

BILLOP HOUSE AS IT LOOKS TODAY

is one of the few remaining relics of United States of America. colonial times within the limits of Greater New York.

Not only has this venerable mansion the distinction of being the oldest house in New York state, but within its walls was enacted one of the most stirring incidents of the Revolution. For it was here, on September 11, 1776, that Lord Howe, representing the British government, had an interview with Benjamin Franklin of Pennsylvania, John Adams of Massachusetts and Edward Rutledge of South Carolina, delegates from the American congress, then sitting in Philadelphia. Upon the result of this meeting the fate of the Revolution largely de-

pended About three weeks previously Washington's army had been defeated in the battle of Long Island and the outlook for the American cause was discouraging. It was then that Lord Howe, convinced that the colonists were ready to lay down their arms, proposed a conference on neutral ground and the Billop house was selected as the place of meeting. This was the only peace conference attempted during the Revolution and its failure marked the parting of the ways between Great Britain and the American colonies.

## Story of the Conference.

Some interesting facts concerning this momentous interview have been preserved in the Revolutionary records. The delegates, we learn, spent two days in traveling from Philadelphia to Perth Amboy, where Lord Howe's barge was in readiness to receive them. A gentlemanly officer of the British grenadiers who met the of loyalists, the family being prodelegates offered to remain as hostage for their safe return, but Adams they were declared traitors, and at the remarked, "This is childish; we want no such pledge." The other delegates agreed and at their request the officer | Canada. embarked with them and crossed to Staten Island.

Lord Howe walked down to the water's edge as the barge approached. and, perceiving his officer with the committee, called out: "Gentlemen, you pay me a very high compliment. and you may depend upon it I will consider it the most sacred of things."

He shook hands warmly with Franklin, whom he had known in London, and who introduced his companions. Then they walked up to the old house between the lines of grenadiers, conversing pleasantly together.

For several weeks the house had been occupied by soldiers, and was as dirty as a stable, but one of the front rooms had been cleaned and with moss and green branches was converted into a delightful bower. Here a luncheon of "good claret, bread, cold ham, tongues and mutton was immediately served." After this, the British commissioner opened the conference, expressing his attachment to America and declaring that "should America fall he should feel and lament it like the loss of a brother." With graceful ease Franklin replied fronically: "My lord, we will use our utmost endeavor to spare you that mor-

tification. John Adams' Independence.

Howe stated his position in flowing language, and asked the delegates if they were willing to lay aside their distinction as members of the congress and converse as individuals up on the outline of a plan to stay the calamities of war. They assented, Adams exclaiming with his usual impetuosity: "Your lordship may consider me in any character you please, excepting that of a British subject."

The conversation lasted about four hours, but it came to nothing, except-Ing that it convinced the patriots the fight for independence would have to be continued to the bitter end. Howe was found to be wholly devoid of authority to treat with the colonists on the basis of independence, and neither party could make definite propositions or promises. They separated with the utmost show of courtesy, Howe remarking as he bade the delegates adieu, "I am sorry, gentlemen, that you have had the trouble of com-

ing so far to so little purpose." The consequence of Mr. Adams' display of independence at this famous Interview was subsequently apparent when his name was published in a list of unpartonable rebels. It must have bursts?"

F the efforts of certain patriotic | been humiliating in the extreme to societies are successful, the state the pride and arrogance of George the of New York will purchase and Third's government to be obliged to preserve the historic Billop house receive this proscribed rebel as the at Tottenville, Staten Island. It first minister plenipotentiary of the

#### House Built in 1673.

The old house, solidly built of stone and brick in the early colonial style, faces Staten Island sound, and is about half a mile south of the present village of Tottenville. It was built about 1673 by Christopher Billop, a sturdy English sea captain, who owned a small ship called the Bentley, which settled an interesting dispute.

In 1668 there was a controversy regarding the ownership of Staten Island, and to settle it the duke of York decided that if the island could be circumnavigated within twenty-four firmly: hours it should remain in his jurisdiction, otherwise it should belong to New Jersey. Billop undertook the nothing." task of sailing round the island, and accomplished it within the 24 hours, thus securing it for the duke. In return for the service he was granted sion on foot." 1,163 acres at the extreme end of the island, which was called, after his ship, the Manor Bentley. The village of Tottenville, which occupies a part of the original estate, was originally known as Bentley manor.

