

CROSSING THE DELAWARE



AND so, you'd have me tell the tale My father oft told me! A story of the days when pale

Hope fled, and misery stood stark and grim before that band Of men beyond compare— The tale of Washington the grand, Who crossed the Delaware!

One Christmas night, long years ago, When shrilly cold winds blew, And through the darkened air the snow On frozen pinions flew, A little band of patriot souls Stood brave and fearless where In leanness and anger rolls The fretful Delaware!



Nor ice, nor storm, nor cruel blast Can hold these heroes back; They have resolved: the die is cast For freedom's cause! A track Of blood upon the snow they've left From shoeless feet and bare; Of all life's comforts they're bereft, Beside the Delaware.

But "Onward! Onward!" is the word Their brave commander speaks When thro' the storm his voice is heard Each son of freedom seeks To do his bidding; put aside Is every woe and care— There's victory o'er the icy tide, Across the Delaware.

On through the gloomy, stormy night With hardships dire they cope—"For God, and native land, and right!" Their watchword and their hope; Until at last, all cold and dark, They greet the morning glare; Safe thro' the tide they've reached the bank Across the Delaware.

And then, nine miles beyond they go, With steady, solemn tread, To where the hated Hessian foe Sleep in their drunken bed Aroused from dissipation's doze In wild surprise they stare, And conquered, give their swords to those Who crossed the Delaware.

This, children, is the story true Of noble, fearless men; And may its lesson be to you A guide and solace when Storms hover near, my brave grandson, And you, granddaughter fair— Press onward, till the victor's won Across Life's Delaware.

—George V. Hobart, in N. Y. Herald.

George Washington's "BUFDAY."



GEORGE WASHINGTON! You George Washington, you! Ef you don't come 'long here when I call yer'll take a bresh broom ter yer, sah, dat I will!"

Aunt June stood in the cabin doorway calling, shrilly and sharply, to a boy at that moment reluctantly making his way to the cabin from the direction of the "spring branch" that skirted the field in the low ground.

"Come 'long here, sah! Don't you see I'se waiting?" George Washington obeyed reluctantly, however: for it was the season of the year when trout were biting. The small rod and bucket that he carried told, silently, the story of an interrupted minnow excursion, preparatory to a day's fishing in Duck river.

His mother wore her best dress, a bright magenta skirt and a brown wadded waist; a bonnet of curious shape and colors, and a pair of very white, home-knit gloves. A long, brown barege veil floated majestically from the bows and blossoms of her bonnet.

A large market-basket and a tin bucket covered with a clean white cloth stood on the doorstep; a crazy little cart with a white mule nodding between the shafts waited at the gate. In lieu of leather reins a white cotton rope passed from the bridle bit to the seat upon which Aunt June was preparing to mount.

"Is yer goin' ter town, mammy?" said George Washington, with a rueful glance in the direction of the waiting wagon. His black face expressed better than words his heart's disappointment at the unexpected disarranging of his plans.

"Co'se I'se gwine ter town! How's de butter gwine git dar ef I ain't fetch it? Huccome yer reckon hit's gwine walk dis day, stiddy waiting far me ter fetch it same's udder days? You's ter stay right in here wid de baby till I git back. Does yer hear? Ef de baby cries gib her de biscuit on de shief; and don't let her fall in de fiash. Does yer hear me? Why'n yer answer me, George Washington?"

as he was called on ordinary occasions, began to whimper. Since the baby was born he had been its nurse; not a willing one always, but always a faithful one. To-day, for the first time, the rebellion took a tearful turn.

"Shet up, I tell yer, and ten' ter dat chile. Po' little sister; ain't yer shame yersef?" "Won't yer fetch me a stick of striped candy?" sobbed Wash, seeking to make the best of an unpleasant duty.

"I'll fetch a stick ter stripe yer back ef I hear anudder word fum yer; see ef I don't. Shet up, I tell yer." If the rebellion was bitter, it was short-lived. Before the crazy little wagon had creaked out of sight Wash was squatted beside his sister, industriously stuffing her with the big biscuit that had been provided for her refreshment.

