



The Vale Of Aragon

By Fred McLaughlin
Author of 'The Blade of Picardy' W.N.U. SERVICE
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CHAPTER XIII—Continued

Pabloito cried out in surprise. "But he told me, Senor, that he was, and he—"

Lopez swore softly. "What trick is this, Senor; if the prisoner is not the Lieutenant Polito, who is he?"

"Lieutenant Lamartina is safe in Puerto Cabello ere this; his sister, the Senorita Dulce, stands before you."

"Ah, Loren, Loren, I would have saved thee!"

"But not thyself."

Lopez took off his cap. "What motive, Senorita, would you have thus to masquerade as your brother?"

"Ah, my captain," I laughed, "may one question the motive of a lady whose heart is full of dreams, one who has looked, perchance, upon the moon?"

The captain bowed to the Senorita. "My task is not so simple, neither are my duties to my liking; yet my orders—"

"Are to be obeyed," I said. "May I request, my captain, that you offer escort to the Senorita so she may return in safety to the home of Senora Ybarra? This will be my only request."

"Assuredly."

"No, Loren, no! I would not leave thee—"

"Ah, Dulce mia!"

"Yes, Loren, I am trying. Can you not see me smile? I am smiling—smiling bravely—as you would have me do. I want you to know that I am brave; you will remember me so—will you not, Loren—that I am b-brave?"

"Aye, my own."

"Then kiss me—and hold me to your heart again—and I will go. Adios, my—my moon-wraith. I—I have never believed that you are real. . . . Just something fine and noble that was in my dreams."

CHAPTER XIV

Dawn

Ah, the melancholy silence of my prison, the horror of the dragging hours, the deep darkness, for the Senorita, having left, had taken with her all the light of the world. . . . had taken my soul, my love, my life, and there was left to me only an empty husk. This I cast upon the rude couch and tried vainly to speed the measured minutes, courting sleep unavailingly.

I had given to the cause of Liberty and Venezuela all I had, had striven as desperately in her behalf as the most earnest patriot had striven, had been—so I believed—a potent force in the winning of freedom for her, and I had come to this. The dead hand of Colonel Pini could hold in check any one of my friends who might have offered assistance to me. Dead, he stood between me and liberty—which would have meant also love and happiness—and the shadow of his spirit dimmed my little world.

In my despair the face of Dulce came to me again. I heard in fancy the music of her voice, and my prison was filled with the glory of her presence, for at last I slept. And, sleeping, I saw the straight sturdy figure of my father with his fair hair and his clear resolute eyes; I saw the gracious lady who was my mother, and the slim, swaying figure of that exquisite little sister of mine, who, at fifteen, had given promise of great beauty. They would miss me, for they loved me, and they had given me very much indeed.

Three years had passed since I had seen them, three years that I had spent in Europe while the study of the rise and fall of races had held me, for it had been my desire to become a writer of history. I would write no history now, yet I had lived it. I had taken part in what would doubtless prove to be the last battle between my own people and their Anglo-Saxon brothers across the sea, and I had also taken part in that battle which had broken for ever the hold of Spain upon the western hemisphere. Aye, in a few short years I had lived a deal of history.

So, with the face of Dulce, smiling bravely, coming to me out of the gloom, and fading again, and the vivid pictures of my youth and my young manhood passing before me in swift panorama, I spent the night in fitful slumber; to awaken at last to the familiar tapping of Pabloito upon the door of my cell.

"You sleep, Senor," he said, "as one sleeps whose conscience is as clear—"

"Why not, my little Pablo?" I said, with forced gaiety. "Sleep has never been a problem to me."

"I cannot understand, Senor; I fear that my last night—and my last hour—might be filled with lamentations. Perhaps you would even care to eat—no?"

"Of course; should one miss a breakfast?"

"Ah Senor."
"Has the sun, Pablo—"
"It has just come up, Senor, and a sergeant and a file of soldiers await your pleasure."

"My pleasure, Pabloito; did the sergeant say my pleasure? My pleasure, then, shall tax his patience, for, first, I shall eat, then, with the aid of soap and water and a razor that you may bring, I shall make myself as presentable as possible. May one do less at such a time?"

"I do not know, Senor," he said in a daze; "is life so droll a thing that you should laugh it away?"

"Life is a glorious thing, my little Pablo, and I hope you shall have as much of it as you desire; I hope you may view this beautiful world until your eyes are dim with the years, that you may listen to the sweet sounds of nature and to the sweeter sounds of the voices of those who love you until your ears—"

"Gracias, Senor—I will hasten."
He brushed my clothes and polished my boots while I ate the breakfast of baked chiva and tortilla and coffee



"Then Kiss Me—and Hold Me to Your Heart Again, and I Will Go."

and papaya that he prepared; then I bathed, dressed, shaved, combed my hair and placed my cap upon my head with the greatest care.

