

THE VALE OF ARAGON

By FRED McLAUGHLIN

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CHAPTER IX

The Spirit of the Dead

Of the six hundred and fifty men who had gone so blithely to the investment of the town of Maracay, scarce four hundred remained; starvelings trapped in a strip of jungle that lies between the Valencia range and the sea; blocked on the north by the sea itself, on the south by an army patrolling the road that followed the crest of the range, and menaced in the rear by an ever approaching body of well-accoutered and well-fed Spanish troops. Adolfo de Fuentes himself led them, and it must have afforded him a deal of joy.

"If we had Bolívar—" Monahan ventured.

Doctor Lindsay laughed. "Does our Irish Venezuelan patriot, who comes from Killarney, and who, therefore, must believe in fairies, imagine that General Bolívar might free us from this impasse?"

"Sure," said the Irishman; "at a word from Simon Bolívar men will spring, full-armed, like spirits out of the earth. But we haven't the spirit of Bolívar with us now; instead, we have a spineless jellyfish who sits and broods over his blunders, knowing that we face starvation or capture by the Paerto Cabello garrison when the army behind us shall have pushed us westward to the mouth of this funnel of jungle that holds us helpless."

Ten days before this a vastly superior force had pushed us out of Maracay. Fighting every foot of the way we had been beaten back, ever back. Eastward and northward we had gone, contending desperately, hopelessly, yet never giving up; each night finding us farther into the Spanish area, weaker, less able to endure, with a morale that gave way with the slow passage of time.

Between Colonel Pini and myself an armed truce existed. Whether, by some miraculous turn of good fortune, we won free, or whether the malevolent jungle or the Spaniards claimed us, the result to me would be the same; for the friendship of a few trusted aides of Bolívar might never save me in a court, because I was guilty and could not offer a defense.

Yet no apprehension of what Pini might do to me could prevail against my happiness, because I had seen the Senorita again, had caught the tender cadences of her voice, had won forgiveness.

As the days went by the shoulders of our soldiers drooped, the light went out of their eyes, and the flesh went off their bodies, for food we had almost none; and the desperate heat of the overwhelming jungle sickened them, and the gloom and silence of this dread desolation entered their souls, yet that vital spark still burned within them.

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 forgotten, 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 spouted 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 theimps who had just escaped from the blazing tumult that devoured the jungle.

On we went, ever southward, down the forested incline that led toward the vast basin of Lake Valencia. East of Valencia we swept across the fields



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

that were checkered with green and brown. Free, at last, of enemy interference, we skirted the lake and bent our steps toward the town of Tinaquillo, near which, we knew, would lie the lines of Bolívar, 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 Bolívar 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

Sacred Manuscripts in Profusion in Chicago

Rare gospel manuscripts, dating back several centuries, have come to light in the Greek, Armenian and Syrian colonies of Chicago, the Chicago Association of Commerce announces. Recent discoveries of important manuscripts have revealed Chicago as a rich hunting ground comparable with aged cities of Europe and the Near East.

The latest discovery, which has been purchased by the New Testament department of the University of Chicago, is a Thirteenth-century manuscript of the gospels in Greek, and is regarded by experts as being one of the finest known pieces of cursive, or running-hand script, writing in any collection. The manuscript was brought into the

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 Bolívar 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. Bolívar, 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 Bolívar there was the wise and suave Marino, chief of staff; Urdaneta, whom the general called Rafael, a faithful follower of Bolívar, who, for many years after the death of the Liberator, served his country with brilliance and distinction; Paez, chief of the llaneros, Plaza, Cedeno, 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. Santini, 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 bloodshot 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 Bolívar, 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 forbidding silence—for many of these men knew of my mad worship of the Senorita. 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 Bolívar.

"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 Bolívar—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."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Velvet in Favor for Milady's Hat

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



IF YOU get the idea as leading Paris designers would convey it via their fall and winter collections, there is only one type of hat to wear successfully with a velvet dress, suit or wrap, and that is a velvet hat. Therefore, seeing that fashion is advancing by leaps and bounds toward a "velvet season"—here's the glory of the velvet chapeau!

