



Welcome Nye's Fourth



His mother was one of those married old maids who abound even in the best society. He was the child of her middle age; and because she resented his coming, as a check upon her social gaiety, she had compromised with her Puritanical conscience by calling him Welcome, after the colonial ancestor of her mother.

So, as Welcome Nye, he was sent forth to create disturbance in the world; which he did in inverse ratio to his size and vitality.

His mother did not long survive his birth, and he was left, the incarnation

twins had married; and Lella—his Lella—was eked a youthful grandmother!

He paced the gravel path in the moonlight, while the odor of his cigar mingled with the fragrance from the tangle of old-fashioned cinnamon roses by the gate; and memory went back to the time when they had bidden each other farewell—an affectionate farewell, he remembered, as his cheek reddened, he to return to college, the girl to go to a showy finishing school abroad, where her ambitious mother had married her to some beefy Englishman whom Adelbert had always hated on principle.

"And she is 10,000 times more fascinating now than she was then! That sweet September day when we gathered the gentians by the pasture ditch—gentians no bluer than her own dear eyes!" he murmured, with a strange accession of sentimentality. "Ah! after all, age is but a relative term! And the fountain of perpetual youth is not so fabled as one might dream! Yet lovely as Lella is, she is no whit lovelier than is that sweet child, her daughter, the pretty Louise! How fortunate that chance should have made us neighbors!"

Meantime, in the seclusion of her own bed chamber, Lella Carleton was standing before the mirror, removing the jewels which had flashed upon the filmy laces of her handsome dinner gown.

"Oh, who would ever, ever expect a man to be faithful!" she asked herself, with bitterness, forgetting that she, too, had been somewhat inconstant during the long lapse of years.

As the days went on, it was a sweet consolation to Adelbert Nye to have the sympathy of such a neighbor in his affliction—for so he regarded the possession of such a son, in spite of his effort to love the uncanny child and his care and solicitude for the boy's physical welfare. Lella understood, and had pity for him. But it was a source of regret that the child had conceived an instant antipathy toward the beautiful Louise, who found a rare pleasure in teasing the boy, amazing the young tyrant by declaring that what he needed for both physical and mental health was an unlimited dose of Solomon's prescription. To Welcome, who had never been thwarted or disciplined during his capricious life, this was the signal for hatred of the most malevolent sort; and the two waged warfare as persistent as it was

lover of her girlhood to remain the lover of her middle age?

So the late June days fled; and as the nation's birthday approached, the early cottagers at the Pier joined with the townspeople in preparations to celebrate the day with fitting evidences of patriotism. There was to be an early morning parade of antiques and horrors, followed by a military demonstration, a parade of automobiles at noon and an old-fashioned afternoon picnic, with reading of the Declaration and patriotic addresses, ending with an evening of fireworks.

Such a busy season as it became for Welcome Nye!

His father was to lead the automobile parade in his fine French racing machine and deep was Welcome's disgust and violent his ire when refused the privilege of accompanying him, more especially since that honor was to be accorded his arch-enemy, Louise Carleton.

The choice was seemly and fitting; yet it caused Louise Carleton's mother a little pang which she would not admit was jealousy, and which she heroically strove to ignore, as she aided her daughter in decorating the Corsair, which, in its floral lines of red and white carnations and the blue of the feathery adjutant, with knots and festoons of fluttering ribbons in the national colors was a thing of beauty, when their deft fingers had given it the finishing touches.

To the surprise of the townspeople, Independence Day dawned bright and warm, an ideal day for the celebration.

The events of the morning proved more than successful and there was lively interest in the coming of the autos, which were to make the round of the town at noon.

The Corsair, looking like a fairy vehicle in its floral adornment, stood in the open doorway of the Nye stables, only waiting the coming of its owner to start upon its triumphal progress. The household was busily engaged, for it was the lunch hour; all were anticipating the rare pleasure of the afternoon.

