caused several of the men to rush out in great fear.

"Whoa there, you lazy mule, didn't I tell ye to hould on the day, ye miserable wretch?"

And with a crack of his whip a big, burly Irishman pulled up before the hotel with the last, belated load for that year, from Santa Fe. It was a big, strong wagon, drawn by eight mules, and the frozen mud and snow on its wheels, made the hauling one of unusual difficulty. Two half Spanish, half Mexican helpers from the Azttec land were with the Irishman, and their eyes opened wide in astonishment as they staggered into the wayside inn after their hard day's work.

The boss from the Emerald Isle had forgotten that it was Christmas Eve, when, still cursing the helpless mules, he stumbled into the room, expecting to order some grog and sleep by a big wood fire.

But Palmyra did not start with a saloon, never had a saloon, and never will have a saloon. The "Old Santa Fe well" gave forth her strongest beverage and that is why her people have always been so clear-head and strong.

"Phat in the divil does this mane?" Air yees eilibratin somethin?" yelled Mike.

Just then he caught sight of a motto, worked in autumn leaves hanging upon the side wall, entitled "Merry Christmas:" and, catching his breath, he had a quick vision of his sweet homeland.

Recovering himself he exclaimed:

"The saints preserve us."

And making the sign of the cross, leaned heavily against a post in the rear of the room.

The program was interesting to all, for children's programs always are. Beth Lamond, whose dress showed her loyalty to her Highland ancestry, recited in tenderest and sweetest tones, the story of "the Christ Child's Birth." Elliot Darrow had no organ to fill the background for his singing, but his strong baritone, rich in quality, inspiring and clear, led the little audience in that wonderful hymn: "Hark the Herald Angels Sing." Nehemiah Green, a young man of promise, who afterward became governor of Kansas, recited, "The Birthday of a King," and the concluding number of the program was a song sung by the children's class which had been named: "Buds of Promise."

"Here comes Santa," cried little Joe Darrow.

David Lamond; covered up with buffalo robes, and encircled with jingling sleigh bells, came forth to play the part of the patron Saint. Amidst the joyous cries of the children, he took from the tree packages of pop-corn, candy and ginger bread that had been brought to the little town from Westport. While he called off the presents, the young people were reading the endearing mottoes found wrapped up with their kiss candies or stamped upon the candy hearts.
There were red-top boots with copper toes, lamp mats and rag carpet rugs. There were bright ribbons, yarn wrist bands and gaily dressed dolls. An iron boot jack painted red, and India shawls for the women. There were stock ties and woolen socks and mitts as only mothers knew how to make. There was something for everybody and everybody gave something.

The teamster, Mike, entered heartily into the festivities, and going to his wagon, brought in Aztec blankets and earthenware from that far off country. The eyes of White Turkey, the Delaware Indian, who had been a close observer that night, became unusually keen when they lighted upon a many colored blanket. He became a firmer friend than ever of the white man, when its bright colors were hung about his shoulders.

Coke and Patty Wren were happy snowbirds that night and they hopped home in sweet content; for, though they had no children of their own, they had done so much that day to sweeten the lives of others.

The bob sled of the Darrow's wended its way northward, and as they passed beyond the cabin on the Connelly claim, Mark Darrow exclaimed:

"Father, why does that big oak tree stand there on the Big Hill all alone without any other trees near it? Why didn't God plant other trees there to make company for it?"

"I do not know, my son," replied the Quaker, "unless it is to teach thee, that some day thee may have to stand alone to do thy duty. When the Christ child was born, many came to worship him, but when His trying hour came, He had to meet it alone."

As they glided on over the snow to their happy home, they little knew that they were talking about what is now the celebrated "Signal Oak," which still stands on the Barricklaw farm. This oak, in its isolated location, could be seen for miles around, even from the far Vineland Valley beyond. It was by the use of this "Signal Oak" that the pioneers were able, just a few years afterward, to spread the alarm of an invading foe and thus save the town from destruction and the first college in Kansas from complete annihilation.
She flashed upon her husband’s case which dazzles him like sudden lightning.

