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AN OLD WASHINGTON STATUE.

It Was Purchased by Contributions from New York School Children.

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There is now on one of the most picturesque spots on Manhattan island a statue of George Washington which has an interesting history. The statue stands in Riverside crescent, and is to the lower end of Riverside drive what the Grant mausoleum is on a grander scale to the upper. The figure stands with its back to the Hudson, about eighty feet above the tide. General Egbert L. Viele, who saved the statue from oblivion, told me about it as follows:

"This piece of statuary is a life size representation of Washington. The first thing you notice about it is its apparent smallness. It shows the pater patriæ to have been a much smaller man than everybody supposes. That is because all his statues are either heroic or colossal. In exalting his character the people have magnified his person. It is so the world over with military and political heroes. In person Washington was not a man of gigantic proportions by any means. This is a truthful counterfeit, if I may use the paradox. It is one of five which show him as he was. All others make him out a man of heroic build. Suppose you look up his biographies and see if you can find in a single one of them a specific description of his person, with reference especially to his weight and stature.

"The original of this effigy is in the capitol at Richmond. It is by Houdon, the celebrated French sculptor. Houdon was given the commission through Thomas Jefferson.

"He stripped his subject to the buff and made a plaster cast. It is the only perfect model ever made of Washington. The result was the statue at Richmond.

"Some time before the rebellion the general assembly of Virginia authorized a German sculptor—Gunther man by name—to make a duplicate of the Houdon statue, and from this four casts were made. One of these is the statue in Riverside drive. Just after the war the sculptor's widow brought it to New York and placed it on exhibition in one of the public halls. She wanted to sell it to the city for one of the parks. Her price was $10,000. It was very cheap for such a piece of art, but the offer was declined by the city authorities, and it was finally decided that a subscription should be opened among the children of the public schools to make up the purchase money in sums of a dime or less. After considerable exertion $5,000 was raised, and there the matter stood until the widow agreed to accept that sum and to give a bill of sale to the city.

THE WASHINGTON STATUE.

"The authorities now accepted the statue, and ordered it to be placed in a storage room in the park with a lot of rubbish, and there it remained something like twenty years. When I became president of the park department this statue came under my notice as I was inspecting the city's property of which I was to have charge. It was covered with dust and was hardly recognizable. Its history had been forgotten. No one knew what it was or how it came there. The Tweed regime was past, and new people were in. Finally I found an old clerk who knew, and he told me of it.

"We were then laying out Riverside park and decided that the statue should be placed in the little crescent where it now stands. A number of residents along the new park joined me in a subscription, and we brought a block of granite from New Hampshire and had a pedestal made. When the pedestal was ready the statue was dedicated. It was on a Fourth of July. Children to the number of 500, detailed in military form from the various public schools, carried out unaided on that day the programme that had been begun before any of them were born. The school commissioners and 5,000 other citizens, with Cappa's Seventh regiment band, assembled at the crescent, and the children united in anthem and song and oration to complete in their own way the programme of inauguration. The little girls were dressed in white, and the boys were all bright and decently clad. Every girl and boy carried a little flag of the country, and they all marched in procession two and two, singing and scattering flowers about the statue as they passed. The scene was the most interesting and touching of any I ever beheld. And thus the statue was dedicated."

Soil is now being hauled from Fort Washington, more than three miles up the river, to complete a bastion front for the statue, and congress will be asked to donate two or more Revolutionary cannon to place at the angles. This fort was the first geographical point to be named for Washington, and there is not a square foot of its soil but was consecrated by the blood of Cadwallader's noble Marylanders and Pennsylvanians when they made their final and hopeless stand, a Spartan band of 3,000, against the king's army, seven times as strong. General Viele originated the idea of making the bastion front with this soil. It will be when completed an exact duplicate of one of Alexander Hamilton's bastions at the old fort.

EDGAR BRACE.

Is the Husband to Blame?

I do not agree with so many who pronounce the genial, pleasant husband a myth. He is not, but he is sadly in the minority. Without being partial to my sex I believe it is generally the fault of the husband that the wife lacks animation when in his presence. A woman to be agreeable, charming, delightful must have an incentive, and there is no greater one to be found than the innate feeling that the person with whom you are thrown is waiting anxiously for your opinion and watches your every expression and gesture with loving glances.

Why, I have known the harshest voice and most abrupt mannerisms to soften and refine under such tutelage. Love! It is all powerful—a woman needs it; must have it to grow and develop. What does she care about politics if she feels that an expressed opinion is likely to subject her to ridicule? What interest is she going to take in the current events of the day when she must needs go away from home to discuss them? Strangest of all strange things, once upon a time this woman's word was law, and the man who does not now care a ha'penny what she thinks, in days gone by hung upon her words as if they were so many pearls of wisdom.

Undoubtedly the women have a right to complain, for man's indifference to the woman whom he has chosen for a life partner is made to furnish a background for two-thirds of the word pictures drawn. The stage seems to revel at the fact. Unwholesome jests are tossed about in airiest fashion. Poetry and prose have many a fling at the luckless being who has wagered her all in the chance game of matrimony only to lose.—Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.

