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The

# SPY

By James Fenimore Cooper

ILLUSTRATED BY *Frank Ficht*



**D**URING THE WAR OF INDEPENDENCE THERE WERE MANY AMERICANS WHO FOUGHT ON THE BRITISH SIDE. IT WAS A PERILOUS TIME WITH SPIES SLIPPING IN AND OUT OF THE AMERICAN LINES WITH MILITARY INFORMATION.

OUR STORY BEGINS ON A STORMY EVENING IN THE WESTCHESTER HILLS OF NEW YORK... LATE IN THE YEAR OF 1780...

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NIGHT WAS COMING ON... GEORGE WASHINGTON, IN DISGUISE, SOUGHT SHELTER FROM THE STORM



Sorry, I can't accommodate you. But you'll find comfort and entertainment in the big house on the hill.

In only forty Haynes, the house keeper. This place belongs to Harvey Birch, but he's so seldom home that he might as well not live here.



Harvey Birch?



Harvey Birch?



AT THE BIG HOUSE A MOST HOSPITABLE WELCOME GLOWED IN THE FACE OF THE OLD COLORED SERVANT...

Yessuh yessuh! Come right in!



WASHINGTON MET THE MASTER OF THE HOUSE...

My name is Wharton! My house is open to strangers in such weather as this!

I thank you, sir. I'm grateful, indeed!



I live here with my older daughter, Sarah...



AND, WITHOUT TELLING HIS NAME, WASHINGTON SAT DOWN TO DINNER WITH THE FAMILY.



AS THEY RETURNED TO THE PARLOR, WHASTON STARED THE STRANGER CAUTIOUSLY.



Would my smoking trouble you, sir?





HE STRODE ACROSS THE ROOM AS IF HE OWNED THE HOUSE AND SEATED HIMSELF AT THE DINNER TABLE...



Bring on more food. This wine is entirely to my liking!



AFTER EATING, THE STRANGER DRANK A TOAST TO HARPER...

I drink to our better acquaintance. I believe this is the first time we've met, though your attention would signify otherwise.

I think we have never met. But I also think I know you, sir.



Now if I may, I will retire and leave the family together.

Goodnight, Mr Harper.



AS SOON AS WASHINGTON HAD LEFT THE ROOM, THE STRANGER TORE OFF HIS DISGUISE...

My son!

Now you know me as Captain Wharton of the 66th British Regiment? Rardon this rebel uniform; it was also part of my disguise!



THE FOLLOWING MORNING HARVEY BIRCH, THE PEDDLER, APPEARED AT THE WHARTON HOME

If you have good news from the British army, I'll pay you well for this silk.

The rigors are on the move below.

Ah Birch is taking me the British are moving to attack in Westchester. I will bet my nose to the move.



Captain Harvey Birch brought good news of the Americans, so I'm celebrating by giving this collar to your wife, Hannah, for a dress.

Thank you, Mrs. Parry!



AND HARVEY BIRCH, THE SPY, WAS OFF ON HIS MYSTERIOUS MISSIONS...



MEANWHILE IN THE WHARTON PARLOR...

If any fear of me induces Captain Wharton to maintain his disguise, I want him to know that had I motives for his betrayal, they could not operate under the present circumstances.

But how do you know that I am Captain Wharton?







WASHINGTON POINTED TO A PICTURE ON THE WALL

If I had no other way of knowing... look how much better you look in your natural self than in this disguise!



Take that disguise off and never wear it again.

I promise, Mr. Warner, I'll not wear it again.



THE PEDDLER VISITED WASHINGTON SECRETLY IN HIS BED CHAMBER

Your excellency



It was I who disguised this young British officer and brought him through the lines last night to have him examined as a British spy. He's run through the American wires four times.

Well done, Birch, for the information you brought me. But I don't wish to hang this young officer. He came to see his family. Take him back safely.



Harvey Birch, you're one of the most valuable men in the American army. But your life is in danger. You must pose as a British spy and our own troops will hunt you like a beast!

I would gladly give my life for my country.



THE PEDDLER LEFT AS SILENTLY AS HE HAD COME...

AFTER THIS SECRET CONFERENCE WITH BIRCH, WASHINGTON REJOINED THE WHARTON FAMILY...

Mr. Harper, I'm still amazed at your recognizing me. You're a close observer.

Necessity has made me one.



You cannot... you will not betray my brother!

I cannot and I will not.



Let me assure you all it's better I saw him than not if he should ever need help. I will aid him.

Who can this man be?



THE WEATHER CLEARED AND WASHINGTON AND THE WHARTON FAMILY MOVED OUT ONTO THE PORCH...

You have a good view of Long Island Sound from here, Mr. Wharton.

Yes and we hope we'll not be disturbed by fighting here.



IT WAS NOT LONG BEFORE HARVEY BIRCH APPEARED WITH HIS PACK, AND POINTED TO MOVING SHIPS ON THE DISTANT SHORE...

Whaling ships... usually manned... they have been moving in the storm.

Mr. Birch, you have remarkable vision!



