

OL' JED, TH' SMITH.

Ol' Jed Day's got a smithy on th' Poplar Level pike, Wher' he shoes th' mules an' horses, fixes wagins an' sich like, An' whenever you pass by th' place you'll hear of Jed a-singin' To th' "companion o' bellers an' th' anvil's clink-a-dinglin'." Ther's a clink-clink, clink-clink, mixin' with th' wheezin'.

Uv th' groanin' leather bellers box thet needs a good thick greasin', An' th' boy thet's got th' hannel sen's it whoof-woosh-wooshin' A-risin' up an' settin' down, a-pullin' an' a-pushin'.

I like t' stan' aroun' th' shop an' see of Jed a-workin', A-cussin' every minute jes' t' keep th' boy frum shirkin'; His shirt is wet ez water, an' th'er's droops upon his face, An' th' smell o' scorchin' hosses' hooves is floatin' 'roun' th' place, Ther's rods uv iron, an' wagon wheels, an' glowin' red coke fires.

But uv all th' things abou' th' shop, frum bellers to a-singin' To th' hoss-shoe on th' anvil a-boppin', clankin', clinkin', I'd ruther see of Jed hieself, a-workin' an' a-singin'.

—Chicago Democrat.

PLANT NO. 9,063.

My friend Wilmore told me a surprising story the other day. Doctors—and Wilmore is one-do meet with surprising cases at times. I had not seen my friend for some time when he invited me to spend a few days with him at his pretty villa overlooking the Royal gardens at Kew. On the first evening of my visit I sat with him on the balcony of an upper room. Close to us was the great palm house. "Whenever I look at that house," he said, "I think of the events of a night that I spent in it with a man who would have committed a murder had I not been instrumental in preventing him."

I did what any one else would have done—asked Wilmore to tell his story. "Don't mind if I do," he replied, "only I must not be too long about it."

"Well, it is almost twenty-five years since I settled here near this wonderful garden. I put up my brass plate and waited for patients. I could do this with little anxiety, for I had a slight income to keep me going.

"There came to Kew about the same time a colonel, his wife and his daughter. Apparently they did not intend to reside here permanently—they took a furnished house by the quarter. "I met the three of them in the gardens constantly. Like myself, they had obtained a private pass and used to enter by that little gate opposite to us. They were seldom in the gardens when the general public were admitted.

"To be candid with you, the beauty of the colonel's daughter was to me far more enchanting than the beauty of the gardens. Yes, it was a case of love at first sight.

"I am not going to describe her except to say that every man before he reaches my age experiences the sort of intoxication that I did then, and to him the beauty of the loved object is incomparable.

"The girl, I must tell you, was one of the most healthy-looking girls I have ever seen. We doctors know at a glance where health has its abode.

"I took a dislike to the colonel—naturally, perhaps, for he seemed to guard his daughter with exceeding sternness. He disliked me, too, it was plain. I shall never forget how he used to watch me and frown. Though I was in love, I was not quite devoid of reason, and could find many excuses for the man's apparent antagonism. Doubtless he wanted a quiet time, as I did. Besides, the colonel might well have imagined at times that I followed them. It had really reached that stage with me that I felt despondent when I could not see them. Of the colonel's wife I need say little—she seemed to be an unusually modest, quiet, even timid, woman.

"For two weeks I had to be absent from Kew on business.

"On returning, my first visit was to the gardens—to the rhododendron walk. They were a splendid sight, but I saw nothing of them—I was looking for a face. Just as I reached the open I saw three figures coming from the direction of the grove of bamboo.

"I fancied I betrayed my feelings a little—I could not help it. I was shocked, almost paralyzed, to see the girl, upon whose image every fiber of my brain had dwelt, supported by her mother, pale, sticky, utterly broken down in health.

"She looked at me—oh, what a pitiful look! Her eyes were unnaturally large and unnaturally bright. Her face had become thin; its color had deepened. She was plainly suffering from some sort of slow fever, a fever that was consuming her strength little by little.

"Later in the day I was at the railway station, getting some books from Smith's library. I saw the colonel at the ticket office. He was inquiring for a ticket to Holyhead. He did not see me.

"It occurred to my mind all at once that I might see his wife and daughter by themselves next day. Perhaps I should have a chance to introduce myself in my professional capacity. That night I concocted all sorts of plans. In the morning I was in the gardens early. As the time drew near that those whom I wished to see arrived I was close to their customary gate. They came in somewhat late, and I followed them. I felt mean—very mean—in doing so.