Suddenly there was a dash, a bang, a warning toot! toot! the odor and puff of gasoline, and out of the stable doorway and down the drive madly dashed a cumbersome floral bulk.

There was a cry of alarm, a rush from stable and household, hoarse warnings hurled after an adventurous and unheeding chauffeur.

"The divvie! He's run away with

the auto!" one groom called to another, and that one to the house servants.

In truth it might have been his satanic majesty himself, the way that elfish child dashed down the drive and into the street.

The anxious group followed him in mad haste, but not for long.

They held their breath in horror as they saw the machine zig zag, then essay to climb the grassy terrace at the Carleton villa, ingloriously dropping back; and then, puffing and snorting, with whirring of wheels, dash backward across the road and over the offset, down upon the rough cobles of the beach.

The child lay very still as they rescued him, seeming to take his mishap as a matter of course.

When they picked him up his left arm hung limp and there were sundry smudges and burned places upon his face; for the Corsair had taken fire, and was no longer the dainty floral thing which it had been left as the triumph of womanly artistry.

"Any other child would have been killed!" was the verdict of the physician who had been summoned in hot haste—a familiar verdict enough to all who knew Welcome Nye and his escapades.

It was Archie Irwin who had tenderly lifted the little figure from under the wrecked machine, and to whom the child had clung with passionate affection; but after they had taken him to the veranda of the villa he had suddenly stretched out his uninjured arm to Mrs. Carleton, and had begun to sob and cry in a paroxysm which amazed them all, since repentance and Welcome were wont to be as bitter strangers.

Lella Carleton tenderly folded the

hapless child in her arms, his smudged face and tousled head nestling against the dainty whiteness of her gown, as she endeavored to soothe him, and to still the strange outburst which was so distressing and so disconcerting to his unhappy father.

Could it be that the sullen, malevolent nature had capacity for feeling of which he had never dreamed? Or, was this but a physical manifestation of nervousness and terror?

"My boy! My boy!" he began, soothingly. "Be quiet! The doctor is going to set your shoulder. Surely, you do not mind a little thing like that?" he asked, recalling the child's lifetime of accidents.

Welcome ceased his cries for an instant and then renewed them.

"Oh, I have been a bad, bad boy!" he whimpered, with astonishing penitence. "But I'm never, never going to be bad any more!"

"That is a laudable resolution, my son!" his father responded with mild irony. "Pity you did not think to make it earlier!" and he glanced grimly at the wrecked automobile, and thought of his spoiled plans.

"I'm never going to be bad—if you give me something!" whimpered the boy again.

"My son! I forbear to mention what I'd give you with huge delight, if I gave you your deserts!" exclaimed the sorely tried father; while Mrs. Carleton smiled.

"I'll be good," the child astonished them by declaring, "if only I get a new mamma!"

Their eyes met in confusion.

"I'm the only boy 'round here that ain't got no mamma," announced the child, with cheerful impudence and disregard of grammar, "and I want one!" he persisted. "I want Mrs. Carleton!"

"My boy, this is the first good turn you have done your unfortunate father since your birth!" blurted out Adelbert Nye, with surprising alacrity. "You have but anticipated my own request!" and he smiled upon the boy most genially. "Now if only Mrs. Carleton consents—"

"But I thought—" that lady began, in confusion.

"Oh, I want you! I want you!" the elfin child persisted, tightening his arm desperately about her neck. "I'll be a good boy! I truly will!"

The doctor was arranging his splints at the end of the veranda. Archie and Louise had joined the curious group on the opposite side of the street.

It was an opportunity afforded them by Fate!

"Lella," the dignified barrister began in a tender whisper, "the child has but voiced my own thoughts! You know what you were to me once! For your dear sake I have learned to love your daughter as my own. She cares for young Irwin; I am in a way to help the boy along. For all our sakes, then, will you not consent?"

"It seems but fair," she responded slowly and calmly, although she felt that he must be aware of the mad beating of her heart, "to exchange my daughter for your son!"