THE PEDDLER POINTED AGAIN AND GLANCED AN EYE AT WASHINGTON...

The rogues are out, horse and foot.  
 Ah, Birch tells me the British are out in strength. I must leave and set the army in motion.



Goodbye, Mr. Harper.  
 I still don't know who he is. He might betray me.



Goodbye, my friends!

AND, AS WASHINGTON PASSED THE PEDDLER...

I thank you, Harvey Birch, for delivering the tobacco to Mr. Wharton.  
 I understand your excellency.



AND WASHINGTON RODE AWAY TOWARD THE DISTANT HILLS...



IT WAS NOT LONG BEFORE THE PEDDLER MYSTERIOUSLY REAPPEARED AT THE WHARTON HOME

Let me take you back tonight. Tomorrow will be too late. The dragons will be below you!  
 How can you disturb me when I'm in such company? I'll go back tomorrow.



BUT, SOON AFTER BIRCH HAD SOME CAESAR BROUGHT A MESSAGE...

Messia Henry, the American dragons are coming. You can't get by the American pickets!  
 Go tell Birch. I've changed my mind. I'll go with him tonight!



CAVALRY

BUT CAESAR RETURNED WITH DISAPPOINTING NEWS...

Massa Henry Harvey Birch have disappeared

Then I'll be captured! I can't pass the Americans without Birch!



IN THE MORNING, THE DRAGOONS CAME RIDING ...

We Legions ride for liberty under the Commander-in-Chief, Gen. Washington

Major Dutewodde, we also ride to capture spies and drive the enemy from our land



The dragoons is comin'! Run, Massa Henry!

This is no time to run, I am a royal officer!



CAPTAIN LAWTON ENTERED BEFORE CAPTAIN WHARTON'S SISTERS HAD PUT HIS MAKE-UP ALL IN PLACE...

You've no cause for alarm, ladies, we'll leave your dwelling after a few questions, if answered freely.

And what may they be, sir?



Have you been visited by a stranger?

This gentleman came in and stayed with us during the rain



Then, sir, I am to understand there has not been a Mr. Harner here recently?

Mr. Harner? Yes, I'd forgotten. He left as he arrived, by horse, and took the north road



CAPTAIN LAWTON LEFT THE HOUSE AND SPOKE WITH LT. MASON...



WHEN FRANCIS MENTIONED MAJOR DUNWOODIE, LAWTON TURNED AROUND...




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A WHILE LATER, BUNWOODIE RECEIVED A MESSAGE SAYING THAT THE BRITISH WERE MASSING FOR AN ATTACK IN THE VICINITY OF THE WHAETON MOOR. HE IMMEDIATELY ASSEMBLED HIS MEN AND WENT OUT TO ENGAGE THE ENEMY.

IN THE ENSUING BATTLE, THE TROOPS OF KING GEORGE WERE BADLY BEATEN AND MADE A HASTY AND DISORGANIZED RETREAT...



TO AID THEM IN THEIR FLIGHT, SOME BRITISH FOOT SOLDIERS TRIED TO STEAL THE HORSES OF THE GUARD AT THE WHAETON MOOR...

Stop you thieves!



THE OTHER GUARD JUMPED OUT THE WINDOW AND ALSO JOINED THE CHASE...



IN THAT SAME INSTANT, CAESAR THREW OPEN THE BACK DOOR...

Here's the other guard's horse, run, Morsa Henry, run!

Yes, now I'm glad, my honest fellow, it's time to run!



How well he runs, really, but good deal myself!

God bless you, Caesar! Tell my folks goodbye for me!



AS CAPTAIN WHARTON PASSED A JUTTING ROCK, HE SAW THE PEDDLER . . .



"Bravely done, Captain! Don't spare the whip and turn to your left before you cross the rock!"



HE CROSSED THE BRIDGE AND STOPPED BEFORE AN OLD FRIEND . . .



"Captain Wharton! Dressed in a rebel uniform and mounted on a rebel horse!"

"Col. Melmore! I have just escaped from the Americans and the galleys!"



"The galleys! Surely those traitors would dare commit more murders!"

"We can beat the Americans! Let us retrace the attack!"

"I hope you're right, brave fellow!"





MEANWHILE, CAPTAIN LAW TOM WAS OBSERVING COLONEL WELLS'S FORCES . . .



How is this? A blue coat among those scarlet gentry? It is my Mosquesaded friend, escaped from two of my men!

THE BRITISH BEGAN TO MOVE TO THE ATTACK . . .



Now we'll turn the sabres on friend Dunwoodie!

I hope you're right, Captain. But those Wagoners fight well!

BUT DUNWOODIE HAS LAID A TRAP . . .



Surely the British won't display their column on this flat! If they do, we'll not leave a dozen sound skins there!

DUNWOODIE LED A PART OF HIS FORCE AGAINST THE ENGLISH COLUMN



WHILE LAWTON, WITH ANOTHER PART OF THE DRAGOONS, HID BEHIND A HILL . . .



When the battle is well engaged, we'll hit the English flank!

THE SLAUGHTER WAS TERRIBLE . . .



Charge, boys, charge!

