

Hearts Courageous

HALLIE
By... ERMINIE
RIVES

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CHAPTER XIV.

PHILADELPHIA city a little before midsummer, 1776. The old Quaker quiet is gone. Now a strange spirit of excitement pervades it, a subtle electricity that touches all things with expectancy.

The inns, the Black Boar and Indian Queen and the London Coffee House, dilate with taproom wisecracks, and crowds of townfolk loiter along the streets in the warm evenings to view the great men come to attend the most honorable congress sitting in the state-house. They have seen the Charles-town packet bring the delegates from South Carolina. Every citizen who can transfer a horse has ridden out to meet the delegates from Virginia, Maryland and Delaware who arrived in a body. They have seen them all, have compared them with one another.

On High street stands the great mansion of Richard Penn, one of the proprietaries. It is now thrown open for the entertainment of the visitors.

Up and down the dusty street pass and repass earnest men in dull coats and small clothes, workmen in ornate and leather aprons and tradesmen in coarse cloth. They pause in knots on the pave and talk, each by his kind.

One house they pass many times, looking at it with more eager curiosity and concern. This building is even less pretentious than its fellows, but one who observes it long will have noted that those who pass in and out of its door lend it a peculiar distinction. They come in velvet instead of cloth, their sleeves droop with lace. They wear powdered hair and diamond buckles and for the most part carry dress swords.

The house is occupied as a shop, and the silver plate on the door bears the name of "James Randolph." It is the headquarters of the Virginia delegations.

To Henry, chafing in his Virginia harness, how slowly the ball had rolled among the conventions! How halting went the leaders! Messengers riding posthaste brought him the news from Philadelphia.

Congress had recommended that the several colonies form distinct governments for themselves. And even to this the delegates of New York and Pennsylvania had loud objection. Henry gnashed his teeth in the convention at Williamsburg, and on May 15 a resolution was passed directing the Virginia delegates in Philadelphia to "declare the united colonies free and independent states."

A significant word! Richard Henry Lee followed in June with his resolution for independence.

But alas for human falling! Many of the delegates, Dickinson, Morris, Livingston, were men of property, and the possession of property enlarges the bump of caution. They cried for delay. The older Quakers, men of peace, had set their faces and their faith against rebellion.

New York was milk and water. There had been the failure of the Canadian expedition, and, besides, the province had its exposed harbor and the Indian raids on its frontier to think of. The Pennsylvania delegation refused to vote on separation and left their seats in anger. Maryland had few grievances.

And what of New Jersey? There was Toryism entrenched. Its royal governor, the son of the benevolent faced patriot, Benjamin Franklin, went breathing fire against the Whigs. Not till he had been shipped to Connecticut in irons, not till congress had sent three of its members to argue, to plead, to storm, did its assembly declare for freedom.

Think not that those who hesitated were not men of honor, jealous for the welfare of their country. Not every one believed George III. another such despot as Philip II. of Spain or the bloody minded man the radicals liberally called him. The storm was high on the horizon. And it is the part of wisdom to count well the cost of desperate ventures. Against the colonies was pitted the mistress of the seas—a king, innumerable battalions, armament, navies, money and the prestige of hereditary possession. The colonies stood alone.

There were those who, like Henry, whose clear eye saw the future as with divination, pinned faith upon Gallic enmity to England and looked for a sign of aid. But the months came and went without its appearance. Now the third congress was sitting, and France was silent. Granted a defiance to Great Britain, the outcome was doubtful—how doubtful five red years of smoke and blood were to demonstrate.

As the pendulum vibrated a British fleet in the Delaware brought the war within hearing, and Lord Howe hove to off Sandy Hook with all his army.

The congress was, after all, a miniature of the country. It held a Tory party who awaited some disaster to become dangerous. It held faint hearts who croaked, despondent ones who predicted ruin and brave hearts that dared a struggle they believed would be uncertain.

On such a field for twenty-five long days a determined battle was fought. It ended at last, and one evening Thomas Jefferson of Virginia betook himself to

a little house back of an oblong green, where lived Dr. Franklin, and wrote the first draft of the Declaration of Independence.

