

Hearts Courageous

HALLIE
By... ERMINIE
RIVES

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Anne upon her tired horse looked with wonder at this earnest, quiet crowd and thrilled with a new sense of the dignity of the assemblage within those brick walls. The heat was shimmering, and she had thrown open the thin cloak she wore, showing a flash of crimson waist with a sheen of metal buttons.

Mordecai Floyd, looking on near by, gazed on her with pursed lips.

"Small wonder," he said grimly, "that unrighteousness doth overwhelm the children of the world and move them to wrath when we see all about us the testimony of unbelief. Lust of the eye, Friend Joseph; lust of the eye!"

Joseph Galloway, standing by him, looked at the girl, so straight and young and bright faced; then his crafty look returned. "Consider the lilies of the field," he quoted with unctious as he took snuff.

"I doubt not," pursued the Quaker, wagging his pow, "twas designed to cast a slur upon the vanity of apparel since 'tis a thing of so little estimation in the sight of God that he bestows it in the highest degree upon the meanest of his creatures. 'Tis to be presumed that, were it a thing of worth in itself, instead of bestowing colors, gildings and broderies upon tulips, he had bestowed them upon creatures of higher dignity. To mankind he hath given but sparingly of gaudy features, a great part of them being black, a great part being of other wan and dusky complexions, showing that 'tis not the outward adornment that he wishes, but the appearing in supplication for the ornamenting of the Spirit."

"Even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these!" intoned his companion smoothly. "But I must be going, Mordecai. I have an errand at the tavern."

"Hast thou heard aught more of the message to the congress from France?" the Quaker inquired in a low voice as he clasped the other's fervid palm.

Galloway put his lips closer to the other's ear, and a glint of mischief shone in his eye.

"Mordecai," he said, "I dreamed last night that France had an ax to grind. Wouldn't it be curious if the message didn't tickle the congress so much after all? Ho, ho!"

Anne's first inquiry provoked a smile from the bystanders. Dr. Franklin? Yes, he was doubtless in the hall, but to see him! Quite impossible! And a lady too. At a recess she might succeed, but not now. Who could tell but he was on the floor at that moment?

So she rode on. At High street she inquired for an inn, as she had been in the saddle since dawn and the horses were jaded. Learning that the principal ones were all full owing to the presence of the delegates, she found her way to one of the more humble hostleries on another street. It was the Red Lion tavern.

The place seemed well nigh deserted. Had she known the significance of this day's sitting of the congress she would have understood. As it was, finding no host in evidence, she went into the parlor and sat down to await his appearance.

And, sitting so, from the hall and coming nearer she heard the well remembered voice of Jarrat.

A panic seized her. The packet—it was in the lining of her cloak at that moment. He must not see her! She looked wildly about her, but there was no door of escape. In desperation she ran to the deep set window. It was shut, but there were shallow curtains across the alcove, and she shrank behind them as the door flew open.

Jarrat came in noisily. One of the inn servants was at his heels.

"I would speak with monsieur," he said. "Request him to be so good as to honor me here." He stood smiling, ready as the servant went, and Anne watched him from between the curtains with fascinated gaze.

"At last!" he muttered. "The final stroke, and still all goes well. If Armand succeeds for us, then advancement and favor for me. The king must reward me, for the plan was mine alone."

"Armand!" Anne's heart had given a great leap. Jarrat knew where he was, what he did. "If he succeeds for us," what meant those strange words?

Again a step in the hall, again the door opened, a scraping servant said, "Monsieur," and again Anne's heart leaped, for the man who stood on the threshold clad in a full costume of purple velvet was Armand. Armand, but sparer of feature, with shadows beneath the eyes. Yet they looked out with all their old nobility and with a strange fire. She knew now where she had seen that fire—it was in Henry's face—the fire of steadfast purpose that knows no quenching.

Armand! Escaped from Dunmore's clutches, safe and in Philadelphia! She wanted to rush out to him, to cry to him that she had done the best she could, had come to fulfill her promise at last. But what did he with Jarrat?

"So?" the latter said. "As bravely trimmed as ever. 'Tis the dress of a prince."

"My good Pliarne has the best of taste." On Armand's face was a strange smile.

"You have cozened him beautifully."

I doubt not he expects reimbursement from his king."

