

THE VALE OF ARAGON

By **FRED McLAUGHLIN**

Autor of

"The Blade of Picardy"

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THE STORY

In New Orleans, in 1821, Loren Garde, recently an officer under General Jackson, is 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 opponent is Adolfo de Fuentes, colonel in the Spanish army in Venezuela. Garde overhears a plot to overthrow Spanish rule in 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 Lamartina. He loves her, but does not reveal his love. The vessel is wrecked. Garde reaches the Venezuelan shore, alone. He encounters a stranger and sees Dulce. The stranger, Captain Monahan of the British legion under Bolivar, 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 price of Garde's life. They reveal their mutual love. Garde is made prisoner. From De Fuentes he learns Dulce has disappeared. He is rescued from prison by a revolutionist, Manuel, and with Polito sets out for Bolivar's camp. They are intercepted by Venezuelan soldiers. Garde discovers his companion of the night has been Polito. Dulce is dismayed by his lack of perception. Dulce escapes, but Garde is seized. His captor is Colonel Pini. Garde is brought before Bolivar.

CHAPTER VII—Continued

"Mannel rides a horse as well as he does a ship," said Francisco, slipping in his dark eyes.

"Aye, friend of mine," I whispered, "he is most opportune." For I felt that Mannel would save me.

The sailor pushed through the crowd of curious Indians who had gathered to look upon the great general, and Bolivar, striding forward to meet him, threw his arms around the broad shoulders. "My ugly angel," he cried, deep affection in his voice, "I have not seen thee for months! What brings thee in such haste from Caracas?"

Mannel grinned at the rest of us. "Caracas, General, is boiling." His dancing eyes considered me. "Where is the Senorita?"

"Aye," said Monahan laughing, "did he not boast?"

"The next man who asks me about the Senorita, Mannel, shall feel the weight of my fist."

The sailor's keen insight read the menace in the air. "This man, general, belongs to us, he is one of us."

"Yet he comes in the garb of Spain."

"A garb that I myself procured. You should have seen me." He laughed. "I am perched like a rooster, on the comb of a roof in the moonlight, a piece of heavy tiling in my hand, waiting for a tall Spanish officer to pass beneath me. I was amazed to discover that Caracas is filled with short fat officers." He stopped to laugh again. "Finally one, a captain, approached. Upon his head I deposited the piece of tiling, and upon his flattened body I deposited myself. In two minutes he was minus the uniform the Americano now wears, which, in truth, is grievously inadequate."

Bolivar laughed, a rich, ringing laugh that meant life to me. "And the city," he said, "is boiling because of that? What more?"

"There is little more, General. The beautiful Senorita Lamartina is lost, and all the forces of Caracas have failed to find her. My part of the escapade of the Americano—who has aided us tremendously, and who comes to offer service to our cause—was too evident, so further stay in the city was impossible. Lastly, La Torre plans a move against the armies of Your Excellency."

"It is good news, Manuel, for we shall be ready." Bolivar considered a long moment. "What of the Spanish officer who rode last night with this Americano?"

"There was no Spanish officer, General, who rode with him. The resemblance between the Senorita and her brother, Lieutenant Polito, is a very striking thing."

"You mean to tell us, Mannel, that she—"

"Aye, General." The swarthy sailor laughed. "She used Polito's broken head, and his cold, and the all-enveloping cloak to hide her identity; and she rides a horse as well as anyone."

Bolivar smiled. "Yet the tale that he brought us was so impossible."

I turned to the Liberator: "If His Excellency, having forgiven me, cares to make use of a stupid clod I would offer service to him. I can, at least, furnish a man's portion of brawn."

Now Bolivar took me by the hand and smiled into my eyes. "Francisco has told me much of you. If Andrew Jackson has looked upon you with favor—"

Francisco interrupted. "I have the proof, Excellency, here in my pocket." He drew out the thin leathern wallet that had been in my possession when I had played so poorly the part of San Isidro. In that wallet I had carried, since a few days after the battle of Chalmette, a piece of paper torn from the fly-leaf of my French grammar, upon which Gen. Andrew Jackson had written a statement the night he had stayed at my father's house; a statement, which, worthless in itself, has been my dearest possession. "May I read, Excellency, what I have found in the wallet of young Garde?"

