

WASHINGTON.

Against the background of the past
A figure looms.
Unneeded of enigmist,
Unheeded of iconoclast,
Fixed as the Dooms,
Though sculptors, painters, poets, strive,
And statesmen plan.
There is no art that can contrive
A monument which will survive
That simple man.

Unmindful whether sickle or flame

He touched his torch to Freedom's flame
And fed, unheeding, whose the name
That got renown—
Led on where Justice waged her fight
With Tyranny.
And in that bitter, dismal night
He set sweet Freedom's glorious light
For you and me.

Let but the simple tale be told

And far above
The reach of time's obscuring mold
A grateful world will ever hold
The name we love!
Let Truth the purposes proclaim
Of him, her son.
And man will bid his servant, Fame,
To keep forever bright the name
Of Washington.

But, brother, what of us, for whom

That light was set!
Shall greed of golden power consume
The land he beckoned from the gloom?
Shall we forget
To trim the lamp and set it high
For those to come,
And in rapacious hearts deny
Our love, e'en while our voices cry
Eulogium?

WILLIAM B. HAYES

with an even more amused air departed on his new mission. Miss Trent was not above watching keenly to see how her audacious words were received. Apparently the messenger was sent off on some other quest, for he posted away and soon returned with a young man of about 25. To her dismay Miss Trent saw General Washington and this youth start in her direction. Was she to be made prisoner for her saucy words? As they drew nearer she noticed that the young fellow carried his right arm in a sling. There was a look about his clear, blue eyes and resolute face which seemed familiar; the face resembled one which she had not seen for five years. But that small, silky mustache concealed the lines of the mouth.

"Miss Trent," said the erect, strong featured general, his keen eyes and aggressive lines of countenance softening a little under his gallant air, "you have recalled to me two friends, though Virginians, one of whom has laid down his life, as the other would have willingly done, I believe, had he not died before we struck our blow for independence, appealing from the king in the only way possible—to the god of battle. This is the son of one of them, worthy of his sire. He has been wounded by your friends. But for that he would now be courting as fast as horse could carry him to Philadelphia to apprise the congress that we have trimmed the spurs of the gamut cock in the pit. The colonies will soon see England admitting their entire independence."

"Corporal Yorkie," he continued, turning to his youthful companion, "I, knowing you to be no less a gentleman than a patriot, consign this fair Trent into your custody. I need only recall to you," he added, with a twinkle in his eye, though he retained his severe courtesy of air, "that the terms of surrender with which General Cornwallis has complied were directed by us. Any aid I may supply you for bringing this beautiful foe to terms, you, can command. Miss Yorkie, I know you, the daughter of one of my old friends, will suffer no harm from Corporal Yorkie, the worthy son of another."

He bowed and extended his hand. Miss Trent, her cheeks ablaze, grasped it and in the excitement of the moment—she had certainly spoken with all a Virginian's deference and elegance—answered his respectful pressure. He turned and was off, striding away with energetic but stately bearing.

"Mildred! We have won!" exclaimed Corporal Yorkie, eagerly stretching out his hand to her.

"Peggy! You are back! I am glad of that!" Her eyes grew suddenly moist.

With her old saucy air she hastened to say: "I am your prisoner, so I will permit you to take me to our old home. I am anxious to see what they look like. They may offer you only a smoky welcome."

She cast a quick, rueful glance around on the horribly puffed up ground and shattered look of the small village.

"Mildred, for myself I do not care if they are in ashes. I have sacrificed more than that for the cause. We have won the greatest victory of the war. It is the beginning of the end at least. Ashes are a good fertilizer. I am glad to be back, to see you again, to think of anything else, although," he went on, with a sudden change to a more serious manner, "I could work to build them up and mend our fortunes better, Mildred, with a lighter heart, if you were to share my labor, my lot, with me, though I have not much to offer you now," he added, a cloud settling on his worn face.