Then, too, when one stops to think how charming and flattering is the hat made of velvet, small wonder is it that the world of fashion is so enthusiastically going velvet-hatted this season.

The new velvet hats are the sort every woman "loves to wear"—so utterly feminine, so reminiscent of quaint and romantic fashions which flourished in periods of the past, yet without so chic and brought up to the minute in feeling, they make instant appeal to the most modern minded.

The models pictured are five "reasons why" a definite and persistent call for the velvet hat is assured for the coming months. Dark green velvet fashions the first stunning chapeau, for green in every degree, from vivid to deepest tones, are prominent in the present style picture. Other colors spotlighted for fall and winter are browns and wine tones, with emphasis placed on rust and capucine shades, with now and then a call for bright blue. The importance of black is outstanding.

The black velvet hat which is featured throughout latest collections is for the most part metal-trimmed or it sports a perky feather, for the trailing, drooping ostrich is not as popular as it was. Indeed, some of the newest hats are extremely plain bows and twists of self-velvet, or velvet in a contrasting color, being used in simple fashion. Coque spirals trim many a hat, and Paris modistes are exploiting considerable osprey and paradise. A wise owl-head of beige and green

tingly feathers blinks its beady eyes to admiring observers as it adorns the side of the little cap-shaped green velvet hat shown at the top to the right in the illustration. The opposite side of this youthful model comes down low over the ear in chic berry fashion. It is one of Madour's smartest fall hats.

It's trimmed with a pink rose, is the cunning black velvet chapeau below to the left in the picture. It is just such shapes as this, so startling a departure from what we have been wearing, that call for an artful hairdress of curls, wavelets and even a "bow-catcher" over the forehead, if you please. Of course, the hat must be worn "just so" to get the proper effect—titled over one eye, exposing the coiffure at one side.

Black velvet, with a shower of bird of paradise plumage, tells the story of the handsome profile hat to the right, which is voguish for the smart Parisienne, but when it comes to American women osprey and bird of paradise trimmings are by order of the court taboo, and so milliners on this side of the water are using glycerined ostrich and vulture feathers, likewise pheasant tails after the manner here pictured.

There's a lot to be said in regard to the fetching little hat shown in the circle, for it is highly typical of the newest millinery trend. It is of brown velvet. The ruche at the side is all green velvet, thus adding a dramatic note of color.

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LADIES NOT STOUT, JUST "JUNOESQUE"

There are still a lot of generously proportioned ladies in the world, but they are no longer stout ladies. They are merely "Juno-esque," according to Baron de Meyer, famous French stylist and designer.

That's the only way to refer to the woman of ample avoidupois now, the Baron insists in Harper's Bazaar. And going back into Roman mythology a little, he points out that Juno, a heavy-weight goddess, was as much admired in her way as the slimmer Venus.

And for such ladies as are best described by his newly-coined classical term, the French designer recommends the bolero, a short jacket with or without sleeves. This garment, when it is adroitly cut and hangs loose about the hips, makes it difficult to ascertain whether the wearer is a Juno or a Venus, he declares.

Short Jackets Will Be Popular Again This Fall

Coats in astrakhan or ponyskin have large collars of the same fur. Short jackets which will be popular again, fit the figure snugly, usually with a belt, made of closely-cut fur. Lelong is showing one in summer ermine with stripes of white giving it a pattern. The collar rises at the back of the neck and descends in revers and there is a belt of brown calfskin.

Worth makes a smart sports jacket of leopard fur in double-breasted eton cut with revers and cuffs of golden-brown flannel Jersey. It has short sleeves and is worn with long gloves of golden-brown glaze kid, the newest shade for hand-covering here.

Yteb is making novel little fur pelterines with frocks or slim coats. The back is cut in an upward curve to suggest a yoke, so the pieces which fall over the arms give a broad-shouldered effect and the front is finished with a scarf.

Jacket Dress for Fall



Eggshell takes the place of white in this lighter-top jacket dress of light-weight wool. The leopard-dyed lapin trimming is noteworthy.

