



Sands Point is perhaps one of the most interesting places on Northern Long Island. Being an adjunct of Port Washington and the home of many of our wealthy residents, a story in connection with it that has been handed down from generation to generation may interest News readers.

Sands Point was named for its first owner, Captain James Sands, a son of James Sands, of Rhode Island, who in 1694 married Sarah Cornwell and settled upon the North-western point of Cow Neck. When the Revolution broke out the Sands family was represented by John, Simon and Benjamin Sands. They were prominent in the movement that separated Cow and Great Necks from Tory Hempstead and allied them to the American cause. On September 23, 1776, the residents of Cow Neck and Great Neck sent the following resolutions to the Provincial Congress:

Resolved, That during the present controversy, or so long as their conduct is inimical to freedom we be no further considered a part of the township of Hempstead than is consistent with peace, liberty and safety. Therefore in all matters relative to the congressional plan we shall consider ourselves as an entire separate and independent beat or district.

Resolved, That Mr. Daniel Whitehead Kissam, Adrian Onderdonk, William Thorne, John Cornwell, Simon Sands, Benjamin Sands, John Mitchellsen, Martin Schenck, Peter Onderdonk and Thomas Dodge be a committee for this beat or district.

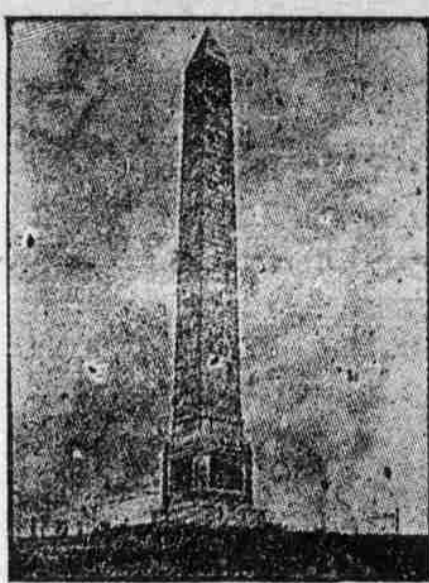
True copy, attested:
JOHN FARMER,
Clerk of the meeting.

The copy was forwarded to Congress and President Nathaniel Woodhull sent a pleasing reply, in which he enclosed commissions for the military company they had formed, among which was a captaincy for John Sands.

When the naval militia encamped at Sands Point few knew that there, on July 2, 1776, Sergeant Manee and a detail mounted guard at that place and hoisted the first American flag to float on Northern Long Island. On the 24th Sergeant William Hicks mounted guard at what is now Hewlett's Point.

Captain Sands was the youngest of the family and but recently married to one of the Morrell family. During the time that elapsed between the awarding of the commissions and Sergeant Manee's detail to Sands Point, Captain Sands was at home most of the time and occupied himself on his farm and in gathering all the powder and lead he could find. He stored a keg of powder on his farm and when on July 25, 1776, he was made colonel and the British advance caused the American army

company of Hessian soldiers and Mrs. Sands had to go by them. She was not old, but the powdered wig she wore gave her face, surmounted by an old bonnet, a look of rather advanced years, and the Hessian captain took her for a little old country woman, and upon her saying she was just going down to the point for a drive and a breath of fresh sound air, let her pass. Mrs. Sands reached the point in safety and found her husband's men under a sergeant waiting under the point in a whale boat. In the meantime the



Monument on Oriskany Battle-Field, Where Herkimer Received His Fatal Wound.

A FOURTH OF JULY WISH.

I wish I had lived for a single day
In the city of William Penn;
I think I'd have shouted my voice away
With the rest of the people, when

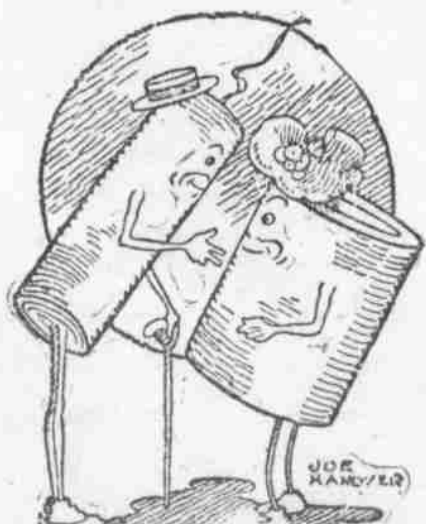


MISS COLUMBIA.

