CYNTHIA'S EXTRA YEAR.

Cynthia Anderson sat on a bench in the the hard brick wall. Her little thin hands nervously rolled and unrolled a corner of her blue apron. All around her the other long, choking sob escaped her.

Mary Ann Peters was playing snap thewhip with a line of girls, but she kept glancing out toward the corner. Presently she left the others and went to Cynthia.

'Say, Cynthia,' she said. Cynthia lifted her heavy eyes. Been crying about Jennie Ransom leav-

ing the asylum? Cynthia nodded, and turned her pale face towards the wall. She did not want to let the other girls see her cry, but there was and shelter and clothing, but it has no room

for the luxury of grief. Mary Ann sat down on the bench beside Cynthia. She was an awkward, overgrown almost grotesque appearance.

'Say,' ste began again, 'Jentie was thirteen, wasn't she?

'Yes,' said Cynthia in a tired voice. 'And you're thirteen, sin't you?'

Mary Ann leaned forward impressively; her freckled face was full of earnestness. one don't take you away this year! I matron had passed. know other girls that was sent off when they was thirteen. If anything's going to an artist saw them and took her away? And there's Cassie and Jannie and lots of others. Thy say I can't do anything 'cept wash dishes and sweep, and here I am

'I can't do anything, either,' said Cynth-

Maybe some real rich, grand lady will you are a relative?" come for you.'

Cynthia lifted her head and looked at Mary Ann. Her thin, sweet little voice | years ? No, I knew her mother; she and I | the harder. had a thrill of hope in it. 'I wouldn't care to have her rich, she said. 'I wouldu't care who it was, if I could only have some folks of my own-somebody to-to love me, never was a great hand at answering, and Love was the beginning and end, the per- were full. When she died this summer, the color all gone. fect circle of all the dreams of Cynthia's house seemed so lonely that I had to get hungry little heart.

Mary Ann beamed with delight that she | Cynthia waiting for me!' thing doesn't happen to everybody, but I into beauty as the spoke. sort of teel it will to you.'

'I wish it would happen now!' said Cynthia, wist'ully. 'Do you know, Mary ment Ann, sometimes I think I'll die, I want it

Mary Ann looked straight before her. There was nothing to see except the bare brick walls of the asylum and the high board fence that shut in the playground. A row of maple-trees stood outside the fence, and dropped golden leaves down into the yard. There was quite a heap of them below, and three children were rustling through them. Mary Ann looked at them without seeing them.

'Cynthia,' she said at last.

'I s'pose-1 wouldn't do to love-to kind of make-believe I was the lady, and love me just while you're waiting? I'd love you

the best I know how. Cynthia shook her head. 'No,' she said decided y. 'It's real good of you, but I don't think you would do at all, Mary

'Well, I don't s'pose I would either, agreed Mary Ann, with cheerful patience. 'I'd make a queer kind of a lady anyhow.'

A gong sounded, the harsh sound breaking through the shrill shouts of the child ren, who instantly stopped their games and began forming a line to march into supper. Cynthia started to join them, but Mary Ann called her.

Cyn'hia looked back over her shoulder. 'You'll remember-this year!'

'Yes, 'said Cynthia, 'I'll remember.' There was almost a smill on her tear streaked face; Mary Ann had given her the best of all medicines-hope

The two girls did not meet sgain that night, for they sat at different tables and had different tasks to do, but whenever Mary Ann caught a glimpse of Cynthia she smilled encouragingly. Mary Ann was not pretty when she smilled, but the homely sunshire of it cheered lonely little Cynthia; she began to revive like a flower after

The next day, when they went out on the playground, Cynthia spoke to Mary Ann and drew her shyly aside. 'Mary Ann,'-

Cynthia looked down, while the color flooded her face, and even ber neck. 'What did you say-about-the thirteeen

