

# THE FRENCH BROAD NEWS

LEADING NEWSPAPER AND BEST ADVERTISING MEDIUM IN MADISON COUNTY.

VOL. III.

MARSHALL, MADISON COUNTY, N. C., THURSDAY, JULY 1, 1909.

NO. 8.



By GRACE E. CRAIG.

Charity May stepped briskly to and fro before the spinning-wheel which she had brought out to the door-stone of the gray farm-house on the hill. Occasionally she lifted her brown eyes from her work and gazed out over the rolling pastures of the fair island of Prudence or across the strip of bay to the Rhode Island shore.

"'Tis a fine day, Polly," she said at length, to the small girl who sat beside her sewing. "I think, perhaps, mother will let us go out in the boat when our work is finished."

"Oh, Charity! Does she think she will?" chirped little Polly, in her excitement taking rather longer stitches than usual. "'Twill be beautiful on the bay this morning."

Charity studied the sea and sky intently.

"There's very little breeze stirring," she replied. "I am almost sure mother will say we may go for a while if we do our work particularly well. Take care of those stitches, Polly. The last ones had best come out. They will never earn thee a faint, but more like an extra long psalm."

Polly pouted, but in a moment laughed and pulled out the offending stitches, crooning softly to herself as she set them again with great care. Charity worked with a will, and her task was soon finished. She disappeared into the house, and in a few moments her voice rang merrily through the open door.

"Mother says 'yes,' Pollykins. Put up thy work for to-day."

Sweet Mother May followed her elder daughter to the door, and gazed lovingly after the two young figures.

Though Charity was Polly's senior by five years, the sisters were loving comrades. They were both very happy when their brother Ben built for them a boat. It was a rough craft, but staunch and seaworthy. Charity had strong young arms, and soon became expert with the oars, and even eight-year-old Polly quickly learned to pull away gallantly.

This morning the boat lay on the strand where Ben had left it after a fishing trip the day before. Polly, with a joyful gurgle, climbed in, and took her seat in the stern. Charity pushed off with little difficulty, and they were soon floating on the wide bosom of Narragansett Bay. On this August morning the warm, blue haze made all distant points vague and indistinct. Presently Charity dropped her oars and sat still with clasped hands, and even Polly for once was quiet, as the little boat drifted with the ebbing tide down toward Newport and the ocean.

"The French ships called out yesterday to meet Admiral Howe's squadron at sea, so father was telling Ben last night," Charity said at last, breaking the long silence. "How can men fight and kill each other in this lovely summer weather?"

"Oh, Charity! Do they really do such dreadful things? Does thee think it can be really true?" and Polly lifted a horrified face from the water, in which she had been dabbling her dimpled fingers liberally, spattering her gray gown and white kerchief.

"I fear it is, lambkin," her sister answered with a shadow for a moment in her dark eyes. "Ben said he heard firing over in Portsmouth when he was out fishing yesterday."

A puff of wind coming over the water made Charity look up suddenly at the sun.

"'Tis past noonday, sis," she said, "and we are a long way from home. We must start at once or mother will worry."

Hastily picking up her oars she turned the boat away from the shore by Portsmouth shore, and headed for Prudence Island. As she settled herself for the long pull homeward, something on a point of land directly in front of her caught her eye. She held her oars suspended and looked again.

"That must be a signal of distress yonder," she finally said to her sister. "Turn about, Polly, and see what thee can make of it."

Polly screwed her body around, and gazed with wide, blue eyes.

"I see naught but a rag tied to a stick," she said. "How thee frightened me, Charity!"

"Yes, but why should a rag be tied to a stick on that lonely point? Some poor creature must be in trouble. We will go and see."

"But, Charity," objected the little girl. "Tis lonely there, as thee says. Some one may hurt us. And thee, too, 'tis growing late, and the wind is rising. The bay is all white ruffles now. If we don't get home soon, I shall be afear'd."

"Don't fear, little one," Charity soothed, "sister will take care of thee. Sit still now. We will be only a few moments, and then if we both row I think we can get home before thee."

And she turned the boat again towards Portsmouth.

Once on shore, she hesitated. Was she taking her little sister into peril? Would thee rather sit in the boat and wait for Charity?" she asked.

"No, no," and Polly scrambled hastily out and caught her hand. "'Tis

not be left. I will go with thee. We will take care of each other."