Hessian captain learned that it was the wife of a rebel officer he had let through and concluded that there might be something up. So he ordered out his men and they galloped furiously down toward the point. They came in sight just as Mrs. Sands was getting in the boat, for she had determined to go to her husband. The Hessians shouted and spurred on their horses, but as they splashed out on the bar to their boot tops in the water the whaleboat was gathering headway and leaving a foamy streak under the long, steady stroke of the Long Island soldiers. The Hessians fired but the balls fell wide and their second pistol shots fell quite short of the fast receding boat. Mrs. Sands stayed with the colonel and the powder did much good for America in the battle of White Plains.

As stated in the beginning the story was handed down by succeeding generations, and at present Judge Henry C. Morrell, of Great Neck, is pleased to be able to claim such a brave woman as a great grandmother. No members of the Sands family bearing the family name now reside at Sands Point or Port Washington.

Rather Dangerous.



Mr. Cracker-Jack—"Oh! why will you not marry me?"
Miss Powdercan—"Well, a match between us would be a very dangerous thing."

TED'S FOURTH OF JULY.

"Fourth of July," said our mischievous "O-h, but I've planned to have bushels of fun;
Up in the morning, by five, out of bed,
Ready to fire off my cannon and gun.
Then I've a thousand torpedoes and wheels,
Hundreds of whirligigs, fizzers and reels—

Oceans of crackers, confetti and slings,
Funny old dragon-shaped Japanese things!
"Just you keep watch while my skyrocketers soar
Up in the air with a whirr and a whizz;
Large Roman candles, a dozen or more,
You'll see a-hissing and whirling their fizz!"

1 day to wait was too long for our lad,
0 n the third—he fired (luckless Ted!)
0 n the third—but his burns they were fearful bad—
8 days from the third Teddy spent in his bed!

—Maud Osborne, in St. Nicholas.

THE GLORIOUS FOURTH.

Hurrah for the Fourth, the Glorious Fourth!
The day we all love best,
When East and West and South and North,
No boy takes breath or rest;

When the banners float and the bugles blow,
And drums are on the street,
Throbbing and thrilling and fifes are shrilling,
And there's tread of marching feet.

Hurrah for the Nation's proudest day,
The day that made us free!
Let our cheers ring out in a jubilant shout
Far over land and sea.

Hurrah for the flag on the school-house roof,
Hurrah for the white church spire!
For the homes we love, and the tools we wield,
And the light of the household fire.

Hurrah, hurrah for the Fourth of July,
The day we love and prize,
When there's wonderful light on this fair green earth
And beautiful light in the skies.

FIRST FLAG RAISED ABROAD.

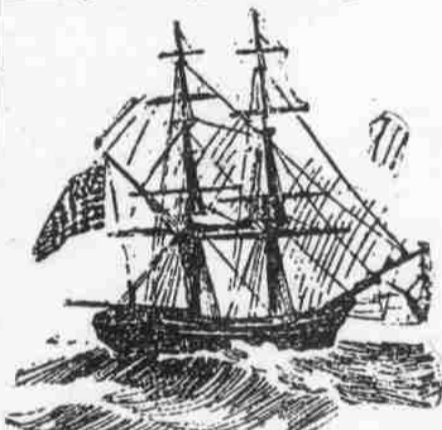
By a Singular Coincidence the Event Occurred Near Porto Rico.

By a singular coincidence the first American flag raised abroad was near Porto Rico. Not only was it raised



CAPTAIN THOMAS MENDENHALL.

