

A Word of Warning

The trouble with thousands of women is not "female weakness," although many physicians suppose it is. The real trouble lies in the Kidneys, Liver and Bladder. Doctors often fail to effect a cure, simply because they don't give the right remedy. Women as well as men can ascertain for themselves if their Kidneys are diseased.



Simply fill a bottle or glass tumbler with urine and let it stand a day and a night. If there is a sediment at the bottom, something is wrong with the Kidneys. If there is a desire to urinate often—if there is a pain in the small of the back—if the urine stains linen—look out! The Kidneys are diseased.

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Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy is a perfect blood and nerve medicine. It restores the liver to a healthy condition and cures the worst cases of constipation. It is a certain cure for all diseases peculiar to females.

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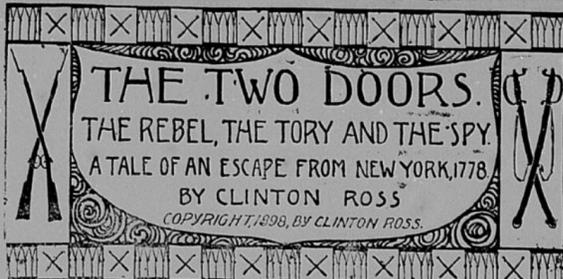
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A lieutenant of those days, a major general later, has left an account of an escape from New York. It seems he was taken on a foraging expedition in Westchester. The capture of himself and his comrades, this Mordaunt states particularly, was his own fault. His escape was little less than remarkable, and I will leave him to state it in his own words. The narrative, you will notice, begins rather abruptly:

The little town of gabled roofs broke at last on my wearied sense, as the guard troops brought us in, like a scene in a play I had once seen in Philadelphia—as if I should turn from it to a town of the Canadas, though this was all unlike; a Dutch town, indeed, with marks put on it of a long English occupation, as we fell among the king's red-coated soldiery.

I wanted, weary as I was, to say a word to my poor comrades, but I was not permitted it, and I accused myself, whose sorry rashness—for I had urged the expedition—had brought them to this plight of prisoners of war. But I had no chance then, nor later.

As for myself, I was taken into a building which proved an improvised jail, where I was given a comfortable room, the circumstances being considered, where at once I fell to sleep. I do not know how long I slept, when I was awakened by sunshine streaming through a barred window and insistent tones in my ears. A sergeant stood there, directing a man with my breakfast. I ate heartily, forgetting all my misfortune.

And this was the beginning of many days. At last one day, long past sunset, I heard a considerable commotion outside. My barred window showed nothing against the gathering dusk, though looking out into a street—it was a little side street.

But the commotion continued. Presently I heard steps in the corridor and the bolts drawn, when my jailer sergeant appeared with two soldiers supporting a young man in a lieutenant's uniform, from whose pale face I saw at once that he was drunk.

"The house is filled, and we shall have to put him in with you," the sergeant said, the others supporting him to the bed, where he sank down.

"Why don't I hear from Sir Henry Clinton?" I asked like a peevish fool, as if the sergeant should know. "I expect a parole, at least."

He shrugged his shoulders and went out and closed the door and I heard the fading footfalls.

Why, indeed, wasn't some action taken in my case? I had been now a prisoner near a week.

The fellow on the bed breathed heavily. He wore the uniform of a line regiment and had a young, gentle face, rather worn with dissipation. I do not know to this day what caused the street noises preceding his appearance. Watching his hard breathing, I suddenly wished that I had his uniform, though I did not think why. The thought was like an inspiration, for what if the door had been left unbolting? Of course it was impossible it should have been, and yet I had not heard the rasping of the bolt against its socket, and I tried it. Will you believe me, that door swung back, and I was looking into the corridor?

Quickly I closed it and went back to the hard breathing figure on the bed.

For a moment in the flickering light—I had lit my candle—I watched his face, which reminded me of my own. Finally, having the courage of my purpose, I shook him roughly, but he did not so much as stir. So I began to pull off his coat, his stock, his waistcoat. Still he was unconscious, till he startled me by opening his eyes.

"What?" he asked huskily. And then he rolled over on his side in stupor,



I saw one coming with a swinging lantern, leaving me the possessor of the uniform. The color of my breeches would not be observed, I decided, and I had on his waistcoat, coat and stock. I saw that some regimental disorder had been in the town, necessitating the use of my jail as a guardhouse.

