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An Insult Avenged

A Story For the Fourth of July

By MARIAN WILSON

"Grandpa, tell us a story for the Fourth of July."

"You'll have to go to some one younger than I for a story about celebrating the Fourth of July, but if you want one about what we celebrate I can give it to you."

"What do you mean by that?"

"The Fourth of July is celebrated to commemorate our becoming a nation and not a colony of Great Britain. Our independence was achieved by the Revolutionary war. I will tell you of an incident of that war."

"One evening during the period of the American Revolution a young British officer rode up to a house in northern New Jersey and, dismounting, went to the door and knocked. In that day the colonies, or the eastern states, were like rural England. Many of the most aristocratic families of New York lived in country houses within, say, fifty miles of the city, and it was at one of these houses that the young officer stopped."

"His summons was answered by a negro servant, whom he directed to ask his mistress if he could have some supper. The negro disappeared, and presently there was a rustle of skirts on the winding staircase, and a tall girl



"OH, HEAVENS, I HAVE KILLED HIM!"

of dignified mien appeared before the stranger. He doffed his hat to her with all the bearing of a young marquis and said:

"I am on my way to join our forces at Monmouth. I have had nothing to eat all day and would be very thankful for something that will stay my hunger."

"The girl, with no less grace than his, invited him into the living room and told him that if he would wait a few minutes she would have something prepared for him. Presently the colored servant reappeared and invited him into the dining room. There at the table behind a silver urn sat the girl who had admitted him, while before her were the dishes that constituted the supper."

"Really," the officer said, "this kindness overwhelms me."

"You are an enemy," she said, "but you are hungry, and I would not deny you meat and drink. And, giving you such, I treat you for the time being as a guest. Will you have coffee?"

"Thanks, Mistress."

"I am Dorothy Hale."

"There was something high bred about the girl to excite the admiration of the young son of a noble house in England. But the English nobleman of that day was not overscrupulous in his dealings with his own countrywomen, and as for one who lived 3,000 miles from court he had no conscience whatever. Indeed, the courtliness of Mistress Dorothy Hale was but an incentive to a conquest. Having finished his repast, he arose and, laying down his napkin, said:

"Mistress Hale, I feel myself restricted from offering you payment for the delicious repast you have given me, but I cannot go away without in some way showing my appreciation of your kindness." With that he stepped up to her, put his arms about her and kissed her.

"When he saw the red flush he had called to her cheek, the flash of fire in her eye, he knew he had made a mistake. He stammered a few words of apology, to which she made no reply, and, backing himself out of the room, went to where he had left his horse and rode away."

"He had gone perhaps a mile when he heard behind him the sound of a galloping horse. It occurred to him that the rider was coming with some message connected with the insult he had offered his benefactress and judged that he might be called to account for what he had done. But he was no coward and was ready to pay for the kiss he had taken in any coin required. So, instead of pushing on, he drew rein and waited for the approaching horseman, who, when he came up, proved to be a negro boy."

"Miss Dorothy told me to give you that," he said, handing the young man a bit of folded paper on which were a few words, as follows:

"Sir—You have insulted a defenseless woman who gave you meat and drink. My brother will be at home this evening and will expect satisfaction in the wood back of the house at sunrise tomorrow morning."

"But enough of talk. Defend yourself!"

"There were no weapons except a sword Hale had brought with him from the house and the sword the officer wore by his side."

"One moment," said the latter. "Should you kill me it will be well for you to know who I am. I am Lieutenant Richard Trevelyan of the 4th British foot, second son of the Earl of Angleton."

"In case you fall your remains shall be sent to England."

"Rather send them to the colonel of my regiment. Were it not that I have but little strength I would not think of taking these precautions against a headless boy. Now, sir, I am ready."

"It was not a spirited contest on either side. Hale did not appear to relish it any more than Trevelyan. The latter seemed to fear killing his opponent, while the former grew paler and paler, his thrusts at the same time growing weaker. At last Hale, while parrying a thrust of his enemy, ran the point of his sword into his opponent's coat. Blood followed, and as soon as he saw it Hale threw away his sword and, clasping his hands on his breast, exclaimed:

"Oh, heavens, I have killed him!"

"Trevelyan looked at him in astonishment. Then, throwing away his sword, he said:

"You are not a man. You are a woman. You are Miss Dorothy Hale."

"Have I killed you?"

"Killed me? No. You have but broken the skin."

