



RED "In the hue of battle,
In sunset light, in northern night,
It flashes brave and free,
"South Freedom to the Land,
And when they come on forth to war,
This sign be in their hand!"

WHITE "In the sign of purity,
Of everlasting truth,
The stainless mail of youth,
Then paint with white thy banner,
And sure as northern stars
Shine these thy state's children
In truth and honor go."

BLUE "In the tint of heaven,
The monetary gold about arch,
The burning dregs of noverity,
So start the children's eyes,
Then paint with blue thy banner,
And bid the children's eyes
At daybreak, noon, and evening
Their hymns of love and peace."

VALOR and truth and righteousness,
In threefold arguments to-day,
Gilt high the flag triumphant,
The banner glad and gay,
And keep the world's eye
"South Freedom to the Land,
And when they come on forth to war,
This sign be in their hand."
—LAURA E. RICHARDS.



THE GLORIOUS



AN INCIDENT OF THE REVOLUTION.

ANY romantic minor episodes that Colonial matrons and maids took part in, occurred during the Revolution, but while General Howe, with his British army, held possession of Philadelphia, and General Washington, with the few half-starved troops under his immediate command, was encamped at a place called White Marsh, a few miles distant from the city, an incident, in which a woman played the leading part, happened, which, though seemingly trifling in itself, may have had an important bearing upon the destiny of the whole country.

Lieutenant-Colonel Craig, commanding a detachment of light horse, was ordered to approach the enemy's lines and hover near them, in the capacity of videttes, to pick up any intelligence that might be of value to the army. While engaged in this important duty one cold, raw day in December, an orderly called his attention to a woman who was coming up the road.

The officer watched her as she ascended the hill, and when he perceived, by her stopping and looking frightened, that she had discovered his command, he rode forward and called out, in reassuring tone:

"Advance, madam—you have nothing to fear from true soldiers!"

The lady, who was well wrapped up in plain, warm garments, with a hood that quite concealed her features at a short distance, now came forward, without hesitation, to meet the Colonel, as if satisfied from his language and appearance she had nothing to fear. When near enough for him to distinguish the features that were turned full upon him, he exclaimed, in a tone of surprise:

"Mrs. Darrah, as I live! Why, what on earth can have brought you, all alone and unprotected, into this dangerous locality?"

"These knows, friend," she replied, in the Quaker style. "I have a son in the American army—who is, like myself, an officer under George Washington—and a mother's heart yearns toward her offspring, even though he has departed from the ways of his fathers."

"You were going then to seek him?"

"I was; but perhaps this would carry a message for me, and let me turn back to the city?" said the lady, but still with a cautious, hesitating air.

"It will afford me great pleasure to oblige Lydia Darrah in any way!" bowed the gallant Colonel.

"Thank thee, friend—these is very kind. If thee will dismount then and walk with me a little way I think I will tell thee what I have to say, which is a secret I would not like to have any other persons hear."

The colonel assented, and, riding back to his men, gave his horse in charge of one of them and ordered them to keep in sight of him; but not to approach near enough to overhear an ordinary conversation. He then returned to the lady and they began their walk down the road, in an opposite direction to that which she had come. For a short time she maintained a deep silence, with her face averted, and, as the officer fancied, with her whole frame trembling with secret emotion.

"Friend Craig," she at length began, with something like a sigh, and speaking in the rapid, earnest manner of one communicating some startling fact, "these must hasten at once to George Washington and tell him these has certain information that, on tomorrow night, a large body of British soldiers will secretly march out of the city for the purpose of surprising and capturing him and all his men. Not to mystify thee, friend, and that these may attach all due importance to this information, I will now inform thee that I, Lydia Darrah, overheard an order read between two high officers to the effect of what I have stated. These must also know that the man called General Howe has come to abide in the house opposite my husband's, and that for some reason, to us unknown, two men, one of whom is supposed to be called the adjutant-general,

eral, have come over to William Darrah's several times, and held private conferences in one of the back rooms of our dwelling. Last night these two men came again and one of them told me he wanted all of my family to go to bed early, and that when they should get ready to leave, which might be late, they would call me to let them out.

