

Rob Cleverdale's Adventure.

By Seward W. Hopkins.

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CHAPTER XIII.—(Continued.)

"Drunk! Not a bit of it. Did you ever see Torrevo drunk? I did not. I tell you it was a put up job. Torrevo knew you always looked at the invoices and tally, and he played this little game for you to see how well the boy wrote. He knew your anxiety to get the work done well would do the rest. But what's the use standing here talking? He's gone, and getting farther away every minute."

"We must follow—but in which direction?"

"In which direction? Why, in what direction would he go but toward his ally, Torrevo, the traitor? He has gone back to the 'Black Cat.'"

"He may have gone toward Buenos Ayres."

"Not he. What could he do there? I tell you, the bargain included the safety of Torrevo. The boy has gone back to join Torrevo, and the 'Black Cat' will sail for Buenos Ayres with these two precious fellows on board."

"I will order horses. We can reach the 'Black Cat' before morning. They will not sail till then. We may even overtake the boy."

Now that his stupor was over, Elvin could think and act quickly. He realized the danger in which he and his son stood as long as this intrepid and intelligent young American was alive and at large. He ordered horses to be saddled, and, after a drink to brace their nerves, father and son sat out on their errand—two men, to run down and kill a boy.

There was a moon, and the way was easily made. The horses were put to their utmost, and mile after mile was covered, but no Rob was seen.

Suddenly Starne drew up and called to Elvin.

"But you told me," said Elvin, choking with rage, and made worse by Torrevo's coolness; "you told me that he was your own nephew."

"Certainly—and so he is."

Both Elvin and Starne stood aghast at this. This was the most monumental cheek they had ever seen.

"He is Horton's nephew and mine also," said Torrevo, as if it was a matter of no importance. "You see, captain, Horton's sister married my brother."

"Liar!" shouted Starne. "Horton had but one sister. She is now in New York, and her name is Cleverdale."

"That is true, also," said Torrevo, with an imperturbability that was amazing. "She married Senor Cleverdale after my brother died."

"But this boy's name is Cleverdale."

"Yes, they gave him that. He was only a year old when my brother died."

"But you sent him to me to spy, and report all to Horton."

"Captain, you are mistaken. I did not send him to you at all. You saw his handwriting and took him. Did I say for you to take him?"

"Enough of this talk!" exclaimed Starne. "You have told us a pack of lies. I know that Horton's sister was never married but once, and that time it was to Cleverdale. Torrevo, you are a traitor and you must pay the penalty. Where is that boy?"

"That is what I was going to ask you. You took him. I want him back. He is very valuable to me on the schooner."

"You will never see the schooner again!" shouted Starne.

Torrevo's quick eye saw the gleam of a pistol. He had none himself, but in the twinkling of an eye he had produced a long knife, and sprang upon

Starne. Starne was still in the saddle, and all Torrevo could do was to slash at his legs. Starne aimed and sent a bullet into Torrevo's heart.

"One traitor less," he said, calmly, as Torrevo fell on the ground dead.

"What a glorious liar that fellow was. He would have been worth something if he could have been trusted."

"But we are in a fine fix!" said Elvin. "The 'Black Cat' was due at Montevideo in two days to bring over General Quesada. Now we have no one to take command. We must have Quesada."

"I'll bring Quesada. The crew of the 'Black Cat' know me, and will obey me. I shall be missed in Buenos Ayres, but that won't matter. We will be masters there in less than a week. I will take the 'Black Cat' after Quesada. You lead my horse back. But you must find that boy."

"He must have gone toward Buenos Ayres."

"No, he will try to find the 'Black Cat.' Torrevo's anxiety proves that there was an agreement between them whereby the boy was to return. Torrevo's own safety depended on his keeping the boy with him and sharing the glory when we were all captured."

"It looks so. Well, I will have men out after him in the morning. He may even now be on the 'Black Cat.' If so, you will know what to do with him."