Ready at last I walked with him along the narrow darkened hallway and out into the bright sunlight to a wide iron gate that swung open at our approach, where a sergeant and a squad of a dozen soldiers took me in charge. I searched my pockets and poured into Pabloito's cupped hands all the silver that I found there and, with a word of thanks for his attentions, marched away beside the sergeant, with six soldiers flanking us right and left.

It was a beautiful morning, with air so clear that trees upon the crest of distant mountain ranges stood out with cameo distinctness. A breeze from the lake tempered what might have been a hot day.

"Do you usually take a morning constitutional before an execution?" I questioned the sergeant, after we had traversed a full third of the city.

"I am directed to bring you here," said he, as we turned into an arched gateway and bent our steps toward the massive mansion that has been the home of many governors. A guard at the great wooden door with its exquisite carving stood aside, and four abreast, we marched through it into a spacious chamber, which, at first, because of the brilliant sunlight that had filled our eyes, seemed a place of shadows. The sergeant voiced a sharp command, the soldiers about faced and went out, leaving me standing in the middle of the room.

In front of me stood the straight stalwart figure of a man with fair hair and the clear blue of northern skies in his eyes. A wild surge of joy went over me. I reached out my hands to him. "Father!" I cried. "Oh, my father!"

"Loren," he said gently, "you scamp!"

I felt his strong arms around me, I felt his muscular body shake with silent laughter, and hot tears of happiness blinded me, for I knew that I was saved, because my father never failed.

"When your letter came, Loren, we knew that you were again in search of trouble, for Venezuela—"

I laughed through my tears. "And found it; more of it, my father, than I have dreamed might come to one man. . . . and happiness, too."

Now another figure appeared—the slim tiny figure of a man in brilliant uniform, with piercing black eyes, bushy brows, and a high forehead curiously seamed. Whereupon I fashioned a stiff salute, for this was South America's greatest. "I have erred grievously, my general."

He showed white teeth in a smile of welcome, then he put one arm across my shoulders. "And you have striven greatly, major; I think Venezuela shall not forget."

"You are kind, my general."

He spoke to my father: "This young giant has helped us win an empire. He is an omen of good fortune, for, since his arrival, success has come to us."

"I fear," said my father soberly, "he will never lay down the sword."

"A pity when he does," Bolivar said, "because he is a born soldier. With three hundred native troops he held firm against the entire right wing of the Spanish army."

"I am forgiven, then?" I asked.

Bolivar laughed. "When you permitted the Spanish lieutenant to escape you committed a crime against us."

"I knew it very well, my general."

"But within this hour," the Liberator continued, "the wise Francisco Lamartina has brought to me the Senorita Lamartina, who seems to think you are a greater lover than a soldier. From her I have learned many things concerning Colonel Pini, who has paid sadly for his misdemeanors."

"Aye, my general."

"And your father, Garde, is not to be denied. He takes what he wants. He is the incarnation of that spirit of progress and determination that shall surely make your country great. No man may prevail against him, therefore you are free. But the ladies await you—and one may not keep a lady waiting."

Ladies? Then there was more than one. I wondered—yet I might have known that he would bring my mother. I faced her with mixed emotions of joy and contrition that my rashness had hurt her.

I got her in my arms, and held her close, and kissed her. Yet her lips were trembling, and her eyes were filled with tears.

"Ah, my sweet and wonderful mother, I have offended thee!"

She shook her head to free her eyes of the tears. "It is not that you have offended me, my son, for you have never done that; you have terrified me."

"Never again, my mother."

"You are half our world, Loren, and Felice is the other half. One could not be happy in half a world."

"Unless my country calls me, my mother, never again!"

"Then I am glad, Loren. There—there is Felice, my boy."

Felice indeed—yet I would hardly have known her. She had reached the fullness of the beauty that fifteen had promised. "My little sister," I cried, "how lovely you have grown to be! A woman already. . . . Let me see—eighteen, is it not? It is a golden age!" I lifted her off the floor and held her against my heart. "My little sister!"

"You would see some one—no?"

"I would—and if I don't see her very soon I shall die."

"She is in your eyes, Loren; they are full of love for her."

"And my heart, and my soul as well."

She sighed. "If I find a man who shall love me like that—"

"Never fear," I said, "never fear; there will be too many."

Holding my arm she turned me around until the Senorita Lamartina—a vision in purple and lace—stood before me. "Dulce mia," I gasped, "ah, Senorita!"

"Have you no kisses left for me, Loren?"