"Lella, I know it is a long time since that far-off September day when we gathered the gentians in the old pasture lot, and vowed—"

"All ready now, young man!" broke in the doctor's cheery voice, as he hurried fustily up with full hands. "Now let's see what a hero you're going to be!"

But the child pushed him rudely away, at the same time inquiring, in the imperious tone of one who had never known what it was to have his wishes gainsaid:

"Is it all right, papa?"

"That is for Mrs. Carleton to decide, my son! Is it all right, Mrs. Carleton?" he inquired lightly, yet with unmistakable anxiety in his tone.

Two little spots of red burned upon her cheeks, and she hesitated.

Surely, never was so strange a proposal!

"You are going to be my—" the

"YANKEE DOODLE"

What a ridiculous air that of "Yankee Doodle," musically speaking! And yet it sets everybody dancing, every patriotic American heart throbbing at full speed. This time it will be heard nearly everywhere on earth, and it means something. Nobody knows who composed the air. It isn't much of an air anyhow, and few musicians to-day would acknowledge such a composition, but it is one of the popular tunes grown from an air played by the British bands of music in derision of the "Yankees," the nickname given the New Englanders long ago, before the Fourth of July had any standing, to a grand national anthem which powerful foreign nations are glad to play to curry favor with us or keep us in good humor.

"Patriots" began to drive the British out, they played "Yankee Doodle" at them, and adopted it as their own because they had made the British dance to its music.

It is supposed to be a very old air, originally called "Nankee Doodle," whence it will be perceived how easily it fell into being called "Yankee Doodle." Oliver Cromwell wore in his hat a single feather fastened in what was known as a "macaroni" knot, whence the song began.

"Nankee doodle came to town upon his little pony, stuck a feather in his hat and called it macaroni."

All sorts of words are written to jingle with the music and everybody has written some of his own, but it has always "Yankee Doodle" to it in the chorus.

The Hungarian patriot Kossuth when he first heard the air played in America, declared it was one of the old national airs of Hungary and Buckingham Smith, a former secretary of the United States legation at Madrid, is authority for the statement that the air of "Yankee Doodle" is the music of an ancient Spanish sword dance.

Wherever it came from it is now an American patriotic air and belongs to our Fourth of July, and no nation dare take it away from us.

John Adams' Last Fourth

John Adams was one of the most vigorous supporters of the Declaration of Independence, and when he came to sign it, he exclaimed: "Survive or perish, I am for it." He did not want to escape from the consequences of his act; he was willing to go down with it, if it went down with it.

To such a man the anniversary of the Declaration of Independence meant something beyond the ordinary, and he took part in everything that was going on toward celebrating it, like a plain citizen, even after he was President of the United States and until the day of his death. In a letter to his sister he thus speaks of the proper manner of celebrating the great day:

"It ought to be commemorated as a day of deliverance by solemn acts of devotion to God Almighty. It ought to be solemnized with pomp and parade, with shows, games, sports, bells, bonfires and illuminations from one end of this country to the other, from this time forth forevermore."

One might be amazed at this sort of simple, unaffected patriotism, were it not for the fact that all of the fathers of the Republic possessed the same sentiments. Adams said he always felt like marching about with an old musket from sunrise to sunset on the Fourth of July, and give vent to his feelings by loud huzzas.

It is related of his last days on earth that not long before an approaching celebration he was very ill with what proved to be his last sickness, when someone asked him for a toast to be given on the day. He replied, "Independence forever!" When the day came around he could not leave his bed, and had apparently forgotten the anniversary, for, hearing the bells and cannon, he asked what day it was, and on being informed that it was the Fourth of July, he murmured distinctly, though with a falling breath, "Independence forever," and spoke no more. Before evening he was dead.