The two girls climbed the slope to the summit of a knoll, and there, a few feet away, was the little staff with its pitiful banner. They threaded their way through the tangle of bushes, stopping now and then to look and listen. All about the bayberry and sweet-fern had been crushed and trampled as by heavy feet, but nothing broke the stillness of the summer noontide save the bees buzzing over the flowers and the crickets chirping in the grass.

"There must have been a skirmish here yesterday," Charity said.

Suddenly she stumbled and almost fell over something, and stopped with an exclamation. There, in the shelter of a thicket of bayberry, lay a man in the uniform of a British officer.

Polly clung to her sister and began to cry loudly.

At the sound of her weeping the man moved slightly, and opened his eyes.

"Hush, little one," Charity whispered. "He cannot harm thee. He is badly injured. His leg is broken, I think."

At her sister's assurance, Polly took courage and stopped crying.

commanded. "Thee must take the other pair of oars and pull for dear life."

A low growl of thunder in the west served to turn Polly's attention from their wounded passenger. She caught up her oars and rowed like the brave little woman she was.

"What time does thee think it is, Charity?" she inquired once.

"After three a good bit," her sister answered.

"Mother will be worrying," the little girl said, with a slight shiver.

"Yes, mother will be worrying," her sister repeated, looking over her shoulder at the approaching clouds. She fully realized what Polly only felt, that they were in a perilous position.

Wind and tide were both against them, but they made good progress for some little time. The young man at their feet moaned now and then and moved uneasily, but the two rowers pulled steadily on.

"Mother will care for him, once we reach home," Charity said, looking back again at the clouds, which had now rolled over the sun.

It grew suddenly dark on the bay, the wind died away slowly and the sea became oily. In the lull the rowers paused to rest. Suddenly a vivid flash of lightning rent the darkened sky, followed by a crashing peal of thunder. The girls in the boat sat motionless, petrified with terror. For a blinding, deafening moment, sea and sky seemed to meet. Then the squall shrieked down upon them in all its fury.

Charity's cap blew off, and her dark hair waved wildly about her face, but she flung the whole weight of her slender body upon the oars, pulling valiantly, and shouting through the din for Polly to do the same. One moment of hesitation on the part of either would have caused

appearance of Admiral Howe's fleet, the British troops had marched out of the city, and succeeded in driving the Americans from the island, though not without severe loss. In the battle on the downs, he, Sir Hugh Grantham, major in his Majesty's Sixty-third Foot Regiment, met with an accident. His horse was shot, and fell instantly, pitching him beneath its body, and injuring his right leg. He with difficulty crawled away from the

State Senator Hewitt, President of the Bank at Locke, N. Y., Fires a Dozen Shots Without Effect.

Locke, N. Y.—In a fight to capture burglars who blew open the safe and secured \$3500 in money of the Citizens' Bank, here, State Senator C. J. Hewitt, president of the bank, and Walter E. King, the cashier, was alone in the bank after closing time, finishing the business of the day, when a man walked in. As the man approached the window of the cashier's desk King looked into the barrel of a revolver.

"Make a move or a noise of any kind and I'll kill you," was the greeting Mr. King received.

Selecting a roll of bills, the man backed out of the door, covering King with the revolver. King ran to the telephone as he saw the man walking down the street and mingling with the crowds with an air of unconcern.

The police reached the scene five minutes later, but the robber had disappeared.

Green Bay, Wis.—Two armed bandits entered the night office of the United States Express Company here at 5 o'clock in the morning and compelled the man in charge to open the safe. They obtained \$5000.

Two Men Killed at the Du Pont Works at Pompton Lakes.

Paterson, N. J.—Two men were killed and three badly injured in an explosion at the Du Pont powder works at Pompton Lakes. The dead were: William Callier, thirty-five years old; James J. Weather, thirty-two years old, married, leaves a widow and one child.

The injured were: Theodore Weather, brother of the dead man, thirty years old; William Cooper, forty years old; Theodore Monks, twenty-seven years old. The works are in a gorge of the Wynockle River, and consist of a series of small frame buildings about fifteen by twenty feet each, covered with corrugated iron.

CAPE COD CANAL BEGUN.

Land Broken on Farm Where Commodore Perry Was Born.

Sandwich, Mass.—The first shovel of earth that gave the official impetus to the work of digging the long projected Cape Cod canal was turned by August Belmont, of New York City, on the little farm on which a famous ancestor of his, Commodore Oliver Hazard Perry, of Lake Erie fame, was born.

