

AMERICA'S GREATEST NEW YEAR'S DAY.

(Continued from first page)

"What?" she cried in a tone of consternation, rising to her feet. "Is that a trick or a joke in her eye? Eljah, ever insincere, like all of his class, was ever suspicious."

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celebration of the day and the times at hand. The spy also told of the attempted assassination, but Washington paid little attention to the story.

"I saw him outside the window. He was leveling his musket at you again, general."

"Why do you seek my life?" asked the great commander sternly, but calmly.

"The wretch, standing before Washington, with the hand of the captain upon his shoulder, told the dreadful, shameful tale.

"It was a glorious New Year's day," mused General Washington.

"We start for Virginia in the morning, with your permission, general, and a year from today I hope you will be in my arms."

"Alas, a year from that time the emerald was still raging. Lydia Darrah had died, and Alexander Williams had been captured by the British and hanged as a spy."

"Near by the camp, a sleeping young officer, a great favorite of Washington, had almost recovered from a wound in the leg received at the battle of the Brandywine."

"Flee, gentlemen, father says that dinner's ready now, sir." And she bowed.

"The voice awoke the sleeping officer, who asked: 'Is it so late? Ah, me! What a New Year's day we'll have next year, my general!'"

"The young officer arose slowly and with pain, and, leaning on the arm of the tall commander in chief, they passed out into the hall.

"A prisoner, general; says he is the nephew of Mrs. Lydia Darrah and that he has important information which he will impart only to yourself."

"A guard of three soldiers, one barefooted, approached with a tall, brown, blond young man a little the worse for liquor."

"Are you General Washington, sir?" "I am, and I am told that you are the nephew of an esteemed friend of mine, Lydia Darrah."

"The same, sir. Now am I free?" "What the man fears."

"The way to take me, general, is to hand me back my musket."

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION. Timber Land Act, June 3, 1878. United States Land Office. Roseburg, Oregon, November 26, 1902.

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