Every American citizen is entitled to wear a "Liberty Cap" if he so desires. In the early anniversaries of our Fourth of July it was customary for youths and maids, and some old fellows, for that matter, to put on a liberty cap and parade around with it on their heads as proud as peacocks, which they had every right to be. It was and should always be blue in color with a border of gilt stars on a white ground, to be the genuine liberty cap. The government to this day thinks so well of it that it is put on the heads of the vignettes on silver and gold coins, which anyone can see if he has the coins, or can borrow one for educational purposes.

OUR LIBERTY CAP

Every American citizen is entitled to wear a "Liberty Cap" if he so desires. In the early anniversaries of our Fourth of July it was customary for youths and maids, and some old fellows, for that matter, to put on a liberty cap and parade around with it on their heads as proud as peacocks, which they had every right to be. It was and should always be blue in color with a border of gilt stars on a white ground, to be the genuine liberty cap. The government to this day thinks so well of it that it is put on the heads of the vignettes on silver and gold coins, which anyone can see if he has the coins, or can borrow one for educational purposes.

Every American citizen is entitled to wear a "Liberty Cap" if he so desires. In the early anniversaries of our Fourth of July it was customary for youths and maids, and some old fellows, for that matter, to put on a liberty cap and parade around with it on their heads as proud as peacocks, which they had every right to be. It was and should always be blue in color with a border of gilt stars on a white ground, to be the genuine liberty cap. The government to this day thinks so well of it that it is put on the heads of the vignettes on silver and gold coins, which anyone can see if he has the coins, or can borrow one for educational purposes.

Every American citizen is entitled to wear a "Liberty Cap" if he so desires. In the early anniversaries of our Fourth of July it was customary for youths and maids, and some old fellows, for that matter, to put on a liberty cap and parade around with it on their heads as proud as peacocks, which they had every right to be. It was and should always be blue in color with a border of gilt stars on a white ground, to be the genuine liberty cap. The government to this day thinks so well of it that it is put on the heads of the vignettes on silver and gold coins, which anyone can see if he has the coins, or can borrow one for educational purposes.

Every American citizen is entitled to wear a "Liberty Cap" if he so desires. In the early anniversaries of our Fourth of July it was customary for youths and maids, and some old fellows, for that matter, to put on a liberty cap and parade around with it on their heads as proud as peacocks, which they had every right to be. It was and should always be blue in color with a border of gilt stars on a white ground, to be the genuine liberty cap. The government to this day thinks so well of it that it is put on the heads of the vignettes on silver and gold coins, which anyone can see if he has the coins, or can borrow one for educational purposes.

Every American citizen is entitled to wear a "Liberty Cap" if he so desires. In the early anniversaries of our Fourth of July it was customary for youths and maids, and some old fellows, for that matter, to put on a liberty cap and parade around with it on their heads as proud as peacocks, which they had every right to be. It was and should always be blue in color with a border of gilt stars on a white ground, to be the genuine liberty cap. The government to this day thinks so well of it that it is put on the heads of the vignettes on silver and gold coins, which anyone can see if he has the coins, or can borrow one for educational purposes.

Every American citizen is entitled to wear a "Liberty Cap" if he so desires. In the early anniversaries of our Fourth of July it was customary for youths and maids, and some old fellows, for that matter, to put on a liberty cap and parade around with it on their heads as proud as peacocks, which they had every right to be. It was and should always be blue in color with a border of gilt stars on a white ground, to be the genuine liberty cap. The government to this day thinks so well of it that it is put on the heads of the vignettes on silver and gold coins, which anyone can see if he has the coins, or can borrow one for educational purposes.

Every American citizen is entitled to wear a "Liberty Cap" if he so desires. In the early anniversaries of our Fourth of July it was customary for youths and maids, and some old fellows, for that matter, to put on a liberty cap and parade around with it on their heads as proud as peacocks, which they had every right to be. It was and should always be blue in color with a border of gilt stars on a white ground, to be the genuine liberty cap. The government to this day thinks so well of it that it is put on the heads of the vignettes on silver and gold coins, which anyone can see if he has the coins, or can borrow one for educational purposes.