Bolivar turned to me. "Aye, Excellency, if it will make of me a soldier under your banner."

So Francisco, bearing in mind the general's limited knowledge of English, read it very slowly:

"Major Loren Garde has offered valiant service to his country; he has fought with conspicuous gallantry at Talladega, at Horseshoe Bend, at Pensacola, and at Chalmette. A worthy son of a worthy soldier father."

"It is signed, Excellency," Francisco said, "Andrew Jackson."

"One could not have come to me," said Bolivar, "more highly recommended. If General Jackson has seen fit to commission you a major, surely I can do no less."

"But, Excellency," I cried, "it is too much—it is more than I deserve. I cannot hope—"

"It shall be done, Major; Francisco has said you will make a good soldier, and Francisco's judgment is never at fault."

Such was my first meeting with the Liberator, to whom half of South America owes its independence, and all of the western world offers homage.

Colonel Pini, the sophist, extended his hand. "I congratulate you, Major."

Intuition told me that Pini would never be my friend, a contingency which worried me not at all.

The weeks that followed my first meeting with General Bolivar were busy weeks indeed, for La Torre was massing the forces of Spain to break the ever tightening republican lines, and the Liberator moved to meet him.

My days, filled with feverish activity, went by, and quiet nights under the stars were given over to worship at the shrine of Love, for the face of Dulce was ever before me. She seemed to be calling, calling, and I have awakened—crying out her name—from dreams that were so real I could almost have touched her. And, because of the desperation of my love, I became a better soldier, knowing that this nightmare of murder—as she called it—would be over only when Bolivar had won, for he was not a man to stop short of victory. Then I could seek her out.

I met, during those days, Gen. Daniel O'Leary, Irish soldier and outstanding figure of the British legion, to whom Venezuela today renders homage; Moore, Bolivar's doctor, a vivacious English gentleman; Marino, his chief of staff, Gen. Belford Wilson, veteran, and son of Sir Robert Wilson of Pensacola fame; Paez, chief of the llaneros, and later President of Venezuela more than once, and Cedeno, Bermudez, Plaza and Urdaneta. The high-sounding rank and titles that they carried took the place of pay they didn't receive.

Under us were English, Irish, Portuguese, negroes, half-breeds, Indians, lean llaneros, the mixed riffraff of cities, and a few American adventurers from the States. A motley crowd indeed, and hardly one that a man might pick to win an empire, yet the genius of Bolivar won them over, touched them with the divine spark of patriotism, and made of this composite crew an army that finally crushed the power of Spain in Venezuela.

One mild May morning, as the sun stood an hour above the heights of San Casimiro, we broke through the Carabobo hills and descended upon the little city of Cura. Having no garrison it fell readily into our hands, then we deployed, east and west and north, to invest the town of Maracay, for that was our goal, that the first long stride in the race for Puerto Cabello. I remembered well the last

words of Bolivar to him who commanded the center of our attacking lines. He had embraced our colonel and had said, "Remember, Pini, we take the town of Maracay—and hold it." And Colonel Pini, had saluted, proud of this glorious mission, for Pini, however much he may have failed, had no lack of courage.

On the broad fertile valley that lies to the east of Lake Valencia we met the enemy; Paez, east of us, and Plaza, to the west, attacking at the same time. The history of Venezuela calls this battle only a skirmish, for it failed of its goal because the body cannot go forward if the wings are dragging. In our unit were two hundred of the British legion and over four hundred Indians, and despite the dragging wings, we pushed onward until we touched the town, which, after an hour of fiercely contested fighting, fell.

Our Indian soldiers, out of hand with joy over this hard-won victory, ran, yelling and shooting, through the narrow streets. In an hour they had found wine and rum, and other drinks to satisfy them, and so became, at last, more tractable under the commands of their officers.

