

# THE SPY

BY J. FENIMORE COOPER  
A STORY OF THE REVOLUTION

## CHAPTER XXII.—(Continued.)

All eyes were now turned on Dunwoody, who, looking at his watch, spoke a few words with Henry, in an undertone, and hastened from the apartment, followed by Francis. The subject of their conversation was a wish expressed by the prisoner for a clergyman of his own persuasion, and a promise from the major, that one should be sent from Fishkill town, through which he was about to pass on his way to the ferry to intercept the expected return of Harper. Mason soon made his bow at the door, and willingly complied with the wishes of the landlady, and the divine was invited to make his appearance accordingly.

He stalked into the room, and giving a stiff nod with his head, took the chair offered him by the black, in dignified silence. Mr. Wharton led Sarah from the apartment. His retreat was noticed by the divine, in a kind of scornful disdain, who began to hum the air of a popular psalm tune, giving it the full richness of the organ that distinguishes the Eastern psalmody.

"Caesar," said Miss Peyton, "hand the gentleman some refreshment; he must need it after his ride."

"My strength is not in the things of life," said the divine, speaking in a hollow, sepulchral voice. "I have I this day held forth in my master's service, and I am faint."

"I apprehend, then, sir, that fatigue will disable you from performing the duties which kindness had induced you to attempt."

"Woman!" exclaimed the stranger, with energy, "when was I ever known to shrink from a duty? But judge not, lest you be judged, and fancy not that it is given to mortal eyes to fathom the intentions of the Deity."

"Nay, I pretend not to judge of either events, or the intentions of my fellow creatures, much less of those of Omnipotence."

"This well, woman—'tis well," cried the minister, waving his hand with supercilious disdain; "humility becometh thy sex, and lost condition; thy weakness driveth thee on headlong, like unto the bosom of destruction."

Surprised at this extraordinary department, yielding to that habit which urges us to speak reverently on sacred subjects, even when perhaps we had better continue silent, Miss Peyton said:

"There is a power above, that can and will sustain us all in well-doing, if we seek its support in humility and truth."

So saying, she withdrew, followed by the landlady, who was not a little shocked by the intemperate zeal of her new acquaintance.

Henry had with difficulty repressed the indignation excited by this unprovoked attack on his meek and unresisting aunt; but as the door closed on her retiring figure, he gave way to his feelings.

"I must confess, sir," he exclaimed, with heat, "that in receiving a minister of God I thought I was admitting a Christian, and one who, by feigning his own weakness, knew how to ply the frailties of others. You have wounded the meek spirit of an excellent woman, and I acknowledge but little inclination to mingle in prayer with so intolerant a spirit."

The minister stood erect, with grave composure, following with his eyes, in a kind of scornful gaze, the retiring females, and suffered the expostulation of the youth to be given as if unworthy of his notice. A third voice, however, spoke.

"Such a denunciation would have driven many women into fits; but it has answered the purpose well enough, as it is."

"Who's that?" cried the prisoner, in amazement, gazing around the room in quest of the speaker.

"It is I, Captain Wharton," said Harvey Birch, removing the spectacles, and exhibiting his piercing eyes, shining under a pair of false eyebrows.

"Good heavens—Harvey!"

"Silence!" said the peddler, solemnly; "this is a name not to be mentioned, and least of all here, within the heart of the American army." Birch paused, and paced around him for a moment, with a motion exceeding the base passion of fear, and then continued, in a gloomy tone, "There are a thousand halbers in that very name, and little hope would there be left me of another escape, should I be again taken. This is a fearful venture that I am making; but I could not sleep in quiet, and know that an innocent man was about to die the death of a dog, when I might save him."

"No," said Henry, with a glow of generous feeling on his cheek; "if the risk to yourself be so heavy, retire as you came and leave me to my fate. Dunwoody is making powerful exertions in my behalf; and if he meets with Mr. Harper in the course of the night, my liberation is certain."

"Harper!" echoed the peddler, remaining with his hands raised, in the act of replacing the spectacles; "what do you know of Harper? and why do you think he will do you service?"

"I have his promise—you remember our recent meeting in my father's dwelling, and he then gave an unasked promise to assist me."

