The Master of Chaos

By Irving Bacheller

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CHAPTER VI-Continued'

There were sledges loaded with hay and cornmeal in sacks for the oxen, and with food for the men. There was also a wooden scraper set upon broad runners when not in use. The drivers found water for their teams under the ice roof of a pond. Soon a shelter was built of poles covered with boughs of spruce and hemlock. The snow beneath it was overlaid with a deep mat of balsam. In a little time the woodchoppers had a fire blazing in front of the shelter and the cook had begun his work. A teamster had shot a deer that morning and there was food aplenty. The brawny, happy men amused themselves with singing and story-telling as they rested under the long shelter warmed by a fire into which the snow fell hissing.

Colin got news of Mrs. Bowlby, who had moved to the fort with her children for the winter and who spent a part of every day hunting and trapping in the forest.

"That womern is half horse," said man of the mountain country. "Fraid o' nothin'. Has killed a panther an' a lynx this winter an' seventeen deer. She can bring a buck in on her back an' eat him fer supper. Han'some as a picter an' neat as a pin an' p'lite as a minister, but it don't do to git her vexed."

The night was so cold that even the oxen were bedded with boughs and some of the teamsters slept between the beasts to keep warm. When the fire sank low, Colin had to get up and rake out the embers and stand leaning over them while he beat his sides for comfort. He had doubled the mare's cover with one of his own blankets and was feeling the need of it. He envied the mountaineers sleeping with frosty beards and with no apparent sense of discomfort. He put wood on the fire and went back to his bed smiling as he said to himself, "I wonder if the future generations will ever know about these days and nights."

The cattle bellowing for food and water were a sufficient reveille before daylight. The teamsters began to yoke their teams and take them to the pond for water. The snow had ceased. The fire was rekindled. The feeding had begun. A corps of shovelers working with pine torches were cutting a tunnel in deep snow. After breakfast four teams of oxen hitched to a scraper were wallowing as they slowly hauled it up the hill. Often the ratient beasts were helpless in the white depths. Then the shovelers began to tunnel the drift around them and ahead.

The sky was clear and the sun shining when the scrapers halted at the summit and looked down upon a broad clearing. Colin toiled along behind them on his mare. A freezing wind blew in his face. The white slopes, sown with frost crystals which caught and held the sunlight, shone with dazzling prismatic rays. A fox out on a quest for supplies had made a seam in the snow a mile long from the forest edge to a henhouse on a farm in the valley. The road below was fairly clear for a distance. The guns were coming up behind ing while the teamsters put chains on their runners to help in holding their loads on the long down-hill slant.

They made less than four miles that day, and at night the men were housed by an accommodating farmer, many of them sleeping on the floors with flaming wood in the fireplaces. The cattle had been watered at the farmer's well and turned into the stable yard where a shed sheltered them. Some of the men with poor foot-cover were disqualified for work by frozen toes. Colin went to another house where men and teams were hired to work through the night as far east as possible with shovels and the scraper. Alded by this forework, the train made about eight miles the next day.

So the guns of Ticonderoga crept along over the hills and through the valleys on their way to a new duty at Dorchester heights. Captain Cabot was wont to say. "They seemed to have left their old home with reluctance and to be sternly resisting the strength of the oxen."

Meanwhile in Boston Pat was having her first great adventure. She had been in communictaion with Revere since the time of Colin's departure. Mrs. Shipman, the wife of a loyalist, who had been prominent in the social life of the city, was their intermediary. She was from Virginia, where years before, after Washington had returned, a hero, from the unfortunate Braddock campaign, she fell in love with him although then engaged to marry a wealthy New Englander visiting in Alexandria. The young officer was not then heart free, according to credible reports, and nothing came of it save an undying memory in the mind of the girl. She married and went to live in Boston. Her home was a romantic mansion on Roxbury neck. It was bullt by one Corwin, who was clandestinely in love with the sister of his wife. In constructing the house he had made a secret passage between the walls on the second flo leading to the room planned for his sweet-heart. This passage Mrs. Shipman had by and by discovered. At heart in sympathy with the American cause, she said nothing of this singular de-tail in the structure of the mansion, having conceived a use for it. The young patriots had had secret assistance from her and through Re-

General Washington reminding him

One evening late in February, Revere was lying on a couch in the bedroom with a secret entrance, called "the chamber of sin," awaiting the hour when the collector of refuse would call for the barrels at the back door and convey him to Snoach's yard. Suddenly he heard the signal agreed upon and arose, eager to finish his errand.

pered.

"The Chief appreciates your help but he wishes me to remind you that it is a perilous kind of work and that you may even lose your life in doing it."