His simple words stirred a strange flood of emotions in the sensitive girl. Her dear old childish intimacy, this pathetic appeal of her boy lover, now a wounded gallant soldier, whose loyalty she had heard praised by the commander in chief of the colonial forces—and it was loyalty that had made her cleave to the mother country and king—the sense that one word would make the dreary void of the past five years give way to the solace of his encompassing care and protection; last, not least, the sense that the noble fellow needed her, wounded not alone in body, but in soul—oh, it was too much! There could be but one resultant to these complex emotions.

She turned toward him with smiling lips and humid eyes, put forth her hands in mock submission and said with hypocritical meekness: "I am your prisoner. I must do whatever you say, Corporal Yorkie."

"Corporal Yorkie is honored in receiving Miss Trent's submission. Now lay down your arms—E. e. kiss me, Milly, and then we will go to look at the old place, as we will face whatever else happens together."

"Oh, Peggy, look out for your arm!" It was in the fragrant gloom of the pine wood, and no one saw the second surrender of that memorable Friday, Oct. 19, 1781, when a wholesome Tory maid, unlike the scowling ranks of Cornwallis' men, laid down her arms, with a smile.

WASHINGTON A WIDE AWAKE

Habits and Dispositions of the Boy and Man.

BY E. VON KAMAN.

According to tradition, George Washington's youth was not altogether exemplary. As a boy he was awkward and shy and showed no promise of the leadership that in later life won him the first honors of his country. It is recounted that when he was about 14 years old his half brother, Lawrence, in common with the rest of the family, began to be troubled about the future of George. He seemed to show no special talent and was given to passing his time in hunting and fishing. To the widow Washington, a good, sensible woman of the old Virginia type, these seemed unthrifty occupations. On the whole, he presented rather a difficult problem for his friends to solve. A family council was held to decide his future. With his military bent the royal navy seemed to be the only course open. But his mother would not hear of it. She had been struck with terror at the tidings of the death of Thomas Fairfax, who fell during an engagement with M. Boudonay, commander of a French squadron on the Indian coast. The naval scheme was abandoned. Shortly after this the sixth Lord Fairfax came from England. He, too, was devoted to hunting and fishing. George and he often met on day long excursions and soon became very close friends. It was by the aid of loans from Lord Fairfax that George Washington was able to continue his studies and prepare himself for civil engineering.

When Washington was but a poor and unimportant surveyor, by no means handsome or distinguished looking, he found his way into the brilliant family circle of Colonel Wilson Carey, a gentleman of great wealth, who lived upon the lower James, and fell a prey to the charms of Miss Sally, one of the daughters, then a belle. Sally Carey, afterward Mrs. George William Fairfax, was the leading beauty and toast of her day. It is related of her that, passing into the town of Williamsburg late one evening, accompanied by her maid, she was challenged by an imperious sentry. Confused and surprised, she gave her own name. "Pass," said the sentry instantly, and Miss Carey hurried on, unconsciously profiting by the gallantry of the officer who had chosen the password of the night. And this beauty refused the proposal of marriage made to her by George Washington.

In the year 1754 Washington, then in command of the Virginia rangers at Alexandria, supported Mr. Fairfax in an election contest for the house of burgesses against William Payne, afterward colonel of the Continental army. On one of the rare occasions when Washington's hot temper got the best of him, fierce words passed between the two in the market square at Alexandria. Washington was felled to the earth. The rangers rushed from their barracks and surrounded Payne, but Washington dispersed them. No one knew what the result of such an encounter would be. The next day Washington sent for Payne and said with gentle courtesy, at the same time taking his hand with a hearty grasp: "Mr. Payne, to err is human. I was in the wrong yesterday. But if you have had sufficient satisfaction let us be friends." To the day of his death Payne retained for Washington a devotion and unbroken regard.

A marked trait about Washington's character was his fastidiousness in the choice of his clothes. There can be little question that he was early in life a good deal of a dandy and that his liking for fine feathers never quite left him. Year after year he planned every little detail for his tailor's directions, designating the kind and quality of cloth, the number of buttons and their respective positions, the quantity of gold or silver lace, etc. And yet in 1783 he wrote his nephew, "Do not conceive that fine clothes make fine men more than fine feathers make fine birds."