"Yes—but do you know him? that is why do you think he has the power? or what reason have you for believing he will remember his word?"

"If there ever was a stamp of truth, or simple, honest benevolence, in the countenance of man, it shone in his," said Henry; "besides, Dunwoody has powerful friends in the rebel army, and it would be better that I take the chance where I am, than thus to expose you to certain death, if detected."

"Captain Wharton," said Birch, looking guardedly around, and speaking with impressive seriousness of manner, "if I fail you, all fail you. No Harper nor Dunwoody can save your life; unless you get out with me, and that within the hour, you die to-morrow on the gallows of a murderer."

The peddler beckoned him to be silent and, walking to the door, opened it with the stiff, formal air with which he had entered the apartment.

"Friend, let no one enter," he said to the sentinel; "we are about to go to prayer, and would wish to be alone."

"You overact your part," said young Wharton, in constant apprehension of discovery; "your zeal is too intemperate."

"For a soldier and then Eastern militia it might be," said Harvey, turning a bag upside down that Caesar now handed him; "but these dragoons are fellows that you must brag down. A faint heart, Captain Wharton, would do but little here; but come, here is a black guard for your good looking countenance," taking at the same time a parchment map,

and a dozen dragoon horses stood saddled and bridled at hand, ready to receive their riders at a moment's warning.

"Well, have you bitted the poor fellow within," said Mason, "that he can take his last ride under the curb of divinity, old gentlemen?"

"Out upon thee for a reviler and scoffer of goodness!" said Birch, moving slowly, and with a due observance of clerical dignity, down the road, followed by the imaginary Caesar; "but I love thee, and that behind me that will prove thy condemnation, and take from thee a hearty and joyful deliverance."

"Corporal of the guard!—corporal of the guard!" shouted the sentinel in the passage to the chambers; "corporal of the guard!—corporal of the guard!"

The subaltern flew up the narrow staircase that led to the room of the prisoner, and demanded the meaning of the outcry. The soldier was standing at the open door of the apartment, looking in with a suspicious eye on the supposed British officer. On observing his lieutenant, he fell back with habitual respect, and replied, with an air of puzzled thought:

"I don't know, sir; but just now the prisoner looked queer. Ever since the preacher has left him he don't look as he used to do—'but,' gaining intently over the shoulder of his officer, 'it must be him, too! There is the same powdered head, and the darn in the coat, where he was hit the day he had the last brush with the enemy.'"

"And then all this noise is occasioned by your doubting whether that poor gentleman is your prisoner or not, is it, sir, or do you think it can be else?"

"I don't know, sir; but he is grown thicker and stouter, if it is he; and see for yourself, sir, he shakes all over, like a man in an ague."

"That analapstic, methodistical, quaker, psalm-singing rascal has frightened the boy with his farrago about flames and brimstones. I'll step in and cheer him with a little rational conversation."

"I have heard of fear making a man white," said the soldier, drawing back, and staring as if his eyes would start from their sockets, "but it has changed the royal captain to a black!"

The truth was that Caesar, unable to hear what Mason uttered in a low voice, incautiously removed the wig a little from one of his ears in order to hear the better, without in the least remembering that its color might prove fatal to his disguise.

The sentinel had kept his eyes fastened on his prisoner, and noticed the action. True attention of Mason was instantly drawn to the same object; and, forgetting all delicacy for a brother officer in distress, the lieutenant sprang forward and seized the terrified African by the throat.

"Who are you?" cried Mason, dashing the head of the old man against the angle of the wall at each interrogatory; "who are you, and where is the Englishman? Speak, thou thunder-cloud! Answer me, you jackdaw, or I'll hang you on the gallows of the spy!"

"Harvey, Harvey!" cried Caesar, dancing from one leg to the other, as he thought each member in turn might be assailed.

"Harvey Birch!" echoed the trooper, hurrying the black from him and rushing from the room. "To arms! to arms! Fifty guineas for the life of the peddler-spy—give no quarter to either. Mount! mount! to arms! to horse!"

(To be continued.)

## IT COSTS MORE TO EAT NOW.

Prices Have Been Advanced in All Sorts of Foods.

