

HOW SHE SAVED HIM.

A Narrative Connected With the Life of the Beautiful Flora McDonald.

By a Student of Turlington Graded School.

The grand ball-room at Cross Creek was brilliantly lighted one balmy night in June, in the year 1776, and the din of many voices and merry laughter floated from the open doors and windows. As we take an outside view of this pleasing scene we see group after group of men, women and children arrive, and ascend the broad steps. At last we see a group of six arrive and dismount from their carriage, who seem to be attracting much attention from the bystanders. Let us follow in the rear and see more of this group.

Oh! well might the inmates of this ball-room be wearing their well-brushed silks and ribbons and laces, for we see as the light falls on her fair face, the elder lady of the party, the sweet face of Flora McDonald. She seems to harmonize perfectly with the beautiful hangings of pink and white with which the room is adorned. Dressed in a simple robe of white with low bodice, long flowing sleeves with the long plaid or scarf, which she wears to-night as a symbol of her name, extending from her left shoulder, and with her long, fair hair caught back by a pin of gold, she surpasses all the other ladies of the room. Such expressions as "Look at her bonnie curls, so light and wavy, and her blue eyes" and "Why would he have thought that she would have been so fair seeing that her people were ever a dark folk with black hair and eyes," were heard on all sides.

Now Governor Martin is bowing before her and she introduces her husband, a fine handsome man of middle age, and then her two sons, William and Roger, and next her two bright daughters, one a maiden of sixteen and the other a child of ten. The music begins and Governor Martin asks the honor of the first dance with Flora and she smilingly consents.

After the dance, Flora and her companion cross the room and seat themselves beside Allen and Roger who seem to be busily engaged in a conversation. Flora smiles and turning to Roger says: "What were you two so earnestly talking about, my son?"

"O mother, father and I were speaking of the many unkind things that we have heard from the people about King George, even the short while that we have been here."

"Yes," said Allen, "I fear that we will have trouble at no far distant day."

"O mother," exclaimed Roger at this point, looking at his mother's left shoulder from which the scarf was falling, "where is your gold pin? You have lost it," he added, as he saw the wild look that came into his mother's eyes.

"O it is a presentment! A dreadful presentment of a death in the family!" cried Flora. "You know my mother lost it only a few days before my father was killed by a runaway horse. Let's find it if possible."

And then followed a wild search for the pin that had been an heirloom in Flora's family for the last three generations and seemed to hold the destinies of the family. The search proved to be fruitless and Flora gave it up with a sigh but with a fixed determination not to let such a little incident mar the evening's pleasure and so she gives herself up to full enjoyment and while she and others are keeping time to the music of the bagpiper with light feet and lighter hearts, let us try to account for the love, admiration and honor that we see depicted on every face here.

Allen came up with the colonists at Moore's Creek. On one side of the creek was Colonel Lillington and all his forces and on the opposite side was Colonel Caswell with his army of 800 men. Allen did not know that Lillington had an army on the other side and as he encamped on the same side with Caswell, he was very much pleased to think that the enemy was on the same side with him. He felt sure that he could easily win the victory with his army of 1500 men. He decided, however, to wait until morning to begin the fight.

Colonel Caswell now resorted to strategy. He had his men to cross the bridge as quietly as possible, take up the planks behind them, while all the time his camp fires were kept burning and causing the Highlanders on the watch to believe that their enemies were fast asleep in camp. Before day-break next morning the Highlanders start to march upon the colonists by surprise. As Allen is sick, McLeod takes command.

What is their surprise and consternation when they find the enemy have fled while they slept! In the excitement that follows McLeod starts to cross the bridge and orders his men to follow, when some of the Americans on the other side call to know, "who goes there?" He answers that it is a friend to the king and is answered back by the report of a gun. As but two or three can cross the bridge at a time, each one is shot down as fast as he rushes on the bridge.

The Scotchmen seeing safety only in flight turn and flee for life. The colonists follow, killing not a few and capturing large numbers. All this while Allen has been confined in his tent but when he first hears the shots he drags himself to the opening of the tent and tries to see what is happening. He is prevented from this by the early dawn and the dense smoke. Finally, when he hears the rushing and running of the Highlanders in retreat he mistakes them for the enemy and sinks back with a sigh of relief. At this instant a soldier of his force rushes in and says: "We have been duped and we are completely at loss. There are reinforcements for the Americans on the other side of the bridge and our men are now in retreat."

"What!" exclaimed Allen, "ours retreating? Surely man, you must be mistaken. Why I—" here he is interrupted by the hasty entrance of two American officers. One of them lays hands on Allen and says: "Oh, here is the one we are looking for. He is the one who has been doing so much mischief."