Washington was very fond of social life. His distinct weaknesses were for afternoon teas and dancing. Numerous entries in his diary vouch for the many afternoons passed in the company of ladies over the tea table. Tea was served regularly at headquarters, and at Mount Vernon it was drunk in summer on the veranda. He states that he was fond of dropping in on his friends just as the "kettle is boiling."

When on the frontier, he sighed: "The hours at present are melancholy dull. Neither the rugged toils of war nor the gentler conflicts of Assembly (Bills) is in my choice." He attended balls and "fairs" on every occasion. When he was president, he showed himself regularly at the "dancing assemblies" in New York and Philadelphia, and when at Mount Vernon he frequently rode ten miles to Alexandria to attend dances. He still danced in 1796, when 64 years old, but when, in 1799, he was invited to the Alexandria assembly he wrote the managers: "Mrs. Washington and myself have been honored with your polite invitation to the assembly of Alexandria this winter and thank you for this mark of your attention. But, alas, our dancing days are no more! We wish, however, all those who have a relish for an agreeable and innocent amusement, to all the pleasure the season will afford them, and I am, gentlemen, your most obedient and obliged humble servant, GEORGE WASHINGTON."

THE HOTEL BELLBOY.

He Plans to Have One Day of Fun and Revenge.

"Some day when I have accumulated a stake," said one of the bright bell-boys at the Blossom House the other day, "I am going to have some fun."

"What are you going to do?" a bystander asked.

"I am simply going to some big hotel in Chicago or St. Louis and live for a day," and the boy paused to let the remark sink in.

"And that's your idea of a good time, is it?" queried the curious listener.

"Hold on! I am not through yet. I am going to a big hotel with three big lifts, and I am going to make the bell-boy carry all of them up to the room for me. I won't carry even the smallest one. Then as soon as I am in my room I am going to have some ice water. I will not ring for ice water, but for a bell-boy, and after he has climbed to the fifth floor—bell-boys are not permitted to use the elevator, you know, and I shall not take a room lower than the fifth floor—when he has climbed up there I will tell him I want some ice water."

"I will drink all the ice water I can and pour the rest in a cuspidor. Then I will ring for more ice water. After that I shall order a cocktail served in my room. I don't drink, but there must be variety in my scheme. Then I will decide to take a Turkish bath and will call a boy to carry my grip down to the bathhouse. When I return, I will ring for more ice water."

"I will insist on having the same bell-boy serve me all the time, and I'll keep him chasing around until he will curse me at every step. Then when I get ready to leave and he is happy to think he shall never see my cursed face again I will give him a dollar. You know I couldn't think of putting a boy to all that trouble without rewarding him, because I have been through the mill myself. What I have just described happens to a bell-boy every day of his life—all except getting the dollar when it is over."—Kansas City Times.

THACKERAY'S TRIBUTE.

Words of High Praise From the Centennial English Novelists.

To a wide circle of readers it must be a matter for surprise that Thackeray, the confirmed and ruthless cynic whose caustic pen was turned against friend as well as foe, and held up to ridicule British as well as alien idols, had the grace and fine discrimination to eulogize Washington in the noblest language which a lofty and admiring mind could well conceive. The paragraphs here quoted are from Thackeray's famous novel "The Virginians."

The first tribute is the author's direct utterance and is brought out in the course of a historical narrative which introduces the Revolutionary period.

"It was strange," he says, "that in a savage forest of Pennsylvania a young Virginia officer should fire a shot and wake up a war which was to last for 60 years, which was to cover his own country and pass into Europe, to cost France her American colonies, to sever ours (England's) from us and create the great western republic, to rage over the old world when extinguished in the new."