"That is war. I would have you remind him of quite another thing even greater than war. That you will do when you say to him, and only to him, that life is not so much to me as it was once long ago. That mine is a failure unless I can make it in some way useful to him and that I would gladly give it to the cause he loves." There was a note of sadness in her

Touched by the sacred character of the message, the spy, who had a remarkable memory, applied himself to the task of noting in his mind the ordering of its phrases.

went on. "At the sound of the first gun our friends are to come here and keep indoors. You are to tell Pat Fayerweather that she and her fam-

The apple woman came. She was an eccentric harmless old widow who lived alone in an abandoned mill on Stony brook about a mile beyond the western entrance to Roxbury neck. She always carried with her a gift of stockings or mittens knit by her own hands for the pickets of each army. They were all her "boys" and they called her "Mother Enslow." She was said to be a distant relative of one of the American brigadiers, whose influence had, no doubt, helped her in the beginning of her odd enterprise. She answered every challenge with her own countersign. It was, "My boy, God bless you!" It was sincere and had become sufficient on both lines. At first, the British took her to the guard-house, where she was searched. Later, all suspicion of any motive, save that of earning a few shillings, passed and they welcomed her, glad to bave her apples and her blessing.

The girl and Mrs. Shipman went above-stairs with Mother Enslow. Pat began her negotiations with an offer of ten pounds to the old woman for her costume and advice. It was a large sum to this poor lonely creature, but she would not accept it until the girl had frankly given her motive for wishing to pass the lines.

"That's honest," said the old army mother. "Love is a caution. My girl, it's a killin' thing an' may the good God help ye! It broke the heart in my breast years an' years ago. I'll stay in Boston town fer good an' all. Ye cross the Neck at seven. If anyone stops ye say, 'My boy, God bless ye!' They're all good boys, an' if ye say it with the holy spirit on yer tongue, they'll give ye not a word o' trouble."

So it happened that the acknowledged belle of Boston came into possession of the gown, bonnet, shoes and good wishes of old Mother Enslow, who, dressed in cast-off garments. presently left the mansion.

"First we'll try an experiment," said Mrs. Shipman.

It would have been difficult to distinguish Pat from the apple woman when she walked with her friend to the fish market-where Mother Enslow bought her supplies. There the girl personated the apple woman so successfully that her manner, voice and make-up excited no suspicion in Mr. Snoach or his helpers. Mrs. Shipman laid their plan before him in a whispered conference.

"She'll pass!" he exclaimed. "Many's the time I've sent the apple woman to

stockings. She was now the radiant, merry-hearted Pat Fayerweather.

"It was a mad venture," said the woman. "If those young men had seen your body, the effect of it would not have been like that of the prayers of Mother Enslow. I do not wonder that Father Jerome forbade Paulina to look at her naked body. Yours would put a saint in jeopardy."

"And here it is withering like a picked ' rose," Pat answered with a "What's the use of it? D-n laugh. the British army! It keeps me from the one man-the blg, dear man I

She seized her gold-buckled slipper and flung it across the room with a



"D-n the British Army!"

pretty indignation in her eyes, adding, 'Must I always be content with the admiration of women?"

She laughed as she drew the strings on her wide waistband, saying, "If I ever get my hands on him again, he

shall not escape." ... "My soul!" the woman exclaimed. You are like Richard when he yelled for a horse. Be patient. You are young yet."

"Young! I am ten years older than I was this morning. I am withering into old age."

Save for the woman spy who was then hiding in the secret passage this illuminating bit of Eighteenth century frankness would have been lost to the world.

"Now I shall have to do some lying," sald Pat, as, having finished dressing, she sat while a mald was adjusting the pins that held her hair. "You and I have spent the afternoon and evening knitting for the dear British soldlers-bad luck to them! Now that it is over, you will not mind how you spend the day so it be in a good cause.'

"Oh, not at all. I'm an obliging liar and may the Lord forgive us! There's an old saying that he smiles at the lies of women.'

"Why not? He knows that we have never had a fair chance in this old world of His. Sometimes' I think I'd rather be a cock sparrow than a woman."

"We are a down-trodden lot," said Mrs. Shipman, "We have to take what's offered and often live unsatisfled. I'll ring for the chaise. It's time you were going home."

"Home life in the Colonies!" Pat laughed. "Codfish and smelly beef and plous prayers for King George beore and after enting! Howe laughing at Washington's army! I wonder why they do not fight it."

Before Pat went away, two British officers called at the mansion looking for Mother Enslow, the apple woman. They were told that she had gone. They insisted on searching the house and were permitted to do so.