"My king," corrected Armand softly. "Keep it up," laughed Jarrat. "Tis never forgetting makes a good play actor. Faith, it minds me of the old Virginia days. Then you posed as only a marquis. We rise in the world. Yesterday in a prison cell at Halifax, today this little plan, release, and presto, behold Louis' secret envoy. Well, you are near to the purchase of your pardon. The time is almost here. A half hour more and you will enter the statehouse. You lack not assurance. Here is the letter you will deliver to the congress."

Armand took the paper he handed him and put it in his breast.

"Tis signed with De Vergennes' name, of course," went on Jarrat, "and 'tis a clever enough forgery to trick even Poor Richard for the time being. Aid in return for territorial compensation—now if 'twere only Louis XV! 'Twould be like the old skindint. Methinks 'twill be a wet blanket to allay this fever for a Declaration. 'Twill suffice to tide over till these patriot addle pates come to their senses."

Anne's mind was in a clamor, a hideous, unmeaning clamor of surprises, from which a single fact stood out with the clearness of a black silhouette etched on white paper—Armand, not escaped, but released—released—going before the congress with a lying message, a message of discouragement—going now, this very hour, and the plot was Jarrat's.

It was for a single heart beat as if the sun were darkened, as if all joy were blotted from the universe. Then, peering out, she saw his eyes, and the bitter scene at Gladden Hall rose to her like a vision. She saw him dragged away, and with the vision she felt—strong, triumphant—the terrible, joyful rebellion of her own belief in him that would not doubt.

"I could not have devised it better myself," Jarrat was speaking again. "There is not a soul in congress who could recognize you as the Louis Armand seized at Williamsburg. Luckily, Henry is in the Virginia convention. The devil holds cards with us."

"And this," said Armand, as if to himself, "has been the devil's deal."

"Aye! But 'tis time for us to start. Pliarne will be there by now." He consulted his watch. "Ten minutes to ride thither. I have horses at the door. I shall go with you as one of your suit. Luckily, I shall not be known. I must miss the delight of recounting this interesting event in detail in Virginia. Can you guess," with a malign smile, "to whom in especial, monsieur?"

A red flush leaped into Armand's cheek, and his teeth clinched convulsively. It was as if a great wave of passion lashed the man and left him tense and white. His tone, however, remained as low as ever.

"You hound!" he said. "You prowling wolf of the dark, who know no truth, no trust, no faith; who, being vile, think all else vile the same! Thank God that to that one—to her—my honor was always unstained! She believe you? No! Never! I go alone to the congress! You go no farther with me!"

A facial contortion drew Jarrat's lips from his teeth. He stood in a leaning posture, his knuckles flat upon the table between them, a thriving suspicion in his look. A fit of shuddering seized Anne as she saw this look change swiftly to conviction—certainty in which rage and shame and hate were black.

"I do go no farther!" he repeated. "What say you? Oh, fool, fool that I was to trust you! You have tricked me! You never intended to do it! You will not go—aye, you would go, but wherefore?" His voice had sunk to a metallic dullness, and he eyed the other, breathing hard.

Now his tone leaped again: "I know! The French king had his own mind! He sent your master a message to convey, a message of comfort. Ah, your face says, 'Aye!' 'Twas in the packet you gave to Mistress Tillotson at Gladden Hall! Curse that bondwoman! You have got it! Now that you are false to us, 'tis that message—that message that you would give the congress! And 'twas I brought you from the jail—"

The last words were a sort of horrible rasping whisper, and as he spoke he came slowly around the table, his fingers clanking its edge.

"But you shall not! You double traitor! You shall not go! I know you—I alone! I will prevent it!"

"You shall never leave this room," said Armand.

Crouched low, holding the shallow edges. Anne saw it all, the breath frozen in her throat—saw both blades clang out with a single movement, saw Jarrat hurl himself forward, heard the steel meet. Mixed joy and horror held her.

She understood. He had cherished his master's purpose all along, pursued by treachery, meeting cunning with cunning, constrained to deception. It was the true message of the French king that she clasped at that moment under her cloak. To carry this he had won his way from the hands of his enemies and fooled Jarrat to his purpose. And now without the packet his voice would give the message to the congress. She had brought it just in time.

All this came to her at once in a suc-



Anne saw both blades clang out. cession of pictures vivid as patches of night landscape seen by violet lightning and at an instant when horror overrode her joy.

The street, the taproom, were so near. Would none come to stop them? She feared to declare herself, for a start, a tremor of the hand, might mean death to her lover.