The author works out the details of Washington's career in the course of the story and leaves it to two of his characters, George Warrington, an able, high minded Tory, and his brother Harry, a patriot close to Washington, to bear him out in the tribute which stands at the portal of the structure. Speaking of Washington when at the zenith, Warrington the Tory says:

"What a constancy, what a magnanimity, what a towering personality against fortune! Washington before the enemy was no better or braver than hundreds that fought with him or against him (who has not heard the mere against 'Fidelity' which his fictions captivate were accustomed to indulge), but Washington, the chief of a nation in arms, doing battle with distracted parties; calm in the midst of conspiracy, serene against the open foe before him and the darker enemies at his back; Washington inspiring order and spirit into troops hungry and in rage; stung by fatigue, but betraying no anger and ever ready to forgive; that indefatigable, magnificent in conquest and never so sublime as when he laid down his victorious sword and sought his noble retirement—a life indeed is a character to admire and revere, a life without a stain, a name which a law, 'Quia invenit parentem' (Where will the equal be found?) in that more extensive work which I have planned and partly written upon the subject of the great man, I hope I have done justice to the character of its greatest leader. And this from the sheer force of respect which his eminent virtues exerted. With the young Mr. Warrington of my own day I had not the honor to enjoy much sympathy, though my brother, whose character is much more frank and affectionate than mine, was always his fast friend in early times, when they were equals, as in the latter days when the general, as I do own and think, was all mankind's superior."

"His great and surprising triumph," continues George Warrington's eulogy, "were not in those rare engagements with the enemy where he obtained a trifling mastery, but over Congress, over hunger and disease, over lukewarm friends or smiling foes in his own camps whom his spirit had to meet and master. When the struggle was over and our impotent chiefs who had conducted it began to squabble and accuse each other in their own defense before the nation, what charges and countercharges were brought, what pretenses of delay were urged, what pious excuses were put forward that this fleet arrived too late, that regiment neglected its orders, that these cannon were not sent out in time, and so to the end of the chapter! There was a general who beat us with no shot at all at times and no powder and no money, and he never thought of a convention. He never knew capitulation. Through all the doubt and darkness, the danger and long tempest of war, I think it was only the American leader's indomitable soul that remained entirely steady."

While Washington was being discussed among a company of noted Virginians, Harry Warrington spoke of his bearing in the crisis brought about by the infamous Conway conspiracy.

"And it was here," said he, "as I looked at the chief talking at night in the silence of the camp and remembered how lonely he was, what an awful responsibility he carried, how often and how long he sat up, and how many an enemy lay in front of him who might at any time overpower him, that I thought: 'Sure, this is the greatest man now in the world. And what a great man to think of my jealousy and envy! He is a man who is walking serenely under his immense cares!'"

To this George Warrington the Tory responded: "We talked but now of Wolfe. Here, indeed, is a greater man than Wolfe. To endure is greater than to dare. Who can say this is not greatness or show the other Englishman who has achieved so much?"

TRAINING HORSES.

Preparing the New Animals For the Circus Ring.

All through the winter circus men are training the animals for new tricks for the next summer. The winter is by no means an idle time. Training horses for the ring is interesting work. The first thing done is to put the new horses in the stables with the old circus horses, to get them used to their new company, and a queer thing noticed is that the old horses are jealous of the newcomers.

A great deal of patience and time is required to train the horses to run around the ring. They are blindfolded and taught to run around the ring in a circle. The natural tendency of the horse is to run straight, and it is a hard thing for him to learn. A system of checks and lines makes the training easier than formerly.

The horse is an observant animal and apt to do what he sees another horse do, so when the blindfold is removed he is placed alongside an old trained horse, and the man who is to ride the new animal does tricks with the old ones, then tries them on the pupil. A good, intelligent horse soon learns and actually helps his rider.

Horses are very sensitive to applause and with that stimulus will do twice as much work as without. They are just as likely to lose their heads as human performers and have to be carefully watched. A well trained ring horse is easily worth \$1,000, and riders who are stars usually own their horses. The most careful attention is given these animals. Before each act their backs are rubbed with resin, which has to be washed off afterward. —San Francisco Chronicle.

The Foundation of Woman.