The sergeant of the regiment of grenadlers had begun to suspect the Mother Enslow whom he had met that evening. In her presence he bad missed something. The woman he saw and heard was like Mother Enslow and yet different. As he thought of the meeting, he wondered why his mind would give him no rest in the matter. What he had missed was a thing not to be seen or heard. It was the spiritual aura that surrounded the remarkable woman known as Mother Enslow. He had begun to tell of his suspicion, and a man hearing of it had told of meeting the apple woman and of taking her to the Shipman house and of having a like misglving. So it came about that Mrs. Shipman and her home were thereafter closely watched. The consequences might have been serious a month earlier.

One day soon after, while visiting the British hospital, Pat came upon Mother Enslow, who was nursing the sick. They had a talk together. The former apple woman won the affection of the fashionable young lady. Within a week the old mother of the atmies, shorn, trimmed and neatly dressed, had become a chambermal? in the Fayerweather mansion. Since the war began, wealthy loyalists had lost many servants and their domestic affairs were sorely deranged. Thus ft was that Pat, feeling the need of wise counsel and friendly consolation in her own home, found it in the company of

Mother Englow. Soon the peaceful folk of the town were in a panic. A man who lived on the Neck looking through a spy-glass from the top of his house, had discovered signs of great activity on Dorchester heights. The heights had been taken by the Yankees without loss in a curious and ingenious manner. Their column had advanced be hind wheelbarrows loaded high with bound hay to screen them, Then bare rels of sand were hauled to the top of the slopes to be rolled down upon the charging British regiments. It was a formidable plan of defense.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

CUNDAY JCHOOL Lesson

(By REV. P. B. FITZWATER, D. D., Member of Faculty, Moody Bible Institute of Chicago.) ©, 1933, Western Newspaper Union.

Lesson for March 26

REVIEW: JESUS OUR EXAMPLE IN SERVICE

GOLDEN TEXT-How God anointed Jesus of Nazareth with the Holy Ghost and with power: who went about doing good, and healing all that were oppressed of the devil; for God was with him, Acts 10:38.

PRIMARY TOPIC—Stories of Jesus.
JUNIOR TOPIC—Jesus Shows Us

INTERMEDIATE AND SENIOR TOP-IC—Living Like Jesus. YOUNG PEOPLE AND ADULT TOP-IC-Jesus Our Example in Service.

The method of review must always be determined by the genius of the teacher, the grade of the class, and the aptitude of the papils. Three methods for the Senior, Young People and Adult classes are suggested the second and third of which are adaptations of the method suggested by the Lutheran Lesson committee. I. The Summary Method.

In the use of this method the principal facts of each lesson will be brought out with the leading teachings. Assignments should be made a week in advance,

II. The Key Note of the First Six Chapters of Mark From Which the Lessons of the Quarter Have Been Taken.

Chapter 1: Jesus as the Gospel Preacher. His preparation was in the wilderness alone with God, It was in Galilee that he called his first disciples and began to preach. While the synagogue was the best place, naturally when the leaders became hostile, the desert, the mountain, and even a fishing boat was his pulpit.

Chapter 2: Jesus as the Teacher. He gave them a new conception of the forgiveness of sins, fasting, and the Sabbath.

Chapter 3: Jesus as the Messiah He chose twelve of his ambassadors, being somewhat analogous to the twelve tribes in the old dispensation.

Chapter 4: Jesus as the Interpreter of the Kingdom of God. Three outstanding parables reven! Its character-Chapter 5: Jesus as the Great Phy-

sician. The healing of the demonlac, the woman with the Issue of blood, restoring to life of the daughter of Jairus are outstanding examples. Chapter 6: Jesus as the Greater Pro-

vider. An outstanding example of his ability to provide for the disciples is seen in the feeding of the five thou-

III. A Method Which Embraces the Grouping of the Quarter's Lessons Under Significant Headings. 1. Some helpers of Jesus (Lessons

1 and 6). The helpers indicated are John the Baptist who is the first recorded helper, and the twelve apostles. It is strikingly significant that though Jesus possessed all power he chose to place in the hands of ordinary men the continuance of his work. He is able to use men of varied gifts and temperaments, as shown in the twelve.

2. Some works of Jesus (Lessons 2, 3 and 4). He met and overcame the wilderness. He cast out demons. He healed the sick and he

3. Some teachings of Jesus (Lessons 5, 7 and 8). Because the traditions of the Jews had obscured the law, he taught the higher meaning of the law, especially as it pertained to the Sabbath. By means of parables, he took the common things of life and clothed them with vital and profound significance.

4. The power of Jesus (Lessons 9, 10 and 11). This power was exhibited over the forces of nature, demons, physical allments, and even death itself.