Every American citizen is entitled to wear a "Liberty Cap" if he so desires. In the early anniversaries of our Fourth of July it was customary for youths and maids, and some old fellows, for that matter, to put on a liberty cap and parade around with it on their heads as proud as peacocks, which they had every right to be. It was and should always be blue in color with a border of gilt stars on a white ground, to be the genuine liberty cap. The government to this day thinks so well of it that it is put on the heads of the vignettes on silver and gold coins, which anyone can see if he has the coins, or can borrow one for educational purposes.

Every American citizen is entitled to wear a "Liberty Cap" if he so desires. In the early anniversaries of our Fourth of July it was customary for youths and maids, and some old fellows, for that matter, to put on a liberty cap and parade around with it on their heads as proud as peacocks, which they had every right to be. It was and should always be blue in color with a border of gilt stars on a white ground, to be the genuine liberty cap. The government to this day thinks so well of it that it is put on the heads of the vignettes on silver and gold coins, which anyone can see if he has the coins, or can borrow one for educational purposes.

Every American citizen is entitled to wear a "Liberty Cap" if he so desires. In the early anniversaries of our Fourth of July it was customary for youths and maids, and some old fellows, for that matter, to put on a liberty cap and parade around with it on their heads as proud as peacocks, which they had every right to be. It was and should always be blue in color with a border of gilt stars on a white ground, to be the genuine liberty cap. The government to this day thinks so well of it that it is put on the heads of the vignettes on silver and gold coins, which anyone can see if he has the coins, or can borrow one for educational purposes.

Every American citizen is entitled to wear a "Liberty Cap" if he so desires. In the early anniversaries of our Fourth of July it was customary for youths and maids, and some old fellows, for that matter, to put on a liberty cap and parade around with it on their heads as proud as peacocks, which they had every right to be. It was and should always be blue in color with a border of gilt stars on a white ground, to be the genuine liberty cap. The government to this day thinks so well of it that it is put on the heads of the vignettes on silver and gold coins, which anyone can see if he has the coins, or can borrow one for educational purposes.

Every American citizen is entitled to wear a "Liberty Cap" if he so desires. In the early anniversaries of our Fourth of July it was customary for youths and maids, and some old fellows, for that matter, to put on a liberty cap and parade around with it on their heads as proud as peacocks, which they had every right to be. It was and should always be blue in color with a border of gilt stars on a white ground, to be the genuine liberty cap. The government to this day thinks so well of it that it is put on the heads of the vignettes on silver and gold coins, which anyone can see if he has the coins, or can borrow one for educational purposes.

Every American citizen is entitled to wear a "Liberty Cap" if he so desires. In the early anniversaries of our Fourth of July it was customary for youths and maids, and some old fellows, for that matter, to put on a liberty cap and parade around with it on their heads as proud as peacocks, which they had every right to be. It was and should always be blue in color with a border of gilt stars on a white ground, to be the genuine liberty cap. The government to this day thinks so well of it that it is put on the heads of the vignettes on silver and gold coins, which anyone can see if he has the coins, or can borrow one for educational purposes.

"ALL SKINS FAIL IN A DRY TIME. THE SIGN OF THE FISH NEVER FAILS IN A WET TIME."

Remember this when you buy Wet Weather Clothing and look for the name TOWER on the buttons. This sign and this name have stood for the BEST during sixty-seven years of increasing sales.

If your dealer will not supply you write for free catalogue of black or yellow waterproof oiled coats, slickers, suits, hats, and horse goods for all kinds of wet work.

A. J. TOWER CO. THE SIGN TOWER'S TOWER CANADIAN CO. TORONTO, CAN. LONDON, ENGLAND.

CHURCHES SCHOOL HOUSES AND HOMES

must have their walls tinted and decorated with ALABASTINE, the only durable wall coating, to insure health and permanent satisfaction. Write for full information and free suggestions by our artists. Buy only in packages properly labeled "Alabastine."