"Will I not?" replied Starne, with an evil laugh. "I'll kill him with his eyes open and looking at me."

The two men parted, Starne going on foot toward Black Cat Bay, and Elvin returning to his headquarters, leading Lemuel's horse.

But where was Rob Cleverdale, while Elvin, Starne and Torrevo were looking for him in vain?

He was on his way to the 'Black Cat,' as Starne suspected, but, being ignorant of the road, he had gone a little out of his way, and thus missed Torrevo.

Early in the evening, when Elvin thought he had gone to bed, the courageous young American had slipped out of the window, which was not more than five feet from the ground, and had fortunately chosen a moment when there was no one around to see him. Finding all clear, he had shaped

his course as well as he knew how, for Black Cat Bay, and started off on a run. He kept up this gait for some time and then rested. There was no sight of pursuers, so he trudged on again, keeping the direction, as he thought, straight to the river. But he did not travel as straight as he thought he did. He made quite a detour to the north, thus missing Torrevo, but toward morning reached the river a short distance above the bay. There was an island, quite a mountain, out in the river, which could be seen from the entrance to Black Cat Bay, and Rob could see it from the point where he met the river. From its position he knew he was too high up, and went down toward the anchorage.

(To be continued.)

The Tiger Got Out.

No circus menagerie is ever without its man-eater, you know," said the old wagon driver as reminiscences were in order. "We had ours when I was with Dan Rice, and the papers gave him such an awful reputation for ferocity that people dared not to come within ten feet of his cage. Of course I used to get off a lecture on him. According to my story he had killed and maimed thirteen different men, five horses, two camels and a rhinoceros. One day, after I had delivered the old stereotyped thing, that tiger pushed open the door of his cage and jumped out. Some one's carelessness, you know. There was a wild rush of people for the entrance, a general alarm outside the tents, and for a minute I was so scared that I couldn't even fall down. The tiger was looking around to see what he could tackle, when a mongrel dog not more than a third of his size came rushing up and sailed into him. True as you live, that dog humped that tiger three times around the tent, snapping at his heels all the time, and the Bengal got away from him only by leaping back into his cage. The affair got into the papers, and of course we got the grand guy all the rest of the season. It paid us, however. People who wouldn't think of going into the circus used to buy tickets to see that 'ferocious man-eater,' and he therefore brought us in more patrons than any other ten animals combined."

The Greatest Bicycle Town.

Denver, Col., enjoys the distinction of having more bicycles in proportion to population than any other city in the United States. Though Denver numbers only 160,000 souls within her city limits, she boasts of not less than 40,000 bicycles. Morning and evening alike thousands of bicycles may be seen on the streets of Denver mounted by men, women and children in every walk of life. Bicycles literally overrun things and they are used in every line of business, and street car companies say they have lost \$1,000,000 annually in traffic since bicycles have become the rage. In fact, one company went into the hands of a receiver two years ago, alleging that the universal wheel had impaired its earning to such an extent that it could not meet its interest demands. The open weather and fine natural roads are largely responsible for the popularity of the wheel, as it is conceded that ordinary riders can use their wheels daily for 50 weeks out of 52 and not suffer any annoyance from mud or snow. Add to this the fact that neither lights, brakes nor bells are required and the agility required of the non-rider in taking care of himself can be appreciated. Denver is said to be the only city in the country where the bicycle vote controls elections on municipal issues.

Banana Is a Prolific Plant.

A banana stalk yields but one bunch of fruit, and would die if it were not cut down when the fruit ripens or matures. One mat will produce from one to three bunches a year, growing continuously, as fast as one stalk is cut another taking its place. A remarkable thing about this plant is that if you cut into a half-grown stalk near the root, or any part of the stalk, a small blossom, or bunch of bananas, fully formed will soon shoot through the cut, but if allowed to grow will never reach any market value. Many people affirm that the banana and the plantain are the same fruit, but this is incorrect; although they grow like the banana an experienced person can readily distinguish the difference by the color as well as by the size of the small ribs in the leaf. The plantain grows in a bunch, but with only two or three hands to the bunch, and each finger or individual plantain is as large again as the banana and is more of a crescent shape. They are never eaten raw. The natives cook both the plantain and the banana, but prefer plantain.—National Magazine.