'I said things 'most always happen then. I couldn't count the girls that have things

happen to them when they was thirteen.' Cynthia looked up at Mary Ann, and then looked quickly away. Her eyes were all alight with hope. 'And you think something will happen to me?' she asked.
'Certain sure,' replied Mary Ann, con-

Cynthia said no no more. She looked through the row of maples as if they formed the golden portal to her new life. 'Come and play 'stumps,' said Mary

Cynthia turned her shy, happy eyes toward Mary Ann. 'I guess I don't care to and look down the street a little while.' to day. Cynthia? There's nine months | tidy was beautiful, and M'ss Barbara pro-

'Yes, I know,' said Cynthia, but it won't she was well.

either,' said Mary Ann. 'I'll go, too.'

play-room, Cynthia fretted; the play-room | sure to wipe your feet.'

was at the back of the building, and she could not see the streets from its windows.

high summer; in a month Cynthia would corner of the playground, leaning against be fourteen-and her lady had not come She began to grow cross and unreasonher eyes as her hope grew dimmer and dim- on her happy, serious face. orphans were playing noisily, but she paid | mer. Mary Ann begged the matron to let no attention to them. Now and then a her do Cynthia's work, and every moment of her playtime was given to Cynthia. But August passed to the very last day, and

Cynthia's lady had not come. They took Cynthia to the hospital that day. The doctor shook his head over her; he had had such cases before.

'We can't do anything for them when they get like that,' he said. 'She is really dying of homesickness. She will not sutfer bodily pain; she will just fade away.' Mary Ann had received permission to go up to the hospital to see Cynthia, and she no place where she could hide. An orphan | was just at the door when the doctor, comasylum can provide the necessities of food | ing out, stopped to speak to the nurse. She turned and ran down the long ball,

crying bitterly, and searching, like some

haunted animal, for a place of retreat. A door on the left was open. It was one fourteen then, you know.' girl, and the asylum dress gave her an of the reception-rooms, and the orphans never were allowed there; but Mary Ann ran in and crouched down in the darkest corner, burying her rough red head in her blue pinatore. For the first time in her life she had a quarrel with fate; she felt as | 'I guess so. Miss Bates said I was six if she must break away and dash down the thirteen?' the asked. when I came, and I've been here seven city street and find some one for Cynthia. Presently she heard the matron's voice. The habits of a lifetime asserted themselves, even through her grief. She gave *Look here, Cynthia Anderson, I want to a quick glance ground, and then slipped tell you something. You ju t see it some | silently behind the door to wait until the

'Please wait here, Miss Trent,' said the matron's calm voice, 'while I look at the happen, it happens then. You know books.' She went to the desk and began don't need to think,' she said, 'I was real Alice Harper-how she drew pictures, and | consulting the records; the visitor waited, | looking around her with observant eyes. Something told you that this woman's life fourteen, so I spose I'll stay here all my and that this was the first assertion of her it most. Who would it have been ?" freedom. The excitement of an unwonted journey was plainly upon her,

'Yes,' said the matron, turning around. Something will happen-just you see! find out anything about her. May I ask if | shaken with sobs.

The visitor's face flushed indignantly. 'A relative, and leave the child here all these used to sit together at school. Then she married and went away, and I lost sight of her nine years ago. I wrote, but Cynthia | what ails you. some one. And to think I should find

had roused Cynthia even a little. 'You | The plain, patient face was stirred with and- ard-' just wait ! the repeated. 'Of course some- | the wonder of it, and scemed to blossom

'I am sorry to tell you-' began the matron, and then stopped short in amaz:-

A girl had burst from behind the door, and was dashing through the room-a girl with swollen eyes and tear-streaked face, over which joy had gained a mighty victory. 'Mary Ann!' said the the mat.or.

Mary Ann storped; she looked bewildered, as if the matron had spoken to her in a strange language. 'Mary Ann, were you in herc-and

Mary Ann still looked dezed. 'I don't know, ma'am I was there behind the door. I was crying about Cynthia-and then I

The matron's face softened. 'I am sorry, Mary Ann, but you know the sules; bread

and water for a week. 'Yes'm 'said Mary Ann. 'Can I go now.