"Isaac, we have lived together for 20 years, and for all of them I have been a true and loving wife to you. Today you will go down to the valley of the shadow of death, and I do that shameful thing, I will never again own you to my husband."

"My dear wife!" cried the husband agonized, "you do not know what you are saying. Leave me for such a time as this."

"For such a thing as this!" she cried scornfully. "What greater cause could there be—married love, that can and true, a faithful friend and a loyal Christian gentleman, and it needs no divorce to sever me from a traitor and a coward. If you take your protection you lose your wife, and I—lose my husband and my home."

With the last words the thrilling voice broke suddenly with a pathetic fall and a fit crept over the proud blue eyes. Perhaps this little touch of womanly weakness moved her hearers as deeply as her brave, scornful words. The traitor and the coward. The heart only touched by the dread finger of panic, which now and then will paralyze the bravest. Some had their ligaments stretched that they could have been half yielded at last. And some there to whom old traditions had never quite lost their powers, whose superstitious fears had never become quite reconciled to the stigma of Rebel, thought, reason and judgment told them that the little woman figured on no heroic roll, but was the less a heroine.

"Then?" spoke one hesitating voice. "Why, then, if it ever could be, we should be ruined. We must lose the little woman."

"Oh, no, no!" Mrs. Arnett said, "you are making your own conclusions. I do not express yourself in this way before our friends."

His words passed her ear like the idle wind; not even the quiver of an eye showed that she heard them. "Can you not tell me?" she said in the same strangely quiet voice; "after all, does not the right person know better when they are in conflict, after you have thrown your self upon British commonness, where will you find yourself?"

"Then?" spoke another hesitating voice. "Why, then, if it ever could be, we should be ruined. We must lose the little woman."

"No;" said Mrs. Arnett, "you have forgotten one thing which England has not, the same thing which outweighs all England’s treasures, and that is, the Right. God is of our site, and every Sunday our musket is an echo of His voice. We are poor and weak and few; but God is fighting for us. We entered into this battle of life with our band and prayerful lips. We had counted the cost and were willing to pay the price, were it our heart’s blood. And when we see that God is going against us, we would give up all and sneek back, like craven, to
HEROINE OF REVOLUTION

Thought Was Suggested by Rev. Wiliam F. Whittaker—Mrs. Arnett
Gave Sage Advice To Hesitating Men of New Jersey at Crucial Time

Within the next month Elizabethtown Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, will place a memorial in the churchyard of Church Yard, Elizabeth, over the grave of Hannah Arnett, one of the heroines of the war for independence. Mrs. Arnett's thoughts were widely published by the Rev. William F. Whittaker. It was while Washington was on his retreat to New Jersey that Lord Howe offered protection to all citizens who would, within sixty days, declare themselves peaceable British subjects, binding themselves not to take up arms against the crown. A company of men gathered in one of the old houses of Elizabethtown. They debated long on what should be done. Some were for taking the oath, others did not know what to do. Mrs. Arnett's husband, Isaac Arnett, presided at the meeting. He was a very eloquent and learned man, and his words had their weight in the adjoining room, until she could not restrain her feelings any longer. Springing to her feet she pushed her chair back, and strode forward and addressed the group. Concession was shown on the face of every man, as the little woman stood before them. It was evident, as on the watch tower in those days to have in the homes, with the dark, heavy, carved furniture of the period dully lighted by tall wax candles and the wood fire on the open fireplace. Mrs. Arnett stood erect with her light blue eyes showing the indignation which was in her heart, as she spoke in a round voice, where she was standing and said, "Hannah, this is no place for you. It is no place for a woman. We do not want you here. Questions of politics and political expediency are not for you." She beckoned him away and inquired, "Have I said all the words of traitors?" No one dared answer till finally someone said, "It is quite hopeless, absand for a starring."

"No, no, not so," she said. "It might make me appear foolish, like our attempt to compete with a country like England, with unlimited resources." Mrs. Arnett listened in silence until the last abject word was spoken. Then she inquired simply: "But what if we should live, after all?"