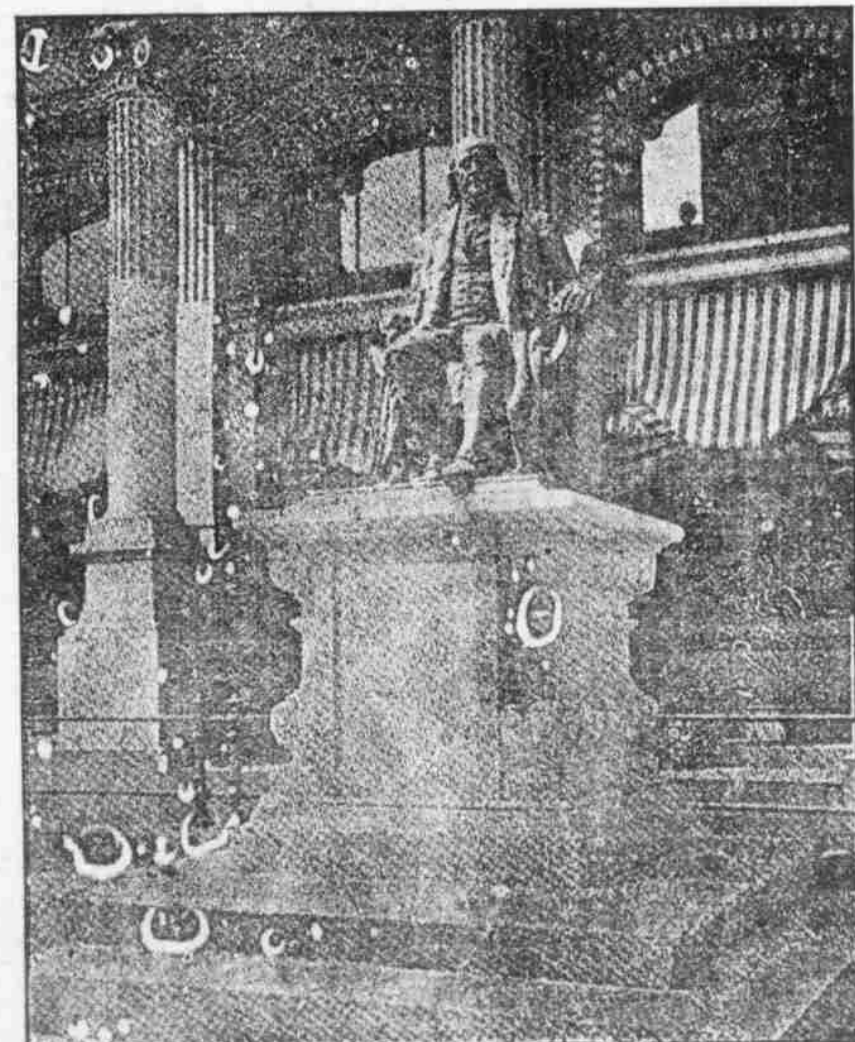
there, but it was made aboard the brig Nancy, of Wilmington, Del., which was on a commission to procure arms and ammunition for the Spanish Government. To Captain Thomas Mendenhall belongs the honor of making the flag and raising it. At



THE BRIG NANCY.

that time he was a young man, and had never seen the American flag.

While the brig was in port news reached the crew that independence was declared in America, and with it came a description of the colors. Material was procured, and Mendenhall set to work to raise the flag. It was raised with elaborate ceremonies and a salute of thirteen guns fired.



FRANKLIN STATUE.

Postoffice Plaza, Ninth and Chestnut Streets, Philadelphia.

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

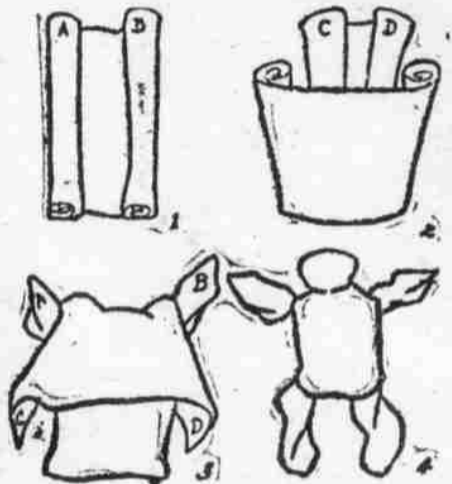


A STRANGE COUNTRY.