Rough, but Kind.

Immediately after I had left the emigrant train I am told that I looked like a man at death's door, so much had the long journey shaken me. I sat at the end of the car, and the catch being broken and myself sick and feverish, I had to hold the door open with my foot for the sake of air.

In this attitude my leg barred the newsboy from his box of merchandise. I made haste to let him pass when I observed that he was coming, but I was busy with a book, and so, once or twice, he came upon me unawares.

On these occasions he most rudely struck my foot aside, and though I myself apologized, as if to show him the way, he answered me never a word. I chafed furiously, and I fear the next time it would have come to words; but suddenly I felt a touch upon my shoulder, and a large, juicy pear was put into my hand.

It was the newsboy, who had observed that I was looking ill, and so made me this present out of a tender heart.

For the rest of the journey I was petted like a sick child; he lent me newspapers, thus depriving himself of his legitimate profit on their sale, and came repeatedly to sit by me and cheer me up.—"Across the Plains."

Hints on Social Calls.

In the evening a young society man should don his best suit of clothes and most attractive boutonniere and go to call on some charming young lady friend; arriving at the house and making himself thoroughly comfortable upon a divan bolstered up by artistic cushions, and as the result of an active day of business life which he has left behind he should yawn, 'twould be better to so well disguise it as not to be seen. But having felt all the relief one can feel from having a "good old yawn," and having been observed by his hostess, then he should, with all the fortitude born of an emergency, yank himself from the too comfortable divan and resolve himself by all the gods not to yawn again. Not having done so, perhaps the aforesaid charming young hostess would conclude she had made a greater success at entertaining him.—Galveston News.

A Common Experience.

The awe with which the small boy looks upon a retired mariner is probably due to the marvelous experiences the mariner remembers to have had. An example of this extreme marvelousness came up recently in the course of a conversation between a lad of six and an ex-sea captain.

"Captain Skaggs, did you ever get your leg bit off by a shark?" asked the boy.

"Did I, sonny?" he replied. "Did I? Well, rather! Dozens of times!"—Exchange.

Samson's Strength.

Little Dot—That is a picture of Samson. Hasn't he awful long hair?

Little Dick—That's wot made him strong.

Little Dot—Why?

Little Dick—I don't know, but I guess it's because he never went to a barber shop. Papa says barbers talks folks half to death.—Good News.

A Gastronomic Feat.

Here is an extract from a recent novel: "Husband and wife ate on together in silence. There was manifestly an ill feeling between them. The husband devoured a plate of soup, half a fish, a piece of roast beef and a slice of plum pudding without ever once opening his mouth."

A ST. PATRICK'S DAY EPISODE.

How a Degenerated Poet Managed to Secure a Loan from C. M. Depew.

Mr. Chauncey M. Depew attends the dinners of all the various national societies—Scotch, English, Irish, Welsh. He always has an appropriate story with which to garnish his speech. He related the following experience at a St. Patrick's Day dinner some years ago:

I walked out of the New York hotel and up Broadway today. When I came opposite the Old London Street building a middle aged man accosted me. He looked as if he had seen better days. His clothes were very old fashioned and the top button of his shiny coat answered for both necktie and scarfpin.

In a Celtic accent he said:

"Mr. Depew, that building over there is a travesty on the old streets of London."

"Is it?" said I, looking straight ahead and quickening my pace. He quickened his pace, too, and he kept up with me. I couldn't get away from him.

"They tried to represent the ould London streets," he went on, "and the places where Sam Johnson and Oliver Goldsmith and Edmund Burke and all them byes used to spind their toime. But they were away off. I know the streets of ould London and I know all about them byes, Johnson and Goldsmith and Burke. Ah, that was a great period in British history whin thim byes lived."

"You were not contemporaneous with them, I suppose," said I, glancing at his clothes.

"Oh, no, but I know all about them. In that ould London street they were represented as being all the toime in the commercial part of the city. Now that's all bosh. Goldsmith knew nothing about commerce. He could not even sell his own manuscripts. Sam Johnson had to sell them for him, and then he didn't know what to do with the money after he had got it."

"This is St. Patrick's Day," I remarked.

"Yis, I know it is," said my companion. "Fingal and Ossian wrote about St. Patrick. I say, Mr. Depew, Homer was not a Greek."

"Wasn't he?" said I.

"No, sir. I have looked that up."

"You must be in the literary line yourself," I said.

"Oh, yes; I am a poet, and, if I do say it myself, my poetry has been read on both sides of the Atlantic."

We had reached Fourth avenue by this time, having walked up Broadway to Eighth street, and through Eighth street. I stopped to wait for a Fourth avenue car, and turning to the poet said: "Well, my friend, how much is it? What is this going to cost me?"

He looked pained and said: "Well, I am sorry you look at the matter in such a commercial spirit. But as I have been out of work about two months, and there is no demand for poetry just now, I think about fifty cents will do."

