

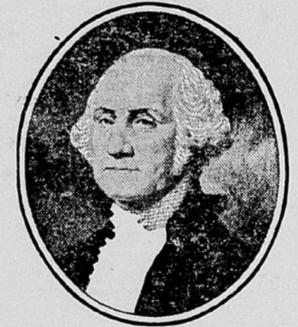
To The Shade of Washington

By RICHARD ALSOP.

[From "A Poem; Sacred to the Memory of George Washington, Late President," etc., written in the year 1800.]

EXALTED Chief—in thy superior mind
What vast resources, what various talents joined!
Tempered with social virtue's milder rays,
Ther patriot worth diffused a purer blaze;
Formed to command respect, esteem inspire,
Midst statesmen grave, or midst the social choir,
With equal skill the sword or pen to wield,
In council great, unequalled in the field,
Mid glittering courts or rural walks to please,
Polite with grandeur, dignified with ease;
Before the splendors of thy high renown
How faded the glowworm lusters of a crown,
How sunk diminished in that radiance lost
The glare of conquest, and of power the boast.
Let Greece her Alexander's deeds proclaim,
Or Caesar's triumphs gild the Roman name,
Stripped of the dazzling glare around them cast,
Shrinks at their crime humanity aghast;
With equal claim to honor's glorious meed,
See Attila his course of havoc lead!
O'er Asia realms, in one vast ruin hurled,
See furious Zingis' bloody flag unfurled.
On base far different from the conqueror's claim
Rests the unsullied column of thy fame;
His on the woes of millions proudly based,
With blood cemented and with tears defaced;
Thine on a nation's welfare fixed sublime,
By freedom strengthened and revered by time.
He, as the Comet, whose portentous light
Spread baleful splendor o'er the glooms of night,
With chill amazement fills the startled breast,
While storms and earthquakes dire its course attest,
And Nature trembles, lest in chaos hurled,
Should sink the tottering fabric of the world.
Thou, like the Sun, whose kind propitious ray
Oppes the glad morn and lights the fields of day,
Dispel the wintry storm, the chilling rain,
With rich abundance clothes the smiling plain.
Gives all creation to rejoice around,
And life and light extends o'er nature's utmost bound.

Though shone thy life a model bright of praise,
Not less the example bright thy death portrays.
When, plunged in deepest woe, around thy bed,
Each eye was fixed, despairing sunk each head,
While Nature struggled with severest pain,
And scarce could life's last lingering powers retain;
In that dread moment, awfully serene,
No trace of suffering marked thy placid mien,
No groan, no murmuring plaint, escaped thy tongue,
No lowering shadows on thy brows were hung;
But calm in Christian hope, undamped with fear,
Thou sawest the high reward of virtue near.
On that bright meed in surest trust reposed,
As thy firm hand thine eyes expiring closed,
Pleased, to the will of Heaven resigned thy breath,
And smiled as Nature's struggles closed in death.



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The Other Miss Elenor

A STORY FOR WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY
By Zelia Margaret Walters

ELIZABETH came down the walk with hands folded complacently and shining eyes fixed on the hem of her frock. She walked sedately, because her sense of dignity forbade skipping for joy, as her feelings inclined. No wonder delight possessed her. For the first time, in the two years since father had gone to the war, she wore a gown and cloak and hood without a patch, to say nothing of stout new shoes and warm homespun petticoats.

Mrs. Noble, the captain's wife, had noted with kindly eyes that hard for-

were approaching a lonely part of the way, and Elizabeth walked faster; the man kept close behind her. She started to run, but before she had gone far his hand was on her shoulder.

"Not so fast, little mistress. You must walk with me now, and I will take your hand, to make sure of you. Do not fear. You will not be harmed if you are a good child."

Nothing more was said, and a little farther down the street he led her into a house. There were three men in British uniform in the room they entered. They whispered together a few



"NOT SO FAST, LITTLE MISTRESS. YOU MUST WALK WITH ME NOW."

tune had assailed the absent soldier's little family. Her latest bounty had been to invite Elizabeth to the house, whence she issued clad in a complete outfit of little Miss Elenor's garments. Elizabeth's heart was full of grateful thoughts.

