"Yes, Senor, yes; I must go."

the north. "When this nightmare of

murder is over, Senorita, shall I find

She nodded. "God preserve you,

She waved an arm and, bending

low in the saddle, disappeared in the

mouth of the canyon. The sounds of

her going had died away before the

revolutionists came to where I stood,

waiting. They circled around me,

guns to the fore, and I raised empty

hands bove my head. "Take me to

So, closely guarded by at least a

score of horsemen, I rode slowly

across the amphitheater and through

the wide pass, coming at last to a

level space where a body of men en-

camped beside the road. None, so far

as I could see, was in uniform except

one tall man. One of my captors spat

out a stream of unintelligible jargon,

and the officer's face grew grimmer as

Now he faced me, his black eyes

"I am Loren Garde, an American,

"In a Spanish uniform! A likely

"Because I do not like the Spanish,"

He showed white teeth in a pleased

"One must get through the lines of

Spain; this uniform has been bor-

rowed for the occasion, and the for-

mer owner of it doubtless nurses a

broken head." I smiled reassuringly,

"Your story is interesting, Senor,

Now tell me, if your desire to serve us

is sincere, why you aided the Spanish

that the Spanish officer was the

Senorita Lamartina, flancee of Col-

onel de Fuentes, and that I, coming

to offer service to Bolivar, had sent

her back to the safety of the Spanish

lines? Could I have hoped to make

him believe such a preposterous tale?

what he must have considered a suffi-

cient wait, "perhaps this companero

of yours was the Dauphin in dis-

"We might just as well call him

He offered another mirthless smile.

Tucayan, Senor, has left an evil

flavor in the mouth, and the blood of

many Spaniards will be required to

wash it out." He transfixed me with

an accusing eye. "Who sent you

He gasped. "You say Manuel sent

"Aye: the swarthy Manuel, the

clever ugly sailor who happens to be

that portion of the brain of Bolivar

"Humph," he growled. He consid-

"He would look well under a col-

tunately. I do not expect to become

cold, and his laughter was not a pleas-

ant thing to hear. "The wings you

the use of a poor earthly horse un-

How I wanted to thrust my fist into

that smiling face of his, to discom-

pose the even order of his teeth, to

He must have sensed my murderous

passion, for he uttered a short com-

mand, and two of the llaneros grasped

me by the arms. "This officer with

the bandaged head whose safety

seemed so precious a thing to you, Senor, you do not tell me who he is."

"The Dauphin will do as well as

"Very well; one life is little enough

to spend to save the Dauphin. I con-

gratulate you. The sun, Senor, is

just coming over the rocky crest of

yonder mountain-an excellent time

indeed. You may view it as you die.

It is more than many a poor Vene-

The soldiers must have anticipated

the wishes of their colonel, for a

squad of eight swung into line be-

tween us and the sun, turned to face

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

zuelan has been permitted to do."

which operates in Caracas,"

"Aye; a gift from Manuel."

onel, don't you think?"

horse, Senor."

a colonel."

necessary."

get my fingers . . .

anyone," said I.

the Dauphin," I said hopelessly,

"Perhaps," said the officer after

What could I say? Could I tell him

but met no response in his eyes.

grin. "If you do not like the Span-

ish, Senor, why the uniform?"

tale, Senor. Why do you offer service

holding a hostile glint. "You may tell

me who you are, my captain."

come to offer service to Bolivar."

your officer," I said, a great happt-

Senor," she said softly.

"Adios, then!"

ness filling my soul.

the story proceeded.

to our general?"

officer to escape."

guise-eh?"

here?"

said.

you-?"



# The Vale Of Aragon Author of The Blade of Picardy

Copyright by Bobbs - Morrill Co.

### THE STORY

In the city of New Orleans, in 1821, Loren Garde, recently an officer under General Jackson, is surprised by the appearance, in surprised by the appearance, in ancient Spanish costume, of two men and a woman whose beauty enchants him. Resenting the arrogance of the elder of the two men, Garde fights with him and wounds him. He learns his op-ponent is Adolfo de Fuentes, colonel in the Spanish army in Venezuela. Garde overhears a plot to overthrow Spanish rule Venezuela. Discovered, he fights, but is overpowered and made prisoner on the Santa Lucrecia ship bearing arms for the Venezuelans. On board are the conspirators, the lady of his love, her brother Polito, and De Fuentes. From the girl, Garde learns her name is Dulce Lamar-tina. He loves her, but does not reveal his love. The vessel is wrecked and Garde reaches the Venezuelan shore, alone. He encounters a stranger and sees Dulce. The stranger, who is Captain Monahan of the British legion under Bolivar, urges Gar-de to join the Venezuelans, but his mind is set on again seeing Dulce. Monahan directs him to friends in Caracas. There, supplied by Monahan with the secret sign of the patriots, he is welcomed at the revolutionary headquarters. Garde attends the wedding of Dulce and De Fuentes. Dulce recognizes him and leaves De Fuentes at the altar. She is torn from Garde's arms. He escapes, Finding Garde, Dulce tells him her wedding to De Fuentes was to have been the of Garde's life. They reveal their mutual love. Garde is made prisoner. From De Fuentes, Garde learns that Dulce has disappeared. He is rescued from prison by a revolutionist, Manuel.