"Well, Friend Craig, I sent the whole family early to bed, as requested to do, but I myself felt very anxious to know what was going on of so much importance, and so I did what I never did before—took off my shoes, walked on tip-toe to the door of the room where these men were, put my ear to the key-hole, and listened, and heard what I have informed thee of."

"God bless you, Lydia Darrah, for a noble woman!" said the colonel, with excited warmth; "perhaps you have saved our country—who knows? For had this plan succeeded, which we will now defeat, and General Washington been taken prisoner, I much fear our cause would have been hopeless."

"I will make haste to finish my story, for these must ride fast to George Washington. After hearing what I have said, I stole back to my room, trembling at the importance of what I had heard. When the men, soon after,

When, a few days after, these same troops returned, Lydia Darrah dared not ask the question she was the most anxious to have answered, lest her emotions might betray her. Soon after the adjutant-general called upon her and said:

"Madam, will you do me the favor to enter my room, that I may ask you a few important questions?"

Lydia Darrah, believing her secret discovered, either by chance or betrayal, turned deadly pale, and almost fainted with terror; but fortunately the officer took no notice of her emotions, and soon recovering herself she determined to boldly brave out the worst. She therefore went to his apartment with a firm step, nor showed any signs of trembling when she saw him lock the door.

"Now, madam," he said, with stern and stately dignity, as he handed her a seat and stood facing her, "I beg you will answer me truly, as if your life were at stake! Who was the last person up of your family on the last night I was closeted in this room with a brother officer?"

"Myself," was the firm and quiet reply of Lydia Darrah.

"Are you certain, madam?"

"Quite—for these requested me to send all the family to bed by 8 o'clock, and I did so, myself going last."



COLUMBIA. THE GEM OF THE OCEAN!

knocked on my door for me to get up and let them out, I pretended to be asleep, and they had to knock three times. Then I came out, rubbing my eyes, and saw them off. But I slept none that night, for thinking what I ought to do; and I did not dare to tell my husband for fear the secret might get out. I wanted to get the information to George Washington, and save a great many lives, but for some time I could not see my way clear to do it. At last it occurred to me that I might go to Frankford for some flour, if the man Howe would give me a pass out of town. I went over to him and he gave it. Then I told William and my family that I would go alone to Frankford for the flour, which greatly surprised them and caused much remonstrance. But I did go alone, and these

"You would be willing to swear to this, madam?"

"We Friends never swear," returned the other, with dignity; "but thee has my word for the fact."

"Well," returned the officer, with an air of chagrin, "I do not understand it. You, I know, were asleep, for I myself knocked three times at your door before I could rouse you. We that night laid a plan to attack and capture General Washington and his army; but by some means, unknown to me, he got news of our design, and has frustrated our purpose. When we arrived before his camp we found all his cannon mounted, and his whole command prepared to give us battle; and disappointed and chagrined, we have all marched back like a parcel of fools! That is all, madam!" concluded the officer, rising, unlocking the door, and bowing out the mistress of the dwelling.

Lydia Darrah retired with feelings of relief better imagined than described.

Who shall say how much the subsequent dwellers in this land of freedom have owed and still owe to the cunning and heroism of this noble woman?

Signing the Declaration.

When the greatest document of human liberty since the day of Magna Charta was finally passed, it is related that John Hancock, signing the document "in letters large enough for George III to read without spectacles," urged upon his comrades the necessity of "hanging together in this matter."

"Yes, indeed," interrupted the facetious Ben Franklin; "we must all hang separately." "When it comes to hanging," said Harrison, the luxurious, heavy gentleman from Virginia (ex-President Harrison's great-grandfather), to the little, meagre Gerry, of Massachusetts, "I shall have the advantage of you. It will be all over with me long before you have done kicking in the air."

The Knell of Tyranny.

After the signing of the Declaration the glad news of independence was communicated to the throngs in the street, and the old bell-man in the tower tolled the knell of tyranny and rang in the birth of a new nation, "great, glorious and free," amid the joyous exclamations of the crowd.



LYDIA DARRAH'S INTERVIEW WITH THE BRITISH GENERAL.

sees, friend, how much I have since strayed beyond the mill."