Aunt June, sailing into the county town in all the grandeur of her own turnout, soon forgot all about the children in the cabin at home. George Washington was to be relied upon, she knew, and so she gave herself no further uneasiness on the subject.

Aunt June always went to town in style. The big basket went along for style, too, for Aunt June was not neglectful of her reputation, which was large among her acquaintance. The curious old bonnet bobbed many a mild "good morning," as the old mule jogged along the lanes or the white turnpike.

As she neared the town, however, the bows became less cordial and a trifle—just a trifle—condescending. The reason was soon made known to the white mule.

"Dese trilling town niggers!" she muttered. "Dey-all 'ud ruther lay about town in rags, and go 'arf-starved, ez ter go ter de country, whar dey's plenty ter eat and drink, too. De lazy lot ob 'em! Jest look at 'em—eight erlock in de mawning, and not a bressed thing ter do!"

Aunt June was a thrifty soul, as was



"SHET UP, I TELL YER, AN' TEN' TER DAT CHILE!" Uncle Jake, her "ole man." There were seven pounds of fresh, yellow butter in the tin pail at her feet, in exchange for which she would bring many a comfort to the cabin that she and Jake had bought with their own savings; the deed of it was safely registered in the clerk's office in town.

Aunt June scowled, grunted, and then sighed for the less fortunate ones of her race; but as she said, the town negro had no love for the quiet country life that had been her prosperity.

The wagon had passed through the last tollgate when Aunt June spied an acquaintance among some workmen who were repairing a bridge over which her team must pass. She pulled up the mule and beckoned the man to her. He came promptly, and stood with his hand upon the mule's back while passing the compliments of the day.

"How you do, Mis' Pennin' ton?" said he. "I ain't see you in a long time." "I'se toler'ble," was the reply. "You-eh well?"

"Toler'ble. Gwine ter town dis mawning, Mis' Pennin' ton?" "Yes, sah. I hab some butter ter fetch in, and some groceries ter fetch out. Pears lack dey-alls at home keeps me toler'ble busy gwine in town fur groceries; but Jake and de chillen ain't hearty, and so am I; so we ought ter be thankful fur dat, I tell 'em."

"Yessum, dat you ought. Plenty hab got de health and de appetite whar ain't got de groceries, I tell yer, Mis' Pennin' ton. Dat dey is."

"Dat am a fac'," said Aunt June, giving the big basket a turn. "Pears lack you-alls toler'ble busy ter-day." "Yessum; we's trying ter finish dis here bridge ter-day, because we don't work ter-morrer. Hit's George Washington's bufday."

Aunt June straightened herself with a jerk: "What dat you say? Hit's whose bufday?" Instantly the negro assumed the grandeur of enlightener. "Hit am de bufday ob George Washington; de—"

"Shet up! You reckon I don't know what he wuz? Yer think I ain't got a scrop of sense. Telling me 'bout George Washington's bufday? I say it!"

"I heard it ober in town," said the negro. "Des listen at dat, will somebody?" cried Aunt June. "What town got ter do wid George Washington, I'd lack ter know? Talking 'bout de town saying hit 'uz George Washington's bufday!"

The negro broke into a laugh. "Well," said he, "it am de sho' fac'. Dey say—"

"Shet yo' mouf. I don't want hear none yo' big talk. I wonder ef yer takes me fur a fool, or a what? Letting on I don't know when's George Washington's bufday! Hit ain't no mo' his bufday dan it's mine. I reckon I ought ter know when George Washington wuz bawn. I reckon I wuz dar at de bawning."

The negro broke into a laugh so loud that his fellow-workmen looked from their work to smile encouragingly, and wonder what had tickled him so. He stumbled back to them bent almost double, and holding his sides with both hands, laughing until the tears chased each other down his dark, furrowed cheeks.

To him it was a great joke. He supposed Aunt June had merely disputed the question in order to prove herself not lacking in the general knowledge of the day. But when she stated, "as a clincher," he said afterward, that she "was there," the joke became so funny that he could not contain himself.

Aunt June gathered up her lines and clucked to the white mule. "Git up dar!" she exclaimed. "You's getting ez lazy ez one of dese here town niggers; dat you is."

