-ordered carouse, for wine and rum and other spirituous liquors were cheap and plentiful in Venezuela. Bolivar, demanding only obedience of his men, took no note of their morals; wherein, I think, lay one of the secrets of his amazing hold upon his soldiers.

In the spacious hall of the adobe house that was his headquarters we were gathered on the night before the battle of Carabobo. Besides Bolivar there was the wise and suave Marino, chief of staff; Urdaneta, whom the general called Rafael, a faithful follower of Bolivar, who for many years after the death of the Liberator, served his country with brilliance and distinction; Paez, chief of the llaneros, Plaza, Cedeño, Colonel Pini, all smiles because of his questionably won decoration; Colonel Mackintosh, Colonel Ferrier, who, on the morrow, was destined to find the fatal bullet; Captain Minchin, another Briton who fell upon the field of Carabobo; Moore and Lindsay, English medics; Captain Scott, Monahan, the swarthy Manuel, Francisco and others—names to conjure with in Venezuela. Sanfina, the soldier, had not survived the storm that wrecked the Santa Lucrecia.

Under the surface of laughter and badinage lay the tension of overwrought nerves, for we felt the portent of the morrow's battle.

Men were called upon for speeches or toasts. Colonel Pini, whose blood-shot eyes showed the effect of the vast amount of wine that he had consumed, found unsteady feet and, swaying beyond the bounds of safe equilibrium, related the fragment of an amour, the questionable wit of which might have lifted laughter only out of wine-bemused minds. Manuel gave an account of my unsuccessful attempt in New Orleans to imitate San Isidro, and my equally unsuccessful effort to vanquish four men, which drew the attention of the gathered officers in my direction.

I had never made a speech, nor offered a toast, but when Bolivar, encouraging eyes upon me, said, "Should we not get the voice of the United States, a great nation after which we hope to pattern our own?" I came slowly to my feet, my mind a blank, and tremors shaking me. Leaning against the table for support, I stared vacantly at the half-filled wine glass in my right hand, and Pini, noting my embarrassment, laughed harshly.

"A speech," he cried gaily, "or if the Americano's mind refuses to function, a toast . . . A toast to the Senorita—to the lovely Lamartina!"

A silence fell upon us—a grim foreboding silence—for many of these men knew of my mad worship of the Seno-

rita. The look that I bent upon Pini had nothing of friendship in it; it was more like a challenge. That he was drunk I knew, and that her name upon his lips gained nothing for a lady was a thing of equal certainty to me.

Looking across the narrow table into the leering eyes of my tormentor, I felt the surge of an overwhelming fury, and before I had taken time to consider my act, or the consequences of it, I had cast the contents of my wine glass into his face. Then, while Pini spluttered in anger, I turned to Bolivar.

"That, my general, is the voice of the United States, where men are wont to look with reverence upon a woman. The amours of Colonel Pini—"

Pini came to his feet, his face flaming, eyes gleaming. "I will have his life for that, I'll run him through, I'll drive a sword—!"

I bowed, while Bolivar—the furrows in his high forehead deepening and his heavy eyebrows drawing together in a portentous frown—considered us.

"I think," said Francisco coldly, "that Colonel Pini forgets the wounded arm of Major Garde. It has not yet healed, and the major, therefore, would be at a serious disadvantage."

"I haven't forgot it, and the general shall know. General Bolivar shall hear how he received that injury."

I stood aghast, for Pini, in the presence of witnesses, had given me his promise that nothing of that unfortunate affair of Maracay should reach the ears of the Liberator. Was he mad, could he hope to gain anything by thus breaking his word; would Bolivar forgive him for that vital hour of drunkenness that had cost us Maracay? I did not think so, for the Liberator was too good a soldier to overlook so flagrant a blunder. I waited.

"If there is anything," said Bolivar in a voice of cold menace, "which should have been told to me that either of you have refrained from telling—"

"Tell him," Pini cried, "tell your general about your arm; explain to him how you were wounded."

I imagined the wily colonel assumed that I would never mention the Senorita, which, indeed, I had no intention of doing.

"I am waiting," said Bolivar.

"Colonel Pini shot me, my general."

Francisco, seated next to me, rasped a bitter curse, and a sigh went around the table. The Liberator leaped to his feet. "Colonel Pini shot you? You jest, Senor."

"Not at all."

"Was this at Maracay?"

"Yes, my general."

"Pini would doubtless have good reason for doing such a thing." He turned a judicial eye upon the colonel. "May I expect an explanation?"