I love the place I live in,
But on the map I've seen
Another little country
All pink, while ours is green.
I like the trees and bushes
And grass the way ours are,
Still, pink is always pretty.
I wonder if it's far,
If I should ever go there.
Where everything is pink,
I'd say, "Your country's lovely,
But green is best, I think."
—Elizabeth Lincoln Gould, in Youth's Companion.

FUN WITH A HANDKERCHIEF.

When Dottie was sick mamma gave her one of papa's big linen handkerchiefs, and this is how she amused herself. See whether you can make



a baby like the one in the picture. Follow directions in illustrations 1, 2, 3 to get the results in 4.—Philadelphia Ledger.

TOM AND HIS BABY OXEN.

Little Tom Tripp was "harrowing in" his field of buckwheat with his yoke of calves, Jack and Robin. His father had given him a patch of rich ground about as large as a good-sized kitchen garden to do with as he chose.

Tom had been somewhat at a loss to decide what to raise upon it. Aunt Polly thought sunflowers and poppies and marigolds would be just lovely! But he thought it was "girls' work" to raise flowers.

Uncle John suggested potatoes. But, oh, dear! he would have to "tug" the heavy things in a bail basket all over the patch to drop. Then he must hoe them when the sun was hot enough to scorch him, or when he would want to go a-fishing. They would have to be "hilled up," too, like enormous ants' nests. It would take heaps of dirt to do that, and it always did make his back ache so to hoe! Besides, there were the tormenting potato bugs! Ugh! He wouldn't plant potatoes, that was certain.

Then grandma proposed catnip for Major (Sister Nan's cat), and sage for sausages and turkey-dressing for Thanksgiving. This latter allusion did make little Tom's mouth water, but after much thought he settled upon buckwheat. It made such delicious griddle-cakes!

And here he was this morning, the last of May, with Jack and Robin in their little yoke, and hitched to a diminutive harrow that Uncle John had made for them, pulling their best, and Tom tugging at the yoke to help them along; but the little harrow would get a big turf in its teeth, or get hung up on a stone, and Tom thought it too hard work for Jack and Robin, so he harnessed Towser, the great, good-natured dog, in front, tandem.

"Things had to march" then. But Jack did not like Towser and he kept hooking at his hind legs so much that he could not pay attention to his harrowing. So Tom had to cut Towser's traces, and let him go. Then Robin and naughty Jack had to do the work alone.

By this time Robin was awfully hungry, and so was Jack. Besides, they were just discouraged. And in spite of Tom, Jack would lie down in the furrow and chew his cud as fast as he could—poor little ox!—while Tom scolded, pulled at the yoke, fanned himself with his ragged hat and prodded him with his brown great toe.

But Jack didn't mind the toe, nor the scolding, if he could chew his sweet cud of clover.

Just then Aunt Polly came out of the shed with a tin pail of sour curds for the young turkeys. Now Aunt Polly had been in the habit of feeding sweet milk to Jack and Robin—it made them grow so fast—and as soon as they heard her call: "Turk! Turk! Turk!" up jumped Jack like a "Jack in the box," and away scampered both baby oxen toward Aunt Polly, jerking the little harrow over stones, through Uncle John's great beds of onion sets, cutting down a whole row of Aunt Polly's tender "pie plant," and getting hung up in a great gooseberry bush at last, where they bawled so loudly for their milk that Aunt Polly clapped her hands over her ears and hastened to the milk room for "something to stop their mouths."

Tom was angry and discouraged; but he persevered, and at last got his buckwheat harrowed in, and he raised nearly a bushel, which served 'or cakes the whole winter, besides giving the bees a delicious feast in blossom time.—Farm and Fireside.