"They made their way to the quiet

est place in the gardens—the rhododendron valley. There is a fountain beside the path to it. They stopped at it. I saw the elderly lady take a handkerchief, saturate it at the fountain and apply it to the girl's forehead as she stood beneath the arching shade of a yew tree, leaning against a branch of it. Presently they proceeded slowly, I following. Fortunately there were no others at that early hour to see me. The two disappeared round a turning into the valley. As they did so I saw something white fall. When I reached it, I found it to be the handkerchief.

"Well, as I am telling the story, I had better tell it all. I put the handkerchief to my lips and kissed it. To my amazement an odor came from it that I had smelled but once before and had never forgotten. It was the odor of the Thug plant.

"It was a fortunate thing that I had traveled in the East. While doing so I met a lady, the wife of a Madras artillery officer, who told me that she was on the point of death. She described her sickness most carefully. None of her doctors had been able to cure her. She had done some service to the medicine man of the station. He was noted among his caste for skill in curing by means of herbs. He begged that he might see the lady and at last was allowed. He entered the room, looked at her, went about in an amazing manner, smelling everything on the bed, the upholstery, the rugs, curtains, blinds, and reached the window. There he pounced upon a plant that the officer's wife had for many years, having brought it from her own English home. The medicine man plucked from the pot a small weed that had not been attended to. With a cry of delight he said that the sahib's wife would live.

"I sought out the medicine man," continued Wilmore after a pause, "and after some persuasion he told me that the weed he had found was of the sort supposed to be used now by thugs instead of their former straining cord. Its odor was poisonous; was emitted only at night; must be inhaled from the plant or from some article saturated with it; that the thugs covered the plant during the night and collected the poison.

"Now, in the handkerchief I had picked up in the gardens I recognized the odor of the plant—unmistakably it was the same. I thought that the medicine man had made me acquainted with it.

"The girl, it seemed, was dying from the effects of the poison. Who could be administering it and why? Where had it been obtained? What was I to do? These questions absorbed my attention.

"I did not follow the ladies farther. To save the girl, I felt that I must not lose a moment.

"That evening the director of the gardens was to hold an at home. I decided to go, to confide in the director. It came to me like an inspiration that the Thug plant might be in the gardens. I found the director's house crowded—it was an old-fashioned place, partly in the gardens. When the host saw the urgency of my case, he arranged with some special friends to take his place in entertaining the guests. Then he listened patiently to all I had to say, making particular inquiries concerning the Thug plant.

"We have a specimen," he said. "If you come with me, we will obtain more information about it."

"In a few moments we had crossed Kew Green and entered the herbarium, having with us the curator, one of the guests. We consulted there a ponderous book and read all about the Thug plant and its properties. Then we went to a department containing a multitude of drawers, labeled and numbered. An envelope, or capsule was produced. As the curator opened it I exclaimed: "That's it! I smell it here!"

"Has any one lately inquired about this plant?" asked the director.

"The curator again consulted the books.

"There is an entry here—yes, Colonel, he called, made special inquiries about the Thug plant, and was taken to see it in the palmhouse."

"The director asked its number.

"Nine thousand and sixty-three," was the reply.

"We will go to the palm house," said the director, "and have a look at nine thousand and sixty-three and see if it has been disturbed. I believe it is a good one. It is some time since I saw it on its arrival."

"He prepared a dark lantern and the key to the palm house. We started for it. The director told me what he knew of the colonel and his family. It had occurred to me many times how little the girl resembled the colonel. She was his step-daughter, I was now told. The director's wife knew the girl's mother. She had married a second time. In a few months on coming of age the girl would inherit a considerable fortune—the reversion of her property in case of her death would be to the mother—and that," said the director, "means the colonel."

"We were going through the herbaric garden and just emerged into an avenue when we saw a figure passing rapidly into the cypress walk.

"Who's that?" said the director in a low tone.

"The colonel!" I answered, grasping his arm.

"What is he about?" he asked.

"Let us follow," I said, "and carefully. He may be after the plant."

"Down through the avenue of cypress trees we kept the colonel's shadow in view. Then we watched him passing along the margin of the ornamental water. The shrill cry of a startled sea gull made us clutch one another.

"Let us stand here," said the director. "We can watch the house well." We stood by a magnolia. The colonel, with rapid strides, made for the great house of glass. He had to cross a wide,

unsheltered space. My companion had his doubts, but the identity of the figure was now too clear.

"It's he!" he ejaculated.

"The colonel went round to a side entrance. We glided round also to keep him in view.

"Why," said the director, "he's in without a key! Some one has been bribed. We will go to the opposite door. I know where the plant is."

"We went. Outside the door we removed our boots. Taking them with us, we crept in like burglars.

