"I'm a little Alabarmer coon, An't been born very long."

"I wonder," said little Mrs. Stewart -"I wonder, now, how many more times she's going to play that?"

"My dear love," said Mr. Stewart, sitting down on the bank.

"Don't call me your dear love, Henry, until that dreadful girl has

"My dear Mrs. Stewart, what can I do? I can't treat her as we brokers treat a stranger who happens to stroll into the house, can 1? You wouldn't care for me to catch hold of her and mash her hat in and hustle her out of the place." "I shouldn't. All you have to do is

to be distant with her.' "One can't be very distant on a small

houseboat." "I believe you like Miss Bagge still,"

said Mrs. Stewart. "I don't mind her when she's still," said Mr. Stewart. "It's when she bobs about and plays that banjo of

The shrill voice came across the "Hush a-bye, don't you cry, mammy's little

Papa's gwine to smack you if you do."

hers that she makes me hot."

"Boat ahoy," called Stewart. The boy on the Gaddy came up from somewhere and pulled over to them. and conveyed them to the houseboat. Miss Bagge, looking down from between the Chinese lanterns, gave a little shrick of delight as their boat bumped at the side of the Gadfly.

"Oh, you newly-married people," she cried, archly, as she bunched up her skirts and came skittishly down the steps; "where have you been? Leaving poor little me alone with my music for such a time."

"Did you say music, Miss Bagge?" "Yes, dear Mrs. Stewart. My banjo, von know."

"Oh!" said little Mrs. Stewart.

"Afraid you don't like plantation melodies, Mrs. Stewart."

"I used to think I did, Miss Bagge." Stewart had gone along to get something iced to drink and something in the shape of a eigar to smoke.

"How things change, Mrs. Stewart, don't they? I'm sure it doesn't seem six years ago-hem-Mr. Stewart and I and ma and two or three others came up to Marlow. I think that was long before your day, before you came over from Melbourne, and we did really

have the most exquisite time." "Have you looked through the evening paper, Miss Bagge?" interrupted little Mrs. Stewart, hurriedly. 'Oh, yes, dear, I've looked through

it twice. One or two most interesting

"Where did you put it? I want to ee what O'Brien has done for Middle-

"I've dropped it somewhere," said Miss Bagge. "Could the boy go up for my trunk before it gets dark? I left it at the station, and I shall have some more things down next week."

"Next week!" Miss Bagge put her hand to her brown thin neck and gave a cough of

"If I stay longer I shall have to run up to town one day to do some shop-

There was a pause. The rings of smoke from 'Stewart's eigar at the other end of the boat floated down by them. The boy below broke a few plates and danced a few steps of a breakdown to cover the noise.

"Dear Henry! How the scent of his cigar does remind me of old times! I remember so well that night at Mar-

"Miss Bagge, will you go and play

Miss Bagge went obediently and strummed her banjo, and mentioned once more that she was a little Alabama coon, and young Mrs. Stewart ran hurriedly to her husband.

"I'm going to quarrel with her," she said, breathlessly.

"That's right," said Henry, calmly; "anything to stop that row."

"I'm going to ask her to go back to

town to-night, Henry." "But, my dear, isn't that rather

rude?" "Of course it is. That's why I am doing it. You'll have to see her to the

station. The private row was quickly and quietly over. When the last word had been spoken the self-invited guest begged ten minutes to write a letter. and then she pronounced herself ready for Stewart's escort to the station. 'Sorry you are obliged to go, Miss

Bagge," said Stewart politely. "It's an important engagement," said Miss Bagge, trembling, "or I would have stayed. Good-by, dear Mrs. Stewart. I dare say we shall

meet again soon." Stewart handed his charge into the it?" boat a letter fell from her pocket on the deck of the Gadfly. Mrs. Stewart, in her usual good temper now that her to bed at once." husband's old admirer was departing, letter; but Miss Bagg paid no attention. It almost seemed that she did him."-St. James Budget. not want to hear. When Mrs. Stewart picked it up and saw that it was addressed to Henry Stewart, Esq., and marked "private and confidential," she opened it without a moment's hesi-

"MY DEAREST HENRY-It is so sweet to be

neaf you again. ous two the stages for the seashore, so do I sigh for you. Can you imagine what you are and ever have been to me? You are indeed my king, and you know that I am your willing slave. Yours faithfully. "CONSTANCE BAGGE"

Young Mrs. Stewart sank down on a low deek-chair and gasped and looked across at the two.

