

A WHIG, A TORY, AND A POT OF SCARLET DYE.

BEFORE the outbreak of the Revolutionary War the Van Allens were loyal subjects of King George. They lived in the country about fifteen miles from Boston, and here General Gage and his fellow officers often spent a pleasant evening. Not the least attraction was the beauty and wit of eighteen-year-old Effie Van Allen, who up to the time of this story, had held the colonial soldier boys in supreme disdain. The events which wrought a revolution in her opinion were as follows:

One forenoon in February, 1775, while the good woman of the house was in the midst of a large baking, and was also preparing a kettle of scarlet dye to color some yarn, she was called to the bedside of a neighbor who had been suddenly seized by a violent illness. This left Effie in charge of the work, and so busy was she kept that before she knew it, evening was at hand. She was engaged in taking the last of the yarn from the dye, when old Julius, their negro servant, brought in a young man clad in the garb of a colonial minuteman, who introduced himself as Clell Rogers. He wished to know the road to Boston, and how far it was. When he learned that he still had a considerable distance to travel, he politely asked if he could have a bite to eat. Effie, who was much impressed by the politeness and handsome appearance of the stranger, prepared a bountiful supper.

While he was eating, the colonial tried to keep up a conversation with his pretty hostess, but she could see that he appeared restless and uneasy. The truth was that concealed on his person was a large sum of money contributed to the colonial cause, and he was endeavoring to take it to the troops at Boston. His supper finished, the young man