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DURING THE BATTLE, BOTH CAPTAIN WHARTON AND COL. WILLMORE WERE TAKEN PRISONER AND BROUGHT TO THE WHARTON HOME UNDER GUARD...

Dunwoodie, I've been wounded in my right arm.

I'm sorry Henry! I'll call a surgeon to dress it.

Is my brother badly wounded, Dr. Squiregroves?

Just a scratch. He'll be all right!



THEN THEY ALL SAT DOWN TO DINNER...

JUST THEN, THE DOOR WAS FLUNG OPEN.



Hurry, Squiregroves or Singleton will die from loss of blood!

What? Singleton? Bless me it's George!



My friend, Capt. Singleton must have the best care. I'll send for his sister, Isabella.

Why should Rytton send for Isabella when I am here?

Rytton does your concern for George arise from a secret love for his sister?

Believe me, Frances, I love only you!



COLONEL WELLMERE TOOK ADVANTAGE OF HIS CAPTIVITY IN THE WHARTON HOME ...



"My dear, as soon as it can be arranged, will be married!"

Colonel Wellmere!

AND CAPTAIN WHARTON, KNOWING OF WELLMERE'S ATTACHMENT TO HIS SISTER, SPOKE IN HIS BEHALF TO DUNWOODIE ...



"I've given you my oath not to escape again. Will you permit Col Wellmere to remain here?"

"I will!"

AND CAPTAIN SINGLETON WAS ALSO LEFT AT THE WHARTON HOME, UNDER THE CARE OF SURGEON SITGREAVES ...



"He'll live, but you must bring his sister from the Highlands to watch over him!"

FRANCIS, I MUST HIDE TO GET GEORGE'S SISTER. TREAT HER KINDLY WHEN SHE COMES.



"I believe Peyton is in love with Isabella!"

WHEN THE BEAUTIFUL ISABELLA ARRIVED, FRANCIS SUSPICIONS GREW ...



"Do you love Peyton, Isabella?"

"He's an old friend of my brother."

WHILE FRANCIS COURTED DUNWOODIE, THE LOVE BETWEEN HIS SISTER AND COLONEL WELLMERE FLOURISHED ...



"I've sent for an English chaplain. We'll be married in a fortnight!"

DUNWOODE RODE AWAY WITH PART OF HIS DRAGOONS ..



... AND CAPTAIN LAWTON, WITH A DETACHMENT, CHASSED THE RETREATING BRITISH TO THEIR BOATS



AS CAPTAIN LAWTON WAS RETURNING TO HIS POST...



THE PEDDLER LEAPED A HIGH STONE FENCE



BIRCH'S ESCAPE INTO THE WOODS WAS CUT OFF BY A DRAGOON



IN HIS HEADLONG SPEED, LAWTON'S HORSE TRIPPED.



*Run fast like a beast because I cannot tell who I am!*



Peddler would you strike a man who is down?

BUT LET THE BLADE FALL HARMLESSLY ...



No, I cannot kill an American soldier!

AS THE PEDDLER DISAPPEARED AMONG THE ROCKS ...



There goes the scoundrel! We can dismount and get him!

Hold! The first to dismount dies!

MEANWHILE, THE FATHER OF HARVEY BIRCH LAY DYING ...



Mrs. Kirby, I think he must be near dead!

Mr. Coleson He'll live till the morning!



I don't know!



I'm dying, Kirby, where's my son?

IN THE WOODS, A BAND OF RUFFIANS CALLED SKINNERS



We'll go to Harvey Birch's hut tonight. We'll capture him and collect the booty the dragoons have placed on his head!

HARVEY BIRCH WAS COMING HOME ...



Although I'm hurried like a deer, I must return to see my father!

SOBBENLY, THE SKINNERS BROKE INTO THE HOUSE ...

Birch, we've come to take you. But first—where is your money hidden? You're a British spy, and the English pay well!

Scoundrels! Give me time to spend with my dying father. I'll pay you well!

Father, do you know me?

It's my son! You've just come in time. I am dying!



WITH THEIR BAYONETS AT HIS BREAST, MEN POINTED TO A STONE IN THE FLOOR . . .

Spy, tell us where you hide your English gold! We know a price is on your head, and so one could blame us for killing you.

Move that stone and you'll find my money!



Ah, this is only some of his treasure. Move him and tell where the rest is!

I tell you, I have no other money!



It is a ghost! Run, run!

THE FATHER, UNABLE TO ENDURE HIS SON'S AGONY, ROSE FROM HIS BED

What is that—a ghost?



Yes, I am a ghost!



THEN THE OLD MAN FELL DEAD . . .

My poor father! He saved my life, but the effort killed him!

And the Germans have gone with your money! You are a beggar!



LAWTON WOULD LET NO ONE HARM BIRCH WHILE THE PEDDLER BURIED HIS FATHER ...



Katy, I can no longer live here. I must hide in the hills. You may have the house.

I'm sorry for you, Harney! You are a hurried beggar!



AND BURNED THE HOUSE ...



The dragons will pay us well!