The price of everything to eat has been advanced, says the Kansas City Star. Even the price of toothpicks is higher now than a few weeks ago. In many instances the advance has not been "slight," but the kind that makes a man look at his grocery bill two or three times before he can realize what has come to pass.

The big wholesalers have placed a barrel of black gunpowder under their price lists and lifted them sky high. They say they are not to blame. It's either the weather, the green bugs, the box manufacturers or the tin trust the public will have to blame, they say.

The lumbermen charge more for lumber and the tin trust more for tin, so it costs from 6 to 9 cents more a dozen to pack can goods now than it did last year. There is a light crop in California and labor is very high-priced there these days. Cold weather in other sections has killed the fruit and the season is backward in all sections, so that canned fruits and vegetables are selling for more now than ever before.

The advance is not in canned goods only. Salt is worth 10 cents a barrel now, four 65 cents more a barrel and ham, bacon, beef steak, pork chops in proportion. It is simply a regular stampede to high prices with little prospect of relief.

Even the oyster beds have been blank this season on account of stormy weather, earthquakes or some other causes not known. But it is certain that Mr. Oyster has taken a tumble for deep water or scattered in the sea gardens.

The man from Germany, who has been congratulating himself on being able to buy canned sauerkraut as one of the new canned goods varieties, will have to take from his pocket a little more money now when he buys this delicacy. It is no longer economy to eat dried apples for breakfast, drink water for dinner and swell up for supper, because the price of all kinds of dried fruit is away up. The person who eats it is simply up against it hard.

The people in all classes are hit hard by the advances. The price of corn is up and the prospects are it will stay there. Corn bread and hominy have been most reliable dishes to fall back on in hard times and high prices, but the Iowa, Missouri and Kansas farmers who have been selling their corn below the cost of production will receive more for it this year. Sweet potatoes and Irish potatoes are also on the advance list in a most pronounced way.

"People are more wasteful in the things they buy to eat these prosperous times than ever before," one grocer said this morning. "They will have to go back to the old economical way of the kitchen and dining room. The cost of living along all lines has been increased. The farmer that can produce a good crop this year will make big money."

Don't kick; be cheerful and hope for a bountiful crop.

## High Noon.

Patience—What does it mean by being married at "high noon"? Do you know?

Patrice—Oh, yes; it means a 12 to 1 chance.—Yonkers Statesman.

## SMILING IN DREAMS.

Into what land of dreams  
Does Fancy with her fairy scenes beguile  
The slumbering infant that the sweet babe seems  
To answer with a smile  
Some form invisible to waking eyes,  
That beckons dreamers into Paradise?

O child of innocence,  
Whose thought is unattuned to earthly things,  
Say what bright angel thus invites thee hence,  
What shining gift it brings.  
For we, too, should ourselves be glad to see  
What splendid vision is revealed to thee.

Alas, our souls outlive  
All memory of what was once so near!  
The years that follow on our childhood give  
No guardian half so dear  
As that which won the worship of the child,  
To which its dreams we stretched our hands and smiled.

—Youth's Companion.

## A Victim of Conscience

"Jimmie, where are you? Come, I want you!" called Andrew Calvert testily.

He was already angry because his son had not appeared at a second's notice; so when Jimmie finally came skipping down the stairs he received a scowl from his father and a rough command to hurry up and drive the cow across to the meadow.

"All right, sir," said the boy as cheerily as he could, but the harsh words caused a lump to rise in his throat.

Alas, the lump was often there. Andrew Calvert in days gone by had been the kindest of parents, but affliction and poverty had apparently caused a scale of ill-humor to cover up a naturally mild disposition. Ever since the death of his wife his affairs had not been prosperous and he was now a very poor man on a small and unproductive farm. Debt had caused him to sell nearly all his horses and he had only one cow left. Luckily she was a remarkably good milker and therefore a very important factor in the domestic economy.

For some reason, which Jimmie could not find out, his father had apparently lost all interest in the farm. Shutting himself up in the attic, he would stay there for hours at a time, and on reappearing he would always be despondent or in the worst possible humor. Of course, a poor farm is made no better by neglect; the hands will not work properly without an overseer, and Andrew Calvert's property got into very bad shape.