A small boy in the mission Sunday school of Bishop Fallows' church propounded an entirely new theory of creation last Sunday.

"Who made man?" asked the teacher, beginning as in the good old days when orthodox used catechisms.

"God," was the prompt reply.

"And how did he make him?"

"Out of dust, man; nothing but dust."

"And who made woman?"

"God made her, too, man."

"How?"

The small boy hesitated and then replied cheerfully, "He caused a deep sleep to fall upon man and then took out his backbone and made the woman." —Chicago Inter Ocean.

A New Arable Notation.

There is a city magistrate living up town who is possibly raising a mathematical prodigy in the person of his 8 or 9 year old daughter. She has only recently begun to attend the kindergarten and yet meditates changes in the system of enumeration now in vogue which, while startling, are certainly suggestive.

When asked the other day to count, she hesitated some and then replied: "None, some, one, two, three, four." —New York Times.

Too Much Sugar.

Dr. Patchen of New York says, "If every living person were to diminish by 50 per cent the amount of sugar he now consumes and maintain its use at this standard, in less than one generation the number of physicians now practicing would be diminished by one-half, and two-thirds of the present number of drug stores would be closed."

Will Power.

"As a lawyer Quibb's success is due largely to his great power of will." "Yes, I understand he has broken more wills than any other man at the bar." —Philadelphia North American.

TORY MAID.

of Washington and His Time.

JOHN J. A'BECKETT.

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THE girl stepped out of the cave and cast an anxious glance, first down, then up, the bank of the river. It was early morning, and the broad stretch of the York was beginning to catch gleams of the October sun on its slate blue ripples.

"Does not Sambo come?" she asked feverishly.

Trent's face was somewhat flushed with dark stress and her slender form was in proud determination. She strove to disguise her intense nervousness. The rattle of the musket was still. But had Lord Cornwallis silenced the colonists, or desperate attack of the Federated from him the town he held against them?

possibility of the latter brought her to her fancy again, and she once more, as she had done and times before during this siege, a sigh of complex emotion. Oh, why did not Sambo come here this morning? At the thought of this armed revolt the home government Page father had shouldered his gun and forth under the command of General George Washington.

Mount Vernon. Two years ago he had let it fall, as he sank, killed by a bullet. Then this girl of 19 had taken his father's place and for five years she had not seen him. She and Miss Aylward, her dear old friend, had been the center of so fierce a struggle, and she did not yet know whether her playmate and lover was somewhere near, flushed with victory, or—But she would not think of that!

Cornwallis had won, it might be the end. If the colonists had their fight and lost, Page Yorkie would good grace fall into his hands more—a Virginia gentle subject to the king—and life again on the old time, easy

solid two story brick house might afford shelter to the British, had offered a reward of 5 guineas to every gunner who hit it with his fire.

Miss Trent had not long rejoined her aunt, who, wrapped in a thick shawl against the chill temperature of the cave, shivered more from nervous apprehension than the autumnal air when a negro with grizzled wool shambled into view at the mouth of their retreat, his eyes rolling and his breathing showing evidence of great excitement.

"Fore de Lawd, Miss Aylward an Miss Mildred!" he panted. "Dat British general hab got to march forth an lay his whole army at de triumphant feet ob General Massa George Wah'n'ton. Bress de Lawd, we am all saved!"

"Saved!" exclaimed Miss Aylward, clasping her hands and flashing a look of indignation on the jubilant negro. "We are left as prey to this rebel Virginian, who has been the backbone of a needless uprising against his king. My child," she added bitterly, turning toward her niece and using the very phrase with which Lord North later heard the news of Cornwallis' surrender, "all is lost."

"Be just, at least, aunt," retorted her niece, with spirit. "From all I have heard General Washington is more likely to be conquered by ladies than to be their harsh oppressor. He hangs rebels to his own cause, but I do not fancy he will harm women simply because they have not cast off allegiance to their king. Besides, Page Yorkie may be among these very troops who have won, and after the unbounded devotion of his father and himself to the cause, he should have some influence with General Washington."

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