The canal will be seven miles long and will cost \$10,000,000. The distance to New York City by the canal will be cut sixty-three miles.

ALIENS HERE TO WORK.

Foreman of Print Mills Fined \$200 For Breaking Labor Law.

Doston, Mass.—Norman Thackeray, foreman of the Arnold Print Works in North Adams, was convicted of violating the alien contract labor law, in the United States District Court, and fined \$200.

It was contended he induced Clifford Geldard and Bernard Tagwell, two English mill hands, to come to this country and work in the plant of which he was foreman.

DROWNED IN MILLRACE.

Left Home to Work Two Men Lost Their Lives.

Ann Arbor, Mich.—Oswald Lipold, thirty-five years old, and William Arnold, twenty-one, both of Milwaukee, were drowned in a millrace here when swimming, and William Cole, also of Milwaukee, was rescued unconscious.

The three men came here to work on the construction of the University of Michigan Chemical Laboratory, Lippold being foreman.

Gentry Released From Prison.

James Gentry, who killed Mudge York at Philadelphia, Pa., in 1895, and who was pardoned by Governor Stuart, has been released from the Eastern Penitentiary.

Sultan to Tour Europe.

Mohammed V., the new Sultan of Turkey, will start on a tour of the European courts in autumn.

"HOUSE OF SEVEN GABLES" SOLD.

Building Made Famous by Hawthorne's Novel Used For Charity.

Salem, Mass.—The "House of the Seven Gables," around which Nathaniel Hawthorne wrote one of his best known and most characteristic tales, and which is now visited annually by thousands of the great author's admirers, has been purchased by Mrs. George H. Emmons, and is to be turned into a house for settlement work.

## FIGHT WITH BANK ROBBERS

Latter Escape Shots of Citizens and Take \$3500.

Locke, N. Y.—In a fight to capture burglars who blew open the safe and secured \$3500 in money of the Citizens' Bank, here, State Senator C. J. Hewitt, president of the bank, and Walter E. King, the cashier, was alone in the bank after closing time, finishing the business of the day, when a man walked in. As the man approached the window of the cashier's desk King looked into the barrel of a revolver.

"Make a move or a noise of any kind and I'll kill you," was the greeting Mr. King received.

Selecting a roll of bills, the man backed out of the door, covering King with the revolver. King ran to the telephone as he saw the man walking down the street and mingling with the crowds with an air of unconcern.

The police reached the scene five minutes later, but the robber had disappeared.

Green Bay, Wis.—Two armed bandits entered the night office of the United States Express Company here at 5 o'clock in the morning and compelled the man in charge to open the safe. They obtained \$5000.

Two Men Killed at the Du Pont Works at Pompton Lakes.

Paterson, N. J.—Two men were killed and three badly injured in an explosion at the Du Pont powder works at Pompton Lakes. The dead were: William Callier, thirty-five years old; James J. Weather, thirty-two years old, married, leaves a widow and one child.

The injured were: Theodore Weather, brother of the dead man, thirty years old; William Cooper, forty years old; Theodore Monks, twenty-seven years old. The works are in a gorge of the Wynockle River, and consist of a series of small frame buildings about fifteen by twenty feet each, covered with corrugated iron.

CAPE COD CANAL BEGUN.

Land Broken on Farm Where Commodore Perry Was Born.

Sandwich, Mass.—The first shovel of earth that gave the official impetus to the work of digging the long projected Cape Cod canal was turned by August Belmont, of New York City, on the little farm on which a famous ancestor of his, Commodore Oliver Hazard Perry, of Lake Erie fame, was born.

The canal will be seven miles long and will cost \$10,000,000. The distance to New York City by the canal will be cut sixty-three miles.

ALIENS HERE TO WORK.

Foreman of Print Mills Fined \$200 For Breaking Labor Law.

Doston, Mass.—Norman Thackeray, foreman of the Arnold Print Works in North Adams, was convicted of violating the alien contract labor law, in the United States District Court, and fined \$200.

It was contended he induced Clifford Geldard and Bernard Tagwell, two English mill hands, to come to this country and work in the plant of which he was foreman.

DROWNED IN MILLRACE.

Left Home to Work Two Men Lost Their Lives.

Ann Arbor, Mich.—Oswald Lipold, thirty-five years old, and William Arnold, twenty-one, both of Milwaukee, were drowned in a millrace here when swimming, and William Cole, also of Milwaukee, was rescued unconscious.