She saw the quick end, powerless to utter a cry. Armand stiffened suddenly, his left hand fallen low. His blade passed like a needle in sallow through the other's body, and Jarrat slipped in a huddle to the floor and lay still.

Anne tried to scream, but her throat only gave forth a whisper. Not till Armand had sheathed his wet sword and the door had closed upon him did she find strength to part the curtains.

She looked upon the prostrate man in a terror. She must summon help and then take the packet to Armand. She realized suddenly that Jarrat was not dead; that his eyes were upon her; that he was struggling to a sitting posture.

"You saw—you heard!" he gasped.

"Yes," she breathed.

"You brought him the packet! My God! To think I never suspected! And he has gone—gone!"

"To his honor."

He stared at her, a slow, ghastly smile coming to wreath his lips. "Honor? Say you so? Wait!"

He made an attempt to unbutton his waistcoat. "The paper in this pocket!" he groaned. "Take it and read. Quick! Quick! Nay, call no one! Men bleed not to death so soon!"

She unfolded the scroll with shaking fingers and read:

I, Louis Armand, released from duress in Halifax, under special instruction from his majesty's government touching the Continental congress, do agree that, in the event that I do not carry out this mission, as ordered, I hold my life forfeit and pledge my honor within one month this hereafter to deliver myself to Lord Chetwynde, whose custody I now leave.

ARMAND.

She caught her breath. "Do pledge my honor to deliver myself"—"to hold my life forfeit." He had chosen to give his life to carry the true message. His life! How dear that was to her! He must not do it! Oh, if God would only help her to think! He must not do it! She heard Jarrat's breathing through it all and felt his eyes, flinching, upon her.

A heavy knocking came at the door, and Joseph Galloway entered, his stick in his hand. He made an exclamation as he saw and threw up his hands.

"Galloway!" said the wounded man, his breath rattling with a convulsion as the other bent over him. "He is false to us. Armand—he is false! He—did this. He is gone to the congress. You must stop him!"

"Yes, yes. I will call a leech. 'Tis not a mortal thrust, man. I will go to the hall. But how to do it? Proofs?"

"She"—gasped Jarrat in a final effort, pointing to Anne. "She"—and lapsed into ashen unconsciousness.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE white walled, high ceiled anteroom was barely furnished with paduassy chairs and a small slim legged table. A chief desk used by the colony's chief justice of the supreme court was at one end, with doors on either side. The other end of the room opened in narrow arches between pillars into the wide paved hall of the statehouse. Across these pillars was stretched a heavy cloth curtain, through whose folds sounds from the corridor reached dull and muffled.

Beyond these curtains on the opposite side of the hall was a great double door, and through the heavy oak came voices in debate and an occasional high note like the metallic rap of a gavel. But in the anteroom this became only a distant hum like that of settling bees.

Armand, clad as for a court levee, stood one side erect and smiling before a trio of sober coated figures in duffle gray. His long, brown, rippling hair, the rare lace at his throat, the jade hilt of his dress sword, made him as distinct as some brilliant hued insect among gray moths. Beside him, uniformed, his mustachios aggressive as ever, short, wiry and alert, stood Pliarne.

The sober coated gentlemen, the delegates appointed to meet the secret messenger to the congress, had made their bows to the great man, all but Dickinson, their leader, openly radiant with the presumed bearing of his mission.

M. Pliarne's proposals for armistice purchases had recently been considered in committee, and the announcement of the envoy's arrival, coming from him, a known agent of France, had carried a weight added to by the appearance of

the man before them. He had arrived a little late, a deliberateness that accorded well with the sobriety of his errand.

Now they but waited a pause in the debate to throw wide the doors that opened to the floor.

On the other side of those doors rages what is to be the last agitated hour of the fight. The document that is to be the birth certificate of a nation lies upon the table. Since early morning the discussion has been bitter.

The insect hum ceased suddenly. There was a forward movement of the group in the anteroom toward the curtains.

"Stop!" echoed an intense voice behind them. "Stop!" Joseph Galloway stepped into the room from one of the side entrances and closed the door.

"Praise the Most High," he ejaculated, "that I am come in time! Gentlemen, as you would save the congress from a most shameful scandal, let not that man pass from this room!"

There was a murmur of angry amazement from the group. Armand's hand dropped to his side. His face had whitened, and Pliarne's mustachios worked alarmingly.

"Sir," interposed Dickinson sternly, "we receive here a legate of France!"

"You receive an impostor, a villain and a spy!"