"I do so desire to serve Mrs. Noble," she said, softly. Then her mind went back to a strange thing that occurred. While Mrs. Noble was fitting the garments on her they had heard the voices of two men in an adjoining room. The lady went quickly to the door and the voices became silent. Who could they be? Capt. Noble was with Washington; it could not be he. And yet rumor spoke of the daring and skill of the captain in venturing into this very city, British possessed as it was, and gathering valuable information for his beloved general.

But Elizabeth's attention was attracted at this moment by a man who seemed to be following her. She was a brave, quick-witted child, but her heart beat faster as she perceived that the man was in British uniform. They

minutes and then the oldest one, a kindly looking man, said:

"Where is your father, child?"

"With Washington, sir," came Elizabeth's answer promptly.

"Ah, yes! But when did he visit you last?" said the soldier.

"Never since he went away, sir."

The men whispered together again. One of them seemed angry.

"I tell you the little rebel is lying," he said, fiercely.

"Nay; but perhaps the captain's shrewd wife does not let the child know when he comes home," said another.

Then Elizabeth understood instantly why she had been brought here. She had come from Mrs. Noble's house and was dressed in little Miss Elenor's clothes. The men had taken her for Miss Elenor and were trying to find out about Capt. Noble. In her loyal heart she resolved never, never to betray her friends, not even if the soldiers killed her for her silence. If she spoke at all she must tell the truth, for she had been taught that a lie was so terrible a thing that no re-

spectable person would tell one under any consideration.

"Tell us how your father looks," said one of the men.

"He is taller than you and far more comely," said Elizabeth, promptly.

"He has blue eyes and brown, curling hair and a mustache."

"I believe the child lies," cried the suspicious one again. "I have been told that the captain is dark."

"Sir," cried Elizabeth, "I would not tell a lie to save my life, nor for anything in the world."

"You are over-suspicious, Dale," said the elder man. "These little rebels are strictly brought up and regard truth as a jewel. Here, child, will you affirm, as God is hearing you, that you will tell only the truth?"

"I will," said Elizabeth, pale and trembling.

"At what time did your mother send you to bed last night?"

"Very early, sir; before eight o'clock."

"Did you hear anything after you were in bed?"

"Yes, sir."

"What was it?"

"I was awakened by hearing someone ride up to the door."

"Did your mother talk to the person?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did the voice sound like your father's?"

"No, sir. How could it be my father? He is with Washington."

"Did the person come in?"

"No, sir."

"Are you quite sure?"

"Yes, sir. I heard him ride away again."

"The slippery rebel has escaped us again," muttered one of the men.

"Who do you suppose this person was?" the questioner went on.

"I think it was Peter, the fish man," said Elizabeth; "he often stops on his way home to sell mother some fish."

One of the men laughed at this, and one muttered an oath. After conferring together for a moment they prepared to go out.

"We will go straight to Squire Thornton's," said one; "if he left home last night he is almost sure to be there."

"Please may I go, sirs?" said Elizabeth.

"No," said one, "you must remain here till we return," and they went out, locking the door after them.

Poor Elizabeth sat there for some time fearing to move, but when the dusk began to deepen, she resolved to try to escape. This was no hard task to the active child, for the windows were unbarred and she soon climbed to the ground. Without pausing, she ran to Mrs. Noble's house. The lady herself came to the door.

"Dear Mrs. Noble," Elizabeth gasped, "I don't know whether the captain is here or not, but if he is don't let him go to Squire Thornton's to-night, because the British soldiers are going there to look for him."

Mrs. Noble drew her in the house and soon heard the whole story. She left the room quickly and when she returned she folded Elizabeth in her arms and said: "Heaven bless thee, my child." Then in a moment she added: "But you must go home now. Your mother will surely be anxious about you."