#### CHAPTER VI-Continued -10-

I laughed softly, for I saw another chance at life, and another chance to win the glorious Lamartina. "If Bolivar has many men like you, Manuel-"

We turned toward the south and ran for half a mile, stopping at last in the gloom afforded by a tall adobe building. Here we found two horses, one saddled for travel, and the other already bearing a man. "Polito!" I cried, for the rider's head and throat were almost concealed by the folds of a bandage.

His shoulders shook, in silent laughter I supposed, and he whispered something unintelligible and gestored toward the other horse.

"But, Polito, my friend," I objected, "you cannot do this thing. It will wreck your career, and-and you owe me no sacrifice. I cannot let you; rather would I seek the firing squad."

The gauntleted hand that Polito put upon my shoulder shook a little. He tried to speak, gasped, caught at his throat, and went off into a convulsion of coughing.

Manuel spoke, deep earnestness in his voice: "You must do as we suggest, Senor, for many things of importance depend upon it. We plan a swift stroke, Senor, and your assistance is necessary in our planning. Besides, you owe your life to those who follow Bolivar. Have not a score of men this night jeopardized their lives for thee? Have not I?"

Now I was ashamed, for the crafty Manuel spoke only truth. "Yes, my friend," said I. I threw a leg over the horse, and the swarthy sailor proffered a pistol, which I pocketed. I put a hand on his shoulder. "If Bolivar needs another arm, Senor, he will find mine strong enough, and very willing indeed, for I owe him much."

"Viva!" said the sailor. "Point your horses toward the Southern cross and ride throughout the night; ride swiftly, for the mounts you have are the best this city affords. Sunrise should find you beyond Ocumare, where the lines of Bolivar begin, and where you will find safety. Now, adios . . . A

pleasant trip to both of you!" With the flaming Southern cross to point the way, with the glory of the full moon above, the open country ahead, a fine horse between my knees, and a companion . . . well, perhaps my companion did lack necessary companionable qualities. Yet I could attribute some of his silence to his cold and the rest of it to the black thoughts that must possess him, for no man forms his back upon his country with a light heart.

With a sidelong glance I studied the lithe figure that even the black and gray cloak could not entirely hide. "A perfect night, Polito, ch?"

He nodded.

"You are silent, my friend." He turned his head to give me one swift look, then regarded the road

"I must thank you, Polito, for the part you took in my escape this night. Adolfo planned to have me shot tomorrow morning, so my life is yours."

This brought a gasp-no more-and I tried again: "Do you know, my friend," I ventured, "where your sister 18?"

SERVICE He was silent, and I continued: "I have told the Senorita, Polito, of my

He offered no comment. "She told me, today, in the home of the good Tomas, that tomorrow she would wed De Fuentes."

love, and failed miserably, as I de-

"No," he whispered, "no!" "A sort of sacrifice, my friend, for what she imagines I have done for her; a thing that makes me love her very much."

"But she would not-" he said. "Not now, there is no need. Besides," now I laughed, "Adolfo will marry no one tomorrow, Polito, nor the day after, nor for many days, because the proud colonel will never go into the cathedral and stand up before the people of Caracas with the face that he will be wearing tomor-

Polito put out a gauntleted hand. he questioned. "What?" have-?"

"I have done everything but kill him, my friend, and Manuel and his courageous intrigants stayed me just in time. Something in my blood calls for his life. We are proud, Polito, and he has called me ladrone. In New Orleans did he not try to kill me?"

Polito nodded, and many weary miles were put behind us before another word was spoken. The moon was yet an hour above the crest of the Carabobo hills when we passed through the sleeping hamlet of Cua and, turning our horses toward the southeast, took the broad road that led to Ocumare. From Ocumare we went south again, between fields of cane and maize, and of melons barely visible in the graying dawn.