EVERY GIRL CAN SING.

On the other hand, there are girls who, beginning with scarcely any voice at all, by earnest thought and right endeavor, application and perseverance develop into real artists. In fact, the girls who have the best voices to begin with are not as a rule the ones who eventually make the greatest singers—simply because they too often lose their voices by neglect or careless study.

Many a beginner thinks she can do nothing herself alone, says Ellen Beach Yaw, in the Delinctor. She feels that she must have a professor, and if she once masters the elementary course she thinks that it is necessary to go abroad in order to perfect herself. This is all very well if one can afford the expense, but it is a mistake to suppose that no particular progress can be made without those advantages. In singing as in all other undertakings it is of the utmost importance that there shall be a proper foundation, and that foundation can be made by the girl herself.

Would you, one of the millions of girls who are now beginning the study of singing, learn the secret of success in my chosen calling? It is as I have said, within yourself.

It is unnecessary to suggest or apply any fixed rules for each individual student, but it is of inestimable value and consequence that this one general rule shall be adhered to, as applying to all cases and to every individual singer, namely, seriousness of thought, earnestness of application, patience and perseverance.

AN EGG-SHELL OSTRICH.

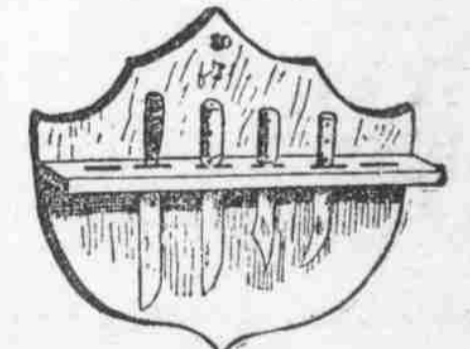
One eggshell, three twisted paper lighters, and a small piece of fringed paper go to the making of one ostrich. You will need a whole eggshell for the body, and must empty it by making a small hole in each end and blowing out the egg. Bore the holes with a large darning needle or hatpin, pressing steadily but not too hard, and twisting the point round and round until a small hole has been punctured; then enlarge the hole slightly with the sharp point of your scissors, being careful not to crack the shell in doing so. Make the hole in the large end of the shell a trifle larger than the one in the small end to your lips and blow steadily until all the egg has run out of the shell.—From "Hints and Helps for 'Mother'" in St. Nicholas.

THE DAY'S LENGTH.

The boys and girls may be surprised to hear that the length of the day may be found by doubling the time of the sun's setting, and the length of the night by doubling the time of the sun's rising. If, for example, says the Chicago News, the sun sets at 7.30, the length of the day is fifteen hours, for twice 7.30 is fifteen. If the sun rises that day at 4.30, the length of the night is nine hours, for twice 4.30 is nine. The thirteen hours of daylight and the nine hours of night make up the whole day of twenty-four hours.—Philadelphia Record.

MAKE THIS FOR MOTHER.

By using a rack similar to that shown in the accompanying sketch for holding large butcher knives, there is no danger of dulling them as when they are thrown into a drawer or knife box, and they are also o-



reach of small children. It is simply a notched piece of wood, explains Prairie Farmer, fastened to a board of any desired shape, for a back. Any clever boy should be able to make it with a jackknife.

The French Academy.

In a period when so many time-honored traditions of France sink beneath the waves of what we are pleased to style progress, without perhaps caring to learn whether we gain or lose as the stormy tide flows on, there is one national institution still standing firm, which, despite all that is said against it, is unique: I mean the French Academy. In vain have men tried to raise up rivals; it remains the sole arbiter of taste, the guardian of our language, the last surviving vestige of sovereignty. To prove this would be an interesting study, in view of the increasing importance attached to the "Academie des Goncourts," and to the committee which has been humorously called the "Academy of Women."—From Th. Bentzon's "Literary Rolls of Honor in France," in the Century.

Charitable.

A good many things have been done in the name of charity and a good many people, too.—Philadelphia Ledger.