The matron nodded. Mary Ann walked out of the room, and then broke into a run through the window, and up the stairs to the hospital. Cynthia was lying there perfectly still; she did not move when Mary Ann came in. Mary Ann tiptoed awkwardly over to her.

·Cynthia!' she said. Something in the voice stirred Cynthia's languid interest; she turned her pale face toward Mary Ann.

'She's come!' cried Mary Ann, almost dancing in her excitement, 'O Cynthia, your lady's come!' Cynthia did not say a word, but two pink spots flashed out in the cheeks and her

hands stirred restlessly; her eyes never moved from Mary Ann's face. The girl knelt down by the bed, and caught the pitiful little bands in hers.

'Cynthia, don't look so!' she cried. 'Don't you believe me? She's come for you -I heard her say so. O Cynthia! Cynthia! They had not seen the door open, nor heard steps, until suddenly Cynthia looked up into the visitor's face. Then she gave a little cry and held out her hands.

Cynthia Anderson had found her home. Cynthia left the asylum the next day. She called for Mary Ann the last of all. "Good-by, Mary Ann,' she said, pressing her face against the freckled one. 'Dear

Mary Ann I wish you were going, too!' Mary Ann's eyes were full of tears, but she smiled bravely. 'Lor', who'd want me?' she said; but I'm awful glad you're

going, Cynthia. The matron called her as she turned away. 'I'm sorry about the punishment, Mary Ann,' she said, kindly, 'but you see the rules must be kept; others wou'd not

understand if I let you off.

'O Lor' bless you!' said Mary Ann, cheerfully, 'I don't mind that. I'm going now, ma'am.' She went to the kitchen and took her solitary meal, her bread and water were

salted with her tears, but they as nectar and ambrosia to her, for Cynthia was happy. To Cynthia that journey was a sort of royal progress, and the brown cottage a veritable palace. For days she was too weak to do anything but lie on the lounge, play, she said. 'I'll just go to the gate and smile contentedly at everything. The lounge was an old carpet-covered one, with But you aint thinking any one will come a crocheted tidy. Cynthia thought the

hurt. She might come today.' Her voice | Cynthia thought she would make a tidy for Mary Ann, and send it to her with a Well, I guess I don't care about playing, long letter as soon as she was better, and she was growing better so fast.

mised to show her how to make one when

From that day they stood at the gate and | She was out in the garden one afternoon watched regularly through their playtime. when Miss Barbara knocked at the window. The coldest weather could not daunt them it's 'most dark, Cynthia,' she said, 'and nor chill their quiet patience. Only on it's getting damp. I guess you'd better rainy days, when they were kept in the put your rake away and come in, now. Be

'Yes'm,' said Cynthia.

She put her rake away and wiped her But the weeks slipped by until it was feet carefully on the kitchen mat, then went into the sitting-room. It was nnlighted except by a faint glow from the little air tight stove. She drew a hassock able, and there was a tense, eager look in | before it, and sat down with the light full ·Miss Barbara? she said.

What say? 'I'm so glad I'm here! I don't believe I bany he left a substantial garrison behind.

could live anywhere else, now. Mary Ann was right, wasn't she?' 'What did Mary Ann say?' 'Why, she said that thirteen was a girl's

year for leaving the asylum, and she knew somebody would come for me then.' 'I'd like to know how she knew that!'

'I don't know,' said Cynthia, innocently. But she said so, and we watched every day, and then nobody came, I got sick and wanted to die.

'That was a real wicked wish,' said Miss Barbara. She tried to make her voice stern, but it trembled a little. 'Yes'm,' said Cynthia, 'but you see I

'I don't know any such thing, Cynthia Anderson,' said Miss Barbara. 'You're no

more fourteen than I am. I've got a letter your mother wrote me when you were six weeks o'd. You were thirteen in August.' Cynthia looked bewildered. 'Am I only 'That't all you are.'