The mule started off rather briskly, but not too briskly to let Aunt June hear the parting shot from the bridge: "Look out, folks; look out. Dar goes de olest 'oman in de worl'. Look at her well. You ain't gwine nebber

And for the life of her she couldn't help saying it just as the people in town had said it; as something that everybody ought to know. Whether these knew or not she was not to divine, since the same reply met her at each repetition of the announcement: "Yessum."

She was planning a great feast; she meant to make a cake and stuff it with raisins. "He ain't no onery nigger, dat boy ain't," said she, as the white mule plodded patiently homeward.

Little Wash couldn't understand his sudden rise to greatness, though he very cheerfully washed the potatoes, killed and picked the hen, and was told that he might beat the whites for a cake the next day.

"A cake fur yo' bufday dinner, son," his mother told him. That night when his father came home Aunt June asked him if he couldn't get off from his work next day and eat dinner at home.

Hit am George Washington's bufday," she explained again in the town tone. "I done been getting de chile up a bit of nice victuals."

Uncle Jake scratched his head and pondered. "Ole 'oman," said he, after a pause, "you's mistookin, honey, 'bout dat. Ter-morrer ain't Wash's bufday. Wash 'uz bawned in de summer time. Don't yer rickerlet de threshing?"

"Yes, sah, dat I does. But de town folks dey all say ter-morrer 'uz George Washington's bufday. Dey all wouldn't hab it no udder way. De very niggers on de pike say it 'uz George Washington's bufday. And seeing they wouldn't hab it no udder way I jest stepped round ter Marse Tom's office and ax him. Kase I know ef Marse Tom say it so, it am so. So I put my head in de do' and says I: 'Marse Tom, what's ter do ter-morrer?' or something mighty lack dat. And says he: 'Hit am George Washington's bufday.' Den I come 'long and kilt a hin; kase I know it mus' be so den, aldo I reckeklet it ain't so."

Uncle Jake tilted his chair back and broke into a laugh. "Ole 'oman," said he, "you're all wrong 'bout dat. Dey wuz talking 'bout anudder George Washington. I heered all 'bout dat long 'go. Dey wa'n' meaning we-alls' po' little Wash here."

Aunt June's eyes flashed for a minute; only a minute, however, and she ducked her head to laugh. "I done kilt a hin," said she, "and it's got ter be eat. George Washington am gwine hab dat bufday. He been mighty handy heping 'bout de baby and all, and he kin hab two bufdays dis year well ez not. Dey ain't no sech gre't difference 'twix de twenty-secken of Feb'rery an' de twenty-ninth of July, ez I kin see. Seed de reessuns, son, fur de cake; hit's fur yer bufday dinner ter-morrer."—Will Allen Dromgoole, in Youth's Companion.

The black face wore a puzzled expression. "Yer don't sasso." "Why, yes," said the merchant, smiling, "why shouldn't it be? We all love George Washington, Aunt June."

"Yes, sah; yes, sah; sholy; ter—be sho'." She finished her trading and went out to arrange her packages in the cart: she was puzzled; she didn't at all understand what it all meant; yet there was a pleasant something about it, too. "Dat chile sholy been and done something and not let on ter we-alls, his pappy and me," was her thought. Then in her honest old heart she felt a twinge of regret for her anger at the bridge; she wondered if the old negro could have been right after all.

"Hello, Aunt June! Must be going to celebrate George Washington's birthday from the number of your packages. Been buying yourself rich?"

There it was again, George Washington's birthday; she heard it everywhere. The very banks would be closed, she heard somebody say; and the post office would be open but an hour a day. Clearly it was George Washington's birthday.

To be perfectly sure about it, however, she determined to step around to "Marse Tom's office," and ask about it. Marse Tom was once her husband's old master, and he would be pretty sure to tell her the truth.

"Marse Tom," said she, thrusting her head in a moment at the door, "what am de incasion ob all de incitement in de town ter-morrer?"

"It is George Washington's birthday, Aunt June. Come in and get warm," said the master, without looking up from the paper he was busily preparing for the court that would convene the next week. But Aunt June was gone; she went straight back to the grocery.