There comes a time in the history of every great movement when it must go forward or die. Lethargy breeds reaction. The fierce fight for a Declaration had marked this point now. In the three days since the vote the opposition had gathered its shattered forces. There were new mutterings, and the little Virginian delegation in the shop of Mr. James Randolph on High street knew that the defiance which was to be offered on the morrow, if it were to be signed at all, must be signed quickly.

So out of a humid morning grew the afternoon of the 3d of July for Philadelphia. It came in heat, with a brazen sky.

Opposite Mr. Randolph's shop on the same evening Joseph Galloway, the lawyer, walking slowly, paused and looked across the street. He was thick-set and middle aged, with a smooth, crafty face and restless eyes.

He had lacked Whiz patriotism in the First congress. The Second would have none of him. And yet he had earlier led the popular party against the proprietary. Such strange overturnings the new idea of freedom was bringing about. The fierce Tory rancor which had made of this man at first "the defender of the prerogative" was to convert him later into a spy, a refugee and a sour pensioner of George III.

Now, there was the open hatred of a bitter Tory in the look Joseph Galloway cast upon the little shop.

"Good day, Mordecai," he said in greeting to a rotund merchant Quaker who joined him. "I see you also looking. What think you our Virginia hot bloods will brew next in their den yonder?"

The Quaker frowned. "I love them not," he answered. "What saith the Scriptures? For the weapons of our warfare are not carnal, but mighty through God to the pulling down of strongholds."

"Gentlemen of birth and wealth, forsooth," continued Galloway angrily, "and yet prating like the veriest clouts of independence and brotherhood! Whose was the bill to separate from Great Britain? Richard Henry Lee's. And who has written the Declaration that is to be thrust beneath the delegates' noses tomorrow? Thomas Jefferson. These Virginians! Would we had never heard of Virginia before we came to this!

"Look you"— He broke off and pointed with his stick where a coach bowed along High street. It was richly furnished and bore arms on its panels. On the cushions, exquisitely dressed in a white uniform, sat a blocky, military looking man with bushy wig and foreign mustachios. He wore a cocked hat.

"Tis M. Piarne," said the Quaker. "These French parasites with powder to peddle, Friend Joseph, would joy to see the colonies plunged into bloody strife. They would batten on our extremity, for wheresoever the carcass is, there the eagles be gathered together."

"French officers!" ejaculated Galloway. "Aye, or adventurers! As like to be one as another. Mayhap M. Piarne goes to see the precious envoy whose newcoming the town gapes about."

"He is to be received?"

"Tomorrow afternoon. 'Tis an open secret. Notice was sent the house this morning."

"'Twas averred in the street but now that he is come from Louis XVI."

"Let them jabber!" grumbled Galloway. "Little store is to be set by these fine envoys. I mind me when the Frenchman came to the congress last November. You heard of that, mayhap. There was the same excitement; a committee appointed, too, I remember. John Jay was upon it. They met the personage in a room in Carpenter's hall, and what think you they found? Why, a little old frog enter with a club-foot, who when they asked him for his authority drew his hand across his throat, and says he, 'Gentlemen, I shall take care of my head! That was all they could get out of him. Some imbecile belike. And even then there were those who saw great signs in it. A pest on all such, say I!"

The Quaker shook his head doubtfully. "Yet there is much hoped for from this present message," he said. "I heard it on good authority some months ago that a French marquis was to come hither. 'Twas said Benjamin Franklin had written of the matter from London. Mayhap this is the same."

"Bosh!" sniffed Galloway. "'Tis absurd, I say, the faith that is put in such a vain and empty hope! I do know that half the delegates have some such folly in their heads. The Declaration is to be offered for signing tomorrow, and, look you, it is in the minds of some members to retard action upon it, hoping such a message from France may bolster faint hearts."

"Thou dost not think they will sign, then?"

"God forbid!" rejoined Galloway fervently. "I cannot believe we are so near madness as that. And yet I would that naught had been heard of a message from France. Methinks tomorrow will be warm. Good night to you, Mor-

decai."

As the two friends talked the chimes had clangored from Christ church, and just as the tones sounded a stout-trunked old man with a shrewd, simple face under a broad hat lifted the latch of a nearby gate which barred an oblong green yard from the street.