Swiftly we took the gentle ascent approaching the broad range that is the barrier betwen the waters of the Orinoco and the Caribbean sea. We thundered through a canon, and a pass opened out ahead of us, a wide pass on the southern rim of a vast amphitheater. Here we stopped our panting horses and surveyed the scene ahead of us. Beyond the pass would lay, manifestly, the valley of the Orinoco, and the valley of the Orinoco would be, we knew, under control of those who served Bolivar.

"Polito," I said, "I do not know why you approach the lines of the revolutionists. You are, therefore, in danger, for a Spanish officer in the hands of Venezuelans who have heard, ere this, of Tucayan would have little chance for his life. Ocumare, with safety for you, lies not so far behind

He sat with head averted. "I do not care," he whispered; "could we

"You throw your life away, Senor; besides, the Senorita Dulce will surely need you."

"But, Senor," he whispered,

'will--?" I think it had been his desire to ask what chance I, in Spanish uniform, might have with the followers of Bolivar, but an interruption came, an interruption in the guise of a body of armed horsemen, who, approaching from the southward, appeared in the pass, weapons gleaming in the morn-

ing light. "I am terrified, Senor!"

I turned upon my companion in amazement, for Polito would never have said that. "Mother of G-d, Senorita, what madness is this?"

I had ridden beside her through the night, had talked of many things, What had I said, what stupid blunders had I made? I had professed a deathless love for her, and had failed to see through a simple disguise. But for that look of terror in her eyes I should have laughed.

"I-I would leave Caracas, Senor." She had given herself into my keeping, had permitted me to tell her of my love. Ah, that was a joy! Now the horsemen let out wild yells and bore down upon us.

me, grounded their guns, and waited. "There is no safety here for you.

#### News Review of Current Senorita; anyone who is Spanish-"You will be safe in Ocumare." Dismounting I caught the bridle of her **Events the World Over** horse and whirled him around toward

James M. Beck's Interesting Suggestions to Congress-Butler May Be G. O. P. Chairman-British Parliament in Action.

By EDWARD W. PICKARD

verging on Washington already in preparation for the session of congress that opens in December, and each

one seems to have his own ideas of what should be done to save the nation. The remedies they are ready to propose are as various as the men themselves, and at least some of those that are not too evidently put forward for the purpose of further embarrassing

an already troubled administration may be worth considering. President Hoover, it is reliably reported, hasn't yet made up his mind what it best to be done, and his cabinet members hold widely divergent views.

James M. Beck, Republican representative from Pennsylvania, is always listened to respectfully, and now, on his return from a trip to Europe, he has a lot to say. He decided the plight was due to "excessive taxation for socialistic purposes and fears the United States is in grave danger of being led into the same road. Mr. Beck suggests that the present example of the British should be followed by the formation of a coalition leadership of Republicans and Democrats In congress for the purpose of "abolishing unnecessary and meddlesome bu-

reaus" and effecting other economies. The Pennsylvanian estimates that probably two billions of dollars annually could be saved by temporarily suspending sinking fund requirements and by serapping such governmental machinery as the farm board, numerous bureaus of the Departments of Agriculture, Commerce and Labor and various commissions consecrated to paternalistic care of the citizenry in their occupations and in their homes, He favors only one additional kind of tax. He would have congress pronounce light wines and beer nonintoxicating in fact, which he says can be done constitutionally, and then impose an excise tax on such beverages, which he estimates would bring in half a billion dollars of revenue annually.

THAT amazing story of the defalca-L tions of Walter E. Wolfe, manager of the coupon department of the Continental Illinois bank of Chicago, was made almost complete by an announcement from Arthur Reynolds, chairman of the board of directors. He said that during twelve years Wolfe had stolen \$3,666,929,06, which makes his emered my horse, and I saw an acquisibezzlement the second largest in Amertive gleam in his black eyes. "A fine ican banking history.

The bank is covered by insurance up to \$2,000,000 and a charge against special reserves for the balance of \$1,666,929 was made, Mr. Rey-"Very well, Senor, though, unfornolds stated. He expressed the opinion, however, that this entire amount, over and above the insured Now he laughed, but his eyes were sum, would be recovered in time.

GOSSIP about national politics now includes discussion concerning will soon possess, Senor, will render the man who shall succeed Senator Simeon D. Fess of Chio as chairman of the Republcan na-

tional committee. It is granted that Mr. Hoover can have a renomination if he wishes it, so his choice will prevail as to the manager of the campaign. The one definite statement to date is that of the Boston Post, to the effect that for-

mer Senator William W. M. Butler. M. Butler of Massachusetts has been approached by close friends of President Hoover regarding his acceptance of the place. He was chairman during the administration of President Coolidge and directed his campaign. The Post says Mr. Butler was recently a week-end guest at the Rapidan camp and recommended Charles D. Hilles for the place. It was after this that he was himself asked if he would accept the chair-

manship. Some of the statesmen in Washington are talking of the availability of Lawrence C. Phipps, former senator from Colorado, as chairman. Those who favor him urge that his great wealth would help the committee in raising the large campaign fund that will be needed. Mr. Phipps maintains a handsome home in Washington. All this is long-distance talk, for the national committee does not meet until December, when it will choose a date and city for the 1932 convention.