Pliarne's hand went to his sword, but Dickinson stepped before him, while the others stood stock still, blankness in their bearing.

"An insult!" cried the former. "And to the very face of monseigneur! Gentlemen, you have cause enough to know the politics of this meddling who has forced his way into this presence."

"I am an honest man," retorted Galloway. "My errand here should demonstrate that. And what I say I prove."

"I know not whether we should listen, sir," said Dickinson, his brows together. "Heaven forbid that we should affront such a guest. Yet the words you have uttered demand, for his excellency's satisfaction at least, an explanation. In his name, then, speak, but quickly and begone!" Dickinson was a diplomat.

"I shall be brief," returned Galloway. "This man, whom you believe a French nobleman, is Louis Armand, an adventurer lately arrested in Virginia, now in the secret service of the British. The message he bears is a forgery conveying the offer of aid only on impossible conditions calculated to discourage hope and quench the fervor for independence."

A low exclamation that was very like an abjuration burst from Dickinson's lips, and his eyes flashed first on the speaker and then upon Armand.

The color was come back to the young Frenchman's face.

"In my own country, gentlemen," he laughed, "we have asiles for such poor misers. However—my reputation, how dear it is to me! You will proceed, I beg."

It was admirably done. A quaver of relief spread abroad.

"The document in the case," said Galloway and handed Dickinson the writing executed by Lord Chetwynde at the Halifax prison; "an agreement duly signed accepting this traitorous mission."

Having delivered it over, he rubbed his hands together softly.

"An ardent concoction, to be sure!" railed Pliarne. "What could be easier? A signature? Of course, of course. But his—sounds! Such effrontery passes belief. An adventurer arrested in Virginia! Forsooth? Wert ever in Virginia, you 'Rory'?"

"No," answered Galloway coolly.

A heavy reverberating voice, passion thrilled, boomed through the door beyond the curtains, and the sound of hand clapping followed it in a far, velvet tumult.

"'Tis the Declaration!" exclaimed Pliarne. "The Declaration! 'Tis before them for signatures. They will decide in an hour. And you listen to this smug politician!"

The sweat broke upon Dickinson's forehead. Through all these months, by voice and pen, he had striven to incite the colonies to mutiny. Yet he had recoiled from Jefferson's bold resolution to sever from the crown. Resistance he had preached, not secession. And yet—

He turned to Armand. "The contents of your message," he said—"so much depends on it!"

"Sir!" Armand stopped him sharply. "What I bear is for the congress!"

"In God's name, then, who and what are you?"

"A messenger of the French king!" Silence fell. Through it Joseph Galloway's unctuous voice spread softly. "Gentlemen, I have a conclusive witness. One moment!"

He passed through the side door and an instant later entered, leading Anne. All eyes were turned upon them.

"Tis Mistress Tillotson!" One of the committee, who had hitherto kept silence, was speaking. "A lady of Virginia, gentlemen, whom I do know loyal and worthy of all credence."

She did not dare to look about her. She stood, white, piteous. The quiet was unbearable.

The oily voice broke it. "Look upon this man. Is he or is he not Louis Armand, lately seized in Virginia for representing himself a French nobleman?"

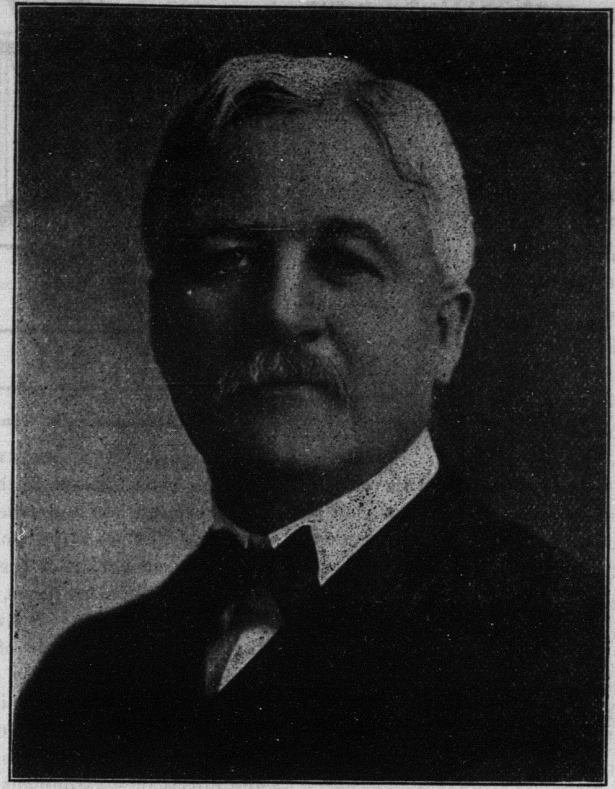
(Continued next week.)