Now I went to the door and opened it and was in the dusky corridor. Down its length I tiptoed, no one hindering, and then I was at an outer door.

Here the risk must be taken, and I hurried, opening the door. The fresh air struck my face, and a sleepy sentinel, musket on shoulder, turned about, staring. I did not hesitate for a moment,

out summoning all my sang froid, closed the door, as if my appearance were of course.

"I'll report you for a sleepy knave," I said, facing him. If my voice were strange, he did not notice it, but only saluted as if all were the matter of course.

I can't account for that lax discipline now, but I suppose he thought me some officer, and my authoritative word did not leave him the sense to inquire. At least he let me pass on, and I turned, without further word, into a little deserted street.

I did not know what I now should do. Presently, before me, I saw one coming with a swinging lantern—a short, squat figure of a man. I thought to turn back, but, not daring, kept on. As he approached I held myself erect and so passed into the lantern light, which flickered, for the night was gusty, New York being exposed on all sides to stretches of violent wind. He, it seems, was peering about, for he saw me only to stop. I did not run, for I did not know where.

The other said: "Captain Mordaunt."

"You're mistaken," I began. "Stop," said he. "Come, turn back. You can't get away."

I hesitated for a moment. I looked up and down, and the wind moaned a chorus to my thoughts, and yet after a week in a cell it brought the sweetness of freedom. It sang that word in my ears; it put my pulse to beating. The chance should not present itself in vain, said I then. I shouldn't be stopped by this fellow, whoever he might be.

'Twas a question at the most of man to man, and for his compact, powerful figure I held that my legs were good and the lane was long and dark and deserted.

When you are telling long after what you did in impulsive activity the words may choke the action. You fail to produce for the reader the effect of the moment. For you can be assured it was not a moment, hardly an instant, before I was giving him my heels in answer to his demand. The situation had framed itself so fortuitously, and I was not the man that moment to let it slip me.

The lane was dark enough. I have said. There was only an occasional glimmer from a house edging it. Yet no sooner had I started before the man who had accosted me broke out in a mighty voice which seemed to shake Manhattan Island and lights blazed to right and left and scurrying figures appeared, some with a gleam of red breeches, and I realized that on that lane I had happened on the quarters of some company. I had run surely into a net.

Two met me squarely, but I bore down on them like a ram—my head bent down as I have seen a negro in Maryland run, my fists clinched. They had no time to reach for a weapon. A pistol's butt would have brought me over, but my impetuosity bore them down, and I wriggled out from their fingers and presently the hue and cry fell behind me. The lane opened into the country, and my heart beat exultantly. I felt as if I were the whole army of congress breaking through the king's lines and scattering them, exactly indeed as General Washington did in Jersey.

But I had small time to feel my joy. 'Twas followed shortly by a fit of depression. I had been glad too soon, when I had everything to do. The lane seemed to be up a hill and from the farther side came an order. I could not mistake that quick, positive tone. They were heading me off, while from behind came the cry of the hunters and again the scurrying of lanterns' light—yellow, searching.

The choice was small. I leaped a low fence at my left and broke through some bushes and found myself on the edge of a lawn with a great house at its center. The moon suddenly burst through the clouds, and it all lay clear, which was so much the worse for me. I could hear the two parties meeting in the road I had left and I threw myself flat on the sod, and then other sounds distracted.

These were hoof beats, and an officer drew up on the road before the door. He was followed by another, plainly a servant, for, dismounting, he threw the bridle rein to him, and, disregarding the cries of my hunters, he went into the house, while the man with the horses led them away about a corner of the house, leaving the door ajar, as if he were about to come back.

I reflected for a moment, but I did not know where to turn. Presently the sounds were nearer. I saw that I must be surrounded, willy nilly—that I must take a desperate chance.

