

ing eyes." As she spoke she took his coat from the kettle and held it up for inspection. "By my faith, that is as red as the most ardent Tory could desire," said Clell, "and perhaps it may be of service to me."

It was eight o'clock by this time, and till they had dried the coat, smoothed and stretched it, and got it all ready to wear, time had crept around to the "wee sma' hours." But at last all was ready, and Clell, donning his brilliant coat, thanked Effie for her kind assistance, and started off on his previous ride, while Effie left alone, retired to rest and dreamed, not of Gage's red-coated officers, but of her handsome enemy whom she had helped to elude her friends.

Meanwhile Clell found that he could well be thankful that fate had compelled him to put on the British color, for just before he arrived at Boston he was confronted by two British soldiers who would have challenged him, but noticing his coat, one said to the other, "He's all right. He has the right color; let him pass."

And so the money reached the proper hands, and the cause of the Colonies, then just struggling into existence, was greatly strengthened, all through a pot of scarlet dye rightly used by a Tory girl. Somehow, from that time on, Effie lost interest in the British gallants. That she grew correspondingly prejudiced in favor of the colonials is attested to by the fact that several years later Clell Rogers and Effie Van Allen were married. They lived to a good old age, and one of the chief delights of their children was to hear how their mother once dyed that their father might live.

C. N. F. '04.