Hannah Elias Arrested.

Hannah Elias, the notorious negress charged by the aged John R. Platt with blackmailing him out of \$685,000, was arrested at her home in New York late Tuesday night. The arrest was one of the most sensational in police annals of that city.

The doors of her handsome home, at No. 236 Central Park West, were battered down with ax and crowbar, wielded by Central office detectives, while a great crowd filled the street and the whole neighborhood was in wild excitement.

The detectives were armed with a warrant for the woman's arrest, issued by Magistrate Ommen.



WILSON I. FLEMING.
Recently Elected Grand Commander of the Grand Commandery of Pennsylvania K. T.

Plan for Birds.

Most Unlucky Petition Ever Presented to a Legislature.

The most remarkable document on bird protection was probably the famous petition by Senator George F. Hoar, presented to the Massachusetts Legislature and passed through both Houses like a whirlwind. It will never grow old, and should be reprinted in every newspaper in the land in springtime each and every year. It follows:

To the Great and General Court of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, and their playfellows, make this our humble petition:

"We know more about you than you think we do. We know how good you are. We have hoped about the roof and looked in at the windows of the houses you have built for poor and sick and hungry people and little lame and deaf and blind children. We have built our nests in the trees and sung many a song as we flew about the gardens and parks you have made so beautiful for your own children, especially your poor children."

Every year we fly a great way over the country, keeping all the time where the sun is bright and warm; and we know that whenever you do anything, other people all over the great land between the seas and great lakes, find it out, and pretty soon will try to do the same thing. We know; we know. We are Americans just as you are. Some of us, like some of you, came across the great sea, but most of the birds like us have lived here a long while; and birds like us welcomed your fathers who came here many years ago. Our fathers and mothers have always done their best to please your fathers and mothers."

Now we have a sad story to tell you. Thoughtless or bad people are trying to destroy us. They kill us because our feathers are beautiful. Even pretty and sweet girls, who, we should think, would be our best friends, kill our brothers and children so that they may wear the plumage on their hats. Sometimes people kill us from mere wantonness. Cruel boys destroy our nests and kill our young ones. People with guns and snares lie in wait to kill us, as if the place for a bird were not in the sky, alive, but in a shop window or under a glass case. If this goes on much longer, all the song birds will be gone. Already, we are told, in some other countries they used to be full of birds, they are almost gone. Even the nightingales are being all killed in Italy."

Now we humbly pray that you will stop all this, and will save us from this sad fate. You have already made a law that no one shall kill a harmless song bird or destroy our nests or our eggs. Will you please make another, so that no one will kill us to get them? We want them ourselves. We are told that it is as easy for you to do it as for a blackbird to whistle.

If you do we know how to pay you a hundred times over. We will teach our children to keep themselves neat and clean. We will show them how to live in peace and love and to agree as we do in our nests. We will build pretty houses which you will like to see. We will play about your gardens and flower beds—ourselves like flowers on wings—without any cost to you. We will destroy the wicked insects and worms that destroy your cherries, currants, plums, apples and roses. We will give you our best songs and make the spring more beautiful and the summer sweeter to you. Every June morning when you go out into the field, Oriole, Blackbird and Bobolink will fly after you and make the day more joyful to you; and when you go home tired at sundown, Vesper Sparrow will tell you how grateful we are. When you sit on your porch after dark, Fire Bird, Hermit, Thrush and Wood Thrush will sing to you; and even Whippoorwill will cheer up a little. We know where we are safe. In a little while all the birds will come to live in Massachusetts again, and everybody who loves music will like to make a summer home with you.

Warwickshire, the middle county of England, is sometimes called "The Heart of England."

Korea became an Empire on October 15th, 1897, when her King proclaimed himself Emperor from that date.

In the library of Hincholere Castle, Lord Camaron's residence in Hampshire, England, are the table and chairs which Napoleon used when he signed his abdication at Fontainebleau.

The "President's March," composed by Fyles in honor of President Washington in 1788 and to which the words of "Hail Columbia" were set in 1798, was probably the most popular patriotic air about 1800.