Black Pompey, a faithful house servant, was sent as an escort this time, and Elizabeth reached home in safety. They found the mother greatly concerned over her daughter's long absence, but when she had told the story of her experience, the mother voiced her thankfulness, and praised Elizabeth for her tact and for her firmness in telling the truth.

From that day on Mrs. Noble was Elizabeth's firm friend, and the little girl's name at the big house was "The other Miss Elenor."—Ladies' World, New York.

Washington on Partisanship.

There is an opinion in free countries that parties are useful checks upon the administration of the government and serve to keep alive the spirit of liberty. This, within certain bounds, probably is true, and in governments of a monarchical cast patriotism may look with indulgence, if not with favor, upon the spirit of party. But in those of popular character—in governments purely elective—it is a spirit not to be encouraged. From their natural tendency it is certain there will always be enough of this spirit for every salutary purpose. And there being consistent danger of excess the effort ought to be by force of public opinion to mitigate and assuage it.—Washington, in His Farewell Address.

HE HAD TRIED IT.



Billy—Oh, say, lets go up der and chop dat tree down. And when pap wants ter know who de guy was dat did it, I'll say 'twas me, pap; den p'raps de ole man will gib me a dime for not lyin' to 'im.

Jimmy—Naw, yer don't git me inter dat little game. I tried it on dad last year, and I never got sich a lickin' in me life.



Some Doubt About It.

"Do you think your father is pleased with your engagement to me?" he asked.

"I'm just a little uncertain as to that," she replied.

"Has he said anything about it?"

"Not directly, but after your interview with him the other evening he looked at me a long time very solemnly and then said: 'And I always thought you were a girl of reasonably good judgment, too.'"

—Chicago Post.

Strategem.

"I understand that close political friend of yours has been taking money from the opposition," said the alert politician.

"Yes," answered Senator Sorghum; "he and I talked the matter over. All he had to do was to make a few promises, and we concluded that the more of the opposition's money we could get the worse it would be for the opposition."

—Washington Star.

The Brute!

Mrs. Grumbly—What is the difference between exported and transported?

Grumbly—Well, my dear, suppose you were on board a ship that had just sailed for China and I remained at home.

Mrs. Grumbly—Yes; and then—

Grumbly—Then you would be exported and I would be transported.

—Chicago Daily News.

The Rose.

I sent a white rose and a red. To her I loved, and wrote: "If I may hope, I pray you wear to-night the rose that's pure and sweet and white; Or if you wish my love to die, And if you love another, wear The red rose that I send, and let Me know my sorrow and forget, And try to love again somewhere."

That night she smiled: I hoped to see The white rose I had called my own, And looked, as she was passing me— She wore a yellow rose alone.

—Chicago Record-Herald.

A TECHNICAL TERM.



Tiger—I guess it's almost time those poker players fed the kitty.—Chicago American.

The Rosebud.

I found a rosebud yesterday. Its tints were rich and soft and rare; Though balmy June is far away, I found a rosebud yesterday— It was her mouth—she let me lay My lips upon the petals there— I found a rosebud yesterday.

Its tints were rich and soft and rare. —Chicago Record-Herald.

Perfectly Right.

Miss Candour—I hear your engagement with Mr. Flightie is broken.

Miss Mugg—Yes; I have cast him off.

Miss Candour—Perfectly right. A man who spends all his time with other girls, and doesn't call to see his affianced wife once in six months, ought to be cast off.—N. Y. Weekly.

An Unmistakable Sign.

Mrs. Naybor—Well, what did your husband say? Is he going to give you the dress?

Mrs. Naybor—How did you know I had asked him?

Mrs. Naybor—I couldn't help noticing the bad humor he was in when he started to work this morning.—Catholic Standard and Times.

Rapid Change of Mind.

Mrs. De Mover—Good gracious! This is the noisiest neighborhood I ever got into. Just hear those children screech!

Maid—They're your own children, mum.

Mrs. De Mover—Are they? How the little darlings are enjoying themselves!—Tit-Bits.

