The Ruse of Washington

A Tale of the War for Independence

By EVERETT HOLBROOK

[Copyright, 1926, by American Press Association.]

THERE was a place where a cape of the woods jutted out into the expanse of the river, and the path across the Lawrence farm ran for fifty yards among the trees. Twilight became night with startling suddenness in this narrow aisle of the silent temple of the forest.

At the edge of the twilight Constance paused, afraid, and questioned the region of deepening shadows with eye and ear.

A Continental officer rose from behind a bulky fir tree, and the girl clasped her hands upon her breast and feebly gasped with relief.

"I guess you expected to see a red coat," said the officer. "Or maybe another color." And at the word "red" a corporal and two men considered themselves privileged to disclose their presence. "But there are redcoats not far from this place."

The girl shook her head.

"They're gone," said she. "They rode away soon."

"Who told you so? If that's a fair question."

"My uncle. He found out about it before he would let me go home alone." And she indicated the path with a dainty wave of her hand.

The captain's face showed a sudden light.

"Ah" he cried. "Now I remember. I felt that we had met, but in the shadows here I cannot be quite sure. You were in the group at Dobbs Ferry, you and your mother, with Captain Jonas Lawrence, who did me the honor to present me."

"Oh, yes; you are Captain Boyd."

He saluted her somewhat hastily, yet with due deference, and spoke with sudden decision.

LAWRENCE STRUCK HIM BETWEEN THE EYES.

"That little squad of redcoats has not gone," said he. "Their horses are now in Captain Lawrence's barn, within thirty yards of the edge of this grove, and they themselves are in the house."

"They can't do that—horse than hare the house," said Constance. "The family's not there."

"But the captain himself is there. Don't be frightened," Boyd hastened to say. "They won't hurt him."

"He is a prisoner!"

A somewhat mysterious smile appeared upon Captain Boyd's face.

"I am sorry to have to tell you that he was captured this afternoon while carrying dispatches from Washington's headquarters."

"False dispatches!" she whispered, stepping close to him.

"You know that?" he returned, surprised. "How?"

"We all know it," said she. "Washington has gone from Dobbs Ferry, and nearly all his force have crossed the river and are on their way southward to fight Cornwallis in Virginia. But the British in New York do not know it. Clinton thinks that Washington will hesitate him before he leave the end of a long line. He has delivered them by letting them capture a courier, and if Captain Lawrence is a prisoner now it is because he deliberately threw himself into the way of this scouting party."

Captain Boyd removed his cap and stood his head.

"Will suppose that this is true," said "It's too bad that they should get Captain Lawrence and the dispatches

"I'd like to save him the journey New York."

"But you have only three men, and there are at least a score of British."

"About a dozen," said he, "and I have forty between this path and the edge of Lawrence's pasture."

"Then you can save him! Why don't you do it? Why don't you hurry? Are you waiting till it is dark?"

"I'll tell you the plain truth," said Boyd after a moment's hesitation, "I am waiting to be sure that they get the dispatches. Some of our men who have been captured in this way have given up their packets too easily, and the smart officers among the enemy are suspicious. They are telling Clinton that it is all a ruse, but as yet he wonder believe. At least that is one information. For that reason Captain Lawrence was sent out. He is a shrewd as well as a brave man. We trust in him to fool them, and I'm only afraid that he'll do it too well for his own good. He let them apparently trap him, but it looks to me as if he'd hidden the dispatches too well and that the Britishers can't find them. They've been there now than two hours, and I'm afraid they'll lose their prospects pretty soon.

"They will hurt him to make him tell!"

"Don't be alarmed. He won't let them go too far. But I wish I could get some idea of what's going on. If I could find a smart boy who would stroll up to that house and get himself captured and taken inside—"

"I will do it!"

"Not while I am here to prevent," said the officer, smiling. "I am not a girl upon such an errand, you may be sure. But a bright boy might do it and run no risk at all. Once inside the house, he'd know in a minute whether they'd found the dispatches.