I wonder at it now. But what I did was indeed the most foolhardy thing I could have done, yet perhaps not so badly calculated, since what else could I do? I did not know the lay of the land, nor how well they might have the place surrounded. At the worst I might be taken. But somewhere—in some silly book of adventure or in some story of my father, who had served with Wolfe—somewhere I had read or heard of a man hiding in a house in the very heart of an enemy's town. The chances were that I should not hide, but that I should run on them full tilt. But then, as I have said, what were the chances on the other side?

through the door. At the hall's end was a single pencil of light as from a door's crack. A broad stair's foot faced me. To the left was the door of an unlit room. Into this I stole as quietly as you please. At one side in the moonshine I saw another door, and this I pulled open cautiously, finding myself in a long, deep closet. So far it had been well. I began to feel quite proud about it all and that my father himself might not disapprove of my readiness. Then I remembered in time enough not to leave myself vain that the chance of that door at the jail was, while extraordinary, a very simple one to take, and I remembered, too, how the expedition into Westchester had failed through my overconfidence. I thought as well of my poor comrades in their jail. I tell you I was left even frightened by thoughts, with the consideration that I was still rather tightly caught. Should I have a moment to breathe I as well might try to fly as to try to get away from the island. These thoughts left me sober enough.

But at the moment were sounds at the outer door and shuffling feet, and a strong, decisive tread, and the steps were in the room on which my closet opened.

"Put down the candles, Simpson," I heard in a clear, authoritative voice. "Well, sergeant, you can't find him?"

"No, sir; he's gone."

"He slipped through your line somewhere. With companies about here it seems as if he might have been caught."

"He's vanished, sir."

"Somebody will have to be court-martialed for this."

"It isn't my men's fault, if it please you, colonel."

"No, you oughtn't to be blamed for what happened in the guardhouse. There's that blessed meeting in the Irish line, and the dinner, where the youngsters lost their heads."

"It's remarkable, sir," said the other.

"I don't understand it. But it isn't my matter. It's Sir Henry's. But here is your prisoner reaching my grounds"—

"He's gone, sir," the sergeant repeated.

"So it seems. I know, I know, he's gone. But I'm dragged into the matter."

"Not you, sir."

"Well, find him. Go over the ground again, do you hear? I don't believe anything like this ever happened in an English regiment."

"It ought not now, sir," said the sergeant's gruff voice. "I only can account for it in Sergeant Timms being excited by the noises outside. There have been many arrests, sir."

"Well, Timms will have a chance to explain to the proper authorities. Now do your best."

"I'm afraid he's gone too far, sir. You know there are many houses in New York that would like nothing better than to hide a rebel."

"Nothing in the world better," said the colonel.

"Good night, sir."

"Good night to you, sergeant, and better luck."

"I hope for it, sir."

His steps sounded and the door opened and closed. The candles still burned in the outer room, for the light entered through the chinks of the closet door. And then I heard the scratching of a quill. He was writing, and suddenly I thought who he might be. I remembered the exact situation and indeed the colonel himself.

Now in all this account the suddenness of the adventure must explain the daze in which I had been. Even had I been dropped down in a place I know better than New York these events would have been enough to have confused me, and I was not particularly familiar with New York. I had passed the summer of 1774 there. I remembered the location of certain streets, and among many other features I remembered the Van Halo manor on its hill. The place became as clear as if I saw it in the light. This was Colonel Van Halo's manor. That was indeed no other than the Tory colonel himself.

I need not explain who he was to you. You will know the man who put his great estates at the king's service because he believed that no good, nothing but disaster, would come of our success. He was honest and brave and strong and commanded with the rank of colonel a troop which had been enlisted for the king. I had fallen into his house, and he was sitting out there—beyond the door—writing.

Then, as I stood there in that dark hole, like a cornered fox, I remembered where the shop of Hosea Pringle stood—Pringle, the cobbler, who was a spy in our service. It was down a turn at the hill's foot. If I could reach there, Pringle would hide me. That was one of the houses the sergeant had referred to, one of the spies they not so much as suspected. This much was plain. If Pringle should be in, he would find means of sending me across the river. My heart beat till I could hear its thumping as I thought of my position then, as I saw how near and yet how far I was from that jail. I must get out of this house unobserved not only for my own sake, but as well because I could not lead to Pringle's. The discovery that the honest fellow was a spy would lead him to his execution.

Yet even with this suddenly presented chance the situation was not much happier. The great Colonel Van Halo—after Colonel de Laney, one of the richest and stanchest New York Tories—was outside that door. My exultation suddenly died, the chance was indeed so small a one. And then I thought of my father. I thought of Peggy—the one girl in all the world who ever was worth while. They all seemed very far away that moment. If they took me, they now wouldn't take my parole, which, after all, I was thankful not to have given.