NATIONAL Relief Director Gifford and his committee are as busy as bees co-ordinating the efforts of state and municipal governments to meet the job of caring for the unemployed next winter. President Hoover has added many names to the advisory board, so it now includes a great number of the country's leading men in all lines. It was believed these advisers would soon be called in ses-

Labor day gave occasion for numer-

OUR eminent statesmen are con- ous expressions concerning the situation by labor leaders, cabinet members, congressmen and others. In general the dole idea was condemned, but many agreed with William Green, head of the American Federation of Labor, who asserted that work must be provided the idle by industry. Governor Murray of Oklahoma, speaking at Chicago, vehemently attacked Wall Street and the international bankers, charging them with having upset the economic structure of the country. He called for a new deal in 1932 for the laborers and common people and freer lending to the producing classes. His talk so inded as if he were suggesting himself for President, as the candidate of a new party, for he assailed Repub-

> WHILE the London Bobbles with rubber batons struggled to disperse a mob of jobless men and Communists, British parliament

> licans and Democrats alike. So watch

out for "Alfalfa Bill."

opened its special session called to try to balance the budget. After the usual speech from the throne had been read, Prime Minister MacDonald, head of the new national government, offered a motion that the house

resolve itself into a committee of the whole for the speedy passage of the economy measures devised

the cabinet. He insisted on stating the resoludivision, tion was considered as a test of confidence. The result of the voting gave the government a majority of 59, the figures being 309 for and 250 against it. The Conservatives and most of the Liberals lined up with MacDonald, as did twelve members of the Labor party. Sir Oswald Moseley and his "new party" were in opposition, together with Arthur Henderson's Laborites.

The economy budget, as presented by Chancellor Snowden and accepted by the house, caused groans from the Laborite benches. Its principle features, summarized, are:

Taxes. Income-Standard rate raised six pence, bringing it to five shillings in

the pound (about \$1.25 in \$5), or 25 per cent. Beer-Increased one penny (two American cents) a pint.

Leaf tobacco-Increased eight pence (16 cents) a pound; other forms of tobacco proportionately.

Gasoline-Increased two pence (4 cents) a gallon. Entertainment-Movies and legitimate theaters, increased 16 2-3 per

Total new taxes this year, \$202,500,-000; next year, \$400,000,000.

Savings. Dole-Cut 10 per cent. Police wages-Cut to a sliding scale upward from five shillings

(about \$1.25) a week. School teachers' wages-Cut 15 per Civil servants of all kinds, from cab-

inet ministers down-Pay cuts rapging as high as 20 per cent. Heavy reductions in outlay for de-

fense services, education and road fund. An interesting incident was the an-

nouncement by King George that he desired a reduction of \$250,000 in his civil list of \$2,350,000, which is the annual income paid by the government to the crown.

Queen Mary and other members of the royal family joined the king's request for cuts in their parliamentary grants, and the prince of Wales, who derives his income solely from his duchy of Cornwall, estimated to be about \$350,000 per year, announced he intended to contribute \$50,000 to the national exchequer.

L OWELL Bayles of Springfield, Mass., who a few years ago was a miner working underground, is the new American king of the air, for he won the Thompson trophy race at the national air races in Cleveland, making the new record of an average speed of 236 miles an hour in his Gee Bee supersportster over the 100 mile closed course. His money reward was \$9,300. Among the seven rivals he beat was Maj. Jimmy Doolittle, whose achievements at the meet earned for him \$10,000. Of the women flyers Mrs, Mae Haizlip of St. Louis was the liggest money winner, her share being \$7,750. John Livingston of Aurora, Ill., captured six trophies and a lot of

TROUBLE between Japan and I China, always in the offing, seems to be getting nearer. The immediate reason is the shooting of Capt. Shintaro Nakamura, Japanese, as a spy by Chinese troops in Manchuria some weeks ago. The Japanese cabinet met early in the week to consider the matter and Minister of War Jiro Minami set forth the army's attitude. Recently he urged the government to take

a firm stand in dealing with the Chinese rulers of Manchuria, who have sought pretexts to delay answering queries from Tokyo. The vernacular press in Japan insists on strong measures against China.