Unsuccessful Diplomacy.

"I offer you my love," said the young man, with bitterness, "and you offer me your friendship and good wishes! No, Pulsatilla, there can be no such reciprocity as that between us two!"

"So, then," said the young woman, coldly, "it's annexation or nothing, is it?"—Chicago Tribune.

The Holder of a Record.

"How sick I am to hear people prate about college educations being failures. Just see what that young Harvard man has done!"

"Well, what has he done?"

"Beaten the world's record in a potato race."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

An Unfair Proposition.

Bill—I'll bet you haven't got a dollar you'll lend me until to-morrow?

Jill—Now, here, it's not fair to bet on a certainty, you know.—Yonkers Statesman.

The Back View.

"But none of the other girls seem to admire my new dress."

"Is that so? Turn around. I didn't realize it was so pretty as that."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Mr. Peck Again.

"Dear me!" said Mrs. Peck, who was reading the paper while Henry waited patiently for a look at it.

"Here is a case of a woman who packed up all the furniture and left home while her husband was away at work, and now he can find no traces of her."

And Henry's face lost its expression of patient resignation, taking on the light of a great and buoyant hope. For he had read that women were sometimes influenced by what they saw in the papers.—Baltimore American.

Her Specialty.

A woman of drives men to drink. With her prattle and her jargon; Perhaps she cannot drive a tack. But she can drive a bargain.

—Chicago Daily News.

WRONG SORT OF DONATION.



"I have called, sir, to see if you will contribute to our Home for Incurrible Children?"

"Yes, rather! There's three of mine upstairs you can take at once, and I'll send the other two round as soon as they come home from school!"—Ally Sloper.

Working by the Day, Perhaps.

"The world wasn't made in a day," 'tis said.

"Which proves to my thinkin', begob," said Pat, "that wise Providence didn't contract."

To do a year's work be the job!" —San Francisco Bulletin.

No Woman Wrote Them.

"Why did the court refuse to accept that woman's letters as evidence?"

"It was decided that they were not genuine."

"Didn't the handwriting experts declare that she wrote them?"

"Yes, but there was evidence to the contrary."

"What was it?"

"The letters contained no postscripts."—N. Y. Herald.

Fair Bargain.

Uncle Benjamin—What yoh gib me foah mah hoss.

Rastus—Ah'll gib yoh a load o' hay; dat's a fair bargain.

Uncle Benjamin—Yoh give me a load ob day? An' what d'you expect Ah'll do wid de hay an' no hoss to eat it?"

Rastus—Ah'll len' you d' hoss till he's got it eat up.—N. Y. Times.

Two of a Kind.

Platform of a railway station at a Highland village. Train just arrived.

Tourist (to porter)—You don't seem to have many passengers to-day, Dugald?

Porter—Och, no; fery few, fery few. Only just the minister and another auld wife.—Tit-Bits.

Contrast.

This world is a scene of transitions By which we are woefully vexed. It's a beautiful snow for one minute And it's horrible slush the next.

—Washington Star.

HER PRIVATE OPINION.



Softleigh—"I nevah pwetend to know things I don't know. When I don't know a thing I always say: 'I don't know.'"

Miss Cutting—Quite right, Mr. Softleigh; but how very monotonous your conversation must be.—Chicago Daily News.

There's the Rub.

"To speak the French tongue isn't hard. The trouble," said he, "is that I find it is in making the French understand it."

—Philadelphia Press.

Ready to Bolt.

"My grandmother," she said, "was married when she was 15 and my mother when she was 17."

"Do you think," he asked, edging a little nearer to the door, "that this sort of thing can be hereditary?"

—Chicago Times-Herald.

Cause of Worry.

He—You know, if you worry about every little thing, it's bound to affect your health.

She—Yes, I know. That's one of the things I worry about.—Chicago Tribune.

Does All the Talking.

"She enjoys conversation, I believe."

"She thinks she does, but as a matter of fact she doesn't know the difference between conversation and a monologue."—Chicago Post.