"The men looked at each other, but no one spoke. "Hannah! Hannah!" urged her husband. "Do you not see that these are the very time to be silent? We are now calling what is best for us, for you, for all. Women have no share in these topics. Go to your spinning-wheel, and be a good little wife, you are making yourself obnoxious. Do not expose yourself in this way before our friends." His words passed her ear like the idle wind; not even the quiver of an eyelash showed that she heard them. "Can't you not tell me?" she said in the same strangely quiet voice. "If I could not tell my husband that I felt that way, how shall I tell the Lord?"

"Take your protection, if you will," she went on, after waiting in vain for reply. "Proclaim yourselves traitors and cowardly. Your horses will be taken, your house burned, and your God, but horrified will be the judgment you will bring upon your heads and the heads of those who love you. You know, dear, that I will never conquer. I know it and feel it in every fibre of my heart. Has Lord Howe offered protection to you? Will He, who led our fathers across the stormy, winter sea, forsake their children who have put their trust in His" In reply, the farmer could only sway and cry, and my hand shall never touch the hand, nor my heart cleave to the heart of him who shames her."

"My dear wife!" cried the husband aghast, "you do not know what you are saying. Leave me for such a thing as this?"

"For such a thing as this," she cried scornfully. "What greater cause can a woman have than a good man, and a true, a faithful friend and a loyal Christian gentleman, and it needs no divorce to sever me from a traitor and a coward. If you take your protection you lose your wife, and I—lose my husband and my home."

With the last words the thrilling voice broke suddenly with a pathetic fall and a film crept over the proud eyes of the little woman. Perhaps this little touch of womanly weakness moved her hearers as deeply as her brave, scornful words. They were not all cowards, for there was only the finger of panic, which now and then, will paralyze the bravest. Some had struggled long against it and only half yielded at last. And some were to whom old traditions had never quite lost their powers, whose superstitious conceit had never been quenched. The day of the king of Rebel thought, reason and judgment told them that, borne for the cause for which they stood.

The words of the little woman had gone straight to each heart, be its main-spring what it might. They rose strong, thick, and raised and the eyes grew bright with manliness and resolution. Before they left the house that night, they had a solemn vow to stand by the cause they had adopted and the land of their birth, through good or evil, and to spurn the offer of traitors and foes as the deadliest insults.

Some of the names of those who met in that secret council were: Mrs. Woodruff, who left home to fight her country's battles most nobly, who died upon the field of honor, or rejoiced with pure hearts in the national triumph at last. The name of the little woman figured on no heroic roll, but she was a heroine.

This story is a true one, and, in this Centennial year, when every crumb of information in regard to those old days of struggle and heroism, is so precious, I think we may safely say it will not be without interest. A horizontal stone marks the place where she stood, with the words, "Hannah Arnett."
kiss the feet that parleyed upon us! And you call yourselves men—
the sons of those who gave up home and fortune and fatherland to make
for themselves and for dear liberty a
resting-place in the wilderness? Oh,
shame upon you, cowards!"

Her words had rushed out in a fiery
flood, which her husband had vainly
striven to check. I do not know how
Mrs. Arnett looked, but I fancy her a
little, fair woman, with kindly blue
eyes and delicate features,—a tender
and loving little soul, whose scornful,
blazing words must have seemed to
her amazed hearers like the inspir-
ed fury of a pythoness. Are we not
all prophets at times—prophets of
good or evil, according to our bent
and with more power than we our-
selves suspect to work out the ful-
iment of our prophecies? Who shall
say how far this fragile woman aided
to stay the wave of desolation which
was spreading over the land?

"Gentlemen," said good Mr. Arnett,
uneasily, "I beg you to excuse this
most unseemly interruption to our
council. My wife is beside herself,
I think. You all know her and know
that it is not her wont to meddle with
politics, or to brawl and bluster. To-
morrow she will see her folly, but
now I pray your patience."

Already her words had begun to
stir the slumbering manhood in the
LIBERTY BELL NEAR OTTAWA

KANSAS CITY AND TOPEKA TO GET HISTORIC RINGER

The Instrument That Proclaimed the Freedom of the Colonies Goes Across the Continent.