"Ef dey's all detarmint ter hab it so, I reckon it am got ter be so," she declared; and she bought back a pound of the butter she had sold, two pounds of cheese, and a dozen sticks of striped peppermint candy.

"Ef ev'body else ain't gwine be grudge de chile de celebrating, I reckon sholy his own mammy ain't gwine do dat," she said. "I'se gwine straight home and kill a hin."

She felt relieved in crossing the bridge to find the workman gone. "I don't want hear no more of that nigger's mouf," said she. "Lack ez not he'll be thinking I don't know de bufday ob my own chillen."

She made several convenient stops on the way home, however, and at each stop explained why she was imposing so upon the mule.

"Dey's a lot of things in de cart, to be sho'," said she. "But hit am George Washington's bufday."

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THE SAME CASE, WITH A DIFFERENT ENDING. This boy, Tommy Max, who is getting the whacks For chopping his father's plum tree, Couldn't well tell a lie when his dad asked him why; And he "didn't do a thing to him!"—see? —It is estimated that in the German empire there are 7,500,000 milch cows.

FLAG OF GREECE

Floating Undisputed Over the Island of Crete—Foreign Troops Landed to Restore Order, But No Help Given to Turkey.

ATHENS, Feb. 16.—The latest advices from Canea say that a heavy battle is in progress. The Christian insurgents are making a vigorous attack upon the fort with artillery, but the Turkish resistance was successful up to last accounts, although the engagement was sanguinary on both sides. The Turkish authorities at Canea have begged the commanders of the foreign fleets to land men and occupy the town. They have telegraphed to their respective governments for instructions, which, as yet, have not been received.



LATEST PICTURE OF THE SULTAN.

Serious fighting is also in progress in other parts of the island, with varying fortunes, between the Moslems and Christians. The Greek people are in a state of frantic excitement, and are unanimous for war. King George has really no choice in the matter of the bellicose policy, which has been adopted. The feelings of the people are beyond control, and there is little doubt that the king would be driven out of the country if he ventured to oppose them.

CANEA, Feb. 16.—The commanders of the British and other foreign warships stationed here have informed Prince George, commanding the Greek torpedo flotilla, that they have received orders to prevent the occupation of the island of Crete by Greece and if necessary to use force to carry out these instructions.

ATHENS, Feb. 16.—Advices received here from the island of Crete announce that the "corps of occupation," consisting of infantry, artillery and engineers, numbering 1,500 men, which embarked at Piræus Sunday, have landed at Platanias, 14 kilometers west of Canea. The warships of the powers, these advices also state, had previously landed strong detachments at Retimo, Heraklion and Canea.

When the announcement was made here that the corps of occupation under command of Col. Vassos, chief, had landed in Crete, demonstrations of the wildest joy were indulged in by the populace.

A dispatch from Canea states that Col. Vassos has issued a proclamation to the Cretans and has demanded that the Turks surrender.

CANEA, Crete, Feb. 16.—One hundred men each from the Russian, French, British and Italian fleets at Canea, and 50 Austrians have been landed, under command of an Italian officer, and have occupied the city, the Turkish officials having given their assent to the step. The flags of the nations represented by the occupying force have been hoisted upon the ramparts of the fortress.

PARIS, Feb. 16.—In the chamber of deputies Monday M. Hanotaux, minister of foreign affairs, replying to an inquiry by M. Jaures regarding the situation in Crete, said that the status of affairs in that island was such as to render a public exhibition impossible. M. Jaures expressed his dissatisfaction with the reply of the foreign minister to his request for information and demanded that the Cretan affair be discussed at once by the chamber. Thereupon M. Meline, the premier, declared that such action was impossible, as the discussion would necessitate the divulgence of secrets which are not France's alone and demanded that the consideration of the matter be adjourned, and this course was adopted by a vote of 383 to 70.

LONDON, Feb. 16.—The Standard Tuesday prints a dispatch from its Athens correspondent saying that the powers have decided to supervise the execution of a new charter for Crete, the chief feature of which is the autonomy of the island under the joint rules of the powers.

The Standard's correspondent further says that he has been assured by a Greek official of high position that Emperor William of Germany used his influence very largely to effect this solution of the matter, which is hailed with delight and the crisis is considered to be over.