While living on his estate Billop was appointed subcollector of the port of New York, but, like some office an invitation on twenty-four hours' holders of modern times, he lost his notice. position through "making offensive political speeches in public." In dis- as he hung up the receiver, "Miss gust he retired to his estate, where he lived until 1682, when he sailed for England in his ship, which was lost on the voyage.

His daughter, Eugenia, married her nounced Tories. For this reason close of the Revolution the estate was confiscated, and the Billops moved to ful. A string of pearls would not be

After its forfeiture the property was purchased by Philip Van Cortlandt in Red Cross members?" 1794. Since that time it has passed through several hands, until only a small part of the original estate remains. The present owner is Charles Leland, a retired New York banker.

Old Mansion Little Changed. The old mansion, which has weathered the storms of nearly two and a half centuries, looks strong enough to last another century. Little change has been made in it since it was built. Its quaint rooms still contain the deep embrasured windows, with small-paned sashes, and curious cupboards, built into the walls. At the right of the entrance is the room where the Revolutionary peace conference took place. The kitchen, in the basement, has a fireplace the entire width of the house, in which several logs of tree size can easily be placed. In the mid- selle?" dle is a long crane of hand-wrought

iron holding two enormous kettles. Under the main entrance there is a dark cellar, where, tradition says, Revolutionary patriots were confined and ill treated by the Tory Billops. Near the house are some caks with gnarled trunks, looking centuries old.

made their camp. Like all old houses, the Billop mansion has its fancied ghosts. One of these is said to be the restless spirit of a British grenadier, killed near by in a skirmish between loyalists and

evolutionists. The other "ha'nt" is the spirit of a Billop, a beautiful bride, murdered by one hundred and sixty years ago. Her the threshold, and, strangely enough, a skeleton was dug up there some years ago and reinterred in the family burial plot adjoining the house. Here may be seen several moss-covered stones, with half-oblitered inscriptions, dating from colonial times.

# Well Provided For.

Mrs. Emberg-I suppose the little Neurich baby has everything in the way of toys? Mrs. Watkins-Yes, it even has a

rattle-headed girl for a nurse.-Puck.

Not Necessarily. "Pop, tell me one thing."

"What is that, son?" "Do windfalls come from

# Oldest House in New York HIS LOVE STORY MARIE VAN VORST ILLUSTRATIONS OF RAY WALTERS

steur

said:

Sabron

sea."

wise confession.'

sent-mindedly

to please."

of such things."

heart and in his tastes.

had been able to tell her. Tremont shrugged his shoulders thoughtfully.

"He may have dragged himself

away to die in some ambush that they

been take captive, le pauvre diable!"

"They will do all they can, which

A slight murmur from the young

at her. He saw that her hands were

"You are compassion itself, Made

moiselle; you have a tender heart.

No wonder you wear the Red Cross.

you for all soldiers. I thank you for

He thought her very charming, both

romantic and idealistic. She would

make a delightful friend. Would she

the Red Cross. Tremont was a com-

"My children," said the marquise,

coming up to them with Mimi in her

arms, "you are as so ous as though

we were on a boat bound for the

you hungry, Julia? Robert, take Mimi

to my maid, will you? Julia," said

her niece's. "Take a brisk walk with

me for five minutes and whip up your

blood. I believe you were on the

point of making Tremont some un-

"Awfully," returned her niece ab-

"He's the most eligible young man

"Ma tante," said the girl in a low

in Paris, Julia, and the most difficult

tone, "he tells me that France at

"The Ornament, Monsieur?"

about finding Monsleur de Sabron.

tion helpless for the rescue of a sin-

will make yourself ill, my darling,

"You're right," returned the girl.

She turned from her aunt to stand

"I will be silent and I will only pray."

which the boat cut and flew. Along

translucent, and out of it white Al-

giers would shine before many hours.

hat. In her pretty blouse, her pearls

around her neck, the soft flush on

When Tremont, at luncheon a little

"Julia," said the marquise, taking

gle soldier, and his life at stake!"

know.'

"I assure you no, ma tante."

"Isn't Bob a darling, Julia?"

She linked her arm through

morrow-he may never be found."

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#### SYNOPSIS.