The three men came here to work on the construction of the University of Michigan Chemical Laboratory, Lippold being foreman.

Gentry Released From Prison.

James Gentry, who killed Mudge York at Philadelphia, Pa., in 1895, and who was pardoned by Governor Stuart, has been released from the Eastern Penitentiary.

Sultan to Tour Europe.

Mohammed V., the new Sultan of Turkey, will start on a tour of the European courts in autumn.

"HOUSE OF SEVEN GABLES" SOLD.

Building Made Famous by Hawthorne's Novel Used For Charity.

Salem, Mass.—The "House of the Seven Gables," around which Nathaniel Hawthorne wrote one of his best known and most characteristic tales, and which is now visited annually by thousands of the great author's admirers, has been purchased by Mrs. George H. Emmons, and is to be turned into a house for settlement work.

## TAR HEEL CHRONICLES

Happenings And Doings Gleaned From All Parts Of The Old North State.

N. C. PRESS CONVENTION. Rev. J. O. Atkinson Elected President and J. B. Sherrill, Secretary-Treasurer.

Hendersonville, Special.—The editors of North Carolina were literally presented with the key to the city Wednesday morning, when, at their opening session, held in the court house, Col. S. V. Pickens gave them an ancient, rusty, two-foot-long jail key, recently uncovered here by workmen in excavating for a new building.

At 9:30 the convention was called to order by Dr. J. O. Atkinson, third vice president, who invoked a divine blessing upon the town of Hendersonville and the members of the association. Mayor Staton then presented Col. S. V. Pickens, who cordially welcomed the editors to town. M. L. Shipman, on behalf of the local press, spoke a few words of appreciation and Archibald Johnson, editor of *Charity and Children*, responded gracefully on behalf of the association. Dr. Atkinson then read the annual address of the president, who, on account of sickness, was unable to be present in person. The association voted to wire President Thomas its appreciation and its regrets that he was unable to be with them. The big audience in the court house listened to short talks on local topics by J. W. Atkins, J. J. Farris, H. B. Varner and Archibald Johnson. At 2:30 p. m. J. F. Hurley read the historical paper. Full of interest and listened to attentively was Thad R. Manning's talk on the subscription price of the weekly newspaper. This was followed by the transaction of miscellaneous business. At night, before an audience which completely filled the big court room, Mr. John M. Julian, of The Salisbury Post, delivered the annual oration. He commanded the closest attention of his audience to the end of his extremely able address.

Thursday morning was pleasantly spent in a drive to Lake Oseola and to Mount Hebron, the pleasure of which was not marred by a slight shower, which, Mr. J. P. Caldwell remarked, was but a pleasant diversion. The editors and their families went in a body and the string of carriages was a long one.

The ball game, given as a treat, was largely attended and thoroughly enjoyed by both visitors and home people and was distinctly a success.

At the afternoon session the following officers were elected: President, Rev. J. O. Atkinson; first vice president, M. L. Shipman; second vice president, J. R. Swann; third vice president, W. K. Jacobson; secretary and treasurer, J. B. Sherrill; historian, Archibald Johnson; orators, W. C. Hammer and Josephus Daniels; poet, D. F. St. Clair; executive committee, H. A. London, W. C. Dowd, H. B. Varner, Josephus Daniels, D. T. Edwards.

A resolution was adopted condemning the United States government for maintaining a job printing office to compete with the country's job printers, and a copy of the resolution was ordered sent to every Representative and Senator of North Carolina.

Interesting articles were read by Rev. J. O. Atkinson, Clarence H. Poe and R. R. Clark.

The important address of the day was that of M. V. Richards, land and industrial agent of the Southern Railway.

Resolution of Thanks.

The following resolutions, offered by Mr. Josephus Daniels for the committee, were unanimously adopted by a rising vote:

"Resolved, That the thanks of the

association be and are hereby tendered the Western Union Telegraph Company and the railroad companies for courtesies in the matter of railroad transportation and particularly to the Southern Railway Company, for the courtesy of an excursion to Lake Toxaway; to W. A. Smith, for a car ride to Laurel Park and an enjoyable afternoon at that beautiful resort; to Capt. M. C. Toms and John L. Orr and their associates for extending the courtesies of Mount Hebron; to the management of the Gates Hotel for excellent service and for the courtesy of a ball tendered the association; to Mayor R. H. Staton and the public spirited citizens who tendered many delightful courtesies, including the mountain drives and to Lake Oseola, and for more pleasures than can be enumerated; to Mr. M. L. Shipman, editor of the Hendersonville Hustler, and to Mr. T. R. Barrows, associate editor, for their brotherly welcome which made all the editors feel at home.