"In a few moments we reached the foot of a winding iron stairway, partly hidden by creeping plants and the surrounding palms and shrubs. We ascended noiselessly.

"Presently the director caught my arm, stopped me and pointed below. There was the colonel. He was leaning against a palm trunk looking down intently at a bush covered with a white cloth.

"For five hours we remained there, striving only to ease our positions.

"As morning approached we saw the colonel look at his watch, which he had done many times, then remove the bandage from the plant, fold it, place it in what was plainly an oilskin case and put it in his pocket. He left it as stealthily as he came in. So did we.

"We followed him to his house. He opened the door with a latchkey.

"Before he could close it we were on the step. He had no time to refuse us admittance.

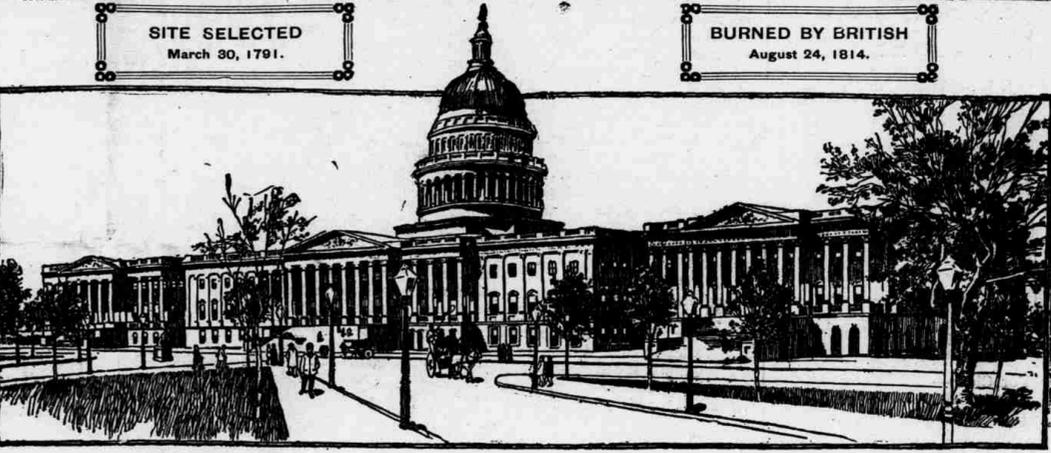
"Colonel," said the director, "we must speak to you."

"Why now?" he answered.

"He was shaking with fear. The surprise was too much for him. He stammered, lost his voice and presently lost control of his muscles also. He recognized the director, and doubtless he knew me also. We held him each by an arm, brought him into the dining-room and put him in a chair. He was in a pitiful condition. I saw what was coming on; it was paralysis of the brain.

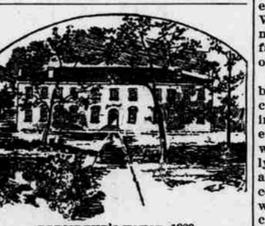
"I need not say that his stepdaughter recovered. I believe she is gossiping with the director's wife at this moment. When she returns, presently, I'll introduce you. She's my wife."—Waverley.

CENTENNIAL OF THE NATION'S CAPITAL



THE CAPITOL AS IT WOULD LOOK AFTER PROPOSED ALTERATIONS HAVE BEEN MADE. St. Louis Republic.

A HUNDRED years is a long time in the United States for a city to be able to record its existence, and when that city is the capital of the nation there will be scant limit to the imposing ceremonial which will inaugurate its centennial celebration in December next—the celebration which will commemorate the removal of the seat of government from the old capital of the early republic in Philadelphia to the newer site of the permanent government in Washington. Governors from every State and Territory will participate in the rejoicings. Men who are the bulwark of the nation will lend the luster of their presence and the fame of their names to the birth-day celebration of the city of the government. From every section of the country will come to Washington men



PRESIDENT'S HOUSE, 1800.

who rejoice in its beauty and progress and whose hearts and hopes and joys and fears are bound closely together in single unanimity of purpose, resolute belief in the certainty of the course sailed by the ship of state, the ship named Union, "strong and great." The story of the city of Washington from its conception in the mind of the republic's first President down through the change and progress of 100 years, is a fascinating record of the great men and great deeds of the country at large. Washington began corporate and national existence at the date of the establishment of the government in the unfinished wings of the primeval capital building, but long before the dawn of the new century the town had existed in the brains of its projectors. It had been preparing for some years for the advent of the lawmakers and the arrival of the eagerly welcomed packet which finally sailed into harbor on the Potomac after its eventful voyage from Philadelphia. It had even begun to count its historic associations by the illustrious presence of the man, who gave it his name, for, although Washington died at Mount Vernon barely a year before the official occupation of the city he had traveled to the shores of the Potomac to lay the corner stone of its capital in the unfinished wings of the new republic which had its temporary residence in Philadelphia.