"Yes, but he will soon be out of the way, for a few shots will put him where he will never do any more harm," said the other. They handcuff poor Allen who utters not a word of complaint and as they lead him out of the camp he sees the terror-stricken face of his son, Roger, and knows that he has heard the conversation of his captors.

"To the camp in the Piney Woods," orders the captain as Allen is carried near him. "All right Captain," they answer and poor Allen's heart sinks within him.

The firelight from the rude camp lights up a scene in the opening in the Piney Woods that would fill any one with horror. A semi-circle of men dressed in dirty costumes and armed with pistols face a tree in the background to which is bound hand and foot the tall figure of a man. A spark of fire sends forth a light and we discern the pale features of Allen McDonald. A man with a pistol steps forward and says in a tantalizing tone: "Well, I guess you will soon join your wife, mister, for she was killed this morning by some of our men. She had interfered enough and we have decided to get rid of you both in one day," and he ends with a short laugh. Allen's face becomes paler than ever at this. A man on the right opens his mouth to give the signal to fire, as the other raises his pistol, when instead of the word to fire the words: "God has mercy" burst from his lips.

All turn their eyes on him and follow his outstretched finger to an opening in the dense woods, where there seems to be a loud, unusual noise coming forth. All hold their breath. They see something white shining from among the foliage. Quick as a flash! What is that white demon with fiery nostrils and flowing mane with a tall white something on its back, which comes from the opening on the left as swift as an eagle and rushes between the muzzle of the pistol and Allen's body?

"Something must be done and that quickly," she said, suddenly rising from her chair and with the glow of strong excitement printed on her cheek and brow. And now, let us leave Flora for a while and see how Allen has come to so much misfortune.

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Fear and wonder is written on all faces. They gaze spell-bound at the place on the right where this apparition mysteriously disappeared. And did not this tall woman something on the demon's back resemble the figure of a woman? And could but one woman in all the country ride like that? The man who is to give the fatal word is the first to recover himself. He says, pointing to the prisoner who has closed his eyes, unconscious of the dreadful apparition and only awaiting the shot: "Why don't you do your duty? Do it quickly." Again the other man raises his pistol when with the trigger half-way drawn they are again startled by a noise whence the apparition disappeared and a voice clear as a bell calls out: "Hold." They behold now in the half-light the form of a woman draped in white and with one bare arm pointing heavenwards and again a voice cries "Beware." The men gaze with terror on this ghostly figure for an instant and then, as though if the spell were broken they all throw down their weapons and flee in every direction. They have recognized in this woman what they think to be the spirit of Flora McDonald.

Allen was aroused by the noise of the men fleeing and now as he looks and sees the apparition he sinks into a stupor and remembers nothing save a hand too gentle for a man's on his arm and a voice sweeter than all music to him say "Thank God."

When Allen recovers from his faint he is at his own home on a couch. His wife bends over him and wants to know if he is suffering in any way. He replies: "I am suffering in only one way, Flora, and that is to know how I have been brought back to life, and you too, Flora. They told me that you were dead." Flora turns to him and says: "Allen, we ought to henceforth thank God for the superstitious minds of the colonists. It was only by the workings upon their minds, which are very weak in this respect, that you are now alive. It was I who disguised myself, and who had arranged beforehand to have the false report of my death spread; and who dared to work upon their ignorance thus. And did you think that after serving my prince as I did in my native land, that I would desert you in a foreign land, my husband, my more than prince, my all?"

Frivolous Definitions.

Reputation—What the world thinks about us; character is what our wives know about us.

Gossip—The counterfeit coin of conversation.

A Secret—Confidential information that one woman gets another woman to keep for her.

Platonic Friendship—Entertaining Cupid unawares.

Inspiration—A word used by poets in mistake for perspiration.

The Leisure Class—Tramps and the very rich.

The Dreamer—Tomorrow I made a fortune.

The Engagement Ring—Matrimony's promissory note.

A Contented Woman—One living in the present, for the future and without a past.

Poet—A good confidant, but a poor provider.

The Ideal Woman—One who can keep house, her temper and a servant.

Money—The root that most men are willing to dig for, regardless of soiled hands.

Education—What a man gets in return for alimony—Exchange.

Don't deceive yourself. If you have indigestion take Kodol Dyspepsia Cure. It will relieve you. Rev. W. E. Hocutt, South Mills, N. C., says: "I was troubled with chronic indigestion for several years; whatever I ate seemed to cause heartburn, sour stomach, fluttering of my heart and general depression of mind and body. My druggist recommended Kodol, and it has relieved me. I can now eat anything and sleep soundly at night." Kodol digests what you eat. Benson Drug Co., Food Bros. and J. R. Ledbetter.