Therein under a mulberry tree where yellow cabbage butterflies went kissing wings a chubby woman was sitting by a table whereon stood some books and a glass bottle containing a two headed snake in spirits. Two tousled children rolled and romped unheeded under foot. The film of twilight was falling from a cooling sky.

"You are late, father," the woman said as the old man greeted her. "Supper is almost ready. Young Mr. Jefferson has sent word that he will be here this evening. I do hope," she added good naturedly, "that you won't sit up all night again over that tiresome paper he is writing. Laws! One would think it had been a real speech."

She ran to fetch a dish of tea, and her father sat down in his chair and took off his hat. His head was bald, with a fringe of white hair. He was mopping his forehead with a large kerchief when she returned with the tea.

"Bless me!" she said as the gate clicked. "Here is some one to see you already. A young man and handsome," she whispered, as he came nearer. "but how pale!" It was Armand.

"Is this Dr. Franklin?" he inquired. "It is."

"Sir," said Armand, "a packet was given secretly into your hands to hold for me some time since, sealed with a red seal bearing four lances."

Dr. Franklin drew his brows together with a glance of surprise and shook his head.

"Surely you have received it?"

There was a curious rigor of anxiety in the tone that caused Dr. Franklin to glance sharply at his questioner. The scrutiny satisfied him, for the look of suspicion that had been stiffened by the strenuous times faded into his habitual benevolence.

"I recall none such," he answered gravely. "What name did it bear?"

"It bore no name." The tone shook now with a confusion of apprehension.

"I fear that is all the more reason that I could not have forgot it. These are troublous days, sir, and faith not always to be relied upon. To whom did you intrust this document?"

Something like fear had come into the other's eyes, and Dr. Franklin for the first time noted with concern his agitation and pallor.

"To a young lady of Virginia."

"I am sorry, sir, deeply sorry," said the old man, "but no such packet has been put into my hands at any time."

"Poor young man!" sighed the motherly woman a few minutes later as she set the table for supper. "What think you could have been in it, father? He looked as if it had meant life or death to him."

Armand walked slowly through several side streets to the Red Lion tavern, on Sassafras street, one of the less pretentious inns. Here in a dim parlor on the ground floor waited the occupant of the fine coach which had roused



"Is this Dr. Franklin?"

the spleen of Joseph Galloway. His hat was flung on a chair, and he strode up and down, his mustachios bristling with impatience.

As Armand entered he embraced him effusively in the French fashion.

"All goes well," he cried. "I have been discreet and have done all you instructed. The congress has named three members to receive you tomorrow at 1 o'clock. Ventrebien! With the Declaration hanging fire you may believe how eager they are. I have brought your clothes too. Nem de Dieu!" he exclaimed, holding Armand's arms affectionately. "To know you were in a British prison! Thank God you escaped their clutches, and just in the nick of time too! You shall tell me about it one day."

"Piarne!" Armand broke in upon the other's chatter. "Piarne! The letter! I have not got it."

"Not got it?" Piarne repeated in amazed surprise.

"No, I sent it here to Philadelphia to Dr. Franklin. I did not tell you this, since I expected to find it here. Well, I have seen Dr. Franklin, and it has not been delivered."

Piarne's face was a study of dismay. "And what will you do?"

Armand had no time to reply, for at that moment there came a knock at the door, and it opened.

Instantly Piarne bent low in a series of bows to Armand.

"Accept my most profound salutations, monseigneur," he said in tones of elaborate ceremony. "I shall be pleased to accompany you on your distinguished errand tomorrow afternoon."

"M. Piarne," said Armand easily, "this is my good friend, Captain Jarrot. Au revoir, monsieur—jusqu'au matin!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Smith and Wife Found.

Cincinnati, Ohio, March 30.—Accused of conspiracy to commit murder J. Morgan Smith and wife were arrested in this city today on a telegraphic request from District Attorney Jerome of New York city. Nan Patterson, the actress who has been twice put on trial for the murder of Caesar Young in New York, May 4, 1904, is charged in the same connection, new indictments to this effect having been found in New York today.

For a long time the authorities had been unable to locate Smith and his wife, the couple having left New York a few months after the murder and before the beginning of the recent mistrial of Nan Patterson, in which Smith's testimony was considered almost vital to the prosecution. Several weeks ago a New York detective met Smith in Montreal, Canada, and from that time until the arrests here today this office has awaited a favorable time for making the arrest.