'But then-why Miss Barbara, I've got to live thirteen all over again!"

'Well, I guess some of the rest of us would be glad to have your chance,' said Miss Barbara. 'It I was you, Cynthia Anderson, I'd think real hard and see if there wasn't something I wanted changed. Cynthia's face grew sober. 'I guesscross to Mary Ann, and she was so good to me! She did lots of things for me.'

plans had been folded away until they had found you, I was going to take some other become old-tashloned, like her garments, girl home with me-the one that deserved

'Ob,' said Cynthia, quickly, 'Mary Ann!' She sat quite still for a few minutes, then suddenly she jumped up and ran over to Miss Barbara, and buried her face in the Mary Ann shook her head with solemn she came eight years ago. 'Cynthia An- Miss Barbara, and buried her face in the conviction. 'It's different with you. derson; no relatives.' We could never long, white apron. Her whole body was

'Cynthia,' cried Miss Barbara, alarmed, what is the matter?' Cynthia tried to speak, but only sobbed

'Cynthia!' said Miss Barbara, sternly, stop your crying, and tell me this minute

Cynthia lifted her face; it looked like you know,' She spoke the word reverently. my mother being an invalid, my hands some rain drenched blossom, the pretty 'O Miss Barbara! she cried, 'I can be thirteen all over again, but I was so cross to Mary Ann, and I can't take it back,

'Well, what?' Cynthia drew a long breath. It seemed as if every word cut her like a knife, but

she did not flinch, she must make up to 'If it hadn't been for me Mary Ann could have come, and she's good an ought to. I think I ought to go back, Miss Bar-

bara, and be thirteen over again, and let Mary Ann come here.' Miss Barbara did not move, she spoke slowly as if deliberating.

'Well, maybe that does seem the right thing, seeing she was so good. Would you be willing to go back to the asylum

Cynthia's voice had a shamed, sorrowful tone in it. 'Miss Barbara,' she said, earnestly, 'I can't make myself teel as if I was willing, but I know I am. I'd feel

mean not to. I'll go back to morrow. Miss Barbara drew her down suddenly day is yours. into her arms and kissed the little round

'There!' she said, 'I aint much at words, but you belong to me, Cynthia Anderson, and nobody else! Your mother'd think I | volunteers strolled away aimlessly towards wasn't much of a friend it I let you go the woods. Webster's bold, black eyes, back! I guess we can fix Mary Ann, it you'd be willing to give up some dresses I was going to get you, so that we can make | jest and laughter in all the appointments of her some instead.

'O Miss Barbara!' cried Cynthia, 'I'd wear anything.' 'There's the minister's wife,' said Miss Barbara, 'she wants a nurse for her child-

ren. I wonder it Mary Ann wouldn't like to go there and try it.' Cynthia drew a long breath of delight 'Mary Ann just loves children,' she cried.

'O Miss Barbara, I'm happy all through!' And so it was that Mary Ann, to her own boundless amszement and delight, found a new and happy home. In a week she was the intimate friend of every child in the village, and adored by the minister's

Cynthia stood looking after her one day, as she wert down the road carrying one baby and leading another. Every time Mary Ann looked back. Cynthia waved her hand. At last the bend of the road hid them from view, and Cynthia walked slowly into the house.

She went shyly across the room, and stood behind Miss Barbara's chair, slipping one arm about her neck. 'Well ?' said Miss Barbara. 'O Miss Barbara, I'm so glad of my

extra year !'-Youth's Companion. 'How did you learn to skate ?' a little boy was asked. 'Oh!' was the innocent but significant answer, 'by gett

every time I fell down.

During the month that followed, no one dared say that the invasion would miss its purpose. Probably in those dark days some Americans were willing to torget the dramatic moment when Ethan Allen demanded the fort's surrander in the name

HEROES OF LAKE CHAMPLAIN.