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SHE CHANGED HER MIND

By JEANNE O. LOIZEAUX

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Marion rode at an angry gallop. The dust was thick and the heat intense even for July—no weather for riding. The girl wore a neat blue gown, and a wide straw hat shaded her golden hair and clouded blue eyes. As she passed the hayfield, midway between her father's farm and Jim Bradley's, Jim himself stepped to the road and motioned her to stop. She reined the rough bay colt up with difficulty and pushed her lover's hand away when he laid it on her arm. She gave him no chance to speak.

"Now, don't say anything. I shall ride whatever horse I please. See how quiet he is, anyway. Well, suppose I am killed? Then you will be free to marry Agnes, since you seem to like her so well. You can ride with her every day. You are free now, for that matter!"

She knew it was an unjust remark, but jealousy had the upper hand.

Jim Bradley was every inch a man, tall and good looking. His dark eyes flashed, and his jaw set. He had seen Marion in a temper before. He tried to explain.

"But, dearest, she only overtook me on my way to town. It was not planned by either of us, and I have always known her, as I have you. Would you have me tell her you did not allow me to ride a mile with a neighbor? Whose's the harm? You know whom I love, dear."

"She's always after you. She's in love with you. She?"

"No, she is not, but if she were ought you to be angry with me? And even then should you blame her? You love me yourself, don't you? Come, dear, be reasonable. Let me lead the brute home, and if you must ride and get a sunstroke, get it on a safe horse." His masterful air of possession irritated her as much as it ordinarily pleased her.

"I don't love you. I hate you! Come on, Prince." She gave the reins a little slap, and the colt danced and snorted wildly. Jim caught him by the bridle. He spoke with repressed anger.

"Well, love me or not, you shall get down! You shan't break your neck just to break my heart. You know plenty of other ways of doing that. Prince has not been saddled half a dozen times, and I know your father does not allow you to ride him, though you are an old hand at horses. And you know perfectly well that Agnes is nothing but a friend. She cares nothing for me. She's a nice girl!"

"That's it—stand up for her, Jim Bradley! She told Sue Field that she would take you from me, and she's done it. Not that I care—much. Let Prince go, I say!"

"I will not. I shall take you down and have your father forbid you to mount him. Sue is only trying to make trouble. Agnes never said or thought a thing like that."

Marion sat quietly a moment, as if to obey his command to dismount. Her eyes were wild, her cheeks glowing. He dropped the bridle and came to reach his arms up for her. Then suddenly the demon of pride seized her again. She gave Prince a cut that sent him out of Jim's reach with one bound.

"Goodby," she called. "You are free. I wouldn't marry you if you—I would have to be dead and come to life again before I would say I love you!"

The horse was off at an unruly gallop. Jim was angry, but his heart stood still as he watched the little blue figure riding away so lightly. Untrustworthy as he knew the colt to be, she seemed to have him under fine control. She could tame anything but her own temper; it was a way she had. Perhaps her own unruly spirit made the conquest of others easy. Of all her suitors—and she was much sought—only Jim had ever held his own and refused to bow utterly under the yoke of her will. That was why she loved him and quarreled with him—and had always come back to him. He was the stronger, and, while at times she resented his power over her, she also adored it. This was the worst she had ever done—defied him, broken her promise to marry him, risked her life to wring his heart.

He watched horse and girl fly from him over the level road. Then he shouldered his hayfork, walked swiftly to her father's place, entered the deserted barnyard—the men were all in the fields—closed the open barn door and waited with set jaw.

Meantime Marion and the colt were having a grand ride past grain lands and groves and farmhouses, flying past meadow and hayfield. The brisk motion, the wind in her face, cooled the girl's anger a little and made her ashamed. She thought with a pang that she had gone too far this time—that she could never make it up with Jim now she had been a fool.

Then she remembered coming back from shopping with Sue and meeting him riding gayly to town with Agnes Sutherland, with whom she had quarreled from the A B C's up. Jim had always had a fondness for her. Her wrath rose again, and she switched the bridle. Prince was tired and beginning to be a bit sulky and nervous. With horse-womanly instinct she humored without yielding to him, let him drink at a roadside trough and turned his head for home.

As they reached Field's farm she noticed preparations for thrashing going on. The great red thrasher stood waiting for the engine, and men and horses

were standing all about the conical yellow stacks. Sue came from the house and called to her to stop, which she did, to the colt's disgust. Sue leaned on the fence, and the two girls chatted a moment.