Forget About Your Stomach.

If your digestion is bad the vital organs of your body are not fed and nourished as they should be. They grow weak and invite disease. Kodol Dyspepsia Cure digests what you eat, cures indigestion and all stomach troubles. You forget you have a stomach from the very day you begin taking it. This is because it gets a rest—recuperates and gradually grows so strong and healthy that it troubles you no more. E. L. Babcock, Amherst, Minn., says: "I have taken a great many remedies for indigestion but have found nothing equal to Kodol Dyspepsia Cure." Kodol digests what you eat, cures indigestion, Dyspepsia, Sour Stomach, Belching, Heartburn and all Stomach troubles. Its preparation is the result of many years of research. Sold by J. R. Ledbetter, Hood Bros., Benson Drug Co.

Equitable Fight Hot.

New York, April 1.—The Equitable fight grows hotter. A crisis is expected today at the meeting in the fight for the control. It is reported President Alexander has demanded Hyde to resign forthwith or face exposure.

Sciatic Rheumatism Cured.

"I have been subject to sciatic rheumatism for years," says E. H. Waldron, of Wilton Junction, Iowa. "My joints were stiff and gave me much pain and discomfort. My joints would crack when I straightened up. I used Chamberlain's Pain Balm and have been thoroughly cured. Have not had a pain or ache from the old trouble for many months. It is certainly a most wonderful liniment." For sale by J. H. Boyett, Selma Drug Co., Hood & Benson.

Bank Officials in Jail.

Lorain, O., April 1.—Cashier Kane, and assistant cashier Walker, and S. Walker, teller of the Citizens Savings bank which closed yesterday were arrested early this morning charged with embezzlement. The men were under arrest at their home last night but were taken to jail early this morning.

Nothing Equal to Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy for Bowel Complaints in Children.

"We have used Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy in our family for years," says Mrs. J. B. Cooke, of Netherlands, Texas. "We have given it to all of our children. We have used other medicines for the same purpose, but never found anything to equal Chamberlain's. If you will use it as directed it will always cure." For sale by J. H. Boyett, Selma Drug Co., Hood & Benson.

Will Address Richmond College.

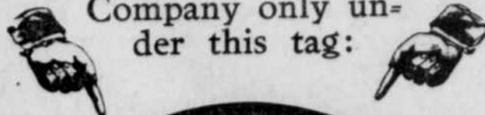
Hon. Henry Blount, Wilson's distinguished linguist, mimic and orator of versatile arts has been invited by Dr. Allison Hodges to deliver an address before the student body of the Richmond college of medicine some night next week.

Best Cough Medicine for Children.

When you buy a cough medicine for small children you want one in which you can place implicit confidence. You want one that not only relieves but cures. You want one that is unquestionably harmless. You want one that is pleasant to take. Chamberlain's Cough Remedy meets all of these conditions. There is nothing so good for the cough and colds incident to childhood. It is also a certain preventive and cure for croup, and there is no danger whatever from whooping cough when it is given. It has been used in many epidemics of that disease with perfect success. For sale by A. H. Boyett, Selma Drug Co. Hood & Benson.

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Special rate of one fare plus \$2.00 to Havana, Cuba and return, the rate from Smithfield, N. C. \$44.75, includes meals and berth on steamer. Tickets will be sold March 29th, for trains which will reach Port Tampa, Fla. the night of March 30th, connecting with P. & O. S. S. Co's steamer leaving that night. Tickets will be good returning on any steamer leaving Havana until April 13th inclusive, with final limit to reach destination April 16th. On the return journey, stop-over will be allowed at any point in the State of Florida, south of Jacksonville, within final limit of ticket.

Take advantage of this opportunity to visit "The Queen of the Antilles", at reasonable cost, which will afford an excellent chance to investigate the business situation of our sister republic. The party will be limited, so make your reservations promptly. For reservations, pamphlets or any other information, call on your nearest ticket agent, or write,

H. M. EMERSON, W. J. CRAIG,
Traffic Manager. Gen'l Pass. Agent.
Wilmington, N. C.