"But this is St. Patrick's," said I.

"I remember that, but I don't drink anything but coffee."

"Oh, well, if you don't drink anything but coffee twenty-five cents will do, and there it is."

I handed him a quarter and jumped on the car, and the last I saw of him he was standing in the same spot looking after the car and wondering.

Two or three days later, when the story had been published, the man called upon Mr. Depew and borrowed five dollars on the plea that his accidental encounter with the orator had supplied the incident which saved Mr. Depew's speech.—New York World.

Exhilarating Sport.

Iceboating is a glorious sport, but to go "icing" with a novice at the tiller would be the maddest thing a human being ever could do.

My face soon grew accustomed to the stinging wind, to the blustering tempests of snow, and soon I was shouting aloud with Ralph, "Run us through another drift, cap'n; another, another! Head us for the wind and let's get that terrific sweep again!" But our voices were lost in the roar of elements, though the "cap'n" knew now that he had two danger mad, venturesome spirits aboard, so he gave the old Reindeer her will, and she dashed, plunged, flew, the swiftest, wildest thing that ever chased and distanced time, just to make a holiday for two young "Canucks" who loved nothing better than life and laughter.—E. Pauline Johnson in Outing.

Doleful Friends.

It is well to remember that the conservation of dissipation of nervous force is partly within our own control. There are certain persons, for instance, who are veritable parasites upon their friends. They come to you repeatedly with the same tale of physical suffering or domestic trials, and make such constant demands upon your sympathy that you experience a distinct sense of exhaustion and depression. Physicians testify to many a case of nervous prostration due to this very cause.—Congregationalist.

The Voice of Pessimism.

"Things never does go right in this world," said the pessimistic hired man. "Bobwire fences didn't come in until after leather pants had gone out o' style."—Indianapolis Journal.

JOHN HOEY'S NERVE.

How He Got the Better of a Sportsman Who Trespassed on His Property.

I heard a good story yesterday about the late John Hoey.

Hollywood, as every one knows, was the apple of his eye, his ambition being to make it the most unique place of its kind in America, if not in the world, and on Saturdays he loved to roam over the property, inspecting it thoroughly and seeing whether his instructions had been carried out during the week.

On such occasions he generally wore a suit of shabby old clothes and a disreputable looking hat, and was almost always accompanied by a favorite fox terrier. The consequence was that he was frequently mistaken for one of his own workman, and a mistake of this kind led on one occasion to the following curious encounter:

One morning he heard shooting in the woods at the rear of his residence, and, going to the spot, he found a sportsman shooting a quail. Pointing to a conspicuous sign, "No shooting or trespassing allowed," Mr. Hoey asked the sportsman if he had seen it.

"Yes," was the reply, "but old John won't know the difference."

Mr. Hoey wore his shabby old suit of clothes, and, naturally enough, the sportsman never imagined that he was in the presence of the owner of Hollywood. The latter did not undeceive him, but said carelessly, "That's a very fine gun you have."

"Yes," was the reply, "it is one of the latest make. I paid $220 for it. You see it is hammerless."

"Is that so?" said John Hoey innocently. "Well, well, that's the first hammerless gun I ever saw."

Thinking that he might like to examine the gun the sportsman handed it to him with the remark, "Look out; she's loaded."

"So much the better," was John Hoey's quick reply as he stepped back and pointed the gun at the sportsman; "it will cost twenty-five dollars more to get it from the justice of the peace. So old John won't know the difference, eh? Now git."

And in the twinkling of an eye the sportsman vanished.—New York Herald.

Scottish Longevity in Last Century.

In spite of a low scale of comfort in Scotland during the last century health was fairly well maintained, and there were many cases of extraordinary longevity. Govan, in 1795, was a village of 224 families, and though water was allowed to stagnate on each side of the highroad that served as the only street, the people were healthy and lived long. At Forgan, in Fife, there lived a man over ninety on St. Fort, the estate of Colonel Lindsay. The colonel asked him how many lairds of St. Fort he had seen, when he replied, "Six, and I hope to see the seventh." "What! do you wish a change of lairds?" "Oh, no, but I suppose there would be no objection to the coming home of a young laird?" The colonel had lately married. At Montquhitter, Aberdeen, a neighbor condoled with Mary Crookshank, ninety-nine, on the loss of a daughter, and observed that she herself would soon follow. "Aye, fat fey (doomed to die) token do 'ee see about me?"—Toronto Empire.

Anxious to Sell.

Miss De Classic—I should like to look at some music; not new music, like this on the counter, but old music—real old.

Store Boy (anxious to assist)—Yes'm. That on th' top shelf is jus' black with fly specks, an I guess they'll sell it cheap.—Good News.

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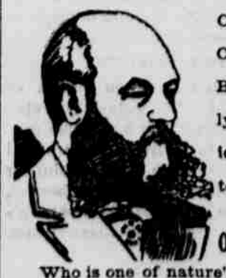

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