

The Master of Chaos

By Irving Bacheller

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WNU Service

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 wood-choppers 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.

Collin got news of Mrs. Bowly, 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 woman is half horse," said a man of the mountain country. "Fraid o' nothin'. Has killed a panther an' a lynx this winter an' seven deer. She can bring a buck in on her back an' eat him fer supper. Han'some as a pictur 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, Collin 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 rutted 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. Collin tolled 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 farmhouse on a farm in the valley. The road below was fairly clear for a distance. The guns were coming up behind and halting 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. Collin 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. Aided 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 communication with Revere since the time of Collin's departure. Mrs. Shipman, the wife of a loyalist, who had been prominent in the social life of the city, was her intermediary. She was from Virginia, where years before, after Washington had returned, a hero, from the unfortunate Brad-dock 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 built 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 floor leading to the room planned for his sweetheart. This passage Mrs. Shipman had by and by discovered. At heart in sympathy with the American cause, she said nothing of this singular detail in the structure of the mansion, having conceived a use for it. The young patriots had had secret assistance from her and through Revere she had sent a letter to

General Washington reminding him of old acquaintance and assuring him of her desire to assist the cause. She had confided to the young cooper'smith 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 Hill.

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 Snooch's yard. Suddenly he heard the signal agreed upon and arose, eager to finish his errand.

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 whispered.

Revere answered with like caution. "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."

"Yes! I know," the lady exclaimed. "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 tone.

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.

"There will be a bombardment," he 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 have 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 any one 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. Snooch 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 laugh. "What's the use of it? D—n the British army! It keeps me from the one man—the big, dear man I love."

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



"D—n the British Army!"

pretty indignation in her eye, 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," said Pat, as, having finished dressing, she sat while a maid was adjusting the pins that held her hair. "You and I have spent the afternoon and evening knitting for the dear British soldiers—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 cack sparrow than a woman."

"We are a down-trodden lot," said Mrs. Shipman. "We have to take what's offered and often live unsatisfied. 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 pious prayers for King George before and after eating! Clinton and 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 grenadiers had begun to suspect the Mother Enslow whom he had met that evening. In her presence he had 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 misgiving. 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 armies, shorn, trimmed and neatly dressed, had become a chambermaid in the Fayerweather mansion. Since the war began, wealthy loyalists had lost many servants and their domestic affairs were sorely deranged. Thus it was that Pat, feeling the need of wise counsel and friendly consolation in her own home, found it in the company of Mother Enslow.

Soon the peaceful folk of the town were in a panic. A man who lived on the Neck looking through a spy-glass 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 behind wheelbarrows loaded high with bound hay to screen them. Then barrels 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.)

IMPROVED UNIFORM INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

(By REV. P. B. FITZWATER, D. D., Member of Faculty, Moody Bible Institute of Chicago.)
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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 How.

INTERMEDIATE AND SENIOR TOPIC—Living Like Jesus. YOUNG PEOPLE AND ADULT TOPIC—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 pupils. 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 reveal its characteristics.

Chapter 5: Jesus as the Great Physician. The healing of the demoniac, the woman with the issue of blood, restoring to life of the daughter of Jairus are outstanding examples.

Chapter 6: Jesus as the Greater Provider. An outstanding example of his ability to provide for the disciples is seen in the feeding of the five thousand.

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 Devil in the wilderness. He cast out demons. He healed the sick and he forgave sins.

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 ailments, 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 cigarettes, 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.—Augustine.



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.

Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin is good for any baby. For this, you have the word of a famous doctor. Forty-seven years of practice taught him just what babies need to keep their little bowels active, regular; keep little bodies plump and healthy. For Dr. Caldwell specialized in the treatment of women and little ones. He attended over 3500 births without loss of one mother or baby.

DR. W. B. CALDWELL'S SYRUP PEPSIN A Doctor's Family Laxative

The Personal Touch Confidences contribute more than wit to conversation.

HOW'S YOUR STOMACH?

YOU lose vital nerve force if you allow your stomach to distress you. Acid stomach, indigestion, gas or biliousness, and "costiveness" 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: "My stomach gave me some trouble, my food was not agreeing with me, I developed an acid condition, but this was soon corrected after taking Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery."

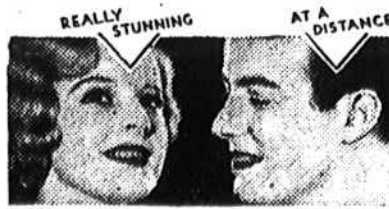
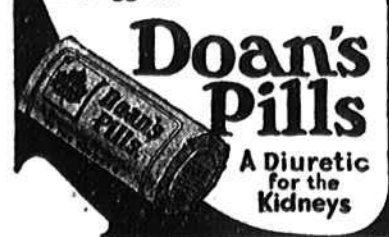
Write Dr. Pierce's Clinic, Buffalo, N. Y.

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It May Warn of Kidney or Bladder Irregularities

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.



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

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