St. John turned toward the door, scowling. A man entered and saluted.

"Here are the dispatches, sir," he said. "We found them."

"Give them to me."

He took the sealed packet and ripped it open. His eye ran hastily over the contents. The frown darkened on his brow. He glanced from the papers to the prisoner.

"So much for this stuff," said he, and tore the dispatches into bits.

There was a brief silence.

"Sergeant," said the leader, "draw up a file of six men on this side of the room. Prisoner, take your place there."

He pulled out his watch.

"I have two questions to ask you," he continued, "and I'll give you two minutes to answer them. These are the questions: One—Is Washington at Dobbs Ferry? Two—If not, where has he gone and with what force?"

"The last time I had the honor of seeing General Washington"—began the prisoner, but St. John checked him with a loud oath and struck the table with his fist.

"The facts, the facts!" he cried. "The facts or your life! Choose!"

"You dare not murder me!" said Lawrence.

"For your death," answered St. John, "I will answer to my superiors—if they ever hear about it. You have a minute and a half."

In the succeeding silence there came suddenly the sound of a woman's voice. A moment later Constance was led in from the hall.

"She came across the fields," said a soldier. "We let her come to the door."

St. John gave her one glance and turned away.

"You have one minute," said he to Lawrence.

The meaning of the scene leaped into Constance's mind instantly, and she screamed.

"Stop that woman's mouth!" said St. John roughly.

The girl eluded a soldier's grasp and sprang to Lawrence's side. They clasped hands and stood facing the British officer and the file of men beyond him.

"If a gun is fired here," said the girl, "you will all die! This house is surrounded!"

St. John took a quick step forward and looked keenly at her. He saw that the muzzles were not a ruse.

"Come," said he. "This is worth knowing. We'll have no shooting. A rope will suit this rebel better than a bullet."

Lawrence struck him between the eyes. The blow was so sudden and so unexpected that St. John was far quicker than the soldiers. He seized her in his arms just in time. She would have screamed, but he caught her by the throat.

The next instant Lawrence burst through the file of men who were trying to close upon him rope in hand. He caught St. John by the wrists and wrenched him away from the girl. Then, as the Britons turned, he struck him fairly between the eyes, and the man went backward against the window. The low sill was on a level with his knees and could not stop him. He crashed through glass and sash and fell upon the grass outside.

Instantly a yell arose from the edge of the woods, and Boyd and his men rushed into the field. They were in plain view from the house, and their number made resistance futile. It was a case of "devil take the hindmost," and the troopers fled through the front doors and windows of the house.

Two soldiers captured St. John before he recovered consciousness. As they dragged him to his feet they looked in through the broken window and saw Captain Lawrence holding Constance close to his breast and telling her that she must not weep now that all the danger was over.

HEALTH

"I don't think we could keep house without Thedford's Black-Draught," says Mrs. Ella Smith, of Ashley, Ill. "I have used it for years with the best of results. I generally take a dose of it when I feel the need of a laxative. I find it a good medicine for biliousness, and I always recommend it when I hear someone complaining of a bad liver." THEDFORD'S BLACK-DRAUGHT, Jacksonville, Ill.

Because this great medicine relieves stomach sour, sweetens the constipated bowels and invigorates the torpid liver and washed kidneys

NO DOCTOR

is necessary in the home where Thedford's Black-Draught is used. For nearly a hundred years living in the country, miles from any physician, have been kept in health for years with this medicine as their only doctor. Thedford's Black-Draught gives billiousness, dyspepsia, colds, chills and fever, and bad colds, headaches, diarrhoea, constipation, colic and almost every other ailment because the stomach, bowels, liver and kidneys so nearly control the health.

THEDFORD'S BLACK-DRAUGHT

Professional Cards.

M. C. McINTOSH,
LAWYER.
Office 420 Ashland Blk., Chicago
Residence, Barrington.
PHONES: CENTRAL 2931 ; 1-R-BARRINGTON 221

Bailey, Hall & Spunner,
Attorneys at Law.
Office: Suite 1506 Tribune Building.
Telephone Central 9066.
Chicago, Illinois.