And time passed, and the quill still scratched on, to stop at last. It must have been after two hours. I was cramped and stiff. Then I heard him rising. He might have turned to the

closet, I suddenly recollected, but he didn't. The light in the chinks flickered, and as I heard his steps the door shut and the outer room was dark.

Then, you may believe, I watched—watched till I thought I should venture it, when I threw back my closet door.

I was startled by noting the light through the keyhole. Some one was behind that outer door then, and suddenly the floor was thrown wide and a tall figure stood there, holding the candle high above his head.

"Who's there?" Colonel Van Halo asked.

Standing there, hopelessly revealed, my plans all awry, I saw on the table a pistol, which I snatched almost instinctively—twists self preservation—and then, as he looked his amazement, I said, as if I held the position:

"I regret my lack of courtesy to a gentleman of your position in this colony—this state, I mean—but I must ask you to come in, to close the door, to sit down, or else"—and I meant it all—"I will shoot you down, Colonel Van Halo."

"Eh?" said he, and then, doubtless feeling the sincerity in my tone, and being, while a brave man, not a foolhardy one, he closed the door exactly as I bade him.

"Well?" said he. "Well?"

"I'm Mordaunt," said I, "the prisoner they were after."

"Ah, the prisoner they were after," said he, still surveying me with the candle held high, while I held the pistol leveled.

"But I'm minded to get away. I don't believe, sir, there's any one in the house you can call to, or else you would not have closed the door."

"I was a fool," said he.

"No, sir," said I; "not that. This interruption was too startling. You couldn't well have done otherwise. But now—"

"But now?" said he.

"You'll try to prevent my escape. So I must take you as a prisoner."

"Me," said he, "as a prisoner?"

"Now, honestly," said I then, "how else can I do? 'Tis your duty to follow me."

"Yes," said he, "my duty."

"So you must come with me."

"Where?" said he. "Where?"

"I must find that out," I said grimly, "and I will."

"You are a Mordaunt?" he said.

"Of Maryland," I retorted.

"You are like them," he said, "and so a gentleman. Don't you see that if I disappear they will say I've deserted— I, Nicholas Van Halo."

"Yes," said I. "But 'pon my honor I'll say that you didn't. More than that, I promise to return you here to-morrow."

"You promise?"

Nevertheless his eyes were moving about uneasily.

"Yet if you try to run, to fight, I will shoot you down, Colonel Van Halo."

"Yes, your father would do the same," he said.

"You knew my father?"

"I was with him at Quebec."

"Ah, I remember. I'm sorry for this discourtesy, Colonel Van Halo. Yet I'm forced to it. I have given you my word. Now snuff the candle and lead to the door. I can see you by the moon."

He made some demur, but finally did as I bade him. I saw he was one of those strong men who lose their wit in emergency. So he led as I ordered into the hall, outside into the moonshine, not once crying out, for, as I had surmised, there was no one in the house to answer.

"To Pringle's?" I said in a tremble, for here was the new hazard.

"To Pringle's?" he said, turning.

"So I said, colonel."

"You know the direction?"

"You can't mislead me," said I grimly. "I know this town now that I have my wits gathered."

"You have been here?" said he as we stood there, two figures outlined clear in the moonshine.

"Once," said I, "if in the rush of flight I had forgotten it. But on, sir, out of the moonshine."

For a moment he looked at me, and then he sprang toward me. Rage and desperation were in his muscles that moment, and I dropped my pistol. I could not use it against him for all my threat, for all the determination I had a few moments before. I thought he would raise a cry, but he failed to. Rage had taken the power of shouting, and we met and wrestled for a moment. He was a strong man indeed, but I was more supple. I had that advantage, and, having him down in a moment, I jumped up from him and seizing the pistol stood above him.

"I am sorry," I said, "but you must go with me."

Then sullenly he rose.

"It seems it must be so. But"—He paused. "Your promise?"

"To see that you are returned if we cross the river. It is given, sir."

Then he rose and went on. I following, wondering at the chance of our having aroused no one. I felt easier presently, as we passed into the shadow of the trees and pushed along into the path and more quickly down the road. The night was filled with its noises as



"Good night to you, sergeant, and better luck."

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