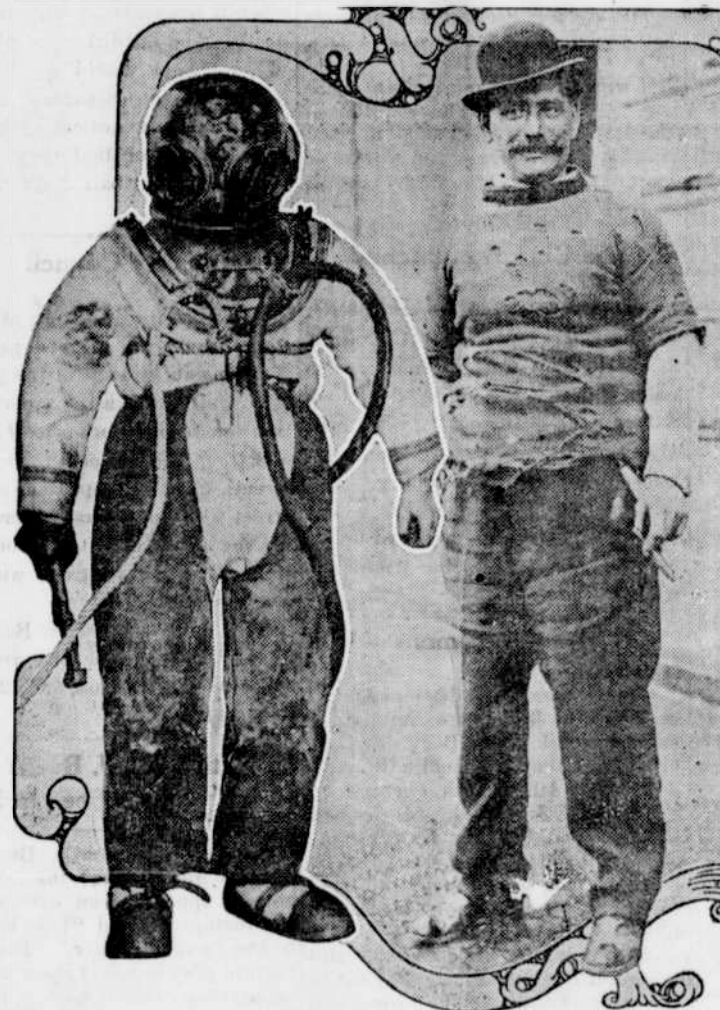
"He threw open his coat and displayed a wound a few inches long and half an inch deep."

"Come," said Dorothy. "I am avenged."

"Trevelyan knelt before her and begged her forgiveness for his conduct, then went with her to the house, where she dressed the wound she had given him."

"When the war was over and the independence of the United States established, Trevelyan's regiment was withdrawn to England. Before leaving he made Dorothy Hale more ample amends than the scratch she had inflicted upon him by marrying her and taking her home to England with him."

Jack Ferguson, the Human Submarine, Nearly a Hero



Photos by American Press Association.

JACK FERGUSON, the human submarine, came pretty near becoming a hero. As it was, he got on the first page of some of the newspapers in and near New York. But as it turned out Jack was glad he remained only a near hero. You see, it was this way: Jack, who is a diver, went down in the Central park reservoir, New York, to see what was wrong with one of the gates, which had been out of order for the last sixteen years and which somebody in official life decided at last needed repairing. He came up in a hurry and reported that the rush of water through the gate was so great that his life was in danger. Then the story of the diver who had been caught in a reservoir at Bounton, N. J., in the same way and had lived for two days was recalled. Despite this, Jack went down a second time, taking precautions to guard himself against the rush of water. He was successful. He found that the gate was simply jammed, and he came up without trouble.

the other."

"He was wounded, though slightly, in the battle. He is now quite recovered and is to rejoin his regiment tomorrow—that is, if you do not prevent his doing so."

"The officer reluctantly tethered his horse to a post before the gate and walked around the house to the wood in rear. There he waited half an hour when he saw a man coming in the uniform of a Continental soldier."

"My sister tells me, sir," said young Hale, "that you asked her for supper, she gave it to you with her own hands and you returned her kindness by an insult."

"Has not your sister," said the Englishman, "some one else than you to champion her? Should I kill you, I should fancy that I killed her, so marked is the likeness between you."

"We are twins," said young Hale.

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"Tell your mistress," said the officer, "that I am a devoted servant of the General Washington satisfaction tomorrow or soon after, and if I am spared to return to her I will do so as soon as I can get a leave of absence. But tell her I would rather meet her friend or her lover than her brother, for I would not injure her for King George's dominions."

"With that he turned his horse's head in the direction he had been going, and the boy went back to his mistress."

"Within a few days General Washington attacked General Howe, who was marching from Philadelphia to New York. Washington hoping to prevent him from reaching his destination. But General Charles Lee, who, it had recently been discovered, had turned traitor to the American cause, disobeyed orders and rendered Washington's plan fruitless."

"A couple of weeks after the battle Mistress Dorothy Hale was sitting on the porch of her father's house when a redcoat came riding along the road and drew rein before the gate."