On the morning that Jimmie received the command to look after the cow his father was unusually cross. Hence the boy hesitated a moment before opening up a certain subject that he

"Why, to a sapling. Let's hunt for some."

Very fortunately they ran across an old clothes line, and Frank cut down a hickory sapling, which they planted near the gate post. They attached the rope and found, after a little adjusting, that the gate now worked very easily.

"That's pretty good," said Jimmie, "but I have a better plan yet. You know, every time we drive across here we have to get out of the wagon, open the gate and then shut it again. And then we have to do the same thing on the other side."

"Yes, it's a regular nuisance," answered Frank.

"Why can't I work it so that we might open the gate without leaving the team?"

"Of course you can't."

"Well, let me see. It won't be so easy as you think. I could put a long pole along the top of the gate—and oh, I've got it! With a rope from the end of the pole, and a sort of pulley arrangement—yes, that would do. My, won't father like it! He hates to get out, especially when he drives the cow!"

After two hours of good, hard work the boys managed to rig up a rude sort of device, but it performed its function, albeit a little shakily.

Then, much pleased with themselves, they went up the hill to the orchard and gathered some magnificent green apples as hard as rocks. Of these they ate heartily—but with a heroism they did not suspect.

Suddenly Jimmie gave an exclamation of alarm, and Frank hastily looked up.

"What's the matter?"

"Oh, my, that Blossom!"

The cow was venturing into forbidden territory. Through some unhappy thoughtlessness the boys had left the meadow gate open and Blossom was calmly walking out on to the railroad tracks.

"Come on, Jimmie, let's stop her," cried Frank, but they were half a mile away and if a train should come it looked as if it were all up with her.

The boys ran as fast as they could, while Blossom, with the usual stupidity of a cow, sedately walked down the center of the tracks. No grass was there, nor any real inducement for her to go on such a dangerous path, but she seemed to take it out of that pure bovine "meanness" which farmers know so well.

The whistle of an approaching train was heard.

Poor Blossom—why did she know no better? For, just as she got about opposite to where the fence was so badly broken, the train came up, and, despite the engineer's efforts to stop, she was hit and thrown to one side, a dead beast.

As the body was clear of the track, the engine whistled twice and the train, which had nearly stopped, moved off.

A little later the boys got there, both out of breath. They looked at the dead animal with scared faces.

"Isn't it awful?" whispered Frank.

"Oh, what will father say?"

"It's your only cow, isn't it?" asked Frank with a troubled air.

"Yes, and it's all my fault for leaving that gate open."

"Your father will whip you, won't he?"

"Oh, no. Well—I don't know. He was mighty particular about that cow. Just this morning he was telling me to watch her carefully, as the fence was down."

"Humph! Say, Jimmie," said Frank hoarsely, "how'll he know she got out the gate? If I were you I'd tell him she came through that hole in the fence. He'd never know the difference."

"Oh, I don't know what to do," cried Jimmie, who was almost in tears. "You don't know father, Frank. He's awfully severe and all that—and it's his only cow—but I'd hate to tell him a lie. Promise me you won't tell any one about this, will you? I'll go home and think it over."

"Yes, honor bright. But I must go now. You'll better do as I say."

And Frank tramped off, glad to get a safe distance between himself and Mr. Calvert, of whose sour temper he had heard a great deal.

Jimmie started for the house, first shutting the gate that had made so much trouble, but went with the slowest of steps, since he had to make up his mind as to what account he should give of the accident.



BLOSSOM WAS WALKING ONTO THE RAILROAD TRACKS.

knew would be a disagreeable one, but he finally mustered up enough courage, and said:

"Father, you know that big hole in the fence by the railroad tracks I told you about the other day? Well, you haven't fixed it up yet, and I am afraid Blossom will get out."

"Boy, don't bother me with such things. I'm tired of hearing complaints, and why isn't this done and why isn't that. Go on with your work."

"But, father," persisted Jimmie, "suppose she gets out on the tracks and gets killed? What shall we do then?"

"The railroad company will have to pay me for her, that's what," said Andrew grimly.

"They won't, though, if she gets out through a hole in our fence," said his son, who had often heard the gossip in similar cases.