Not a Fictitious Story but a True and In-

teresting Tale.

hands of the British galled American pride.

Yet there seemed no help for it. Burgoy-

ne had captured the fort on the fifth of

July, and when he moved on toward Al-

To know that Ticonderoga was in the

of the Great Jehovah and the Continental Congress'-so little hope they had of lowering that red-cross flag!

But in August, after General Stark and his country boys won the battle of Bennington, hope revived. Washington was not thought nobody was ever coming. I was alone in perceiving the weakness of Burgoyne's policy. The British commander was drawing near the heart of a hostile country. On all sides the patriots were flying to arms, and the end of the harvest would see almost every ab e-bodied man a

It was under these circumstances [that Colonel Brown called his men together on a certain September afternoon. Discipline was not so strict in the camp of the Continentals, as in a modern army, and perhaps some hint of his purpose had already gone abroad. One Epraim Webster was not sobered by the knowledge-if he possessed it; but others saw farther than their light-hearted comrade, and heard their 'Cynthia,' said Miss Barbara, 'it I hadn't | commander's words as befitted serious

'I must communicate with General Lincoln,' the colonel said, when he had pictured the situation as clearly as he could. 'You know what that means. Two men must swim the lake. Two, because they may be able to help each other, and-because one may be captured, and the despatches must not fail. I shall not order any man to do this. Who will volunteer to risk his life for his country?' 'I'll go for one!'

'Epraim Webster. Good!' The colonel looked with critical approval at the stout young fellow who stepped from the ranks so gaily. 'Thank you, Webster,' he added; it's no frolic, I promise you. But you were at Banker Hill; you know a so!dier's duty!'

'Who'll go with Webster?' he asked a moment later. 'I realize the peril, men. You may drown. The British may shoot fully. you, hang you, perhaps. But there's a chance of getting through and saving the campaign. Who volunteers?"

A man of Webster's age but less strongly built than he came quietly forward.

'Richard Wallace,' the commander baild him. 'I knew Vermont would not lag behind New Hampshire! Your townsfolk in Thetford will be proud, Wallace, when they hear of their neighbour's deed !'

'Come to my tent an hour before sunset,' Colonel Brown ordered, as he dismissed the force. 'Between this time and that the

It was doubtless a kindly impulse that prompted their comrades to leave Webster and Wallace to themselves. The two roving on every side, found material for the camp. Wallace's mood wae almost

'I ought to have left it to some one else, Ephraim,' he said, mournfully, at length.

'I don't know as I can do it.' 'Nonsense, Dick! Haven't I seen you

swim farther, just for fun ?'

'P'r'aps; but not in September-with the night chill on the water.' 'You'll be warm enough, after we get started. I've known you to feel just the

same way before we went into a fight; but you didn't run, did you? I aint afraid of Nor was the officer who, at Colonel Brown's order, went with them, later on, to advise in the choice of a route. While the

daylight lasted, the three climbed a hill that commanded the lake. Upon Champlain, sparkling and dimpling in the slant sunlight, all seemed activity. The British fleet were on the alert.

Evidently the shores on either side were constantly watched. At the moment, signals were passing between the flag-ship and Ticonderoga. While the patriots looked on they saw the patrol-boat threading amongst the larger craft, and remembered

All the Clothes,

all at once, makes too much of a wash, perhaps.

are cast aside.

left to do.

Use Pearline, and it's easy to do a few at

a time. Lots of women do this. They

take the napkins, towels, handker-

Soak them in Pearline and water,

No bother, no rubbing. When the

Why isn't this just as well as to keep

regular wash-day comes, there isn't much

everything and wash in one day? 419

chiefs, hosiery, etc., each day as they

boil them a few minutes, rinse out-and

there they are, perfectly clean.