"Mistress Hale," he said, "I have come to give you satisfaction through your champion, whoever he may be, but I beg you to spare me a meeting with your own brother."

"He was about to dismount and come up to join her, but she arose and stood looking down upon him as a figure of justice regarding a criminal and forbade his entrance. Then she noticed that he was very pale."

"You do not look in condition to fight for your life. Go away and come again when you are stronger."

"I am strong enough to fight your brother," he said, "for I shall stand only on the defensive."

"The girl remained silent a moment, then added: 'I presume you have been wounded in the recent battle. An apology will be accepted.'"

"One holding the king's commission cannot apologize in face of a challenge."

"Very well," said the girl; "go to the wood behind the house, and my brother will join you there."

"Does your brother remain at home in these times? One would suppose that a man capable of championing his sister would be fighting on one side or

A Strong Armed Widow

By M. QUAD

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The town of Grahamsville was a slow town. All outsiders said so, and its citizens readily admitted it.

There was never any need for haste in Grahamsville. Folks died there now and then, but there was always lots of time for holding the funeral.

When this slow and conservative state of affairs had continued for many years the Widow Cameron struck the town, and struck it hard.

The Widow Cameron was forty years old and tall and rawboned. She had a decisive, commanding way with her. She was business. She might have come from Australia or a town only twenty miles away.

Just what the Widow Cameron was going to do was soon public property. She had an acre of ground with the house, and she put 450 chickens at work scratching up the soil and two incubators working overtime. She built her own coops and wire fences.

A roar went up.

There had been a time in the history of Grahamsville when every household had his chickens and his harvest of eggs, but the crowing of roosters had awakened the people hours ahead of time, and by common consent all fowls had been banished. No crows nor chickens nor cackles for the past ten years, and here was the Widow Cameron breeding thousands of them!

Something must be done.

Squire Johnson must wait on her and tell her she can't keep chickens.

"Of course she can't," said the squire as he started for the widow's house to lay down the rules to her.

"Oh, I can't, eh?" she replied to his oratory.

"No, madam. We are very strict on that point."

"You and the rest of the folks can go to grass."

One of the ministers called to wrestle with her. She held the door against him while he said:

"Madam, our good people are very much exercised over the fact, the fact—"

"That I am raising chickens," she finished. "Well, you tell your good people that if they say much more I will sell my fowls and go to raising skunks for their skins and hide."

Not another objection came from a citizen. No one was hankering to exchange chickens for skunks.

If they kept no hens in Grahamsville they did keep hogs and cows. The animals could run at large and feed themselves. The Widow Cameron gave public notice through the county paper that the owner of any hog or cow trespassing upon her property would hear something drop.

"She can't mean it!" men said to each other. "Why, our animals have always run at large."

Mr. Schermerhorn's cow broke her way in one night, and at daylight she heard something drop. It was one of her horns. The owner wanted damages, but was told to go to.

Mr. Todd's big spotted hog rooted his way in and got a broken back for his pains. His owner was just foolish enough to call on the widow and try to collect \$8 in cash, and it was over the fence for him.

Solomon Price was a widower who wanted a second wife. Why not capture the Widow Cameron and her chickens and real estate and the money she must have in the bank? Good thing, except that Solomon had had no experience courting widows. Some one had told him that the first move to be made was to chuck the poor thing under the chin. He began that way. In return he received a right hand swing that fractured his jaw, and he went out of the house followed by a No. 8 catfish shoe.

A tin peddler came along and sold the Widow Cameron some leaky utensils and got away before she discovered the cheat. A week later he returned to the village and was waylaid by his victim and had both eyes put in mourning.

There was a great jangling of three church bells on Sunday forenoon. It was to warn the people that Saturday had passed and Sunday had come and such of the population as cared to could hear a sermon at one of the three churches. No guarantee as to whether the sermon would be good, bad or indifferent. The widow didn't like the jangling, and she got out an injunction and had the bells silenced.

There were dogs in Grahamsville—many dogs. They had come to realize that they must not disturb the peace by fighting. They could growl and bristle as they passed by, but there must be no conflicts to determine which was the better dog. The Widow Cameron went about encouraging dogs of every breed to stand up for their rights and to fight at the drop of the hat. It got so there was a scrap every half hour.

What the Widow Cameron didn't do to the town of Grahamsville could not be told in columns. She woke it up. She bossed it. She terrorized it. She made it over into a rapid town. When it was realized that trade was increasing, strangers coming in and that a railroad was a probability a public meeting was called, and the citizens subscribed \$4,000 and bought the widow out and saw that she left the town. And yet as she went she kicked Hiram Beebe in the shins for cheating her on a load of wood and also cuffed Moses Dewberry up to a punk for saying that she couldn't get married if she had a million dollars back of her.

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