ALABASTINE COMPANY, GRAND RAPIDS, MICH. and 108 Water Street, New York City

Straw Hats are here drink Hires Rootbeer

Keeps you cool and fresh all summer. It's the only rootbeer that's made in America. It's the only rootbeer that's made in America. It's the only rootbeer that's made in America.

SAWYER'S EXCELSIOR BRAND Slickers and Oiled Clothing

Keep Out the Wet. Warranted water proof and built to wear. All styles for all occupations. Look for trademark. If your dealer doesn't have them, send for catalogue to K. H. SAWYER & SON, Sole Mfrs., East Cambridge, Mass.

U.M.C.

AMMUNITION

is extensively used everywhere in the world wherever the muzzle loader has given way to the breech loader. It is made in the largest and best equipped cartridge factory in existence.

This accounts for the uniformity of its products. Tell your dealer "U. M. C." when he asks "What kind?" Catalog free. The Union Metallic Cartridge Co. BRIDGEPORT, CONN. Agency, 313 Broadway, New York City, N. Y.

WHEN PAIN & ANGUISH WRING & BROW, A MINSTERING ANGEL THOU: BROMO-SELTZER 10¢ SOLD EVERYWHERE.

WHEN PAIN & ANGUISH WRING & BROW, A MINSTERING ANGEL THOU: BROMO-SELTZER 10¢ SOLD EVERYWHERE.

WHEN PAIN & ANGUISH WRING & BROW, A MINSTERING ANGEL THOU: BROMO-SELTZER 10¢ SOLD EVERYWHERE.

WHEN PAIN & ANGUISH WRING & BROW, A MINSTERING ANGEL THOU: BROMO-SELTZER 10¢ SOLD EVERYWHERE.

WHEN PAIN & ANGUISH WRING & BROW, A MINSTERING ANGEL THOU: BROMO-SELTZER 10¢ SOLD EVERYWHERE.



"The divvie be your welcome."

of her nervousness, her restless activity, to perplex and mystify his grave and dignified father.

All legends which he had ever read of elfin children and changelings came back to Adelbert Nye's memory during the confused years which followed—years in which his son was the wonder as well as the despair of physicians and nurses; when the period of his teething became an epoch, when the violence with which he took, one after another, and survived the various diseases of babyhood furnished the subject matter for learned papers at countless medical conventions; when the fabled nine lives of the domestic cat became too insignificant for notice by comparison with the falls and bumps and fractures, the maladies external and internal of Welcome Nye, which went to prove what could be endured with the minimum of vitality in the frail and emaciated form of a boy who was destined to live for the trial and long-suffering of his kind.

So the child continued to grow, and to become the terror as well as the despair of nurses and teachers. The house servants, who had a perfect horror of him, referred to him affectionately among themselves as "The Divvie," a memory of a night when one of the maids, in the enjoyment of a twilight interview with her favorite policeman, looked up to shriek with dismay, as the elfin child, astride the lofty garden wall, laughed in ghoulish glee at their tender farewell.

"May the divvie be your welcome!" had growled the disconcerted guardian of the peace, as his eyes followed hers; and since that time the appropriateness of the epithet has grown upon the household.

While his distracted father could reconcile himself to the boy's physical weakness and defects, it was a heavy cross to bear the knowledge of the absolute lack of what the world deems education on the part of his son. His son! And he himself was counted a scholar, an ornament to his profession; might be elevated to the bench if he so chose; was a marked man in his set as the author of certain deep and thoughtful papers upon historic and scientific topics; had, in fact, all the points of the cultured gentleman and modest scholar. Oh, why, why had Fate punished him by making him the father of such a son, who managed to elude all obligations to study, because, forsooth, the doctors declared that he must not be urged, or worried, or excited!

He was 9 now, was Welcome, but spindling and undersized and wizened, his sharp features and diminutive hands and feet causing his unhappy father to sigh whenever he noted them. Surely there were Darwinian suggestions about the uncanny and repulsive form of the boy, whose defects were never so apparent as when Adelbert Nye contrasted his offspring with the beautiful children of his neighbor, the fascinating Widow Carleton.