BUT, JUST THEN, THE SKINNERS RETURNED

How do you like your price flips on your head?



WHEN LAWTON HEARD WHAT THE SKINNERS HAD DONE, HE WAS FURIOUS.

Even if Birch is a British spy, no one had a right to burn his house! I'll get even with those skimmers!





BUNWOODIE'S TROOP OF DRAGONS OPENED HEAD-QUARTERS AT BETTY FLANAGAN'S HOTEL...

Oh my boys, I'll fill 'em, for I'm the widow of Red Flanagan, who died a fighting man!

And he who proves it meets the fate his loss of life can never know. Old Mother Flanagan, come, fill the can again.



My Dunwoodie's inside we'll get 'em this decoder to him!



We come to claim our reward!

Are you Birch?

I am!



And traitor to your country. Do you know I'd be justified in executing you tonight?

'Tis as God wills!

The justice of Washington condemns you to the gallows!

No! No! Washington would never say "Lead him to the gallows!"





THE PEDDLER LAY DOWN AND PRETENDED TO BE SLEEPING...

"He's fallen asleep like a man who does not expect to die tomorrow. Guard him carefully! He is very clever and dangerous!"



Let no one but Betty Handson enter during the night. But examine her as she comes and goes. NO one distrusts Betty, but this clever peddler might hide in her skirts!



IT WAS NOT LONG BEFORE BETTY CAME STAGGERING TOWARD THE SHED.

Come, Betty, how about a little drink? It's cold and I need a drink to warm me.

Keep away or I'll report you!



MEANWHILE, CAPTAIN LAWTON TOOK THE SHIPPERS FOR A STROLL IN THE MOONLIGHT.

Capt. Jack, do we get our ransom?

Oh yes, I'll pay you well!



Knock the flints from their muskets, I don't trust the wilkins!



SUDDENLY, DRAGOONS CAME RIDING FROM OUT THE SHADOWS...

Seize them, boys and pay them for burning Harvey Birch's house!



THE DRAGOONS QUICKLY STRIPPED THE SKINNERS AND STRUNG THEM UP...

Ha, ha! Give it to 'em, boys!

Help help!



Now I've paid you well.



THE BULLET WHIZZED BY LAWTON'S HEAD...



He didn't know I had an extra list in my pocket!



BACK AT BETTY FLANAGAN'S...

Ha, ha! Here's Betty Flanagan again! Are you sure you haven't the spy in your pocket?

I'm going now to report you to Capt. Jack for putting a rotten spy in my bed!



IN THE DISTANT HILLS, THE SKINNERS HAD A COUNCIL ROUND THEIR FIRE...

We will kill both Lawton and Dumwooder!



LAWTON DID NOT KNOW THAT IT WAS THE SPY WHO HAD ESCAPED IN BETTY FLORIGAN'S DRESS.

Waking in your sleep, Betty, or dreaming while awake?

Ah, Capt Jack I'm seeking some herbs for the wounded!



Fool, the skinnners have fled to those heights. If you should fall in with them they'd revenge on you a sound flogging I just gave them!



Blast the skinnners! I've got to get my herbs tonight!

We can't fight the dragoons in the open, but we can get them when they are riding by the rocks and bushes!



And we'll set fire to the whar-ton home!

First I must score these willows from this hill. They're too close to my Secret hideout!



This way Capt Jack, here are the rascals eating by a fire. This way and murder them where they sit!



Run! It's Betty Florigan leading Lawton and his dragoons here to kill us!

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How to become myself again



MAJOR DUNWOODIE WAS PASSING AN OVERHANGING ROCK WHEN...



Stand or die!

Harvey Birch! Or am I dreaming?

Take the advice of one who has never harmed you and never will. Don't trust yourself in the skirts of any wood unless in company and mounted. Danger is near both you and your loved ones! Be silent... double your watchfulness and strengthen your patrol!



THE SPY DISCHARGED HIS MUSKET IN THE AIR



If it is the spy, why did he not shoot me?

AND WHEN THE SMOKE HAD CLEARED, THE SPY WAS GONE

I can't believe I saw Harvey Birch. I must happen to the shed and see if he's there!



The spy is still here, Major. I hear him snoring as I did last night when I left him



Oh, yes - here's in there. No one but Betty passed in all night!



Where's the spy?

Now, how'd a widow wait on like me know anything about a dirty spy? I came in here and here I've been sleeping peacefully all night!

IN THE BIBLE WHICH THE SPY HAD LEFT, THEY FOUND THE FOLLOWING MESSAGE.



HOLY BIBLE  
If Betty Hangeron looks in her pocket she will find a coin for the clothes I took.  
Harry Birch

BETTY DREW FROM HER POCKET A SHINING COIN...

Then the spy escaped in Betty's dress!



What would you be thinking, Major... would all honest men stay here and await the gallows?

AND, MEANWHILE...

Ride to Major Dunwoode and tell him that Capt. Henry Wharton is summoned here to stand trial as a British spy!



Oh, what will become of me? I let the real spy get away and now I have to send my best friend, Capt. Wharton to trial as a spy!