"Never you mind. You attend to your business and see after Blossom all right and she won't get out. Run along now; I must go upstairs."

As Jimmie started toward the meadow with the cow he saw his old classmate and bosom friend, Frank Bensall, sauntering along.

"Come on, Frank," he cried. "Let's go over to the meadow. Maybe we can find some mushrooms."

Frank was willing and they proceeded down the lane. The meadow was across the railroad that cut the Calvert farm in half, and gates were placed on both sides of the track in order to prevent stock from getting out on the company's right of way.

"What a bother it is to open and shut these gates," said Frank, as he helped Jimmie with them. "My, how heavy they are!"

"They're just like lots of other things around here," said Jimmie. "They need fixing. Just below here there are five or six panels of fence down and I'm scared to death every day for fear Blossom gets out and is killed. Father would be hopping mad, and I don't see how we could get along without her milk."

"Why don't you fix the fence?" said Frank, as they drove the cow into the meadow.

"Because I can't. How can I set posts?"

"Here's a mushroom. But I don't see any more."

"They're pretty scarce," said Jimmie. "Say, Frank, let's fix this gate."

"How? Oil it?"

"No, simple. Can't you see how low it hangs? That makes it bind. Now if we only had a piece of rope to guy it up with."

"How?" asked Frank, who was not gifted with much practical or mechanical ability.

—could he then approach him with a clear eye and a clean conscience?

No, but—  
A cold shiver ran down his back. He had witnessed exhibitions of his father's wrath, and he was sore afraid.

By this time he had reached the house. Undecided as he was he went in and found his father in the sitting room. Mr. Calvert started up when he saw Jimmie gazing at him.

"What is it?" he asked roughly.

"Father—" Jimmie began, but something in his voice moved the father.

"Well, my boy," he said kindly. Jimmie's tongue seemed to stick, and his throat grew so dry that he had to cough.

"Father, Blossom's killed."

"She's killed. She got out on the railroad and was hit, right where our fence is broken down, which I told you about."

"Well, where were—" but the look of suppressed emotion in his son's face kept Mr. Calvert from the threatened outburst.

"Father, the train hit her by that hole, but—she got out through the gate. I left it open."

Andrew Calvert was a rough and disappointed man. This blow, caused by the carelessness of his son, was a heavy one, but with a father's intuition he saw at once the struggle through which Jimmie had lately passed. Being a perfectly honest man, he was proud of his son's victory over temptation. Blood is thicker than water, and a great gush of sympathy went out toward his boy.

"Come, Jimmie, let's have a look at her," he said with a little tremor in his voice.

They went down the lane together in silence, but when they got to the gate Andrew noticed Jimmie's contrivance.

"What's that?" he cried, a scowl gathering on his face. "Have you been spying in the attic?"

"No, indeed," replied the son indignantly. "You have always told me not to go there."

"Why, that's my patent!" exclaimed the farmer. "Only—why, bless my soul, boy, you've hit on the very idea that I've been trying to catch on to for so long. It works this way, doesn't it?"

He went up and tried it.

"Jimmie, Jimmie, you've done what your own father couldn't do. That's it; that little wrinkle there—that's what has been such a stumbling block to me. Who'd have thought it—that my boy would be the one to set me straight? But I must cut it down, or some one else will steal my—no, our patent."

And in a few moments there was not a sign left of Jimmie's device.

During their walk back to the house Andrew explained to his son how it was that he had spent so much time in the attic, for he had forgotten all about Blossom. It seems that, possessed of a half-developed plan of a patent gate, the sale of which would set his money affairs straight, he had toiled and dreamed over a model that he had up there. His non-success had made him irritable, and caused him to be wrapped up too much in one fixed idea. But for one fatal flaw, the thing was complete; and now his boy had found the remedy.

"Never mind the cow, Jimmie. That's all right. I'm sorry for her, but there's no use crying over spilt milk. We can make enough money now by plenty of cows. But do you know, Jimmie—"

his voice grew very tender here—"there's one thing makes me gladder than getting the finishing-up of the patent. I'm glad you are honest, boy."

And Jimmie was glad, too.—Chicago Daily News.

## CHIVALRY OF RED MEN.

Indian Trait Shown in Heat of Big Football Game.