"Well," she said, "this now is fear-There would be a good half an hour

before Henry returned, and in that good half hour it was necessary to decide what was to be done. What was quite clear was that the creature must have had some encouragement to induce her to write such a letter, and-"Why, she is taking his arm!" she cried.

Indeed, Miss Constance Bagge was resting her hand upon the arm of Mrs. Stewart's husband. Henry was carrying her banjo, and, looking back, laughingly waved it at his wife.

"Does this mean," asked Mrs. Stew-art, distractedly, "that they will never come back?"

slight diffidence in agreeing to the lady's dismissal; it explained also why when Miss Bagge had that morning made her unexpected appearance on the bank hailing the boy with a shrill "Hi!" Henry had only laughed very much.

Mrs. Stewart summoned the boy. "Yes, mem, there is a trine up liter than this. It leaves Thames Ditton at eleven fifteen, and you get to good old Waterloo at about ten to twelve. And I wish to Gawd," added the boy, piousis a lump too quiet for me."

That would give half an hour to a rush for the last train up. At Waterloo she could take a cab to Uncle George's; and if Uncle George couldn't see her through, why, nobody could. Uncle George was an agent general. everybody as severely as though they were his fellow-countrymen.

The white-flanneled figure came back to the riverside. "He has managed to say good-by,

then?" sald Mrs. Stewart, fiercely. "I should like to have seen the parting.

Henry came on board and went straig it to her, and, with the assurance of new husbands, hissed her neelt.

"She's an impossible creature," said lewart. He sat down beside his wife an took an evening paper from his November. This was just after conpocket. "I believe she took the extra gress had adjourned at Trenton to meet away with her. I've had to buy an- at Princeton in the old college build-

There was something in little Mrs. Stewart's throat that prevented her Mrs. Washington and a part of his milfor the moment from starting her lec-

"She wasn't so bad, you know," he I was a mere youth then. But now she's too terrible for words. I suppose if Washington evidently found life exgirls don't get married they get warped and changed."

"I want to speak to you, Henry," she said, steadily. "Oh, bother that boy," he exclaimed.

"It wasn't about the boy." "Not the boy? Well, then-Hullo!

Here's a funny case." She went on very quietly:

"I want to speak to you seriously, Harry, about a matter that has, by accident, come to my notice. I don't could appreciate a joke by laughing as want to seem to bother too much about it, and I suppose if I were as free a that Washington was always serious some women are I shouldn't mind it and grave. in the least. But my mind is quite made up

He was not listening, but her head was averted, and she went on.

"I have left the keys in the bedup to date, with the exception of the bill that came in to-day. There is no reason why we should have any high

"I beg your pardon, dear. I haven't heard a word that you were saying." He had found the news page in the evening paper, and was reading with

much interest a diverting breach of promise case. "I was only saying"-she raised her voice to a pitch of distinctness-

"that"-"Look here; here's an idiotic letter the girl writes to the fellow." "I don't want to hear it, thank

you. "Yes you do. Listen. This is how it goes: Just as the wind sighs for the seashore, so do I sigh for you." Why, the wind doesn't sigh for the

seashore, does it?" "Go on, please," she said quickly; "read the rest of the letter. Is it re-

ally in the paper. Henry?" "Look for yourself, dear. It's too funny for words. 'So do I sigh for you. Can you imagine what you are his family. They revere the memory and ever have been to me? You are

am your willing slave." "Why," cried Mrs. Stewart, "that's word for word the same."

"As what?"

"It doesn't matter, dear." She took from her blouse the letter that the disappointed Miss Bagge. with deplorable lack of originality, had copied from the evening paper.

"Don't people do some silly things, Winifred, dear, when they are in love?" She took a marguerite from the bowl on the table and stuck it in his hair. Then she tore up the letter and gave the pieces a little puff to send them out on the stream.

"I b'lieve you," said Mrs. Stewart "Shall you want to be rown across for that last trine, mem?" demanded the boy, putting his head out of a win-Now an odd thing happened. As dow, "or is the guv'nor going to do

> "The last train," echoed Mrs. Stewart. "Why, of course not, James. Go

"That boy's quite mad," said Stewcalled to her as soon as she noticed the art, turning over a page of the paper to find the cricket; "we must get rid of

> In Jewish marriages the woman is always placed to the right of her mate. With every other nation of the world her place in the ceremony is to the

## STILL STANDING.

The House in Which Washington Wrote His Farewell Address.