MEANWHILE, IN A SECRET HIDE-OUT...

Birch, I've had to order the trial of Capt. Wharton as a British spy. I had to do it because he was caught within our lines wearing a disguise. Will you help me save him? No one must know!

Have I ever helped you, sir?



...WHILE THE SKINNERS LAID THEIR PLANS...

Remember we're loyal to neither British or Americans. We fight for plunder! And we'll kill any American dog-don we catch unprotected by his company!



AND, AS CAPTAIN LAWTON AND SUB-GRON SIDREAVES BOGE TOWARD THE WHARTON HOUSE...

A friendly shot that; neither the weapon nor the force implies much if will.

blows from stones seldom produce more than bruises, but there's no one in sight but ourselves!



Oh! Here is the explanation along with the mystery... a note?



LAWTON READ THE FOLLOWING MESSAGE

A Wrecked bullet will go further than a stone and hurts more dangerous than herbs we wounded men lie hid in the rocks of wester-hill.

Thanks, unknown friend! Your caution will be remembered!

Quite extraordinary!



WHEN THE TWO REACHED THE WHARTON HOME, THEY FOUND THAT A MARRIAGE WAS ABOUT TO BE PERFORMED...

God Wellmore, where is the ring?

I...I, owing to the fact that I receive none, I've not been able to obtain a ring.

I hope that stops the wedding. I don't like the idea of this wedding when my brother is about to be executed.







AS CAESAR PASSED THE GRAVEYARD, HE SAW WHAT HE TOOK TO BE A GHOST ...



MEANWHILE, THE SPY



Sgt Hollister, ride on once! Capt Lawton and all the Whartons are in danger! Ride with the dragons!



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UNARMED AS HE WAS, LAWTON'S PRESENCE OF MIND DID NOT DESERT HIM...



Fire and bring him down! Fire, or you'll be too late!



He would not fall if you killed him. I've known these Rightists to sit their horses with two or three shots in them, die, even after they were dead!



A scant half-hour will bring Sgt. Reisterer with the dragoons upon us. Let's enter the house, plunder and burn!



My sister Sarah is still in the house. Who'll save her?



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MEANWHILE, LAWTON HAD MET SERGEANT HOLLISTER WITH THE DRAGOONS AND WAS RETURNING TO THE WHARTON HOME...



"We're going back to the Whartons and they are in danger!"



"Capt. Lawton, save my sister! She's trapped in the burning house!"

AS LAWTON WAS BEATEN BACK FROM THE BURNING HOUSE BY THE SMOKE AND FLAMES, HE MET THE PEDDLER CARRYING SARAH...



"Birch!"

"It's I!"



"She's still alive, and will be all right!"

"Mr. Birch, we thank you!"



"Harvey Birch, who are you?"

"I'm a British spy."



"Then a miserable wretch! Either love of money or a delusion had led a noble heart astray!"

AT HIS TRIAL, CAPTAIN WHARTON'S RELATIVES AND FRIENDS DID ALL THEY COULD TO SAVE HIM...



My brother's no spy! He only wants to come home to see his father!

I stoke my reputation and honor on Capt Wharton's innocence!

You forget that the Captain used a pass given him by Harvey Birch, who's known to be a dangerous British spy!



I'm sorry but that pass from Birch condemns Capt Wharton. Only Washington can save him.

I'll appeal to Gen Washington in person!

CAPTAIN WHARTON'S CASE WAS PLACED BEFORE GENERAL WASHINGTON, BUT...



You understand that I must sign this sentence calling for the death of any convicted British spy?

I understand, sir!



The case has been appealed to Washington and he has signed the sentence of your brother.

Oh, Peyton!



What about Mr Harper? He said he would help my brother if he needed him?



Peyton, Mr Harper said he would save my brother!

Harper? Fiancee, if Mr Harper saved, I'll see Harper at once. He'll keep his word!

IN HIGH SPIRITS, DURWOODIE ROSE AWAY . . .



Frances, don't worry about what Alonzo says. I don't doubt he's right.

DURWOODIE WENT TO WASHINGTON'S HEADQUARTERS ACROSS THE RIVER, BUT . . .



I've come on an important mission to see Gen Washington.

Sorry, sir, Gen Washington crossed the river last night. No one knows where he's gone.

MEANWHILE . . .



Carvey Birch, now is the time for you to act. I've signed the death sentence of Capt Whorion. I had to do my duty as Commander of the American Army.

You can't count on me, sir!

DURWOODIE RETURNED TO FRANCES IN LOW SPIRITS . . .



Frances, I can't find Mr. Harper. No one knows where he is!



Before you die, Messa Henry, I'm going to bring a preacher here to save your soul!

AT THE SAME TIME . . .



Please, sir, can I see Messa Henry?

Go in, Caesar.



WHILE CAPTAIN WHARTON LAY IN THE GUARDHOUSE AWAITING DEATH, THE FAITHFUL CAESAR BROUGHT A PREACHER FAST THE GUARDS...

I come to give the prisoner a message for his soul before he goes to the gallows.



Give him a stirring message, Reverend, for he hangs tomorrow!