From the date of the passage of the bill which selected the site of the Potomac as the permanent seat of the national government to the day of his death in the seclusion of Mount Vernon the new city became one of the absorbing interests of Washington's life. It was he who selected the site it now occupies. Long before the question of location was settled the father of the nation had fixed the boundaries in the calmness of his immovable judgment. He was familiar with the environment from boyhood. It was close to his home and to the dearest associations of his life and he was determined that the city should arise on the triangular plain formed by the courses of the Potomac and the Eastern Branch and their junction and stretching backward to the sheltering cover of the hills of Maryland and Virginia.

Washington was the prime mover in the selection of the new site, but he had the advice and approval of Madison and Jefferson. A meeting of the three eminent statesmen was held at Mount Vernon in September, 1790, and at its close the two associates rode off into Maryland on their jaunty horses to get the advice of a man prominent in the nation as a signer of the declaration, Charles Carroll of Carrollton, a man who owned considerable property in the neighborhood of Georgetown, and for that reason, as Jefferson wrote to Washington, he came into the plan "with a shyness not usual in him." But the venerable Marylander approved, nevertheless, and the site of the future city was secured.

The district laid out for the establishment of the national capital was originally ten miles square, five on each side of the river, and contained 100 square miles. Now that the land was secured to the government Washington's next thought was the appointment of a competent engineer and with his broad, intelligent knowledge of men and situations he quickly discovered the official for the position in Maj. Pierre Charles L'Enfant. L'Enfant was a native of France who had served with the patriot army during the revolution and, having been educated in the highest military schools of his country, he was able to assist materially in the erection of forts and batteries. After the war he had remodeled the City Hall in New York for the occupancy of the first Congress and later he performed similar necessary services on the Federal house in Philadelphia. To him Washington now turned for the planning of the national capital and L'Enfant had the trust as the opportunity of his lifetime.

While plans were fermenting in the brain of the French engineer the new capital was without a name. Accordingly at a meeting of the commissioners, at which Jefferson and Madison were present, the territory was formally christened the District of Columbia, after the great navigator who had discovered the continent, while the town was called as Washington, chief among cities as its owner was chief among men.

Work on the Capitol.

After the plans of the new city had been adopted the attention of its projectors was next turned to the erection of the building for which the town was organized and bills were requested for plans of the Capitol. The requests were answered with numerous proposals, only two of which seem to have been seriously considered by President Washington—one by Dr. William Thornton and the other by Stephen L. Hallett, the former an Englishman, the latter a Frenchman. Thornton's plan was at first considered, but while imposing and beautiful it was not architecturally accurate, and the commissioners accepted the design of Hallett. Work was at once started on the new building of Congress and the corner stone was laid by George Washington with imposing ceremonies Sept. 18, 1793.

Now that the Capitol was under way and the work pushing rapidly forward, the commissioners turned their attention to the "President's house," and a design furnished by James Hoban, an Irish architect, who was acting as supervising architect of the Capitol, was soon found to be the most satisfactory plan offered. Work was at once started on the President's headquarters. Virginia sandstone was used both for its construction and the construction of the Capitol, and both buildings were practically in readiness for the advent of the government officials in 1800, although they were obliged to confine their deliberations to the north wing of the Capitol.



PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE.

With the close of the year 1800 the personal history of the city of Washington begins. One beautiful Indian summer day in October of that year the little "buckaroo" sailed on to morning in the Potomac bearing the official furniture and records of the Congress hitherto deliberating in the case of Philadelphia. The very next day in their hired coaches of state the eminent men of the nation arrived to begin the

duties of government. They were soon quartered in the little cluster of brick offices built around the white house for the departments, and when in November the President and his wife arrived and the sixth Congress started its proceedings in the single finished wing of the new Capitol the Government circle was complete. But the head of the new capital was the second, not the first, chief magistrate of the nation—Washington had died the December previously—and it was his trusted compatriot, John Adams, who began the first official rule in the first permanent capital of the United States.

The personal side of the city of Washington had little to recommend it in those early years of official occupancy. President Adams had entered the capital a defeated candidate for re-election, and his short stay of four months was embittered by the thought of his early leaving. Society, what there was of it, was formal and ceremonious, a marked difference from the lack of etiquette which ushered in the reign of Jefferson succeeded President Adams as host of the executive mansion, and the story of his inaugural—the first inaugural which the new capital had witnessed—was scantily prophetic of the pomp and beauty of the pageant of the present 4th of March.