Some Interesting Facts About the Historic Structure Once Occupied by the First President of the United States.

The state of New Jersey, as every schoolboy knows, was the scene of many stirring events during the revolution, and almost every city, town and hamlet has, or claims to have, a landmark of which its inhabitants are very proud and delight to point out to vis itors. As in many other parts of the country, however, some of these monuments, which should have the greatest claim on the American people from a historical point of view, have been neglected, apparently forgotten and allowed to go to decay and ruin. One of these is the old Berrian house at Rocky The letter seemed to explain his Hill. It was in this house that Washington resided for many months, and among other acts wrote his farewell address to the continental army. The house, says the New York Tribune, is an old-fashioned structure, with large, square rooms and low ceilings to retain the heat from the hickory and oak logs burned in the big, open fireplaces. At the time that Gen. Washington occupied the house it was the homestead of the family of Judge John Berrian, one of the oldest families in the state, which at that time owned vast ly, "that I was there nah. This plice tracts of land, obtained by grants from the crown. Judge Berrian when the clash came, remained loval to the speak her mind to Henry (if he did American cause, and his house became come back), just half an hour to ex- a refuge for Gen. Washington on more tract from him a confession, and then than one occasion. The old Berrian mansion is located about a quarter of a mile from the village, on a steep bluff overlooking the Millstone river. The little village of Rocky Hill is about six miles from Princeton as the crow flies. He was a stern man, and he treated Off the old post road and located in among the densely wooded hills of Somerset county it was unknown to Cornwallis or his soldiers, and after the battles of Trenton and Princeton was just the place for Washington and his handful of continentals to retire to for rest and refuge.

Washington afterward returned at different periods to Rocky Hill during the progress of the war, but the longest time he resided in the Berrian house was from June, 1783, to the following ings, and here Washington was summoned to meet them. Accompanied by itary family. Washington took up his residence in the old Berrian house. The general and his staff rode daily over went on, "in the old days. Of course the seven miles of road to Princeton, where congress was in session. Gen. ceedingly restful and pleasant in the Berrian house, and found time to indulce in the simple social recreations of the neighborhood. Among the people he called upon was the family of "We must get rid of him, dear; he's a John Van Horn, a wealthy farmer, with whom was staying at the time the noted painter. John Dunlap. The latter, in his reminiscences of Washington, mentions the agreeable surprise among the people over the pleasant discovery that the great general possessed a liking for social pleasures and heartily as other men. It was supposed

Gen. Washington and Mrs. Washington were still living in the Berrian house on November 2, 1783, and while there the general wrote his farewell address to the little army of patriots. room, and my account book is totaled | Wa: hington left Rocky Hill at the end of November and went to Newburg to prepare for his triumphant entry with his army into New York. It is probable that he never returned to the old Berrian house on Rocky Hill, although he left behind him many interesting reminiscences of his prolonged stay

About fifteen years ago the land and house were purchased by David H. Mount, wealthy miller in the village. Later it was sold to Martin A. Howell of New Brunswick, N. J. Mr. Howell made many necessary repairs to the old Berrian house, but by the removal of the great two-story veranda in front of it, which was supported, as were those of most colonial houses of pretensions, by large, round pillars, it lost its characteristic picturesqueness. The architectural beauty of the old colonial style of house, with its comfortable, hospitable look, has been entirely lost and the house looks to-day like many other farmhouses, built for use only. It is now occupied by Michael Hines, a boss quarryman, and of Washington even more than others indeed my king, and you know that I that have lived in the house since he occupied it, and delight to show visitors through it.

> More Pathetic Than Humorous, An aged couple living south of Brazil, Ind., who had devoted their three score and ten to rural life and the making of a farm, sold their possessions for the snug sum of sixteen thousand dollars. When the purchaser called with a notary to close up the deal by taking the deed of title, the husband having signed and passed it to the wife, she positively refused to sign without a consideration, saying she had spent her life in making the farm, and ealther own and now was her opportunity. The husband failed to satisfy her and secure the signature. Then the purchaser asked to know what she would take and sign the deed, fearful that she would be exacting beyond his inclination to comply. After a good deal of hesitancy she said she thought she ought to have two dollars, which he promptly handed her, and she signed the title. She turned over the silver dollars time and time again, laughing over her good luck. She said: Well, well, this is the first money I have ever had in my life that I could to do to suit myself."

FROM THE COUNTRY.

