

at the waist with a golden girdle will receive you. She will be Human Liberty. You will dismount and kneel and kiss her hand. Then the prime minister of France will give to each a blessing and to you a sword and a purse. You will hold them up and say:

"For these things I promise you the friendship of my people and their posterity."

"You will kiss the sword and hang it beside your own and pass the purse to me and then I shall have something to say."

"So it was all done, but with thrilling details, of which no suspicion had come to me. I had not dreamed, for instance, that the king and queen would be present and that the enthusiasm would be so great. You will be able to judge of my surprise when, riding my white horse through the cheering crowd, throwing flowers in my way, I came suddenly upon Margaret Hare in the white robe of Human Liberty. Now facing me after these years of trial, her spirit was equal to her part. She was like unto the angel I had seen in my dreams. The noble look of her face thrilled me. It was not so easy to maintain the calm dignity of Washington in that moment. I wanted to lift her in my arms and hold her there, as you may well believe, but, alas, I was Washington! I dismounted and fell upon one knee before her and kissed her hand not too fervently, I would have you know, in spite of my temptation. She stood erect, although tears were streaming down her cheeks and her dear hand trembled when it rested on my brow and she could only whisper the words:

"May the God of your fathers aid and keep you."

"The undercurrent of restrained emotion in this little scene went out to that crowd, which represented the wealth, beauty and chivalry of France. I suppose that some of them thought it a bit of good acting."

"But we were to find in this little drama a climax wholly unexpected by either of us and of an importance to our country which I try in vain to estimate. When the prime minister handed the purse to Franklin he bade him open it. This the latter did, finding therein letters of credit for three million livres granted, of which we were in sore need. With it was the news that a ship would be leaving Boulogne in the morning and that relays on the way had been provided for his messenger. The invention of our beloved diplomat was equal to the demand of the moment and so he announced:

"Washington is like his people. He turns from all the loves of this world to obey the call of duty. My young friend who has so well presented the look and manner of Washington will now show you his spirit."

"He looked at his watch and added: 'Within forty minutes he will be riding post to Boulogne, there to take ship for America.'"

"So here I am on the ship L'Etoile and almost in sight of Boston harbor, bringing help and comfort to our great chief."

"I was presented to the king and queen. Of him I have written—a stout, flat-faced man, highly colored, with a sloping forehead and large gray eyes. His coat shone with gold embroidery and jeweled stars. His close-fitting waistcoat of milk white satin had golden buttons and a curve which was not the only sign he bore of rich wine and good capon. The queen was a beautiful, dark-haired lady of some forty years, with a noble and gracious countenance. She was clad in no vesture of gold, but in sober black velvet. Her curls fell upon the loose ruff of lace around her neck. There were no jewels on or about her bare, white bosom. Her smile and gentle voice, when she gave me her bon-voyage and best wishes for the cause so dear to us, are jewels I shall not soon forget."

"Yes, I had a little talk with Margaret and her mother, who walked with me to Franklin's house. There, in his reception room, I took a good look at the dear girl, now more beautiful than ever, and held her to my heart a moment."

"I see you and then I have to go," I said.

"It is the fault of my too romantic soul," she answered mournfully. "For two days we have been in hiding here. I wanted to surprise you."

"She lifted the jeweled cross I wore

to her lips and kissed it. I wish that I could tell you how beautiful she looked then. She is twenty-six years old and her womanhood is beginning."

CHAPTER XXV

The Horse of Destiny.

In Boston harbor, Jack learned of the evacuation of Philadelphia by the British and was transferred to a Yankee ship putting out to sea on its way to that city. There he found the romantic Arnold, crippled by his wounds, living in the fine mansion erected by William Penn. He had married a young daughter of one of the rich Tory families, for his second wife, and was in command of the city. Colonel Irons, having delivered the letters to the treasurer of the United States, reported at Arnold's office. It was near midday and the general had not arrived. The young man sat down to wait and soon the great soldier drove up with his splendid coach and pair. His young wife sat beside him. He had little time for talk. Jack presented his compliments and the good tidings which he had brought from the Old Country. Arnold listened as if he were hearing the price of cod-fish and hams.

The young man was shocked by the coolness of the commandant. The former felt as if a pall of icy water had been thrown upon him when Arnold answered:

"Now that they have money I hope that they will pay their debt to me." This kind of talk Jack had not heard before. He resented it, but answered calmly: "A war and an army is a great extravagance for a young nation that has not yet learned the imperial art of gathering taxes. Many of us are going unpaid, but if we get liberty it will be worth all its costs."

"That sounds well, but there are some of us who are also in need of justice," Arnold answered as he turned away.

"General, you who have not been dismayed by force will never, I am sure, surrender to discouragement," said Jack.

The ferry Arnold turned suddenly and lifting his cane in a threatening manner said in a loud voice:

"Would you reprimand me—you d—d upstart?"

"General, you may strike me, if you will, but I cannot help saying that my young men must look to you older ones for a good example."

Very calmly and politely the young man spoke these words. He towered above the man Arnold in spirit and stature. The latter did not commit the folly of striking him, but with a look of scorn ordered him to leave the office.

Jack obeyed the order and went at once to call upon his old friend, Governor Reed. He told the governor of his falling out with the major general.

"Arnold is a sordid, selfish man and a source of great danger to our cause," said the governor. "He is vain and loves display and is living far beyond his means. To maintain his extravagance he has resorted to privateering and speculation, and none of it has been successful. He is deeply involved in debt. It is charged that he has used his military authority for private gain. He was tried by a court-martial, but escaped with only a reprimand from the commander in chief. He is thick with the Tories. He is the type of man who would sell his master for thirty pieces of silver."