Liberty Bell that rang out the declaration of freedom of the colonies in 1774 will be near Ottawa next week while it is en route to the Pan-Pacific exposition at San Francisco.

The Big Bell with the historic crack down one side which threatens some time to ruin the venerable old bell is kept at Baltimore where its peals rang out in the colonial days. Only a few times has it been taken from the Hall of Freedom and possibly never will be taken away again because scientists have stated that travel is not conducive to the bell's health. On this trip across the continent to the San Francisco exposition the bell is closely guarded and every precaution to insure its safety is taken.

Twenty-five stops are to be made where the bell will be exhibited and appropriate exercises with public officials taking part have been arranged. The stops are Harrisburg, Pa., Logansport, Ind., Chicago, Columbus, O., Des Moines, Kansas City, Topeka, Omaha, Lincoln, Denver, Cheyenne, Salt Lake City, Boise, Idaho, Walla Walla, Wash., Paseo, Spokane, Seattle, Aberdeen, Hoquiam, Bremerton, Salem, Ore., Sacramento, and San Francisco.

The stop at Kansas City will be July 8. There will be various speakers at the services to be held. The bell will be taken from Topeka to Kansas City.

It is probable that several Ottawans will see the bell either in Topeka or Kansas City.

D. A. R. DEDICATES PIONEER MARKERS

WILL BE PLACED AT GATE TO INDIAN CEMETERY

Dr. Fog dall Spoke on "Patriotism."—Miss Meeker Gave History of Ottawa Mission Sept. 28, 1936

In a brief talk on "Patriotism" given by Dr. S. P. Fog dall of Ottawa University at the D. A. R., General Edward Hand Chapter dedication program for two historical markers held yesterday afternoon, Dr. Fog dall told his audience that such work of the chapter was the "finest type of patriotism." He said as a part of the unveiling ceremonies held at

Tawy Jones hall, Ottawa University, for the two bronze markers to be placed by the chapter on the stone gate posts of the old Indian Mission bureau building east of Ottawa. Mrs. C. A. Gibson, regent, who is leaving Ottawa soon, presided.


Miss Grace Meeker, Ottawa historian, and a member of the chapter spoke on "A Brief History of Ottawa Mission." She told how Rev. Jotham Meeker, brought a printing press from Cincinnati to Shawnee Mission in 1833. He moved it there and came in 1837 to Franklin county where he established a Baptist mission work among the Ottawa Indians, east of Ottawa. In 1844, a terrible flood came to the Maquoketa Valley. Some forty miles of property of the Indians and of the Mission and the Meekers were moved by their friends back to Shawnee Mission by a man named King. They returned within a few months in 1845, moved the mission to higher ground near the present burying grounds and went back to the west. In 1846, Rev. Meeker re-established his press from Shawnee Mission to his mission in Franklin county. The Meeker press, has been traced to Prairie City (Baldwin) and has not been seen since.

Chief Comanche and Notino, the medicine man, and John Tauty Jones, Indians, mentioned on the markers, were friends and active assistants of Rev. Meeker. Chief Edward Hand in his talk discussed them briefly.

In addition to the talks by Dr. Fog dall and Miss Meeker, several musical numbers were given by Lowell Orbison, accompanied by Miss Eileen Wilson, Ottawa University student, sang, "From the Land of the Sky Blue Waters," by Cadmen, at the beginning of the program; and the Ottawa University quartet sang "Fellow of Our Fathers," following the flag salute and the O. U. "Alma Mater Song" at the close of the ceremonies. Members of the quartet and Miss Shively were present.

Mrs. E. M. Sheldon, chapter chaplain gave the chapter ritual and the closing ceremony was conducted by Mrs. J. W. King of Ottawa, state historian for the D. A. R. Rev. W. A. Elliott, pastor of the First Baptist church gave the benediction. The committee in charge of dedication program was Mrs. W. S. Jenks, Mrs. H. L. Kennedy and Mrs. J. W. King. Mrs. Bert Anderson arranged the decorations for the hall.