I took her in my arms. "A heart full. . . . and one's heart may hold a deal."

"May we go back to your beautiful land, Loren?"

"Aye."

"And will there not be some peaceful pursuit for thee?"

"Yes; I shall not take up the sword again."

"Now I am happy, dear. . . . I have lost you so many times. You are not a dream, Loren, are you; this is not just something in my mind?"

"No, my angel."

There was a gentle tugging at my sleeve, and the voice of Felice came from a misty distance: "Awaken, you two. The whole crowd is watching you. Come over and talk to us. Yonder is the tall Francisco, who resembles a bird of prey and who fashions his conversation like a Chesterfield; there is Manuel, whose unlovely visage belies the golden heart within him, and yonder the gay and grizzled Captain Monahan."

"My sister, go and talk to them yourself. . . . we have affairs of greater import."

[THE END.]

First White Woman in West Arrived in 1806

The first white woman in the West of whom there is any record, came out from the Orkney islands in 1806 in a Hudson's Bay company's ship, disguised as a young man. She came out to join her sweetheart. In the journal of Alexander Henry, it is recorded without mention of her name, that on December 29, 1807, she gave birth to a child at his trading post at the mouth of the Pembina river. Of the life of the child born that day, the first child born in the West of white parents, nothing is known but that his mother took him with her when she returned to Scotland the summer after his birth. Marie Lagimodiere, who became the grandmother of Louis Riel, was the second white woman to come to the West of whom there is any record. She arrived in 1807. It was 1812 before there were any other white women in the West. In that year, the second party of Selkirk settlers arrived at York Factory. They included 18 women.—Montreal Herald.

Velvet-Clad Youth in Style Revue

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



WELL, well, who comes here prom- enading along fashion's highway with all the poise and assurance of a sophisticated grown-up who glories in a feeling of being well-dressed? 'Tis none other than the younger generation ranging from tiny tot to self-important Miss Junior, and you can tell at a glance that, like their elder sisters and their cousins and their aunts not to forget to mention mothers dear, they, too, have become decidedly velvet-conscious this season.

There is no doubt about it, that to the very young, fashion is broadcasting the message of velvet with as much emphasis as to those older. The favor for velvet in the juvenile world has reached such a high point of enthusiasm designers are not only exploiting it for coats and frocks but in a trimming way as well as for cunning accessory items it is regarded as a medium of outstanding importance.

For instance, with their costumes of gay wool weaves, little girls are wearing darling muff, beret and scarf sets made of velvet, often shirred as fanciful as you please or perhaps touched up with a bit of fur. Mothers who are deft with the needle and who are gifted with a sense of imagination when it comes to designing will not doubt be intrigued with the idea of fashioning these cunning "sets" for their little ones. It's really surprising what a yard or so of velvet thus manipulated can do in the way of adding chic, charm and "class" to a little girl's costume.

Even newer than the scarf effects are the clever little velvet shoulder capes which are detachable and which usually are accompanied with a diminutive matching muff. Sometimes the order is reversed in that the capelet and the muff or the scarf and the beret, as the case may be, are made of dainty fabriclike fur, with velvet for the coat.

In the picture, little Miss Seven-Year-Old is wearing a caped coat made of black silk lyons velvet, topped with a hat of the same. White fur for the collar, of course, for have not their elders set the example this season, by having their black velvet wraps collared with handsome white ermine? You will notice that this smart little coat buttons snug up to the neck which it should according to latest style dictates.

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As to the charming two-piece velvet dress or suit, if you please to call it so, for it may be worn as either, which chic Miss Sub-Deb, to the left in the illustration, has chosen for her outfit, it is the "last word" as to color (rich wine-red), styling details and the velvet of which it is fashioned. The scalloped panel fastening at the front of the blouse is especially attractive. The wide belt of self-velvet is very ultra. So is the slight flare given to the skirt below the knee.

In working velvet when creating little folks' fashions the latest vogue is to employ designful fagotting. The seams are often fagotted and sometimes entire yokes, pockets and cuffs are formed of wee velvet folds or cording which are fagotted together.

This ornamental stitchery offers an opportunity to introduce bright color touches. The silk floss need not necessarily be the same color as the velvet. By using several shades of thread, say red for one row of fagotting, green for the next and perhaps yellow for a third, a black or navy velvet dress is prettily enlivened by the tiny tot. Exquisite ombre effects may be achieved by using various shades of the same color. Per example, in making a frock of brown velvet the yoke and sleeve detail is enhanced when the velvet cording is joined with dark brown for the first row, using a lighter shade of floss for each succeeding row, grading finally to pale beige.