Skirt Blouse

A practical investment for the older schoolgirl consists of a dark wool skirt of brown, dark green or Spanish tile, with two practical blouses, one of white jersey and the other of beige light-weight wool. Both blouses are made in overblouse style, with narrow belt.

Flyer Escapes Volcano

Flying for the first time over the Aniakchak volcano in Alaska, 21 miles in circumference, a plane, piloted by Harry Blume and carrying a mechanic and a passenger, was sucked by the hot gases into the crater. The plane was pulled insistently toward the pit, and only by a sudden dive away from the hot mouth, did the pilot save the ship from plunging in. Sulphur fumes were noticeable 40 miles from the pit and at more than 6,000 feet in the air, the flyers reported.—Popular Mechanics Magazine.

"Lucile is the Happiest Girl"

So many mothers nowadays talk about giving their children fruit juices, as if this were a new discovery. As a matter of fact, for over fifty years, mothers have been accomplishing results far surpassing anything you can secure from home prepared fruit juices, by using pure, wholesome California Fig Syrup, which is prepared under the most exacting laboratory supervision from ripe California Figs, richest of all fruits in laxative and nourishing properties.



It's marvelous to see how bilious, weak, feverish, sallow, constipated, under-nourished children respond to its gentle influence; how their breath clears up, color flames in their cheeks, and they become sturdy, playful, energetic again. A Western mother, Mrs. H. J. Stoll, Valley P. O., Nebraska, says: "My little daughter, Roma Lucile, was constipated from babyhood. I became worried about her and decided to give her some California Fig Syrup. It stopped her constipation quick; and the way it improved her color and made her pick up made me realize how run-down she had been. She is so sturdy and well now, and always in such good humor that neighbors say she's the happiest girl in the West."

Like all good things, California Fig Syrup is imitated, but you can always get the genuine by looking for the name "California" on the carton.

Guardian Angel on Job

At Utica, N. Y., Charles Merritt received only a minor scratch when his automobile struck a dog, rolled over four times, smashed a water hydrant, crashed into a telephone pole, and tore down 25 feet of fence. The automobile was wrecked completely.

Now You Need Not Fear Coughs

It is always important to get a cough under control as quickly as possible. Too often it may otherwise prove the forerunner of something far more serious. One sure way to banish the fear of coughs and colds is to have in your medicine chest a bottle of B. & M., The Penetrating Germicide. Keep it ready for instant use when anyone in your family develops symptoms of a cold in the chest or a sore throat. Use B. & M. externally, just as you would a mustard plaster. You will find it many times as efficient and it gets quick results. Order from your regular druggist, or send us his name and \$1.25 and we will send a full-size bottle postpaid. Valuable booklet free on request. F. E. Rollins Co., 53 Beverly St., Boston, Mass. (Adv.)

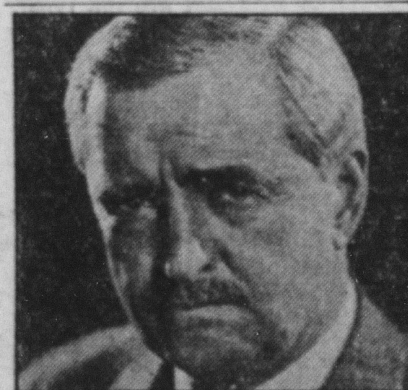
Much to Unlearn

What's the use? You are content in the belief that you know everything and then you get educated and discover you don't know anything.—Los Angeles Times.

Direct

Secretary—What did you wish to speak to Mr. Smith about?
Wife (of Mr. Smith)—You.

Don't seek friends—make 'em; and the way to do that is to sacrifice yourself to some degree.



Are you too old for your job?

Into the life of every one comes a time when we notice the years slipping by, and we see people we considered youngsters catching up to us in business. This feeling usually goes hand in hand with irritability. Tiredness and lack of "pep" are also symptoms.

When you get that feeling, take stock of yourself. You will probably find that the old job is getting you. You need a change.

If you can't afford to go away, take the finest of all remedies for that "fagged-out" feeling—Fellows' Syrup.

After a few doses of this perfect tonic, the job will again "look good" to you, and you will greet every morning with a smile.

FELLOWS' SYRUP