In due time Lydia Darrah returned home with her flour, secretly trembling at all she had done, and the fear of discovery. The night following she lay awake and heard the heavy, solemn tramp, tramp, of the British troops, as they marched past her window, and on out of the city, to surprise, defeat and capture the army for whose success she had not only often prayed, but had so lately periled more than life.

Rub-a-dub-dub!
A-rub-a-dub-dub! It's the Fourth of July!
Don't you hear the great eagle way up in the sky?
He was up with a scream ere the sun was awake,
And he's screamed ever since 'till his throat it must ache.
So rout out and turn out and make a big noise;
Get a horn and a gun and be one of the boys;
Fill your pockets with crackers, and shout and hooray;
Till the earth fairly shakes with your freedom to-day.
A-rub-a-dub-dub! A-rub-a-dub-dub! A-rub-a-dub-dub!
A-rub-a-dub-dub! That sounds as of old,
When the pages of history were written, not told;
When the faces were stern that were back of the guns,
That flashed by the bridge where the smooth Concord runs;



When the great corner stone of our freedom was laid
By the Middlesex farmers in battle arrayed;
When the roll of the drums meant a tyrant's foul way
Or the birth of a nation to live for always.
A-rub-a-dub-dub! A-rub-a-dub-dub! A-rub-a-dub-dub-dub!

A-rub-a-dub-dub! It sounds as of yore!
But the long, steady roll is for battle no more.
No longer pale faces grow whiter with fear,
At the ominous rattle of drums drawing near;
But children rush out, and e'en older boys too,
To shout for "old glory," our red, white and blue.
That in '76, a hundred years told,
Was decided to us, forever to hold!
A-rub-a-dub-dub! A-rub-a-dub-dub! A-rub-a-dub-dub-dub!

The Sword of General Tarleton.

There has just been placed in the State House at Columbia, S. C., side by side with the swords of Marion and other Revolutionary generals, the sword that was once owned by Tarleton, bitterest and most cruel of Tories in the War of the Revolution. This reminder of the early struggles of this Nation is the property of Colonel T. E. Dickson, of Columbia, whose ancestor picked it up at the battle of Cowpens after the defeated Tory had dropped it in the course of a personal encounter with Colonel William Washington.

Read the Declaration.

It is just as easy to associate Fourth of July and firecrackers with pure and unadulterated patriotism as with picnics and lemonade. The Declaration of Independence is by no means beyond the comprehension of the average child, and this, with patriotic music in great variety, should be part of the programme for children as well as adults.

Predecessors of Old Glory.

The colonies had no easy time selecting a national flag, it would seem, from the various designs that each of the thirteen colonies sported before a decision was actually reached. By actual count sixty-four different flags had been in use before Old Glory was born, and of these thirteen of the designs showed a rattlesnake in various attitudes of coiling and striking.

Oldest in the World.

The American flag is the oldest in the world. Since its adoption in 1777 the flag of every nation in the world has been changed, some of them many times.

An Enthusiasm.

How shall we celebrate the day?
The Fourth that comes but once a year:
Let's have no commonplace display
But one whose radiance far away
Shall wake new lands to hope and cheer

We'll take the Borealis' light
That shines upon Alaskan snow
And prison it and bind it tight
Unto a palm's majestic light
Till all is ready for the show.

Then Liberty her torch shall ply
And every land that intervenes
Shall raise a long exultant cry
To see our rocket blaze the sky,
From Cuba to the Philippines.

A Fit Ending.



Fourth of July Orator (after discoursing two hours)—"Well, my dear people, as my constitution hasn't as durable as the glorious Constitution of the United States, I shall have to cease my remarks."—Judge.

THE REALM OF FASHION.