The association left on a special car Saturday for Lake Toxaway, returning to their homes from there.

The following accessions to the association were enrolled at the session: 18 new members were admitted as follows: J. V. Sims, Raleigh Times; W. J. Underwood, Greensboro Patriot; J. A. Parham, Fayetteville Index; Owen G. Dunn, Newbern Sun; R. A. Deal, Wilkesboro Chronicle; W. E. Pharr, North Wilkesboro Hustler; M. L. Yeager, Southern Publisher; R. E. Hanson, Spring Hope Leader; Andrew Joyner, Greensboro News Bureau; C. A. Eury, King's Mountain Herald; Clint N. Brown, Salisbury Post; T. H. Gosser, Bakersville Chronicle; H. H. Hamlin, Beaufort Lookout; D. L. St. Clair, Sanford Express; E. P. Pepper, Danbury Reporter; T. R. Barrows, Hendersonville Hustler; J. R. Roundtree, Kinston Free Press; Chas. H. Williams, Polk County News.

Ashe County Fair.

Jefferson, Special.—Ashe county is to have an agricultural fair on September 15-17th. The following officers were elected: President, W. H. Dent; T. E. Reeves, Jr., secretary; A. Hamilton, W. E. Johnson, Jr., premium committee; Jas. P. Perkins, Geo. J. Hamilton, W. T. Colvard, N. Brown, Salisbury Post; T. H. Gosser, Bakersville Chronicle; H. H. Hamlin, Beaufort Lookout; D. L. St. Clair, Sanford Express; E. P. Pepper, Danbury Reporter; T. R. Barrows, Hendersonville Hustler; J. R. Roundtree, Kinston Free Press; Chas. H. Neal.

Ministers Wife Skips.

Newbern, Special.—The congregation of Centenary Methodist Episcopal church was greatly startled Sunday morning when the pastor, Rev. R. C. Beaman, D. D., announced to them that his wife had disappeared and could not be located. The pastor's words were pronounced in no flippant or as has ever been heard in that pulpit and no word of censure or bitter feeling escaped his lips. It was a very pathetic scene. Notes found in different places indicated that she has left with a man named Grant. The Methodist church is the largest and most influential in the city and one of the largest in the State and Dr. Beaman's charge over it has been marked with a period of prosperity.

Killed by Live Wire.

Greensboro, Special.—Bryan Benton, the 12-year-old brother of James M. Benton, city editor of the Morning Telegram, was Tuesday killed by a live wire late Tuesday afternoon. The boy was at a lawn party at the Christian church, and with a playmate climbed a tree. His fingers touched an uninsulated electric wire, his leg another, the short-circuit causing him to drop.

Death of Miss Sallie Underwood.

Charlotte, Special.—Miss Sallie Underwood, the young lady struck by lightning near her home in Gaston county last Thursday afternoon, died Sunday morning at 3:30 o'clock without regaining consciousness. The funeral took place at the home Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock, the service being in charge of Rev. J. B. Taber, of Mount Holly. The interment was made at Castania church. The funeral procession is said to have been one of the longest that ever followed a funeral in Gaston county.

Youth Develops Babes.

Spencer, Special.—Scott Windsor, an orphan boy, aged 13 years, at the home of D. M. Pennington, a prominent farmer, living near Spencer, is in a desperate condition with what is said to be hydrophobia. The boy was seized with fits and, when under the influence of the spasms, attempts to bite and scratch his friends. The fit was hit by a dog six months ago and no attention was given the matter until the disease developed this week.

Camp Guard is Convicted.

New Bern, Special.—Abner Paris was found guilty of manslaughter in the Superior Court last week. The case is somewhat peculiar. Paris, a guard at the convict camp, shot Tom Tyler, white, a convict, who was under sentence for running a blind tiger. The case was of unusual interest on account of its connection with the liquor cases. It was generally expected Paris would be acquitted.



"Limping Painfully, He Made His Way to the Beach."

Coming closer, she examined admiringly the scarlet coat with its trappings of gold. To the little Quaker lass, who had never before seen anything but sober garments, it seemed wonderful indeed.

But it was Charity's turn to look distressed.

"We must get him into the boat and take him home at once," she said.