Le Comte de Sabron, captain of French cavalry, takes to his quarters to raise by hand a motherless Irish terrier pup, and names it Pitchoune. He dines with the Marquise d'Esclignac and meets Miss Julia Redmond, American helress, who sings for him an English ballad that lingers in his memory. Sabron is ordered to Algiers, but is not allowed to take servants or dogs. Miss Redmond offers to take care of the dog during his master's absence, but Pitchoune, homesick for his master, runs away from her. The Marquise plans to marry Julia to the Duc de Tremont. Unknown to Sabron, Pitchoune follows him to Algiers. Dog and master meet and Sabron gets permission from the war minister to keep his dog with him. Julia writes him that Pitchoune has run away from her. He writes Julia of Pitchoune. The Duc de Tremont finds the American heiress capricious. A newspaper report that Sabron is among the missing after an engagement with the natives causes Julia to confess to her aunt that she loves him. Sabron, wounded in an engagement, falls into the dry bed of a river, and is watched over by Pitchoune. After a horrible night and day Pitchoune leaves him. Julia goes in search of Sabron, reported missing. Tremont takes Julia and the Marquise to Algiers in his yacht, not knowing their errand.

#### CHAPTER XVI-Continued.

With his godmother he was entirely at ease. Ever since she had paid his triffing debts when he was a young man, he had adored her. Tremont, always discreet and almost in love with his godmother, kept her in a state of great good humor always, and when she had suggested to him this little party he had been delighted. In speaking over the telephone the Marquise d'Esclignac had said very

"My dear Robert, you understand that this excursion engages you to

"Oh, of course, marraine." "We both need a change, and be-

tween ourselves, Julia has a little misthe little dog, "you look dramatic, my dear; you're pale as death in spite of Tremont would be delighted to this divine air and this enchanting

help Miss Redmond carry it out. Whom else should he ask? "By all means, any one you like,"

said his godmother diplomatically. 'We want to sail the day after tomorrow." She felt safe, knowing that no worldly people would accept

"So," the Duc de Tremont reflected, Redmond has a scheme, a mission! Young girls do not have schemes and missions in good French society."

"Mademoiselle," he said to her, as they walked up and down on the deck present can do practically nothing cousin, Thomas Farmar, who assumed in the pale sunset, in front of the the name of Billop. During the Revo- chair of the Marquise d'Esclignac, "I lution his son commanded a regiment | never saw an ornament more becoming to a woman than the one you wear.

"The ornament, Monsieur?"

"On your sleeve It is so beautimore beautiful, although your pearls are lovely, too, Are all American girls

"But of course not, Monsleur. Are all girls anywhere one thing?"

"Yes," said the Duc de Tremont, "they are all charming, but there are gradations."

"Do you think that we shall reach Algiers tomorrow, Monsieur?"

"I hope not, Mademoiselle." Miss Redmond turned her fine eyes

on him.

"I should like this voyage to last

forever, Mademoiselle." "How ridiculous!" Her look was so frank that he

laughed in spite of himself, and instead of following up the politeness, he asked: "Why do you think of Algiers as a

field for nursing the sick, Mademoi-"There has been quite a deputation of the Red Cross women lately going

from Paris to the East.' "But," said the young man, "there are poor in Tarascon, and sick, too. There is a great deal of poverty in Fancy a great army and a great na-Nice, and Paris is the nearest of all."

"The American girls are very imbeneath which British soldiers once aginative," said Julia Redmond. "We must have some romance in all we the trembling hand in her own, "you do.

"I find the American girls very and you will be no use to anyone, you charming," said Tremont.

"Do you know many, Monsieur?"

"Only one," he said serenely. Miss Redmond changed the subject quickly and cleverly, and before he kney it, Tremont was telling her her husband in a fit of jealousy about stories about his own military service, which had been made in Africa. body was said to have been buried on He talked well and entertained them both, and Julia Redmond listened when he told her of the desert, of its charm and its desolation, and of its later, looked at his guests, he saw a dangers. An hour passed. The Mar- | new Julia. She had left her coat with quise d'Esclignac took an ante- the Red Cross in her cabin with her his target at a height c. 5,000 feet. prandial stroll, Mimi mincing at her

"Ce pauvre Sabron!" said Tremont. "He has disappeared off the face of a light-hearted woman of the world. the earth. What a horrible thing it | She teased her aunt gently, she was, Mademoiselle! I knew him in laughed very deliciously and lightly Paris: I remember meeting him flirted with the Duc de Tremont, who again the night before he left the opened a bottle of champagne. The Midi. He was a fine fellow with a Marquise d'Esclignac beamed upon career before him, his friends say." her niece. Tremont found her more

What do you think has become of puzzling than ever. "She suggests Monsieur de Sabron?" Miss Redmond, so far, had only moods. Before, she was a tragic

aunt and of the stars. None of them able sybarite."