5. An enemy of Jesus (Lesson 12). The Devil is the supreme enemy of Jesus. Anything that hinders the progress of the gospel may be considered as an enemy. In this light he has many enemies, among which may be mentioned alcohol and narcotics. The drinking of intoxicating liquors and smoking of cigaréttes, etc., dull man's moral and spiritual natures and incapacitate him for the highest and most efficient service.

GEMS OF THOUGHT

The world crowns success; God crowns faithfulness.

It is better that we know "The Rock of 'Ages" than "the age of rocks."

He that will be angry, and not sin, must not be angry but for sin .-John Trapp.

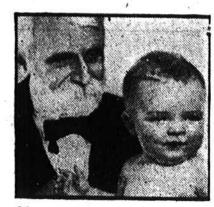
In spite of what God knows about us, and that is more than we know about ourselves, he loves us .- Revelation.

Though I am always in haste, I am never in a hurry.-John Wesley,

"Religion does not consist in being good; that is only a result, religion is knowing God."

"Revival would break out if we Christians got rid of sin in our lives." -Bishop Linton.

We praise God at intervals with our words, but our whole life should be a ceaseless song of praise to him.—Au-



How to train BABY'S BOWELS

Babies, bottle-fed or breast-fed, with any tendency to be constipated, would thrive if they received daily half a teaspoonful of this old family doctor's prescription for the bowels.

That is one sure way to train tiny bowels to healthy regularity. To avoid the fretfulness, vomiting, crying, failure to gain, and other ills of constipated babies.

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The Personal Touch Confidences contribute more than wit to conversation

HOW'S YOUR STOMACH?

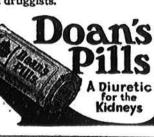
Y OU lose vital nerve force if you allow your stomach to distress you Acid stomach, indi gestion, gas or biliousness and "cos-tiveness" cause the blood to be poisoned

and will eventually destroy health and nerve force. This is what Mrs. H. S. Ross of 712 West Gregory St., Pensacola, says: stomach gave me some trouble, my food was not agreeing with me, I developed an acid condition, but this soon corrected after taking Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery.'

Write Dr. Plerce's Clinic, Buffalo, N. Y.



A persistent backache, with bladder irregularities and a tired, nervous, depressed feeling may warn of some disordered kidney or bladder condition. Users everywhere rely on Doan's Pills. Praised for more than 50 years by grateful users the country over. Sold by all druggists.





She thought she was just unlucky when he called on her once—avoided her thereafter. But no one admires pimply, blemlehed skin. More and more women are realizing that pimples and blotches are often danger signals of dogged bowels—poisonous wastes ravaging the system. Let NR (Nature's Remedy) afford complete, thorough climination and promptly ease away beautyruining poisonous matter, Fine for sick headache, billous conditions, dizziness. Try this safe dependable, all-wegetable corrective. At all druggists—only 25c.

TUMS" Quick relief for sold indiges



of old acquaintance and assuring him of her desire to assist the cause. She had confided to the young coppersmith the peculiar feature of the mansion. More than once he and his friends had found it a safe and convenient refuge. Shipman was then a brigadier in the British army and not often at home. being mostly in the camp at Bunker

He had been admitted by a trusted negro slave soon after darkness fell. He had not yet seen Mrs. Shipman and was awaiting her signal at the door. As usual when he occupied this room, there was no light in it. Suddenly he heard the signal, which was the flick of a handkerchief. The door opened and the mistress of the mansion entered.

"What have you to say?" she whis-

Revere answered with like caution,

"Yes! 1 know," the lady exclaimed.

"There will be a bombardment," he

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS

At Boston, in July, 1775, Colin Cabot, ardent young lover of liberty, bids good-by to his sweetheart, Patience "Pat" Fayerweather, daughter of a loyalist but herself a "rebel." He joins the Revolutionary army at Cambridge, and is mustered into the company of Capt. Amos Farnsworth. Colin impresses Washington, and he makes him his informal secretary, with the rank of captain. A letter from Pat tells Colin she is to visit friends outside the American lines, and saks him to meet her. He sets out. Learning of a British plot to capture Colin, Farnsworth, with a troop, rides to the rescue. A British patrol, led by Harry Gage, Colin's rival for the hand of Pat, threatens the young patriot. Farnsworth and his troop come up. Gage challenges Colin te a duel. They fight and Gage is wounded.—Colin returns to Cambridge. Washington, having forbidden dueling, reduces him to the ranks, but Mrs. Washington, affectionately known to the army as "Lady" Washington, remains his stanch friend. Restored to his rank for meritorious service, Colin is sent, with Col. "Sim" Botts, a "civilian soldier," on a recruiting mission in the West. He meets a typical ploneer woman, Mrs. Bowlby. A band of drunken Indians is outwitted by her bravery and shrewdness. With many recruits, Colin goes back to Cambridge. He is sent to aid in the transportation of the guns of Ticonderoga to the heights of Dorchester, to bombard Boston.

ily are to come here. All other points

will be in danger." "When will the trouble begin?" "We cannot say, but probably early

in March."