Waikiki Island in the North Pacific, which the United States owns, is barely one square mile in area and has little economic value except for the guano deposits on its rocky surface and possibly as a stepping stone of cable connection between the United States and its Asiatic possessions.

The gold dollars which were issued in connection with the Louisiana Purchase exposition have been on sale for some time, and some of the New York banks must have them. Price, \$3 each. There are two kinds—one with the bust of McKinley and the other with the bust of Jefferson.

Mr. and Mrs. Nicholas Drew, of Big Rapids celebrated their golden wedding Sunday, five of their ten children, all of whom live out of the State, being present. One feature of the occasion was the presence at breakfast of the same party of six which sat down to the wedding breakfast 50 years ago.

Candidates for admission to the West Point Military Academy, if between 17 and 19 years of age, must not fall below 5 feet 3 inches in height and 100 pounds in weight; if between 18 and 19 years, 5 feet 3 1/2 inches in height and 105 pounds in weight; if over 19, 5 feet 4 inches in height and 110 pounds in weight.

One of the favorite maxims of General Grant, and one certainly in accord with human nature, was that in every closely contested battle there comes a time when both sides are exhausted. When this condition arises, he said, the army that first breaks the lull and puts itself in motion is likely to win. A blow then is worth a dozen previous ones.

Canada pays to the British government one-half the cost of the maintenance of the Imperial troops provided for her defence, while New Zealand is a party to the naval agreement of 1903, under which she pays her proportion of an annual colonial contribution of \$1,000,000 for the naval defence of herself and the Commonwealth of Australia.

According to the best modern authorities the so-called amber found in Syria, India and Madagascar are not amber at all, but a resin, nearly allied to copal, which is the product of leaf-bearing trees growing at the present day. True amber is the resin of scionous trees long since extinct, and there is a good deal of conflict among scientists as to which geological period it belongs to.

In 1642 a party of English adventurers direct from New England attempted to settle at Oyster bay, and actually purchased the land from the Indians, but the Dutch drove them out. Eventually a compromise was made and the Dutch and English divided Long Island between them. The first permanent settlement on the site of the present village of Oyster bay was then made in 1653.

It is stated that over 30,000,000 acres of land in the United States are owned by members of the English aristocracy and British land companies and syndicates. Most of these estates are situated in the southern and western States. A Dutch corporation is said to own 5,000,000 acres of land in the West and a German company 2,000,000 acres in several States. Alien landholders own property in most of the larger cities of the Union.

Carnival and Home-Coming in Johnstown.

Enterprising citizens of Johnstown, Pa., the famed Flood City, have perfected arrangements for a grand home-coming of all former residents of the big steel town, including men and women. The Johnstown Old Boys' reunion and Summer Carnival association was organized some time ago, when Percy Allen Rose, one of the most prominent young men in the city, was elected president; Harvey G. Barclay, secretary; Edward H. Bailey, one of the editors of the Daily Democrat, treasurer. A number of other business and professional men of Johnstown compose the directorate.

The purpose of the association is to hold a reunion of all former Johnstown residents in that city the week of July 18-23. Such a reunion was held last year in Dayton, O., and it proved one of the most memorable occasions in the history of that place. Former residents of Dayton from every part of the United States poured into Dayton and there was a solid week of handshaking of old time acquaintances. From Chicago alone came a delegation of nearly 100, accompanied by a band.

Johnstown proposes to repeat the Dayton affair, except on a larger scale. To the end that the home-coming old boys and girls may have amusement, a contract has been made with the Ferrar Bros., great London Carnival company—the Barnum of them all—to give a street fair and carnival from Monday, July 18th, until July 23rd. There are already living in Braddock, McKeesport, Pittsburgh, Allegheny, Homestead and Wilmerding, Pa., and Cleveland and Loraine, O., several thousand former residents of Johnstown and all of these will be invited to attend the reunion. That the cities mentioned will send large delegations is assured. Relatives residing in Johnstown have already sent out invitations and every mail brings news that former old boys and old girls will be present at the big reunion. New York, Philadelphia, Washington, Chicago, St. Louis, Kansas City, Denver, Los Angeles, Tacoma and other distant cities will send representatives, letters to that effect having been received in large numbers. A great outpouring from Braddock, McKeesport, Pittsburgh, Allegheny and Loraine is certain. Braddock threatens to take a band along and make things merry. All the Johnstown city bands—there are half a dozen of them—will be in evidence and the gala week will no doubt culminate the notable Johnstown centennial celebration some few years ago.

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