Six military planes of the Ninth division at Kanazawa dropped 100,006 handbills that called the attention of the nation to the danger of Japanese interests in Manchuria being jeopardized. This is the first time the army has taken such unusual measures. The handbills said:

"Countrymen, awaken. The national defense is endangered."

WHAT the members of the League of Nations assembly termed a 'lamentable error" was rectified when the assembly met in Geneva and

almost immediately adopted a resolution inviting Mexico to join the league, The first business was the election of a president, and this honor was conferred on Nikolas Titulescu of Rumania, former foreign minister and now Rumanian ambassador to Great Britain, Then the matter of Mexico was

taken up.



N. Titulescu.

Lord Cecil of England said the admission of Mexico would rectify an error in the formation of the league, adding "I must admit I personally had a part in committing this error." He said the aid of Mexico was needed in the league's efforts to solve world problems. These sentiments were echoed by M. Briand of France, Signor Grandi of Italy, Curtius of Germany and Yoshizawa of Japan, and the resolution was adopted unanimously.

While the statesmen were paying tribute to Mexico, her observer at Geneva, Martinez de Alba, walked about the auditorium smiling and shaking hands with the leading delegates. The Mexican senate accepted the invitation and cabled its action to Geneva. The Mexicans feel that her position in the league will give Mexico prestige in the eye of other Latin American nations.

FOLLOWING close on the announcement that the farm board will sell 15,000,000 bushels of its wheat to China comes the news that Germany is dickering for the purchase of 200,-000 tons from the same source. Of course both lots would be sold on long term credits, and many Americans doubt that we ever will receive payment.

Of the wheat for China one-half will be turned into flour before it leaves the United States, in order to pacify the American millers. The shipments will be 50,000 tons monthly, the first to go before October 1. Carl Williams said American shipping lines would have a chance to carry this wheat and flour, but must meet competition: in other words, be willing to carry the grair across 'he Pacific at the lower rates bid by other

MORE than sixty experts on rural problems met at the University of Chicago to try to formulate an economic policy for farm relief. Their sessions were behind closed doors, but those who consented to be interviewed between sessions held out little immediate encouragement for farmers, especially those depending on cotton and wheat.

The policies of the farm board came in for condemnation on the part of many representatives, who declared that the board's policy of discouraging production of such crops a. wheat and cotton was detrimental.

CHILE'S naval mutiny ended almost as suddenly as it began and peace once more reigns in that country, officially, at least. The rebels, who objected to vari-



the warships held by the mutineers, dropping bombs that sank some destroyers and damaged the battleship La Torre. Then literature vas

Gomez. rebels they had no chance, so they gave up. Their officers, including Rear Admiral Gomez commander of the fleet, were set free and resumed their commands and the craft were taken to Valparaiso and Port Tongoy.

The government has started ar investigation into the guilt of those involved, more than 2,700 enlisted men and petty officers. Other hundreds of men, some of them in the army, took part in the seizure of the bases at Talcahuano and Valparaiso. It is alleged that Communists stirred up the whole affair.

The nation was generous in praise of the conduct of the aviation division, and attaches of embassies and legations remarked that it was the first time in a Latin-American revolt that aircraft had conquered a navy to protect a government.

The senate proposed to the cabinet that one of the outstanding beroes of the rebellion, Lieut. Fernando de La Paz, be raised to the rank of major. The lieutenant defended single-handed the powder magazi . at Talcahuano and killed seven insurgent soldlers with seven shots

when they tried to rush him. (2. 1931, Western Newspaper Union )

## Claim Persimmon Tree Native of New England

persimmon tree is a native of New England, having been found apparently wild in Rhode Island and Connecticut. It is much better known and more beautiful down south, where it is an

orchard tree. Unfortunately it is not hardy enough around Boston to produce the fruit, although it is fairly common here and prized for its leafage and flowers. It is looked upon as one of the most promising of American native trees as a subject for experimentation and im-

provement. "The wood of the American persimmon is hard and close grained, and the so-called heartwood, which is so slow in forming that a hundred years may pass before it is definitely developed, becomes almost black in them lives next door to us .- Huold individuals," says J. G. Black in | morist.

It is not generally known that the I the Arnold Arboretum bulletin. "It is from trees of this genus, which is known to include from 175 to 200 named species, that the ebony of commerce is derived, particularly from the variety found in Indian and Ceyion and in the Dutch East Indies."

The persimmon in the north, here in America, often passes unnoticed among many other trees of different families, but with somewhat similar foliage. The bark is dark gray or brown tinged with red, and is deeply divided into thick, square plates .-Boston Globe.

Take Him a Distance

"We have in England today a number of young musicians who should go far," declares a composer. One of