Reverend, a little drink, sir, will strengthen you before you begin your sermon!

My strength cometh not from things of this life!



THEN THE MINISTER TOOK OFF HIS HAT AND GLASSES...

Harvey Birch?



Capt Wharton for once, you're to look like Caesar!

Does this mean I'm to escape? I have sent to both Gen Washington and Mr Harper for aid!



Neither Gen Washington nor Harper can save you. Only I, Harvey Birch, can get you out of here!



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Caesar, keep your tongue flapping as much as possible, and you're not to answer questions until we're far away!



WHARTON AND BIRCH WENT OUT PAST THE GUARDS . . .

We hope you delivered a good sermon to the prisoner!

If you say another word, I'll light from my horse and preach a sermon for your wicked soul!



THE GUARD TOOK ONE LOOK AT CAESAR AND GAVE THE ALARM . . .

What has happened to the prisoner?



Keep calm! Remember, you are Caesar and ride behind me. Any suspicious move will bring Pursoodie galloping after us!



Who was that preacher that Wharton escaped with?

Harvey Birch.



My friend escaped again! And with Birch, the spy! I am ruined if I don't recapture him!



MEANWHILE...

Was Larry, Mossa  
senry has escaped  
with Mr Birch and  
gone to the  
high cliff?

Ah Harvey Birch's  
hideout. I've  
seen him going  
there. I'll go  
there at once  
and see if I can  
aid my brother!



WHILE WALKING ON THE HILL, FRANCES STUM-  
BLED UPON AN ENTRANCE THAT LED INTO A  
CAVE.



FRANCES CLIMBED DOWN INTO THE ROOM AND,  
THINKING THAT SHE SAW HARVEY BIRCH...

My brother?  
where's my  
brother?



Mr  
Harper?

How did you  
get here?



I swear, Mr Harper, I  
did not know about  
this place, and I  
didn't know you were  
here. I was only look-  
ing for my Brother who  
had escaped with  
Harvey Birch!

Your brother  
and Birch will  
be here shortly,  
but you're never  
to tell anyone  
that you saw  
me here!

I promise,  
Mr Harper.  
And will  
you save  
my brother?

Harvey Birch will  
get your brother  
through the Amer-  
icans, if you will  
defeat Dunwoodie  
for just two hours!





Remember  
no one is  
ever to  
know!

I promise,  
Mr Harper?



Frances?

Henry!

How did  
you get  
here?



No one has known  
about this place but  
me. It is my hide-out  
... that's why I brought  
your brother here!

I shall  
tell no  
one Mr  
Birch!



Henry, when I  
heard you'd  
escaped, I  
had to see  
if I could  
aid you!

You're a  
good  
sister,  
Frances!



We leave at  
once - if you  
want to get  
through the  
lines before  
Dutecodde  
captures you!

Let me  
write a  
note that  
Frances  
will look  
to him,  
then I'll  
be ready!



... THE GENERAL REAPPEARED AND TENDERLY SAID GOODBYE ...



A farewell note from Henry. Peyton you know how much he loves you.



BIRNWOODIE READ THE NOTE AND HANDED IT TO FRANCES. IT READ:

Please do not be unkind to Caesar because he helped me to escape. My name is Frances and I'm my brother's aged friend, your friend, *Henry Washington*



JUST THEN, A MESSENGER  
BOGGED UP . . .

Major Dutwoodde, the  
loyalst orders from  
Gen Washington are  
that you give up the  
capture of Capt Whar-  
ton and rest your men  
for an attack tomorrow

Thank Heaven,  
frances, we  
can be near  
near tonight



AND THEY WERE MARRIED . . .

I pronounce  
you man  
(and wife)

I welcome  
you, Peyton,  
as my son!



BIRCH TOOK CAPTAIN WHARTON  
TO STEEP HIGHER GROUND  
AND SHOWED HIM A BATTLE  
BEING FOUGHT IN THE DIS-  
TANCE

See, the British  
fighters are  
on the nut!



MEANWHILE, THE PEDDLER  
TOOK CAPTAIN WHARTON  
OVER PATHS KNOWN ONLY  
TO HIMSELF



THEY CAME TO A BLUFF  
ABOVE THE HALEM RIVER . . .

The British  
fighters will  
soon be out  
of this  
country!

Birch, how can  
you, a Brit-  
ish spy, speak so  
of an  
American victory?



AND, WHEN THEY REACHED  
THE LOWER HUDSON, BIRCH  
PLACED WHARTON SAFELY  
ABOARD A BRITISH SHIP

Good Bye,  
Honorey  
Birch!



AND, QUITE SOME TIME AFTER THE FOREGOING EVENTS



Your valuable services to your country are worth far more, Birch, but our country is young and poor!

I want no pay for my services to my country!





# JAMES FENIMORE COOPER

**JAMES FENIMORE COOPER** born September 15 1789 in Burlington New Jersey has been aptly called the first great American novelist. When about one year old he and his family consisting of eleven other children moved to Orange Lake New York. There his father Judge William Cooper bought a large tract of land and parceled it out to settlers in sections. This land came to be known as Cooperstown in his honor.