'The distance across is aboat a mile at this point,' the officer observed. 'By the course you must take, it will be nearer two. Strike northeast and round that upper gunboat. Then-if I were you-I'd head for that point of woods. You'll probably find Lincoln's camp south of the fort. There'll be British, I guess, between you and it. Better start right for it, without waiting for daylight, if-if-

'That's so !' laughed Webster. 'The redcoats can see too far when the sun shines. Eh, Dick?'

Wallace made no reply. The sense of responsibility that weighs upon a thoughtful man when he attempts an enterprise which concerns the fortunes of others disposed him to silence.

But the officer knew that one who dares a danger he has clearly foreseen is not likely to be overwhelmed by it. When they parted at the shore, a few hours after, he saw that there was no need to exhort either to be brave and bold.

The night came on cloudily and with a late moon. The gentle breeze that had rippled all day through the tree-tops died with the sun. The warmth of the day seemed to vanish as quickly. There was an autumual sharpnesss in the quiet air that pierced to the bone.

4 dread cramp more'n I do the British! Webster said, through chattering teeth, as he rolled up his clothing.

Now that the time for action had come, Wallace had no more doubts. 'We'll get and rubbed him until the circulation was warm in the water,' he answered, cheer-

Their friendly officer helped them to fasten their bundles of clothing by cords that crossed from the forehead to the back of the peck. Then he shock hands with them, silently and solemnly, there in the they must soorer or later reach him. darkness, and the volunteers dropped into the black water in the shadow of the overhanging boughs, and began the long struggle across the lake.

They swam with long, steady strokes, husbanding their strength. Though they mind. They knew they must be very near kept together, they exchanged few words. The night was very still. Occasional sounds from the vessels came so sharply to the swimmers that the fear of betraying their own presence set a seal on their lips.

Ard Wallace was busy with his thoughte. Born in Nova Scotia in 1753, he had come, as a very young man, to Vermont, and when the colonies rebelled against the king had cast his lot with his new friends. Now under the starless sky his mind went back to the old home in the east; but the life with the loyalists seemed, somehow, strangely remote, when one was risking life in the

patriots' cause! Impelled by his reflections, which were merrier, perhaps, Webster had quickened his pace and left Wallace behind. The British vessels were around him. They showed few lights, save from the officers' quarters; and it was easy to avoid these beams thas made infrequent pathways

through the gloom. Clear of the ships, Webster delayed for his friend. It was unsafe to call to him. He would not have waited so calmly had he known that at that moment Wallace was facing death. Yet so it was.

The danger threatened from an unlooked-for source. A sudden incautious movement had thrown the cord from Wallace's forehead, The weight of the bundle of clothing drew and tightened it around his

'As though the British had me at the yard-arm ! ' he muttered.

It seemed a simple thing to release himself, and he smiled at his own grim joke as, treading water, he put his hand to the cord. The first effort showed him that this was no laughing matter. The knot was out of reach. The cord seemed momentarily to contract and slip from him as he strove to replace it.

One of the smaller gunboats was just ahead of him. A bell sounded. He heard the watch call the hour and cry, 'All's well!' All well! And he was strangling!

A formless shape swept across the darkness and his tortured senses were conscious of the great dip of muffled cars. The patrol-boat was on her rounds. Life was sweet. A few strokes would take him to the boat. There he would find help, aye, a welcome! The British would not barm him if he revealed the patriots' plans. Yet

There was a ringing in his ears. Sparks | Yet we know that a noble deed is never

that she would be even more vigilant when | nearest vessel and held himself up by her cable while he drew in long breaths of the cool night air.

His strength returned, and with it came the consciousness that was no safe restingplace. He slipped into the water and paddled away Presently the faintest of whistles guided him to Webster.

'All right, Dick?' Webster asked.

'All right.' 'It was time to turn southward, and they took the new course, though in the impenetrable blackness of the night that was halfa matter of chance. For ten minutes they held it without incident. Then there broke out in the fleet an uproar that almost persuaded them they were discovered.

