

Grandma looked thoughtfully at the fire as she spoke, and Lotty said, with her eye on the portfolio : " Perhaps Aunt Nell will do it for us. Then history won't be so dry, and we can glorify our fore-mothers as well as fathers."

" I 'll see what I can find. Now spin away, Minnie, and sit still, boys, — if you can."

Then, having settled grandma's foot-stool, and turned up the lamp, Aunt Nell read the tale of

TABBY'S TABLE-CLOTH.

ON the 20th day of March, 1775, a little girl was trudging along a country road, with a basket of eggs on her arm. She seemed in a great hurry, and looked anxiously about her as she went ; for those were stirring times, and Tabitha Tarbell lived in a town that took a famous part in the Revolution. She was a rosy-faced, bright-eyed lass of fourteen, full of vigor, courage, and patriotism, and just then much excited by the frequent rumors which reached Concord that the British were coming to destroy the stores sent there for safe keeping while the enemy occupied Boston. Tabby glowed with wrath at the idea, and (metaphorically speaking) shook her fist at august King George, being a stanch little Rebel, ready to fight and die for her country rather than submit to tyranny of any kind.

In nearly every house something valuable was hidden. Colonel Barrett had six barrels of powder ; Ebenezer Hubbard, sixty-eight barrels of flour ; axes, tents, and spades were at Daniel Cray's ; and Captain David