I had given strict orders to my battalion that no captives, wounded or well, should be murdered, which had been, up to this time, the general procedure in the frightful "war of death" that Morales had inaugurated and that both sides were waging; so squads were roaming over the city, carrying to the nearest available houses wounded men for treatment.

At one of these houses I found Captain Monahan. He was leaning against an adobe wall, hands in the pockets of his tan and gray jacket, noisome pipe tilted at a rakish angle, and idle eyes upon a western sun.

"Why do you stand there," I laughed; "will the poor walls fall if you remove your support?"

"I am waiting," said he, disregarding my levity, "for Colonel Pini to come to his senses."

"Then you have a long wait, my captain, for Pini will never arrive."

"The Lamartina boy is inside," he pointed over his shoulder with an indifferent thumb. "He wants to see you."

"Is he wounded, Monahan?"

"Not much."

"Did he say anything about his—?"

"To me?" The Irishman grinned again. "I'm not chasing moonbeams, Garde, I'm no sighing Romeo; I'm a soldier."

"And a good one, my friend," said I, stooping to pass the portal.

"Polito—very pale, very frail—lay upon a crude bed of straw. His eyes lighted up when he saw me, and as he raised a left hand, I assumed that his right was useless. 'The—the moon-wraith,' he said."

I opened his jacket, thrust the shirt aside, and found a bullet wound below the collar-bone. "Not so bad," I assured Polito; "it missed the lung. I am certain. You should be out in a month. Who was in command of this sector, Polito?"

"Adolfo." He tried to smile . . . a very sorry effort. "Why did—did you not keep her, Senor, when you had the chance? She rode away from Caracas with you."

"And I sent her back to the lines of Spain, realizing too late that she was not yourself. The revolutionists approached, and her life would have been endangered. My love for her should have seen through so simple a masquerade. I seem always to fail. Did she—I had some difficulty with my voice—'did she marry Colonel Fuentes?'"

He shook his head, sighing the while. "Adolfo waits." He offered another feeble smile. "Dulce is difficult, Senor."

"Does she speak of—of me, Polito?"

He nodded. "I think she feels that your regard should have read a mere disguise."

"And so it should, Senor, had I been thinking less of my own affairs. Forgive me, Polito, I am thinking, as usual, only of myself. I shall see that a medico comes to attend you at once."

"I would repay you." He thought a long moment. "You cannot hold the advantage you have gained, Senor, for Paez and Plaza, having failed, will permit our wings to close in upon the city."

I nodded.

"Your lines of communication, once broken . . ."

I nodded again, for I knew then why Monahan awaited the pleasure of Colonel Pini, and I realized the danger of the dilatory tactics of our colonel.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Inheritance Laws Born in Private Ownership

Among our primitive ancestors there were no such things as a will or even inheritance by a limited number of heirs, because there was nothing to inherit or to will. All property was community property. When a man died he simply ceased to use the common property "pool," and without any formalities the surviving members of the group continued to make use of it.

When private ownership of things and land came to be recognized, the governing unit—village, tribe or state—found that it had to take some action when a man died, leaving property. If nothing were done, anyone who happened to be near or strong might seize the ownerless property, even though he were a total stranger to or even an enemy of its former owner. Tribal concepts of fair play came into operation, and it was recognized that the dead man's family

should have first claim to his former belongings. From this developed the customs and laws of inheritance which have taken varied, and in some cases, very complex forms, in different parts of the world.—National Geographic Society Bulletin.

Curiosity of Nature

The famous "ice mine" in Pennsylvania is located at Condorsport. It is located on a mountain side and mystifies scientists. The ice does not form from water but because of a peculiar mist coming through the openings, and the hotter the day the faster it forms, until huge icicles appear.

Secret of Salesmanship

Salesmanship isn't primarily a matter of goods at all, but of knowing and understanding people.—American Magazine.