An Old Lady's First Visit to a Great

The last passenger to leave the 4:30 train on the Michigan Central railroad after it drew to a standstill one afternoon recently was a little old weman in black. A wisp of gray hair struggled from under an old-fashioned poke bonnet, and a pair of kindly blue eyes looked out from behind her steelrimmed spectacles. In one hand she carried a huge, shiny valise, the key of which was tied to the handle with a strip of calico cloth. When she was part way up the platform she stopped with a troubled look, and watched the baggagemen toil by with their leaded trucks. Presently she dropped the valise and opened a big black fan which was fastened to her waist by a velvet ribbon. After she had waited some time, one of the depot ushers came along and asked if he could be of any service to her.

"Why, thank you, I think not," she answered; "I'm waiting for 'Dick' Rob-

The depot usher hurried on and paid no more attention to the little old woman. When he came back a halfhour later, she was still standing where he had left her, gently fauning herself with the black fan. "Has your friend come yet?" asked the usher.

"No," she answered. "His watch must have been slow."

"Did he expect you by this train?" "Well, you see, it's this way. Last summer, Dick and his wife came over to Griggsburg to visit the Cooperses While they were there they came over often to my place to get a drink of buttermilk. Well, we got friendly and Sarah told me a lot of things about Chicago, and that she coulda't, by no manner of means, get buttermilk in the city. Before 'Dick' went back he came around and says: 'Mrs. Beggs, just take a run up to Chicago next summer and visit us. Let us know when you're coming, and I'll meet you at the depot.' And so I'm here, and I've got three jars of fresh buttermilk for them in that bag."

The depot usher helped the little old woman to a seat in the waiting-room and then he searched the directory for Richard Robinson. His charge couldn't help him much because she didn't know Dick's occupation.

"All I know," she explained, "is that he's a genuine gentleman, and if he had got my letter he'd a been here." The usher made a list of two or three addresses and but the woman in charge of a trusty cabinan with instructions to find "Dick." Two hours later the driver came back with the report that his fare was delivering her buttermilk. -Chicago Record.

THOSE BACHELOR GIRLS.

How They Radiate Happiness and Have

The world has improved in one re spect. There was a time when the woman who did not marry was supposed to be a subject for jest; when it was concluded that she remained unwed because she could not do anything

Nowadays it is all changed, and the woman who does not marry has a recognized position socially, and we have all grown wise enough to knew that any woman who wishes can marry, says the New York correspondent of the Pittsburgh Press. It is true she may not marry the man she most admires, but always she can marry some man; so that if she stays out her life alone is by her own choice.

Then, too, the beautiful friendships that may exist between women are recognized, and the possibility of a home being made without a man in it is a certainty. In flats, in dainty little houses, two or three bachelor women (they don't call themselves girls), whose lives are so arranged that one can be the homekeeper while the other is out in the world, are happy and comfortable from day to day.

And better still, they are not only happy themselves, but they make less them in to share some of their pleasures. They give agreeable little dinner parties, they entertain in quiet ways, and always these women whose names are not heard in connection with votes. nor whose pictures are seen in the papers, as among those who intend to remodel the city government.

The editor of a well-known literary Take paper is one of these women, and she makes for all nephews and nieces a lovely resting-place, managing to give it all the attention required in a few hours before and after business Another, a very abode of beauty, is the home of two women friends, one a well-known actress, the other the only woman dealer in plays in this country. And there are innumerable little homes where women are bound by ties of

Queer Little Island.

A queer little island is Navassa. A | I HAVE FOUND ship load of negroes was landed in New Jersey the other day from the Paterson, hailing from this rock of four miles area, down in the Carribean, off Hayti. Hayti claims it and the United States controls it. Havti never pushed her claim. It is totally bare-all provisions are sent there, and several hundred negroes are kept at work, being shipped like the hands of a vessel. In fact, the laws of a ship are in force there, officers and all. The product, and the only one, is sold by the Navassa Phosphate company, There is no had never realized anything she could wharf or harbor, and the work is very laborious. There are frequent complaints of hard treatment from the returning crew, which is usually shipped for six months' service. The headquar-

call my own and spend it as I may wish and broke his nice new pledge.-Indianapolis Journal.

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for six months' service. The headquarters of the company are in Baltimore.

Satisfying Him.

"I have called," said the captious critic, "to find out what reason you can give for representing the New Year as a nude small boy "That is done," responded the arteditor, "because the year does not get its close till the 31st of December."

Then the captious critic went out and broke his nice new pledge.—Indi-

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