"Wow!"

Mrs. Nobbs—"What a funny name that nurse of the young Archduke of Austria has."

Nobbs—"What is it?"

Mrs. Nobbs—"Her name is Wowse."

Nobbs—"Well, every nursery is full of 'wows' at times, isn't it?"—Baltimore American.

As a Rival Looks at It.

"So he regards himself as a senatorial possibility," said one politician. "Undoubtedly," answered the other. "On what theory?"

"I don't know, unless it's the theory that the unexpected always happens."—Washington Star.

God and right must conquer. No great reform is born and grows to full stature in a night. Morals are subject to the laws of growth.—Rev. G. Lee V. Roberts.

GEORGE

WASHINGTON



FIRST IN WAR
FIRST IN PEACE
FIRST IN THE
HEARTS OF HIS
COUNTRYMEN

WHERE WASHINGTON LIVED.

A wealth of historic recollection hovers about the world-famous Mount Vernon, where Washington, the first president of the American republic, lived and died. The magnificent old estate on the banks of the Potomac river, but a short distance from the capital city, annually attracts thousands of visitors from all over the earth—visitors whose chief aim when coming to Washington for the first time is to look upon the spot where the "Father of His Country" spent his life. No one could conceive a more charming spot for the location of a mansion at once so grand and so historic. High above the southern bank



THE RESIDENCE OF WASHINGTON.

of the river Potomac the estate is located. It rests on the highest part of the hilly territory which characterizes the vicinity, and the mansion with its barns and surrounding buildings is half hidden from the gaze of river pilgrims by stately trees which have stood there scores upon scores of years. Closely trimmed lawns and carefully pruned shrubbery give an added touch of beauty to the environment of the old-time mansion and the snug-clipped hedges which surround the court at the rear of the house remind one strongly of the days gone by.

Mount Vernon is an imposing relic of the century past; a reminder of the days when colonial architecture was at its height. Eight tall pillars guard the broad piazza at the front of the house, and a picturesque balustrade of lattice-work ornaments the edge of the piazza roof. From the front veranda one may catch a glimpse of the silent river as it



THE COURTYARD.

sweeps onward to the sea. The rear of the mansion is typical of old Southern days. A broad courtyard, with gravel walks and well-kept lawns, stretches away from the white-painted mansion to the woodland at the rear. Roomy nurse sheds extend back from the main building on either side, and lead the

eye to where greenhouse and immaculate dairy and carriage sheds stand. The hothouse is stocked with the rarest of plants, and is one of the points of interest which always attracts visitors. The stable wherein is kept the famous chariot in which Washington rode is another attraction for the excursionists, and although the coach is fast dropping into a state of dilapidation, and is so shaky that no one is allowed to touch it, it remains a point of great interest nevertheless. Down near the steambot landing, where the crowds of sightseers are landed from the river steamers, is the tomb wherein are interred the remains of Washington and his wife, the caskets encased in marble sarcophagi, and kept from the public by means of iron bars over the doorway of the otherwise open tomb.

The interior of the mansion is filled with relics of the great man who lived there, and from papers in his own handwriting to the bed on which he died, mementoes of Washington are everywhere.

The Birthday Lesson.

Today's a holiday, you know,
And so we children, just for fun,
Said we would dress like old-time folks,
And I'd be Martha Washington.

We searched through all the garret's chests
And found, among forgotten boards,
The stiffest silks, and old brocades,
And ruffled caps and tarnished swords.

And when at last we all were dressed,
We went to my great-grandma's room.
She smiled and colored with delight,
Until her cheeks were all in bloom.

But somehow, her blue eyes grew grave,
As each girl told her chosen name,
And finally she gently said,
"It is a very pretty game."