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TAILORED FROCKS FOR ALL-DAY WEAR

Not matter how colorful it may be, the favorite daytime dress of the winter season is simply but cleverly tailored, of wool, varying from very sheer to fairly heavy weights; or of silk crepe, in its various weights and degrees of crepiness—flat crepe, canton and roshanara.

Satin and transparent velvet will, of course, be worn in the daytime—but for the all-day dress—for the woman whose day is more practical than social, the more tailored frock is a better choice. Transparent velvet and satin, made along simple lines, are attractive for luncheon, bridge, matinees and other daytime occasions for which there is time to dress especially.

Knit woolen fabrics also put in a bid for daytime attention. Although usually considered as sports outfits, knit materials have such interest and such prestige that they make smart daytime frocks for town wear complete with fur jackets, sports fur coats, or jackets of corduroy or other informal fabrics.

Blue Lined Drawer Will Keep the Linen Whiter

Here is a good suggestion for your linen closet or linen drawer. Paint the inside of it to give it a smooth, easily washed surface, and choose blue for the color. A blue lining, it is said, will keep the linen whiter.

For other drawers you may prefer to use varnish instead of paint. It can be applied quickly, and it helps to make an easier job of cleaning out drawers. A damp, soapy cloth rubbed over the surface collects the dust and leaves the drawers ready for their lavender sachets and fine linens.

VOGUE FOR CONTRAST

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



Fashion stages startling contrasts this season both in color and in materials. A favorite theme is that of the sleeves in direct color contrast to the rest of the dress. The gown pictured, which is a Jane Regny model, interprets the mode by contrasting lustrous black and dull white bemberg satin. The soft fullness of the bodice and sleeves, and the over-the-skirt blouse effect reflect a favorite whim of fashion for fall and winter.

John's Mother Praises Doctor

There isn't a mother living who won't agree that no half-sick child should be the subject for an experiment with medicines of uncertain merit. When your child is bilious, headachy, half-sick, feverish, restless, with coated tongue, bad breath, no appetite or energy, you know that nine times out of ten it's a sign his little stomach and bowels need purging. And when you know that for over fifty years leading physicians have endorsed one preparation for this condition, there doesn't seem to be any reason for "trying" things.



Rich, fruity California Fig Syrup clears the little stomach and bowels gently, harmlessly and in a hurry. It regulates the bowels, gives tone and strength to them and to the stomach; and helps to give your child new strength, energy and vitality. Thousands of Western mothers praise it. Mrs. Joseph W. Hill, 4306 Bedford Ave., Omaha, Nebraska, says: "I'll never forget the doctor who got me to give my baby boy, John, California Fig Syrup. Nothing else seemed to help his weak bowels. That was when he was just a baby. He suffered a good deal before I gave him Fig Syrup, but it stopped his trouble quick. I have used it with him for colds and little upset spells ever since. I consider him a Fig Syrup boy."

Insist on the genuine article. See that the carton bears the word "California." Over four million bottles used a year.

Roads in National Parks

Eight thousand miles of automobile road will be constructed in the national forests during the present fiscal year. Some of these highways will traverse country fully as beautiful as any found in the national parks and will cause many more to enjoy the recreational facilities of the national forests.

Before Dinner

The Boy—I want to get on your mother's good side.

The Girl—Now, don't praise the pie. Mother's next door neighbor made it and they're on the outs.

FOR CUTS

HANFORD'S BALSAM OF MYRRH

Safety First
Magistrate—Witness says you neither slowed down nor tried to avoid the pedestrian.
Motorist—I took all precautions. I blew my horn and cursed him.

Why suffer intense agony of boils or rashes when application of CARBOLIL stops pain, rashes and itchy skin often overnight. Get Carbollil today from druggist. Quick relief known. See Spaulding-Neal Co., Nashville, Tenn.

Consoling Mother
"Now, Robert, you've made me lose my temper."
"Never mind, mother—it isn't much of a loss."

That the world owes every man a living is generally admitted, but blessed if the economists know how to organize the system.

Other people may have good tastes, but, of course, yours is a shade better.

POISON in Your bowels!

Poisons absorbed into the system from souring waste in the bowels, cause that dull, headachy, sluggish, bilious condition; coat the tongue; foul the breath; sap energy, strength and nerve-force. A little of Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin will clear up trouble like that, gently, harmlessly, in a hurry. The difference it will make in your feelings over night will prove its merit to you.

Dr. Caldwell studied constipation for over forty-seven years. This long experience enabled him to make his prescription just what men, women, old people and children need to make their bowels help themselves. Its natural, mild, thorough action and its pleasant taste commend it to everyone. That's why "Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin," as it is called, is the most popular laxative drugstore sell.

Dr. W. B. CALDWELL'S SYRUP PEPSIN A Doctor's Family Laxative