"Anything more to tell me?" '

"Then you must go. Here are letters. The litterman is waiting." Revere descended the servants' stairs the kitchen. He stepped out of its door and down into an empty ash barrel on the wagon. A sunken top that held a foot of ashes was shoved into the barrel above his head. Thus he rode in a wagon behind horses driven by an unsuspected patriot to Snoach's yard. There, if the driver saw no danger signal, Revere would take a water route on his way to Cambridge. The barrel jour-

ney to Winnisimet was now rarely used. Mrs. Shipman was a kind of postmistress for the patriots in Boston. Revere and others in the secret service brought letters to the mansion and there received a few from friends of its mistress to be taken beyond the lines. Pat Fayerweather was one of this band of friends. She came to the

mansion in her chaise next morning. "I'm going through the lines," she said. "I'm desperate. Can't wait any longer. I've got to see that man. Good Lord! I'm in love."

Mrs. Shipman laughed. "Well'1 I've had the same trouble. I know that restless feeling. But it's a robber. Women have to look out or it will deprive them of their sanity. Even greater treasures will soon be missing."

"To tell you the truth I am a reckless creature. I am not quite respectable."

"You wouldn't risk your life.trying to break through the lines?"

"The apple woman is in town, have told her to come here at eleven and that I will buy all her apples at a shilling each. She will be here in five minutes. I shall buy her costume and put it on with padding, and make my face as ugly as hers if I can, and go through the lines tonight. I shall reward her well, and I have in the chalse an old gown of one of our maids that

will, I am sure, fit the woman." "It is madness. Contain yourself. We'll be out of our trouble soon. I have a good reason for saying that. I know things which I cannot tell

"I am weary of that kind of talk. I must go. You know how I feel. My friends in Roxbury will meet me tonight on the road beyond the lines." The girl threw her arms around the

neck of the woman and kissed her. "I'll see how you look as an apple woman," said Mrs. Shipman, "Meanwhile, I shall think about it."

my plaz' to set down an' rest. Tell her to go up thar an' wait till I'm

goin' to the Neck with a load o' fish." At a quarter of seven the grand young lady, looking like the shabby old apple woman with three white hairs protruding from her chin, set out for the British line on the Neck, in a fish wagon, sitting beside the giant

In Which Pat Has a Desperate Adven-

ture and Boston Is Evacuated. The apple woman had done much for the comfort of the rough, hard-minded men in both armies. Her gifts and going. The harmless, kindly woman

was a unique figure on the lines. The regiments defending Roxbury neck had been reviewed that afternoon by General Howe, who had succeeded Gage as commander of the port. The review had been followed by a buil baiting and a dog fight. Now a great bonfire was burning, in the light of which bundreds of men were gathered around two soldlers engaged in a boxing match. As the apple woman was passing, an Irish sergeant came and led her aside, saying in a whis-

that ye are no spy." They were back in the shadows. Pat was able to imitate successfully the voice of Mother Enslow when she said: "God bless ye, boy! My clothes are not as clean as my soul. I'l! spend the night with a friend and come back in the morning. There's an old maxim. boy. The nearer the skin the prouder the woman. Old an' young are all alike. May God love and keep ye!" she added, as she gave the boy a shilling and left him.

She walked slowly at first but hurried when well away in the darkness. Men were returning from town to the camp in varying stages of intoxication. Some of them stopped her, but the look, dress and name of Mother Enslow gave her ample protection. One of the men walked with her to the gate of the Shipman house. He left her and she was admitted to the mansion, She told Mrs. Shipman of her failure. They went to the secret chamber above stairs. The girl began to change her garments. She stood almost naked, telling of her strange adventure in the British camp. She had bathed and was drawing on her

Ebenezer Snoach. CHAPTER VII

Soon after she left the wagon that night, the high-born, disguised beauty was to feel the spirit of old Mother Enslow guiding and protecting her. prayers had smoothed her way and made a host of friends who trusted her. She carried no tales coming or

"Mother, I have just come off the line. Orders are out to strip an' search ye. It's a shame. We know IMPROVED UNIFORM INTERNATIONAL