CHAPTER XVII.

Out of the Desert.

From a dreamy little villa, whose walls were streaming with bougain. NOMENCLATURE OF THE NATIVES villea, Miss Redmond looked over Algiers, over the tumult and hum of it, to the sea. Tremont, by her side looked at her. From head to foot the girl was in white. On one side the bougainvillea laid its scarlet flowers against the stainless linen of her dress, and on her other arm was the Red Cross.

The American girl and the French man had become the best of friends. She considered him a sincere companion and an unconscious confed- Ghost, The Fool, The Man Who erate. He had not yet decided what Washes His Dimples, Mrs. Oyster, The he thought of her, or how. His prom- Weary Lizard, The Husband of ise to remain on the yacht had been Kanela (a male dog), The Great Ketbroken and he paid his godmother have not discovered, or likely he has and Miss Redmond constant visits at their villa, which the marquise rented "France will do all it can, Monfor the season.

There were times when Tremont thought Miss Redmond's exile a fais to wait. An extraordinary measure, natical one, but he always found her if taken just now, would probably refascinating and a lovely woman, and sult in Sabron being put to death by his captors. He may be found to- him from laying his title and his forgirl beside him made Tremont look himself that he was to court Miss Susan (Kukena) is a boy; so are Redmond a' l'americaine. clasped and that her face was quite

"She has been brought up in such white, her eyes staring fixedly before a shocking fashion, Robert, that nothher, out toward Africa. Tremont ing but American love-making will



Sang for the Sick.

appeal to her. You will have to make love to her, Robert. Can you do it?" "But, marraine, I might as well make love to a sister of charity.'

woman is immune.
"I think she is engaged to some Companion. American cowboy who will come and

claim her, marraine." His godmother was offended. "Rubbish!" she said. "She is en-

Rosalind; but that will not prevent her from making an excel-

"She is certainly very beautiful," said the Duc de Tremont, and he told Julia so.

"You are very beautiful," said the Due de Tremont to Miss Redmond, as she leaned on the balcony of the villa. The bougainvillea leaned against her breast. "When you stood in the hospital under the window and sang to the poor devils, you looked like an angel."

"Poor things!" said Julia Redmond. "Do you think that they liked it?" "Liked it!" exclaimed the young man enthusiastically, "couldn't you

see by their faces? One poor devil said to me: 'One can die better now, Monsieur.' There was no hope for him, it seems."

Tremont and Marquise d'Esclignac had docilely gone with Julia Redmond every day at a certain hour to the different hospitals, where Julia, after rendering some slight services to the nurses-for she was not needed-sang for the sick, standing in the outer hallway of the building open on every side. She knew that Sabron was not among these sick. Where he was or what sounds his ears might hear, she could not know; but she sang for him, and the fact put a sweetness in her voice that touched the ears of the suffering and uplifted those who were not too far down to be uplifted, and as for the dying, it

### helped them, as the soldier said, to (TO BE CONTINUED.)

Tabloid Aeroplanes.

The British reason, quite logically, that the smaller the aeroplane and the faster it can fly the less danger of its being hit by shots fired from earth. for a few moments quiet, looking out So the British airmen favor an unusuat the sea, at the blue water through ally small machine, which they call the "tabloid. " A very light frame is the horizon was a mist, rosy and fitted with an 80-horsepower motor, which will drive the frail machine through the air at the rate of 100 miles an hour. The engine is covered with armor. The aviator seeking to drop a bomb on the enemy approaches When straight above it, he turns the nose of his machine straight down and her cheeks, she was apparently only drops at terrific speed. When within 500 feet of the target he drops his bombs as quickly as possible and then shoots skyward at a tremendous pace. -American Boy.

Hopeful Mission.

If even one of those 300 commercial travelers who have gone to South the chameleon," he thought, "she has America succeeds in making a South been able to ask this question of her muse; at luncheon she is an ador- their toil will not have been in vain.— Cleveland Leader.