"Yet take care, children, that you wear,
Not only clothes of ancient days,
But manners of those gracious dames
Who won all by their gentle ways."

"The row beneath your powdered hair
Is very fair, my great-grandchild;
So keep your thoughts; and let your eyes
Reflect a heart both true and mild."

"This hand which holds a painted fan
Must work, that tired hands may rest;
Since Martha Washington, we know,
Could spin and weave at want's request."

"The feet where buckled slippers shine
May some day tread a thorny road,
Hold fast the pictures of brave lives,
And never falter with the load."

Then dear great-grandma blessed us all,
And down the hall our steps we turned.
It is a holiday, it's true,
But every girl her lesson learned.

—Mary Livingston Burdick.

FIRST MONUMENT TO WASHINGTON.

For the second time since its erection in 1827 the first monument ever raised to the memory of George Washington is in ruins. It was originally

built by the united efforts of the people of Boonsboro, Md., on the top of South Mountain, a lofty cliff commanding a wide view of the surrounding country. On July 4, 1827, almost all the adult population of the village, headed by a band, marched up the steep path to the top of the mountain and there went to work. There were stonemasons and builders among them, and every man did his best to help. The foundation had been laid previously, but on that one day the entire superstructure of the monument was built. It is fifty-four feet in circumference at the base and fifteen feet high, composed of a wall



FIRST MONUMENT TO WASHINGTON AS BUILT.

made up of large stones, the interior being filled with the same material. In the center a stairway led up to the top of the pile. Twelve feet from the base, on the side fronting Boonsboro, a white marble tablet was inserted bearing a fitting inscription. Many soldiers who fought in the revolutionary war took part in the erection of the monument, and the oration was delivered by a clergyman who had served as chaplain in the continental armies.

In 1872 nothing was left of the original monument but the foundation and a few crumbling fragments. At that time a movement was started to restore the monument and in 1883 it was rededicated, having been raised to a height of fifty feet and surrounded by an iron framework and balcony. The site of the monument is so exposed, however, that even the restored structure has fallen a prey to the elements, so that now it is again in a



FIRST MONUMENT TO WASHINGTON IN ITS PRESENT CONDITION.

condition of ruin. Historical investigation has shown that this was the first monument ever raised in honor of the Father of His Country, and a movement is again on foot to restore it to its original condition.



"BY JOVE, THAT'S TERREVO!"

"Hist!" he said. "There is a man coming this way on foot."

Elvin reined in his horse and sat looking in the direction indicated by Starne.

"By Jove!" he exclaimed. "That's Torrevo!"

And Torrevo it was, making his way on foot from the 'Black Cat' to Elvin's headquarters.

CHAPTER XIV.

Elvin and Starne rode toward him slowly.

"Be ready for treachery," said Starne. "Have your pistol in your hand. This fellow must be up to mischief."

Torrevo saw them coming, but walked on as if he feared nothing. Even had he stood in fear of his life there was no place to hide.

"Well," said Elvin, maintaining an outward coolness he did not feel. "What are you doing here? I thought you were to go to Montevideo."

"True, Captain Elvin. I am going. But I thought perhaps my nephew would be done with his new duties by now, and, as he has become very valuable on board, I am taking a walk out to your place to get him."

"Your nephew! Ha! That's good. And have you not seen that dear nephew of yours tonight?"

"I have not, captain. Else why would I be walking out to see him now. I have not been near your place this night."

"No! And neither has he! Look here, Torrevo, what is this game you are playing?"

"Game? What game? What do you mean?"

Torrevo's black eyes glistened with suspicion as he looked from one to the other. He readily saw that something unusual had happened, and from their words he believed they had discovered Rob's identity and his own duplicity.

"You know well enough what I mean. You are a traitor."

"That is what the judge said when I was convicted. That was five years ago."

"You were a traitor to your country then, and you are a traitor to your country now. Did you think you could get away with me? I knew that boy was your nephew."

"I said Torrevo, stop!"