"You better get off till the engine comes, Marion. You might meet it. You're no business on that crazy colt. It isn't safe. I don't see how Jim allows it!" Marion's face faded.

"What has he to say? I am not engaged to him any more. I—"

Sue gasped, then, with remorse—too late, as usual—remembered what she had told her friend on the way from town that day.

"Marion, you weren't ever fool enough not to know I was joking? What Agnes really said was that Jim was so silly about you he didn't hear what she said half the time. Oh, May, I'm so sorry!"

But Marion did not wait. She rode away.

Prince settled into an ugly, obstinate gallop, swerving and jolting.

They were nearing the crossing when an unearthly shriek made Marion look up to see the thrasher engine approaching. She urged Prince on, trying to reach the corner where the road turned toward home before the machine came closer. Her hands trembled, but she remembered that it is fatal to lose nerve with an unruly horse.

Prince snorted, laid back his ears, but went on well enough. They were almost at the corner when the fiendish shriek came again.

The colt took the bit in his teeth and bolted in utter terror. Marion knew her danger and kept her head as they turned the corner. She let her hat go, and the wind whipped her long hair back like a yellow banner. She spoke to the colt soothingly, patted his neck, tried to get the bit from his teeth—all in vain. They were still a mile from home and going so fast that the motion was as easy as the rocking of a cradle. If they met no teams and he kept to the road all might yet be well, but he might throw her. He swerved at the bridge and nearly dragged her against the railing.

She felt cold perspiration on her face. It seemed like the end of things. She thought of Jim—all she had said, all he was to her, what she had said to him—and now she—might—never be able to say she was sorry, that she loved him—got him to forgive her. She recalled a baby prayer, a little brother long dead, thought of her mother's face when they would take her home. As they neared the house she remembered that she had not weeded the pansy bed. Everything wavered strangely in her mind.

As they passed the windows she saw her little sister's baby face.

As the colt tore around the corner to the gate and into the yard she grew cold with horror. She had left the barn door open. He would make for his stall and crush her. It went suddenly dark before her, and her head swam. Jim—she wanted to call his name, but could not. He would have saved her, she thought.

Against the closed door stood a brimming pall of cold water. As Prince stopped with a jerk that threw Marion from her seat Jim Bradley came quietly up. She was hanging by all her skirts, that had caught on the pommel. Only a quick hand and a steady one could have disengaged her as he did. He drew her into the shade and held her close.

She opened her eyes and looked up into his white face. It was like heaven to her.

"Jim!" she said. "Jim!"

"Are you hurt—are you hurt? Marion, are you all right?" She drew a long breath, stood up and walked a step to show him she was uninjured. Then she went close to him and put her hands on his shoulders. Her face was very serious.

"Jim," she said, "I have changed my mind." He saw a queer little light in her eyes and was wary.

"About what—Prince?"

"About you. Couldn't you—ask me if I—love you? I think that I wouldn't have to lie to say—yes." Jim tried to get hold of her, but she held off.

"I want to tell you what I think of myself. Don't you speak. I am a horrid little—beast. Yes, I did say 'beast.' Will you—take me back?" Jim thought he would.

Thackeray's Disfigured Nose.

That George Venables, Thackeray's schoolmate, was not entirely responsible to the novelist's disfigured nose is to be gathered from the autobiography of Sir Wemyss Reid. On one occasion, when both Venables and Reid were visiting Lord Broughton, Reid bluntly asked his fellow guest who broke Thackeray's nose.

"It was winter, and we were walking in Indian file through the woods. As I put this question to Venables he suddenly stopped and, turning around, glared at me in a manner that instantly revealed the terrible truth to my alarmed intelligence. He continued to glare for several seconds, and then, apparently perceiving nothing, but innocent confusion, not unmixed with alarm, on my face, his features became relaxed into a more amiable expression. 'Did anybody tell you,' he said slowly and with solemn emphasis, 'to ask me that question?' I could truthfully say that nobody had done so. My answer seemed to mollify Venables at once. 'Then, if nobody put you up to asking that question, I don't mind answering it. It was I who broke Thackeray's nose. We were only little boys at the time and quarreled over something and had the usual fight. It wasn't my fault that he was disfigured for life. It was all the fault of some wicked doctor. Nowadays a boy's nose can be mended so that nobody can see that it has ever been broken. Let me tell you,' he continued, 'that Thackeray never showed me any ill will for the harm I had done him, and I do not believe he felt any.'