FOR NELLIE'S SMILE.

BY S. E. KISER.

From the famous publishing house of Fizz, Boom, Ah & Co. we have received advance sheets of the great historical novel, "For One Sweet Smile From Nell," by Elsie Barker Smiggs, a society belle of East Saginaw. Nell Gwynne has been told by an old gypsy that she will smile upon a certain great man, and that from that day she will live in queenly luxury and be the happiest lady in the world. Nell thinks the matter over and decides that she owes it to herself to have as many great men as possible around her on the day set apart for the fateful smile. She therefore sends word to Louis XIV. of France, Cardinal Richelieu, Henry of Navarre, Cesare Borgia, the duke of Alva, Peter the Great and Oliver Cromwell to assemble at a certain place for her smile. She goes to Charles II. and tells him personally of the matter, making him promise to accompany her to the place agreed upon and contend against the others for her favor. Now we proceed to the chapter in which the great contest takes place:

"It was drizzling rain and a grayish vapor hung over the world, as if myriads of spiders had been spinning webs that enveloped everything. The duke of Alva was leaning against an abandoned pigsty, carelessly rolling a cigarette, while Cesare Borgia paced nervously up and down the sandy shore of the bay.

"Why so restless, cousin?" said the duke, striking a match upon his beautifully wrought sword hilt and turning his back to the wind in order to shield the little flame he held up to the cigarette.

"Don't bother me. I'm thinking, Cesare replied, and resumed his nervous pace.

"A moment later Peter the Great and Louis XIV. rode down the winding road from the forest at the left, their bedraggled plumes drooping dismally as they came.

"My kingdom against your own," cried Louis, "that I win the lady's smile this day."

"I'm no gambler," Peter answered, "but I'll tell thee, brother, what I'll do. If I don't win the lady's smile I'll let thee take my boots to put upon thy valet."

"Agreed," cried Louis, "and if I fail to win this English rosebud's favor I'll give to thee the jeweled collar that I wear to put upon the neck of thy boss cook."

"Richelieu and Henry of Navarre arrived in a buckboard as Louis and Peter were dismounting, and Borgia, coming up from the shore, proposed that while waiting for the English party they indulge in a game of poker. He had slipped a few aces up his sleeves while the others were not looking.

"Agreed!" cried Louis. "Get out the chips."

"The duke had opened his satchel and was searching for the jeweled box in which he carried his poker outfit when Peter pointed toward a gayly decorated yacht that was steaming up to the dock and said:

"And it was as he had guessed. Charles ran lightly down the gangplank as soon as the vessel had been tied up, and having spread his scarlet overcoat upon the landing called:

"Come, Nellie, the boys are waiting."

"Then forth stepped fair Nell Gwynne, and as the shore men on the barge beheld her a chorus of 'Ah's' ascended from them.

"Hold!" cried Nell. "I forbid any quarreling here to-day. Gentlemen, you have come to win my smile. The contest mustn't be anything but friendly. If you kill one another with swords you've got to do it friendly, or if it's a foot race or a fist fight it's got to be done friendly."

"Louis bowed low, and the others followed his example, after which the contests began. Borgia and Henry of Navarre opened with a catch-as-catch-can wrestling match, which continued for about ten minutes with no apparent advantage on either side. Then Cesare, getting one of Henry's fingers in his mouth, bit it off, and was ruled out of the match for conduct unbecoming a sportsman.

"The next round was between Alva and Peter, who were to climb two greased poles. It became apparent at once that the Spaniard was overmatched. Peter's experience as a shipbuilder here served him in good stead, and at the end of 20 minutes he was at least three feet higher than his competitor, who, seeing that his case was hopeless, gave up.

"Good for you, Pete," cried Nell, clapping her hands as the czar slid down. But alas! Peter's triumph was of short duration. As he struck the ground his sword again became unmanageable and in some way caught his coat, ripping it up the back and jabbing him so badly under the left arm that he had to retire.

"