

thanked Effie for her hospitality and was about to depart, when he happened to notice the scarlet dye.

"That is in truth a bright red, mistress" he said. "Do you care for so high a color?"

"And why should I not?" returned Effie. "Should not all loyal subjects of our king show their loyalty by wearing his color? Now, don't you think it pretty?"

"I should have poor taste if I did not," said he. "But it is not more pretty than the pink of your cheeks."

"Nay, nay, keep your flattery to yourself; I will have none of it. Besides, why compare the color of my cheeks to our beautiful British scarlet? The lapse of years will fade the cheek, but the emblem of our royalty will last forever."

"That I doubt," said Clell. "The American sun will fade it very soon, or I am a false prophet." Just then a party of horsemen drew up in front of the house, and dismounted. Clell, seeing at once that they were of the British army, looked for some means of escape, but could see none. Effie, noticing how anxious he was to avoid the new-comers, knew not what to do. On the one hand, duty to her principles demanded that she give her guest up to his enemies, while on the other hand, her newly-awakened sympathies for the handsome stranger pleaded for her assistance in his behalf.

While she was hesitating, one of the horsemen had come up the walk and knocked loudly on the door.

"Open to us, Effie. It is I, your cousin Jack, and some of our soldiers. We are looking for a rebel, and are authorized to search every house along this road."

"Well, just wait one minute till I finish drying this dish, and I will let you in, although I can't see why you expect to find a rebel hiding in our house."

Her mind was made up, and hastily unlocking a door, she opened it and disclosed a small room in which was a writing desk, a few chairs and a case full of books. "Hide