At the age of eleven James was sent to school at Albany and two years later entered Yale. He was dismissed from Yale when he was sixteen for playing the boyish prank of experimenting with gun-powder and almost succeeding in blowing up a classmate's room.

Young Cooper's adventurous spirit then took him to sea as a member of the U. S. Navy in which he became commissioned as midshipman two years later.

After his father's death Cooper retired from the Navy married and settled down to a quiet domestic life in Westchester New York. During an evening at home Cooper hiked the book he was reading to the floor and declared that he could write a better novel than the one he had discarded. Encouraged by his wife Cooper wrote a novel of English life that was so poor that it temporarily discouraged all literary ambitions he had. Cooper's friends urged him to change the setting of his book from the unfamiliar English locale to his native American scene. This advice was followed and the result was **THE SPY** which met with immediate public acclaim.

Having found his right medium Cooper



went to work and two years later, in 1823, **THE PIONEERS** was published. Using **THE PIONEERS** as a basis, there followed **THE LAST OF THE MOHICANS**, **THE PATHFINDER**, **THE DEERSLAYER** and **THE PRAIRIE**. These constituted the 'Leatherstocking' tales dealing with the doings of the internationally known woodman Natty Bumppo.

During a discussion with some friends as to the merits of Sir Walter Scott's **THE PIRATE**, Cooper maintained that a man who had actually served before the mast could do a better job of writing a sea story. To prove his point, Cooper wrote **THE PILOT** which became the first successful novel of sea life written by an American. In the same vein, there followed **THE RED ROVER**, **THE TWO ADMIRALS**, and **WING AND WING**, all successful but never quite as popular as his tales of early Americans.

In 1826 Cooper went abroad and remained with the continent of Europe almost seven years, during which time he wrote **THE BRAVO**.

After his return to this country he became quite an irritable man. He was greatly disturbed by the English and European writers among them Charles Dickens, who were criticizing America for its crudeness and by the Americans for evoking this criticism.

In November 1851 James Fenimore Cooper came to a quiet end on his estate near Cooperstown, New York. It was after his death that Cooper's name rose to great heights at the literary world—a position that it has held to this day.



# PIONEERS OF SCIENCE

## WILHELM KONRAD ROENTGEN

**A**LMOST every one of us, at some time or another, has had an X-ray taken. On first seeing the awkward, weird-looking machine that takes the picture, we are apt to be frightened. But after the doctor has reassured us that it will not hurt and we get into position for the picture, we begin to marvel at this wonderful invention that sees inside our bodies.

"Who discovered the X-ray? How did it happen? How does an X-ray machine work?" we ask ourselves as we listen to the whirling, grinding noise coming out of the machine. But then, the doctor tells us the picture has been taken and as we leave, we vow to find out more about this marvelous discovery that has saved untold thousands of lives.

We are surprised to learn that X-ray is not the proper name for this penetrating beam of light. It is really the Roentgen ray, named after its discoverer. But, because Roentgen himself wasn't sure what the weird light was, he called it the X-ray. And until this day, most people call it by that name.

This brings us to our first question: Who was Roentgen, the man who gave medicine this unsurpassed aid?

Wilhelm Konrad Roentgen was born to a wealthy family in Lennep, Germany, on March 27, 1845. Sent to the best elementary schools in Holland, he later received his advanced training in Switzerland, graduating with the degree of Doctor of Science from the University of Zurich in 1869.

Roentgen became a teacher of physics at the leading German universities, and it was while he was a professor of physics at Wurzburg in 1885 that he made his momentous discovery. While experimenting with the way



electricity acted as it passed through certain gases, he had been using a vacuum tube from which all the air and gases had been exhausted. He had just sent a charge of electricity through the copper wires extending in the tube, and deciding to rest for a few moments, put the tube in a black cardboard box.

A paper screen coated with Potassium cyanide, happened to be lying near the box, Roentgen was surprised to see that when he covered the box, the screen became fluorescent; that is, the light from the tube passed through the box and through the screen.

Excited and curious, he held a piece of paper to the box. The mysterious light passed through. Next, he held his hand to the box. The light passed through his hand, darkening the dark outlines of his finger bones. Further tests showed that the light passed through clothing and plaster of Paris, but stopped at lead and metallic compounds.

Roentgen then put a glass picture plate in the box with the tube and held his hand against the box. When the picture was developed on sensitized paper, Roentgen saw that the mysterious ray had penetrated his skin to bring out the outlines of his bones.

Roentgen quickly saw the possibilities of this remarkable ray in combating ailments. Broken bones could be discovered, signs of tuberculosis and cancer could be detected; the positions of balls or pins in a body could be found. The X-ray's uses were unlimited. Roentgen gave his discovery to the world.

In 1901, he was awarded the Nobel Prize for physics. But the greatest honor of all was to have the name of the wonderful, mysterious ray changed officially from X-ray to Roentgen ray.