Shots were fired, and they heard the noise of boats getting away. But the lights showed that these were moving toward the western shore, whence the patriots had come; and the relief of that knowledge brought renewal of vigor. Weeks after, they learned that a desert-

er had tried to swim ashore and had drowned when nearly within reach of safety. And then they perceived that if he had left his ship but a little earlier the pursuit would have resulted in their capture. Ignorant as they were of such cause for

thankfulness, the moments dragged on. The two miles lengthened to almost three. The lake became a force to be resisted, as well as an obstacle to be overcome. But at last, for the leader, the long swim ended. Just as Wallace touched a bough that overhung the water, he heard his com-

rade's voice, sounding faint and far away. "Help, Dick! I'm sinking!" An instant served Wallace to jump ashore, break off the branch, and plunge in again. A second, feebler cry led him to Webster; and the next moment saw the drowning man and his rescuer on dry land. Cramp had assailed Webster, and he

restored. When he was able to stand, hey set off in search of their friends. The moon had risen while they lingered, and though the forest was pathless, and dark enough at best, they made fair progress. They had but a vague idea of General Lincoln's whereabouts; yet it seemed

was helpless. Wallace opened their bundles

that following the direction they had taken An hour went by, and the toilsome tramp showed no result. All at once, from a

clump of trees came the harsh challenge, Who goes there?' They made no answer. Webster, who led, stooped and gathered a handful of earth, his purpose clearly in

with fast-beating hearts they stood still and waited his next movement. It was no long wait. There was a flash and a crackle, a birch-bark torch flared into a blaze, and by the light they saw that

the friend or enemy who had spoken, and

their challenger was a British sentinel. Webster threw his handful of earth with steady aim. It smote the torch to the ground and extinguished it. The sentry discharged his piece, but the bullet whistled harmlessly past them.

Before the report had ceased to echo, they were far away from the spot, running with that long, swinging and almost noiseless stride that marks the trained woods-

There was no pursuit-or, it any, it took the wrong course. Unmolested, they skirted the tortifications on Mount Independence, and still scatheless, they turned toward the lake again.

Thus they went, till the night seemed endless and the quest hopeless. They pushed on doggedly for theirs was not the temper which succumbs but the rough road and their aching limbs made every step a torture. They wondered at times why they endured, and whether these blind wanderings would ever find an end; yet neither complained. When they spoke, in whispers, it was only to cheer each other with hope of speedy arrival. 'Halt! Who goes t ere?' brought them

to a sudden stand, when they were almost 'Friends!' Webster answered recklessly.

'Advance, friends, and give the counter-

It was a moment of desperate anxiety. They were discovered. They doubted that strength would serve them for another dash through the woods. What to do? It was with hardly any hope, save that of gaining time, that Wallace demanded: 'Whose friend are you?'

And then the patriots learned that the long night of effort had come to a happy end, when the invisible sentry said, in the earnest voice of an honest man: 'America's! God bless her!'

Such was the story that my companion told me while we traced the lines of Ticonderoga and, overlooking the beautiful lake, recalled the glorious memories that cluster around the place.

It is in essentials a true story. Wallace and Webster are no fictitious heroes. and in all important details this recital follows established facts.

In the immediate and practical sense. the exploit had no result. Nothing noteworthy came of the message to General when the suggestion was fairly before him, | Lincoln. After Burgoyne surrendered at his conscience revolted. Better die than | Saratoga, October 17, the British, of their own notion, abandoned the lake forts.

of flame shot across his field of vision. But | wasted. The man who performs it sets a in his fierce impatience at his own weak | new star in the sky. Because we can look thought, he made a last desperate clutch at | up to it, we are better citizens, truer the cord-and lifted it. The next moment | Americans, than we would be if Wallace it was in place, and he realized that he was and Webster had not ventured their lives for their country a hundred years ago. Walter Leon Sawyer.

free to go forward. He made his way, with effort, to the