New York City (Special).—Soft blue poplin is here charmingly united with white satin and all-over lace in a creamy tone, applique insertion to



A FANCY WAIST.

match providing the attractive decoration. The waist is arranged over linings fitted by the usual seams and bust darts that close in centre front. The plastron vest of satin overlaid with lace is included in the right shoulder seam, sewed to right lining front and closes over on the left. The fronts have single backward turning plaits laid at the shoulder edges that produce pretty fullness across the bust, the lower edge having the fullness also disposed in plaits to puff out slightly in the most approved style. The fronts are cut low and

with a frill exactly the same as the dress skirt, but each is finished separately. The straight row of trimming shown at the top can be omitted if not desired. The skirt may also be cut off and finished as an overskirt, the lining being faced or covered with frills or pleating to reach above the points, thus forming a skirt and overskirt. The waist is supported by linings simply fitted, with wide back and under-arm portions and fronts having single bust darts. The full fronts and back are gathered top and bottom, the fulness at the top being applied on the lining at square yoke depth.

The one-seam sleeves wrinkle in mousquetaire style above the elbow and are arranged over smooth linings which may be omitted. The wrists are completed by cuffs that flare over the hand and are trimmed with lace and ribbon to correspond. A ribbon sash or crush belt is worn around the waist. The skirt is shaped with flares, closely fitted with short darts over the hips and arranged with underlying pleats that meet over the placket in centre back.

The mode is desirable for gowns of foulard, India and China silk surah, challie, veiling, and other soft woollens, lawns, dimity, mull, point-d'esprit, percale, gingham and other cotton fabrics. Lace embroidery or ruchings of the material, with or without ribbon, will provide suitable garniture.

To make this waist for a woman of medium size will require three and one-half yards of material thirty inches wide. To make the skirt will require four and three-quarter yards of forty-four-inch or six and one-half yards of thirty-six-inch material.

For Low-Necked Summer Dresses.

The two useful designs here given are particularly intended to be worn



WOMAN'S WAIST AND SKIRT.

have prettily rounded upper edges which are faced with satin and reversed to form small revers, the plastron vest being disclosed between the free edges.

The back fits smoothly across the shoulders and is cut away at the top to disclose the round yoke facing that is applied over the lining. Slight fulness at the lower edge is drawn well to the centre back at the waist line.

The standing collar raised behind the ears with prettily rounded portions that are joined to its upper edges, stylishly completes the neck.

The fashionable sleeves have slight puffs of the overlaid satin at the top, the material being slashed in centre, underfaced and rolled over in a style to match the fronts. This same effect is carried out in the completion of the wrists and a crush ribbon belt with oxidized silver buckle is suitably worn at the waist.

Separate waists or those that match the skirt may be stylishly made up by this model, which suggests a variety of effective and striking combinations. Tucking, cording, shirring or other fashionable yoking materials may be used in place of the lace covered satin, and fine woolen, mixed or silk fabrics will combine to develop attractively in this style.

To make this waist in the medium size will require one and one-half yards of material forty-four inches wide.

Dainty and Fashionable.

As illustrated by May Mantion in the large engraving, figured organdie showing shades of wild rose and fern green is daintily and fashionably trimmed with valenciennes lace and insertion, green frizzed satin ribbon outlining the insertion on each side. The pointed collar is cut from yoking of finely tucked white organdie and insertion, the edge being finished with a frill headed by insertion and frizzed ribbon to match lower edge of skirt. The waist is made over lining of leaf-green lawn and nearsilk, the skirt lining being shaped and finished

with low-necked summer dresses. They are usually made in lawn, nainsook, or wash silk prettily trimmed with embroidery or lace. No. 1, as here illustrated, is of white nainsook, trimmed with frills of embroidered edging and narrow insertion. The front and backs join in shoulder and under-arm seams, and are gathered at the neck. A casing, with drawstring inserted, adjusts the fulness at the waist-line. A narrow band of insertion with frill of embroidery finishes the neck, the sleeves being trimmed at the wrists to match. No. 2 is of linen batiste, trimmed with batiste insertion and narrow lace edging. Slight fulness is gathered at the back and front of neck, the fulness at the waist being regulated by a tape drawn through a casing. The sleeves are mounted on fitted linings and the



GIRLS' GUIMPES.

wrist-bands are made of insertion to match the collar, and are edged with lace. Both styles of guimpes close in centre-back with buttons and button-holes.

To make either of the guimpes in the medium size will require two and one-fourth yards of thirty-six inch material.