

A BOY WITH A WILL

Andrew's Defiance of an Insolent British Officer.

In what was early known as the Washaw settlement, North Carolina, there lived, during the revolutionary war, a poor family consisting of a widow and her four children, three of whom were boys. Of these boys Andrew was the youngest.

In the year 1780 Andrew and his brother Robert were driven to the wild woods for shelter from a band of Tories and British troops then ravaging the Washaw region. Robert was but 15 years old and Andrew 12, mere children in arms, but a short time served to prove that a heroic spirit dwelt in the younger boy's breast.

At that time things were all going wrong in the Carolinas, where Tarleton and Cornwallis had raged up and down with fire and sword. From settlement to settlement the scourge of irregular and most inhuman warfare wrought the destruction which no pen has ever been able to portray. Homes were desolated, towns razed, all the plantations pillaged and burned, and hundreds of families driven into the forests for shelter.

Now when these two brothers, Robert and Andrew, had lain in a lonely wood for a long time without food and but poorly clothed, suffering all save death, in the last extremity they determined to try to reach some house, if any were still spared the British torch, where they could get food.

which they could see the house in the distance. Here Andrew yelled as loud as ever he could: "Yonder is Thompson's house! Yonder is Thompson's house!" "Hold your tongue," growled the officer "he'll hear you!" "From where they were they could plainly see a horse standing ready saddled and bridled hitched near the cabin's front door.

Not one moment did the ferocious leader hesitate, but with a loud order to his men to follow, dashed down the hill swinging his sabre above his head and calling to Thompson: "Halt! Halt! Surrender, you sneaking rebel!" But Mr. Thompson had heard Andrew's first cry, and then his second. He knew what it meant. Barely glancing toward the troop charging down the hill, he leaped into the saddle and rode right down to the roaring stream and plunged in.

Mr. Thompson escaped. The troopers did not dare attempt the roaring stream, and so they turned back disappointed to vent their feelings upon Andrew. They treated him with frightful cruelty, making him march all the way to Camden in South Carolina, nearly fifty miles, without a mouthful of food or a drop of water or a wink of sleep. At Camden Andrew lay in prison a long time, during which he had smallpox and succeeded so that when at last his mother succeeded in obtaining his release by exchange of prisoners he could scarcely stand alone.

THE SILK WORM. Old Spinner and the New Machine Arranged Upon Against the Other. There are no little things. A worm is but a small affair. But patience! how he sings, sings the poet. And it is true of even so small an affair as a worm. It seems a very insignificant thing when we crush the tiny earth worm on the wet sidewalk, but when he co-operates with his fellow, the worm becomes an important factor in nature's economy.

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OUR EASY TERMS. On a bill of \$ 10.00—\$1.00 per week or \$ 4.00 per month.

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This Iron Bed, with cross rails instead of straight, worth \$7.50. Defiance price, \$3.15

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We have an enormous stock and variety of Oil Heaters—The Little Giant, worth \$7, Defiance Price, \$3.35

Peoples Furniture & Carpet Co. 1315-1317 FARNAM ST.

Chinese princess, they say, was married to an Indian prince. Before she went away to her new home she grew very homesick and when she heard that no mulberry trees grew when she had her new palace and that no silk worms were to be had unless they were imported from China, she straightway hid a few mulberry seeds and silk worms' eggs in her hair and carried them away to her new home.

"Then, ma," he asked, "is spanking hereditary?" "Do you know where the bad people who do not go to church go, Johnnie?" "My pop goes fishing."

A COOKED-UP ROMANCE. R. P. Inman in St. Nicholas. "O lady," said a brave and courteous knight, while waiting for his supper at an inn, "to me it is a very painful sight, to see you blanching your very pretty skin."