Vogue for Light-Top Velvet Gowns

By **CHERIE NICHOLAS**



IT'S fashionable for frocks to go light at the top this season. Many of the smartest models both for daytime and evening wear carry this message. The idea of contrasting a dark dress with a light top is a gesture of the mode which is running the gamut of expression in that designers are playing it up in every key and color.

For sports, school and general about-town frocks the scheme is carried out very simply yet very strikingly. The ensemble which includes a dress with a white or bright yoke and sleeves together with a jacket of the darker material is about as practical and attractive a costume as a woman can wear during the early autumn days.

Just now, owing to the enthusiasm shown for lightweight woollens many of the smartest frocks are fashioned of brown, green, wine-colored or navy sheer wool crepe with yokes, sleeves and trimming touches of novelty wool weaves, perhaps embroidered effects or lacy stripes and plaids, for the new woollens are perfect marvels when it comes to novelty and color combinations.

As to the more formal afternoon and evening gowns there is no end to the charming things which are being done with velvet together with lace and glittering sheer tops. A fashion which is acclaimed as outstanding is the costume which is made of velvet in two or more colors—black velvet with a

top of white or bright velvet or perhaps dark brown with an orange velvet yoke and other equally as delicate color combinations.

A stunning example of this type is shown to the right in the picture. This very chic bridge costume (it is also suitable for dining and the theater) is fashioned of black transparent velvet for the lower portion with sheer sand colored velvet for the blouse top. The hat is of black velvet faced with beach-sand grosgrain.

The enthusiasm for velvet used in color combinations is reflected in the newest scarfs which are often made of sheerest possible velvet, in such striking effects as bright green with brown or rust color with navy or black with white as the case may be. A fetching note is the dark velvet dress which has a scarflike arrangement of light-colored velvet, such as a very decorative light green velvet bow with long graceful streamer ends the same posed on one shoulder.

An adorable formal is illustrated to the left. This beautiful black velvet gown sounds the glittering note in its pointed bodice top which is of white chiffon, the same exquisitely embroidered with sequins and pearls. The program of evening fashions is largely a matter of frocks of this type which are enhanced either with lovely lace or intriguing embroidered effects on sheer backgrounds.

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SEASON OF HIGH COLOR PROMISED

There is a great deal of color in Paris. The amount of color prevailing in French fashion collections is watched with much interest. Most of it shows the influence of the French Colonial exposition.

The lighting and setting of the exposition is superb, and the reds and browns shown in the Paris fall collections are replicas of the roofs, the cornices and lacquered pillars of the Madagascar and Indo-China buildings and the many shades of white are Tunisian, Moroccan and Martinique in feeling. One of the buildings in its verdigris green certainly has furnished a handsome color motif for French designers.

There are also pastels like the pinks, blues, yellows and greens seen in the fountains at the exposition.

Generally speaking, colors most in evidence in the new style showings emphasize geranium, many browns, from beige to nigger, emerald green, soft greens, considerable red and wine tones, also yellow and orange. There is much black and white. Gray is also in high fashion as it combines with brown or black. Aubergine is a favorite shade, being one of the deep purple casts so highly regarded. Ombre effects in velvet are introduced by Vionnet for gowns and wraps.

Black, brown, gray and blue, also dark green, prevail for street clothes.

Feathers Used to Trim Gowns in Fall Offerings

Fine feathers for fine ladies seem to be the edict of the style world. In addition to the many feather-trimmed hats, Paris is now producing gowns trimmed with coque feathers and ostrich tips.

Ostrich tips are used in the V-neck lines of frocks as a frame for the face, while the coque feathers are used at the hem of short capes and jackets worn in the evening.

Red in All Shades

Red is the most talked-of color for fall. The shades vary all the way from brick to dark carmine, including geranium, magenta and borderon. A rich wine red promises to be the most fashionable tint.