G. W. Spunner,
Residence, Barrington, Ills.
Phone 212.

LAWYER,
With Jackman & Bennett.
Do a General Law Business. Practice in all State and Federal Courts.
Real Estate and Loans
Office in Grunau Bldg.
BARRINGTON, ILLINOIS.

PERCY V. CASTLE
ARTHUR B. WILLIAMS
BEN M. SMITH
HOWARD P. CASTLE

Castle, Williams & Smith
Attorneys at law.
1020 22 Chamber of Commerce Bldg.
south-east corner Washington and LaSalle streets.
Tel. Main 2637. CHICAGO

R. L. PECK,
LAWYER.
Residence: Palatine, Illinois.
Office: 1001 Ashland Block Chicago.
Telephone Central 2631.

MILES T. LAMEY,
INSURANCE AGENT.
Represent five of the leading fire insurance companies of the world.
Notary Public.
BARRINGTON, ILL.

THE
Barrington Bank
of Sandman & Co.
JOHN SANDMAN, President
JOHN C. PLAGGE, Vice-President
A. J. SCHAUBLE, Cashier
H. C. F. SANDMAN
Barrington, Illinois.

TAKE YOUR WASHING TO THE ....
Barrington Steam Laundry.
Prompt Service, Prices Reasonable
Only First-class Work Done.
J. F. GIESEL, Proprietor.
Opp. Grunau's barber shop

Henry J. Senne,
FRESH, SALT AND SMOKED MEATS.
Oysters and Game in season.
Batterman's Block. PALATINE

50 YEARS' EXPERIENCE
PATENTS
TRADE MARKS
DESIGNS
COPYRIGHTS &c.
Anyone sending a sketch and description may quickly ascertain our opinion free whether an invention is probably patentable. Communications strictly confidential. HANDBOOK on Patents sent free. Oldest agency for securing patents.
Patents taken through Munn & Co. receive special notice, without charge, in the
Scientific American.
A handsomely illustrated weekly. Largest circulation of any scientific journal. Terms, $3 a year; four months, $1. Sold by all newsdealers.
MUNN & Co. 361 Broadway, New York
Branch Office, 625 F St., Washington, D. C.

'Barrington" Gas & Gasolene Engine
The Latest Improved and Best Gasolene Engine on the market.
Simple Construction.
Guaranteed.
Lowest Prices.
do in all sizes from 2 to 20 Horse Power, by
A. SCHAUBLE & CO.
Barrington, Illinois
Dealers in
Shafting, Pulleys & Belting
Manufacturers of
Cisterns and Tanks.
Repairing of All Kinds of Machinery a Specialty.

AS FAR YOU CAN SEE
The Huck & Finlayson Ebony Stove Pipe Enamel
SHINES LIKE THE SUN
Prevents Rust
Intensely Black
Dries Quickly with a Brilliant Gloss
STOVE PIPES, STOVES, RADIATORS, REGISTERS, HEATING DRUMS, COAL HODS, IRON FENCES
And a Thousand Other Things Improved with a Coat
Half-pint, pint and quart cans READY FOR USE
LAMEY & COMPANY, Barrington

The Review
is in every sense of the word a home newspaper. It prints the local news. No household is complete without it.
$1.50 a year
is the subscription price. If you wish to keep posted as to happenings in the villages of Barrington, Palatine, Wauconda, Lake Zurich and vicinity, also news of the state
Subscribe Now

HALL'S VEGETABLE SICILIAN Hair Renewer
A high-class preparation for the hair. Keeps the hair soft and glossy and prevents splitting at the ends. Cures dandruff and always restores color to gray hair.
R. P. HALL & CO., Nashua, N. H.

LAMEY & COMPANY
Dealers in
Building Material,
Paints, Oils, Glass,
Tile and Cement.
Barrington, - - Illinois.

The Review
Prints the Local News