"This is alarming," said Jack. "My boy an ill wind is blowing on us," the governor went on. "We have all too many Arnolds in our midst. Our currency has depreciated until forty shillings will not buy what one would have bought before the war. The profit makers are rolling in luxury and the poor army starves. The honest and patriotic are impoverished while those who practice fraud and Toryism are getting rich."

Depressed by this report of conditions in America Jack set out for Washington's headquarters on the Hudson. Never had the posture of American affairs looked so hopeless. The governor had sold him a young mare with a white star in her forehead and a short, white stocking on her left fore leg, known in good time as the horse of destiny.

When he had crossed the King's ferry the mare went lame. A little beyond the crossing he met a man on a big, roan gelding. Jack stopped him to get information about the roads in the north.

"That's a good-looking mare," the man remarked. "And she is better than she looks," Jack answered. "But she has thrown a shoe and gone lame." "I'll trade even and give you a sound horse," the man proposed. "What is your name and where do you live?" Jack inquired.

"My name is Paulding and I live at Tarrytown in the neutral territory." "I accepted his offer not knowing that a third party was looking on and laying a deeper plan than either of us were able to penetrate," Jack used to say of that deal. He approached the little house in which the commander in chief was quartered with a feeling of dread, fearing the effect of late developments on his spirit. The young man wrote to Margaret in care of Franklin this account of the day which followed his return to camp: "Thank God! I saw on the face of our commander the same old look of

Albany Directory

This is good advice: "If you live in Albany, trade in Albany. If you live in some other town, trade in that town." But in these automobile days many residing elsewhere find it advisable to do at least part of their buying in the larger town. Those who go to Albany to transact business will find the firms named below ready to fill their requirements with courtesy and fairness.

Albany Bakery, 321 Lyon street, Best one-pound loaf of bread made, 5 cents. Wedding cakes to order.

Albany Floral Co. Cut flowers and plants. Floral art for every and all occasions. Flower phone 458-J.

Albany Electric Store. Radio sets. Electric wiring. Delco Light products 202 Second. GLENN WILLARD W. M. HOELICH.

Auto Electric Service—Rechargeable A & B batteries—WILLARD storage battery. Phone 23. 115-121 W. Second st. H. D. PRESTON—J. C. COCHRAN

Blue Bird Restaurant, 309 Lyon street. Eat here when in Albany. Open from 6 to 2 and 5 to 8. MRS. BLOUNT.

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Films developed and printed. We mail them right back to you. Woodworth Drug Company, Albany, Oregon.

First garage going north. Tires, accessories, oils, gasoline, repair work. W. H. HULBERT.

FORD SALES AND SERVICE Tires and accessories. Repairs. KIRK-POLLAK MOTOR CO.

Fortmiller Furniture Co., furniture, rugs, linoleum, stoves ranges. Funeral directors. 427-423 west First street, Albany, Oregon.

FULLER GROCERY, 285 Lyon Street (Successor to Stenberg Bros.) Groceries Fruits Produce Phone 263R

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If you have friends they should have your photograph. Clifford's Studio. 353 West First street, Albany.

MAGNETO ELECTRIC CO. Official Stromberg carburetor service station. Conservative prices. All work guaranteed. 119-121 W. Second.

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Albany Directory—Continued

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Halsey Youths Mentioned O. A. C., June 7. Roland F. Marks of Halsey is one of 81 students taking the annual examination for licensing registered pharmacists in Oregon.

Halsey Happenings etc. (Continued from page 1) The Methodist church and parsonage are getting new cement sidewalks.

There was a not very large but very cheerful open forum meeting at Tangent Friday night.

Mr. and Mrs. Tussing, who expected to be home from their California trip last Saturday, prolonged it about a week.

Turn out and vote next Monday. Don't let the enemy's cohorts defeat you. Let's see if we can't have at least a dozen votes cast at the school meeting.

C. G. Rawlings, Albany theater proprietor, gave about 50 children from the W. C. T. U. farm home free admission to the Globe Saturday afternoon to see Jackie Coogan in "Circus Days".

Sterling H. Goin is said to be the only candidate for Linn County offices this year who does not reside in Albany. And Albany is trying to gather the other communities, as a hen gathers her chickens under her wings, and dwell together with them in unity.

Donald Ward attempted another break from the county other break. He got a pie of hack saw blade and sawed a hole in the grating at the county jail, left the pieces in place and covered the marks of the saw with soot, but Sheriff Richard, going the rounds and inspecting things with a flash light, thought he saw something suspicious and tried the bars, which yielded, and Mr. Ward was locked up in a cell.

One does not have to read far down the column of our continued story this week to get thrills. They come trading on each other's heels, "so fast they follow." Benjamin Franklin springs a surprise on Jack Irons in a Paris pagant that nearly knocks him silly and we and Jack meet some of the most noted characters in French history. Jack also gets an insight into the character of Benedict Arnold.

(Continued on page 5) A Welcome Visitor. Rain came Friday. It must have been in cold storage during the sweltering week that preceded it, for with the first few pattering drops early in the morning there came a chill that set teeth chattering.

There were light sprinkles for several days and about all of Oregon and Washington and eastern Idaho and Montana felt its welcome touch.

There was not enough to wet the soil to any considerable depth, but it freshened early garden crops and spring grain.

Its greatest effect was in quelling forest fires, some of which had got out of control.

Bread Upon the Water. Some people after casting a crust of bread upon the water think they should get a bowl of milk-toast in return.