## DOG HEROES "IRMA" "The Rare Rottweiler Breed"

THE Rottweiler is a rare dog in the United States. He is a German cattle shepherd, and looks like the Doberman-Pinscher, which springs from him. Like the Doberman, which has invaluable service with the K-9 corps during the war, he is strong, intelligent and courageous. At the time of our story, it was estimated that there were only fifty Rottweilers in the entire country.

But to the children of Harrington Park, New Jersey, Irma, who was one of this rare breed, was no stranger. Little more than a puppy, she already weighed eighty pounds. All snarl and controlled strength, she was easy with children. When she proudly walked with her master, she would stop and allow the youngsters to pat her head.

Her master, Mr. Arthur Lockwood, was a distinguished man. He was a retired U. S. naval officer and a writer of sea stories. When Lockwood's pet Irma would stroll the streets of Harrington Park on the evenings, people would turn around to look at them and nod approvingly.

It was on one of these evening strolls that misfortune struck. It was a misty night, a fog having come from the Hudson River and having blanketed the Weehawken district.

Irma was walking a short distance away from her master when a silent, speeding truck ran down on them. They could not see any lights through the heavy fog, but Irma's sensitive ears picked up the faint sounds of the motor — almost in time



Her master was in danger! She must quickly get him out of the path of the oncoming monster. There wasn't a second to spare. Going into action, Irma sprang at Lockwood, and with her eighty pounds of concentrated strength, knocked him clear of the truck wheels.

Her master was saved, lying on the paving, away from the truck's wheels. But Irma wasn't as fortunate. When she had pushed her master out of danger's way, her own forward action was checked, so that she was still in the path of the truck. As she fell, there was a sickening crunching of bones. All her four legs were broken.

Irma tried to get up, but she couldn't make it. Seeing she was badly hurt, Mr. Lockwood rushed her to a nearby dog hospital. The doctor did the best he could, but one of her legs had to be amputated.

Irma had been a beautiful dog, a sure fire winner in almost any dog show. She wouldn't be much to look at now, with only three legs. But now, she had an added glory about her, the glory of being a heroine.

On the day her leg was amputated, her master, Mr. Arthur Lockwood told newspaper reporters that he was going to enter her in the dog show at New York's Madison Square Garden. She was certain to win, if not on her beauty, then surely on her courage.



# FAMOUS OPERAS

## LOHENGRIN • THE KNIGHT OF THE SWAN

### RICHARD WAGNER

**A**CCUSED of the murder of her brother by Count Frederick, her guardian, Princess Elsa, at her trial, tells of a knight she saw in a dream. She says that the knight is her champion, and will fight Frederick to prove her innocent.

Frederick agrees to settle the matter by combat. The king's trumpeters blow the challenge. There is no answer. Elsa falls to her knees in despair and begs the king to sound the challenge once more. The fanfare is blown again, and just as the last note dies, a small boat, drawn by a snowy white swan, comes gliding down the river. And there, in the prow of the boat, stands the knight of Elsa's dream.

The knight disembarks and asks Elsa if she will have him for her champion and if victorious, if she will marry him. She joyously accepts his proposals. The knight then makes her promise never to ask his name nor anything of his past.

The fight is short and sudden. With one tremendous blow, Frederick is knocked to the ground. The knight spares his life but bids him depart and repent his crime.

On the day of the wedding, Elsa and her attendants pass through the kneeling crowd to the cathedral steps. Just then, Frederick dashes up the steps and angrily accuses the knight of witchcraft.

While the king and the nobles press around the knight to affirm their faith in him, Frederick creeps up to Elsa. He tells her that if but a drop of the knight's blood is spilled, all his secrets will be revealed.

Later, Elsa asks the forbidden questions. But before the knight can reply, Frederick and four henchmen rush into the room with drawn



swords. The knight grabs his sword and runs it through Frederick's heart. He then tells the four men that he would appear the next day to tell the people all they wanted to know.

The next day, at the Judgment Oak, the knight strides forward and tells of the marvelous castle of Monsievail, where a band of sinless men have custody of the Holy Grail. The sacred Grail protects its guardians in their fight for the poor and oppressed so long as their identity remains unknown. But no knight of the Grail can remain among men when his identity becomes known.

He then tells them that he is Lohengrin, a knight of the Grail. He sadly turns to Elsa and explains that if she had only trusted him for a year, her brother Godfrey would have been restored to her.

As they stand there, the swan again appears, drawing the boat. Before Lohengrin can step into it, Ortrud rushes forth and with a fendish laugh, tells Elsa that the swan is Godfrey, who was thus transformed by her sorceries. And now, this very swan is going to take her husband away forever.

Lohengrin strikes to his knees in prayer. While he prays, the white dove of the Grail hovers over the boat. With a look of agonized emotion, Lohengrin jumps up and unfastens the golden chain around the swan's neck. Immediately, the swan is transformed into a fair youth, "Behold, Godfrey of Brabant," cries Lohengrin. With this, he leaps into the boat, which the dove draws down the stream. As Elsa gives a last despairing cry, Lohengrin appears for one moment in the distance. Elsa falls dead in her brother's arms as the boat recedes in the distance.