During the eight years of Thomas Jefferson's Presidency the White House was truly the house of the people. He was a widower when he came to the office, so the duties of "receiving lady" had devolved upon the wife of Madison, then Secretary of State—the lovely Polly of song and story, who was par excellence the "beauty" in the days when Madison was President.

The city grew but slowly during Jefferson's term of office. At its close it contained only 5,000 inhabitants, a result largely due to the continued agitation for the removal of Congress. The inauguration of President Madison was a scene of somewhat more ceremony than the lack of it displayed in 1800. Society began to flutter about the capital. Mrs. Madison started a return to the ceremonious regime of President Adams. She held levees and gave court dinners and balls, and assemblies were everywhere the rule of the hour.

In the midst of the sounds of gayety the clash of arms soon intermingled its clamor, and before the President could realize its approach war with England had been declared, the struggle known to history as the "war of 1812." Two years later Washington itself suffered the shock of an invasion. The city was in a state of almost incredible unreadiness, and when the British general and his soldiers marched up the streets of the newly built town they met with little opposition worthy of anything like the name. One after another the public buildings fell victims to the fireman's torch. The uncompleted Capitol fell first, the White House soon shared the same fate.

The British occupancy of the capital lasted only a single day, but the damage effected was incalculable. A wooden building was hastily erected for Congress, which afterward became known to fame as the "Old Capitol Prison." Madison rented the Octagon, a celebrated dwelling standing on New York avenue and Eighteenth street, in which he signed the treaty of peace with England which terminated the

war. The wings of the Capitol were rebuilt in 1817. The following year the central portion was started and the original building was completed in 1827. This early erection still forms the central division of the present imposing Capitol. The corner stone of the extensions was laid in 1851, and the whole was finished in 1867, the dome being added and completed in 1868.

The modern city of Washington dates its activity, its life and its beauty from the presidency of Gen. Grant. Up to 1871 the capital was dirty, unkempt and provincial, but from that time on Congress repented of its niggardly provision for the care of the city and money was provided for much-needed improvements. The surface of the town was leveled and drained, trees were planted in profusion along the avenues and streets, parks were laid out and



DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE.

beautified, homes and official buildings were made attractive and comely and the present era of Washington's prosperity began.

If recent plans contemplating additions to the Capitol are carried out thirty-nine rooms will be added to the accommodations for House and Senate. The change involved in the plans, however, will be in the nature of a completion rather than a mere alteration of the structure as it now stands, inasmuch as the Capitol to-day, beautiful as it is, is not a finished edifice from an architectural view point. It is, as a whole, one of the most superb buildings in the world, but it is not perfect, and one of its faults is that the dome is set over close to one edge of it, instead of being placed in the middle to give a proper balance. It is proposed to do away with this lack of symmetry by throwing out a great portico, with "aprons," in the middle of the front, to match and correspond with the porticoes of the two great wings. This arrangement, while satisfying the artistic requirement, would furnish a large amount of additional and much needed space for committee rooms and similar purposes. According to the plans, it alone would provide thirty-nine extra rooms.

Just how great the expense of the suggested alterations will be can hardly be estimated with accuracy, though it is likely to run up to a couple of millions of dollars, or even more. The Capitol has cost a lot of money from start to finish, and every change made in its architecture has involved an expenditure much larger than was originally contemplated. For example, when the two wings were ordered to be built the sum of \$2,575,000 was appropriated, and it was supposed that this would be sufficient, but in the end the bill ran up to \$8,000,000. For the construction of the new dome \$100,000 was provided, but it cost that much to remove the old one, and \$1,150,000 in addition was required to complete the job. As it stands to-day, with the grounds surrounding it, the huge edifice represents a cash outlay of nearly \$20,000,000—an investment that would have startled its original projectors.

Probably Uncle Sam will be lucky if he gets off with a disbursement of \$3,000,000 for the new porticoes and "aprons." According to the statement of the architect the items of expenditure to date are as follows:

Cost of old Capitol	\$2,750,000
Enlargement of site	685,000
Rebuilding after British invasion	700,000
New dome	1,250,000
Senate and House rooms	8,000,000
Works of art	1,400,000
Furnishings	2,750,000
New terraces and approaches	1,200,000
Improvements of grounds	500,000
Total	\$19,235,000

Daub—I see the custom house is going to tax that picture by Rubens \$27,000. Smudge—Heavens! it must have a fine frame—Cleveland Plain Dealer.