Near the end of a brilliant match, between our oldest university and the Carlisle Indians, one of the Indian backs suddenly got away with nothing between him and the goal posts but one man. If the runner succeeded in getting by him, it meant everlasting athletic glory for himself and perhaps a victory for his small college over this mighty institution of learning, containing the flower of the civilization which had swept his forefathers away from the lands they once possessed. The crowd in the stands had arisen, gasping in their excitement, as crowds always do at such moments. But just as he had almost gained the coveted line, that one man, a famous sprinter, brought the runner down with a beautiful tackle. The stands rocked with relief, and the usual "piling up" of other players took place. As the two lay there together, the fair-haired representative of New England, while still clasping the dark-skinned descendant of American savagery, felt something fumbling, and presently became aware, at the bottom of the heap there, that his right hand was being shaken.

"Good tackle," muttered the Indian.—Outing.

Story of a Greek Saint.

A member of the Royal Geographical Society gives this little story of a Greek saint: "Our good St. Blazios gave us the phrase 'drunk as Blazios' for this saint was pleasantly done to death by having his flesh torn off by wool combs, and so he became the patron of the English wool combers, and as a high feast was kept on his day and the people who frequented the feast, were called Blazios, so the saying grew into the English tongue and remains there fixed and useful."

His Diagnosis.

A London curate the other day received an astonishing answer to an inquiry after a parishioner's health.

"Well, sir," said the parishioner, "sometimes I feels anyhow, sometimes I feels now and there be times when I feels as stiff as a himmidge."

He knew that his father would be terribly angry when he heard the news. Yet even his anger would not be so bad as the privation that would be caused by the loss of their only cow. And he was to blame for it all! How could he bear to look his father in the face?

But—if he lied, deliberately lied—and gave a false cause for poor Blossom's death; if he put the blame upon his father's neglect to repair the fence



"Did you have a fine auto trip?"

"Very much so—all fines."—Baltimore American.

"Edgar is a splendid talker, isn't he?" "One of the finest I ever escaped from."—Life.

"How many people work in your office?" "Work? Perhaps two-thirds of them."—Fillegende Blattler.

Stella—So she divorced him for desertion? Bella—Yes, he positively refused to live in the auto.—Dreating Sun.

"I haven't a pull with any one," said the unsuccessful man. "Oh, yes, you have, dear," said his wife, encouragingly, "with the fool-kicker."—Life.

Senator A—And do most of your constituents think as you do on this question? Senator X—Well, most of them think as they think I do.—Somerville Journal.

"In a few years," said the inventor, "we will be traveling by airship." "I hope so," answered the automobilist. "It will be a joke on the country sherriffs."—Washington Post.

Tommy Figg—Sister's bean kicked my dog yesterday, but I got even with him, you bet. Johnny Briggs—How? Tommy Figg—I mixed quinine with her face powder.—Indianapolis Journal.

"Do you really like me, Charley?" "Sure. Don't I come to see you regularly?" "But men often call on a girl for whom they care little or nothing." "Not with Christmas looming up."—Houston Post.

"Never marry a man to reform him, dear." "I won't, ma'am. And I'll promise you another thing." "What is that, my child?" "I'll never reform a man for some other girl to marry."—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

Gladys—Papa will be so pleased to know that you are a poet. Agnemon—Ah! Then, like you, he adores poetry. Gladys—No, not that, but the last one of my lovers he tried to lick was a football player.—Life.

"I know something you don't know," said the facetious youth in the fair debutante. "What's that?" inquired the maiden. "Your waist is unbuttoned down the back."—Detroit Free Press.

"Please, ma'am," began the aged hero in appealing tones, as he stood at the kitchen door on washday. "I've lost my leg—"

"Well, I ain't got it," snapped the woman, slamming the door.—Everybody's Magazine.

"I wish you would mention this to Jinks. It is highly important," "I'll mention it to him to-day." "But how do you know you will see him to-day?" "I'm bound to bump into him. I owe him money."—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

Policeman (holding down tramp on sidewalk)—No damage, ma'am; he's merely having a fit. Kind Lady—Gracious! Shall I get some water and throw it in his face? Policeman—Do you want