Beret of Velvet Ribbon

By **CHERIE NICHOLAS**



In the early Paris millinery collections felt was in the lead, but later showings are reacting in favor of velvet. Many smart berets are made entirely of velvet ribbon. The model illustrated is a likable fashion for the schoolgirl. The original is in beige and brown, but it would be as effective in any of the new color combinations.

House Jackets Appear in Sports Wear Guise

Bright-colored coats resembling old-fashioned house jackets are a new wrinkle for Paris sports wear. They consist of a short straight piece across the back, reaching just below the shoulder blades and attached to long sleeves. The coats, worn over white sports frocks, are made of bright lightweight wool banded at the wrist in different colors.

Tight Undersleeves in Contrasting Colors

Vestees and tight undersleeves of contrasting light color are smart new notes on early frocks. Black marocain and roman frocks are designed with white crepe de chine lace-trimmed vestees and tight white sleeves reaching to the elbow to meet the flaring black upper sleeve.

Sea's "Undertow"

The coast and geodetic survey says while it has not studied the matter, the existence of the phenomenon known as undertow is generally recognized by competent authorities on the subject of waves.—Washington Star.

Multiplied Misfortunes

There is scarcely a calamity which does not find mention in the "Iliad." Therefore, a succession of misfortunes is sometimes called "an Iliad of woes."

Hammer Man's First Tool?

The first tool evolved by ancient man is believed to have been the hammer. At first the hammer was a stone held in the hand. Next a strip of skin was wrapped around it, and finally the hammer took the form of a real invention when man gave it a handle by means of a stick fastened firmly to the stone with rawhide or the stout fibers of some plant.—Gas Logic.

"Mammy Trees" Protected

Seed trees left by a large lumber company operating in Arkansas and Louisiana have been dubbed "mammy trees" by negro cutters, who zealously guard against cutting them down. Several large trees previously marked with a distinguishing white streak are left on each acre to assure the seeding in of a new crop of young trees, according to the United States Department of Agriculture.

Appeasing the Dead

The expression "to appease his manes" means to do when a person is dead what would have pleased him when he was alive. The spirit or ghost of the dead was called his "manes" by the Romans, and it was supposed never to rest quietly in the grave as long as survivors left its wishes unfulfilled. February 19 was the day when all the living sacrificed to the shades of dead relatives and friends.

Buffalo Bill's Ancestry

According to the biography of Buffalo Bill, compiled by his sister, Mrs. Helen Cody Wetmore, the family is descended from Milesius, a king of Spain, whose three sons founded the first dynasty in Ireland. The Cody family is descended through the son Heremon. Several members of the family emigrated to America in 1787 and settled in Maryland, Pennsylvania and Virginia. Buffalo Bill was born in Scott county, Iowa.

Earth as Seen From Above

The following is a quotation from Professor Piccard's story of his trip to the stratosphere: "At an altitude of 16,000 meters the earth is a marvelous sight. Yet it is terrifying, too. As we rose, the earth seemed at times like a huge disk, with an upturned edge, rather than the globe it is. The bluish mist of the atmosphere grew red-tinted and the earth seemed to go into a copper-colored cloud, and then all but disappear in a haze."

Leprosy in Lower Animals

There are no records of leprosy having been transmitted from rats to human beings, either by bite, association or other means. There is a disease of rats known as rat leprosy, but it has not been shown conclusively that it is the same as leprosy that affects human beings. If a pet rat appears to have any disease, either rat leprosy or any other affection, it is believed it is to the best interest of all that the animal be killed.—Washington Star.



When TEETHING makes HIM FUSSY

One of the most important things you can do to make a teething baby comfortable is to see that little bowels do their work of carrying off waste matter promptly and regularly. For this nothing is better than Castoria, a pure vegetable preparation specially made for babies and children. Castoria acts so gently you can give it to young infants to relieve colic. Yet it is always effective, for older children, too. Remember, Castoria contains no harsh drugs, no narcotics—is absolutely harmless. When your baby is fretful with teething or a food upset, give a cleansing dose of Castoria. Be sure you get genuine Castoria with the name:

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