It was strange that they should have met again, after her long absence in England.

Adelbert Nye and the beautiful woman, who, as Lella Deland, had been friends in youth—and more. He thought of it all as he walked slowly homeward in the moonlight, after his first call at the villa where she was established for the season, oh, shades of love and poesy! with her twin daughters!

Twins! Adelbert Nye deprecated the slang of the day; yet had he put his thoughts into words, and these words into the vernacular, he must have murmured something about the fact of twins in connection with the sweetheart of one's youth being calculated to jar even a dignified member of the bar!

And, more horrible still, one of the



"The divvie! He's run away with the auto!"

regrettable to their elders.

It was natural that the sedate and dignified Lawyer Nye should find it both pleasant and convenient to be neighborly, and that he should make calls both frequent and regular at the Carleton villa.

Particularly distasteful to one youth was the gallantry of Neighbor Nye; to the bank clerk with small salary, who devotedly came down from Boston each Saturday, to pay court to Louise, and whose heart sank at the sight of the solid and wealthy director of his own banking house, whom he found comfortably at home with the girl, in the easy chat of an informal afternoon upon the shady veranda, a state of bliss which he had been picturing for himself all the way down in the crowded, dusty train.

He did not appear well, this disappointed Archie Irwin, as he was presented to the dignified caller, whom he regarded with sudden hatred and dismay. What chance had he, he asked himself bitterly, against a man with Nye's money, and profession and position? Worst of all, Louise seemed pleased with the attentions of the middle-aged suitor.

The young man—he was tall and athletic, and good to look upon, an Adonis of the Von Bibber type—fell back upon Welcome for entertainment during his doleful visits to the villa. The weird child had taken to him from the first, clinging to him with passionate affection, watching his every movement with the dumb devotion of an animal.

Another watched the growing interest of Adelbert Nye in the fair young girl, and tried in vain to ignore the heart-burnings which it caused.

And yet, why? Lella Carleton asked herself. Why should she expect the

the auto!" one groom called to another, and that one to the house servants.

In truth it might have been his satanic majesty himself, the way that elfish child dashed down the drive and into the street.

The anxious group followed him in mad haste, but not for long.

They held their breath in horror as they saw the machine zig zag, then essay to climb the grassy terrace at the Carleton villa, ingloriously dropping back; and then, puffing and snorting, with whirring of wheels, dash backward across the road and over the offset, down upon the rough cobles of the beach.

The child lay very still as they rescued him, seeming to take his mishap as a matter of course.

When they picked him up his left arm hung limp and there were sundry smudges and burned places upon his face; for the Corsair had taken fire, and was no longer the dainty floral thing which it had been left as the triumph of womanly artistry.

"Any other child would have been killed!" was the verdict of the physician who had been summoned in hot haste—a familiar verdict enough to all who knew Welcome Nye and his escapades.

It was Archie Irwin who had tenderly lifted the little figure from under the wrecked machine, and to whom the child had clung with passionate affection; but after they had taken him to the veranda of the villa he had suddenly stretched out his uninjured arm to Mrs. Carleton, and had begun to sob and cry in a paroxysm which amazed them all, since repentance and Welcome were wont to be as bitter strangers.

Lella Carleton tenderly folded the

hapless child in her arms, his smudged face and tousled head nestling against the dainty whiteness of her gown, as she endeavored to soothe him, and to still the strange outburst which was so distressing and so disconcerting to his unhappy father.

Could it be that the sullen, malevolent nature had capacity for feeling of which he had never dreamed? Or, was this but a physical manifestation of nervousness and terror?

"Patriots" began to drive the British out, they played "Yankee Doodle" at them, and adopted it as their own because they had made the British dance to its music.



The hapless child in her arms.

child began; but she pressed him to her, smothering the word which she wished to hide from the waiting surgeon.

And then she sobbed, and in a minute she smiled pathetically.