"But how, Charity? He looks heavy," and Polly surveyed the prostrate man doubtfully.

"I don't know," answered her sister, "but we must find a way," and she gently touched the gold-braided sleeve. Again the soldier opened his eyes. Suddenly he made a weak effort to rise.

"Can thee not move a little way now, if we help thee?" Charity asked, looking out a bit anxiously across the wide strip of water to Prudence Island. A fresh westerly wind had sprung up, and Polly's "white ruffles" of an hour ago had become whole caps now.

Once more the soldier endeavored to rise, and this time, with the girl's help, succeeded.

"If thee can only get down to our boat," Charity urged, "we can take thee home, and then mother will care for thee."

"Come, poor soldier," Polly echoed, "dear mother will make thee quite well."

A smile crossed the officer's pain-drawn face.

"Bless your dear heart, pretty one," he said.

Limping painfully with the stiffened leg dragging, he made his way to the beach, Charity just behind him, supporting him when he stopped to rest, and Polly by his side patting his red sleeve when she felt he needed encouragement. The man's breath came in gasps, but he smiled at his rescuers.

"Good little Samaritans," he whispered.

Suddenly Polly cried out, "Oh, Charity! Look, there's a storm coming!"

Sure enough. Over the high shoulder of Prudence Island, great masses of purple clouds were rolling eastward. The wind was increasing almost to a gale, too. One of the sudden, violent storms of the region was approaching.

"We must get home before it breaks," Charity spoke calmly, but for a moment her heartbeats quickened. "There is no shelter hereabouts."

Making a last, supreme effort the soldier rolled into the boat and faintly.

"Never mind him, Polly," Charity



FRANCIS SCOTT KEY.

scene of the combat, and, when the British retreated to the city, was left unnoticed in his place of refuge under the bushes. Next day, he succeeded in dragging himself nearer the shore and hoisting a signal of distress. A bit of his shirt-sleeve tied to a stick.

The young soldier improved steadily under the kindly care of the Quakers, and soon was able to limp down-stairs, and then joined the children in their various working-places on the old door-stone. He proved a merry companion, telling many stories of his home across the sea, the old red manor-house among the great oak-trees, where his mother lived with his little sister Marjory, whom he declared Charity strongly resembled. Polly rejoiced greatly when he once more donned the beautiful red and gold coat.

"It is so gay," she said, patting it often. "I do like it."

"Dear heart," its wearer cried one day, catching her up, "I believe you are a little turned out. I think you would really change your peaceful gray for warlike red. Is it not so?"

"Yes," and Polly struggled to be free. "I would. Does thee not think I could be as good a girl in a red coat as in a gray one?"

"Perhaps," he answered gravely; "but certainly you could not be a braver little maid."

At last the day came when Father May took his little boat to Newport, and Polly was to sail for England with a regiment, and two very sorrowful little lasses in white caps and kerchiefs watched their father's boat out of sight.

They missed their friend sadly and they had not forgotten him, when, in the early spring, a boat came up from Newport bringing letters and a large box which had just arrived from over the sea. The letters were from the major and his mother, thanking the Mays once more for their kindness to the wounded "redcoat," praising the bravery of the little girls, and begging that the family accept the contents of the box with the heartfelt gratitude of the Granthams. Marjory sent many loving messages to Charity.

When the great box was opened, wonderful treasures were disclosed, and among them such things as the simple New England Friends had seldom seen. Books for Father May and the boys, fine linen and delicate china for the mother, some heavy silver spoons for Charity's dowry-chest, "just like Marjory's," the letters said, and down in the very bottom something red. As Mother May drew it out, Polly began to dance.

"For me!" she cried, "is it not, mother dear?"

Her mother looked at the label a little dubitably, and then suddenly smiling, as she saw her little girl's shining face. In another moment Polly was shaking out before the admiring eyes of the family a beautiful, long, scarlet cloak.

"May I wear it, mother? Will thee not say I may?" she begged.

And Mother May, wise woman that she was, still smiling, answered gently, "Thee may wear it sometimes, my dear."

And Polly did wear it until the Friends in Providence City heard of the frivolous red cloak down on Prudence Island, and sent a stern letter of remonstrance to Mother May. Then it was laid carefully away and has been kept safely through many, many years, and Polly's great, great grandchildren treasure it still as a memento of their little Revolutionary ancestress.

## IN THE DAYS OF THE REVOLUTIONARY PATRIOTS.