# AS NAMED IN HAWAII

SINGULARLY PICTURESQUE.

Mrs. Oyster, Atlantic Ocean and Stomach Are Examples-Male Infant Christened "Mrs. Tompkins," Girl Named "Samson."

The natives of Hawaii are singularly picturesque in their choice of names. Mrs. Scissors, The Thief, The tle, The Nose, The Atlantic Ocean, The Stomach, Poor Pussy, Mrs. Turkey, The Tenth Heaven, are all names that have appeared in the city directory.

They are often careless of the gender or appropriateness of the names they take. A householder on Beretania street, Honolulu, is called The he wondered what it was that kept Pretty Woman (Wahine Malkal); a male infant was lately christened tune at her feet. It had been under Mrs. Tompkins; one little girl is stood between the godmother and named Samson; another, The Man; Polly Sarah, Jane Peter and Henry Ann. A pretty little maid has been named by her fond parents The Pig Sty (Hale Pua). For some unknown reason-or for no reason at all-one boy is named The Rat Eater (Kamea Ot 1 Ole).

Reverend Doctor Coan of Hawaii possessed the love of his flock. One morning a child was presented for baptism whose name was given by the parents, Mikia; when the ceremony was finished the parents assured the doctor that they had named the baby for him,

"But my name is not Michael," said the doctor, supposing Mikia to be aimed thereat.

"We always hear your wife call you "Mikia!" answered the mother. She had mistaken Mrs. Coan's familiar "my dear" for her husband's given name.

An old servant in Doctor Wight's family, at Kohala, caused her grandchild to be baptized in church. The doctor (Kauka); that was its only name. By way of compliment to the early physicians, many children were named after their drugs, as Joseph Squills, Miss Rhubarb, The Emetic, The Doctor Who Peeps in at a Door.

Names uncomplimentary, or even disgusting, are willingly borne by their owners; others convey a pleasing and graceful sentiment. Among the latter are the Arch of Heaven (Ka Ria Lani), The River of Twilight (Ka Wia Linia), The Delicate Wreath (Ka Let ma Lil). The name of Liliu O "There was la Belle Heloise, and no Kalani, the queen now in retirement, means A Lily in the Sky .-- Youth's

# Under False Pretenses.

Many persons are under the impression that America has few, if any, nagaged to no one, Bob. She is an tive plants worthy of cultivation in accustomed to look upon them as weeds and wild things, and so unfamiliar are they with native flowers that they fall to recognize them when they meet them outside their native haunts. A writer tells how he transplanted a stalk of goldenrod from a fence corner in the pasture to a place in his garden. It flourished luxuriantly, and sent up many stalks as high as a man's head, each crowned with a great plume of brilliant flow-

> A neighbor was attracted by the beauty of the plant, and declared it must have cost its owner some dollars. When told, however, that numbers of the same plant were flourishing behind his barn, he exclaimed: What! You mean to tell me it's yallerweed!" And he went away with the air of one who had been imposed upon.-Country Gentleman.

Marks Historic German Spot.

Standing approximately on the exact spot where in 1414 Frederick of Hohenzollern, count of Nuremburg, with a heavy cannon partly destroyed Friesack, Germany, today rests a curiously built monument in the shape of a war piece made of log wheels, millstones and wood. The town lies on a branch of the Rhine in Prussia near Potsdam. Close to it is a large estate bearing the same name, whose fortified castle was captured by Frederick after a bitter fight against the rebellious knight Dietrich von Quitzow. It was below the place where the cannon now stands that the Quitzows were intrenched.-Popular Mechanics.

Accepted the Apology. A young practitioner appeared before a pompous old judge, who took offense at a remark the lawyer made criticizing his decision.

"If you do not instantly apologize for that remark," said the judge, "I shall commit you for contempt of

court." "Upon recollection, your honor," instantly replied the young attorney, "I find that your honor was right and I

was wrong, as your honor always is." The judge looked dubious, but finally said he would accept the apology.

Voice of Experience.

"I'm learning to make fudge and taffy," said the prospective bride, "so that I can please my husband with some after we are wedded."

"Fudge and taffy are what the men like," responded the old married wom-American see a United States joke an. "That suits 'em, whether you make it or whether you talk it, my dear."