Corbett Starts for Carson City. SAN FRANCISCO, Feb. 16.—James J. Corbett started for Carson City Monday afternoon, accompanied by his trainers, Billy Delaney and Jack McVey. The early part of the afternoon he spent in a handball court, where he played several games with his brother Joe and James J. Nealon. Afterward he put on the gloves and boxed four rounds with McVey. Walter Watson, boxing instructor of the Olympic club, and Aleck Gregrains are much pleased with Corbett's condition and believe he will win.

Mandate in the Jackson-Walling Case. FRANKFORT, Ky., Feb. 16.—The mandates in the Jackson and Walling cases were issued late Monday afternoon by the clerk of the court of appeals, who will take them over to the governor Tuesday morning. The governor is very busy right now over matters connected with the alleged mismanagement of the asylums, and may not take up the matter of fixing the execution lay at once, though he may do so Tuesday, as he knows the wishes of Sheriff Plummer, and it will not be necessary to delay the matter for a conference with him or other Campbell county officials.

FIFTY-FOURTH CONGRESS

Second Session. WASHINGTON, Feb. 12.—SENATE.—The diplomatic and consular appropriation bill, carrying an aggregate of \$1,095,308, was passed after some caustic remarks by Mr. Morgan (dem., Ala.) on an item of \$50,000 for a man proposed for the states of Nicaragua, Costa Rica and Salvador. An agreement was reached to have the vote on the conference report to the immigration bill taken at 4 p. m. next Wednesday. At 1:30 the senate went into executive session on the article of the calendar and continued to sit with closed doors till 4:45 when it adjourned.

HOUSE.—A displaced semi-colon in the bill providing for the refunding of the bonded indebtedness of the several territories was the innocent cause of a wholly unexpected debate on the monetary question in the house Thursday, lasting two or three hours. At Mr. Knox's suggestion the semi-colon was replaced by a comma. On Mr. McMillan's suggestion the bonds, other than the Arizona gold bonds named, were made payable in the lawful money of the United States, and the bill was then passed. The sundry civil appropriation bill for the year ending June 30, 1898, was reported by Mr. Cameron and placed on the calendar.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 12.—SENATE.—A joint resolution was introduced Friday, declaring the Clayton-Bulwer treaty of April 19, 1850, abrogated. The joint resolution went over till Saturday, Mr. Morgan announcing his purpose of then addressing the senate upon it. The question of the right of the congress to recall from the president sent to him for his approval (except to correct an error in engrossment or enrollment) came up again Friday, and was under a resolution offered by Mr. Hill (dem., N. Y.), referred to the judiciary committee for examination and report.

HOUSE.—The day was devoted to the consideration of the post office appropriation bill. An effort to strike out the provision for special mail facilities between Boston and New Orleans was defeated, but an amendment to the section was agreed to making this service operative between New York and New Orleans. This allowed a reduction of about \$23,000 in this appropriation, leaving it at \$17,128. One or two amendments of minor importance were agreed to, and the bill passed. The sundry civil appropriation bill was taken up and its first reading begun. The house adjourned until Saturday, doing away with the usual Friday night session.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 13.—SENATE.—The discussion of the arbitration treaty by the executive session Saturday took the course of a constitutional debate. It was precipitated by the presentation of an amendment by Senator Turpie, of Indiana, to the first article of the treaty, providing that all questions be submitted to arbitration, to be considered and proposed by the treaty-making power, the president and the senate. After a long debate the amendment was voted down. Adjourned until Monday.

HOUSE.—Representative Cummings, of New York, has introduced a resolution requesting the secretary of state to give the house of representatives any information he may have concerning the incident of the stripping of three lady passengers on board the United States mail steamer Olivette, in the harbor of Havana, by Spanish soldiers and detectives. The resolution recites that the alleged occurrence was described in a New York paper. The resolution was referred to the committee on foreign affairs, and a report is expected in a few days.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 16.—SENATE.—Monday the bankruptcy bill came up as the unfinished business. The senate substitute for the bill was read in full and a substitute for the 16 sections was offered by Nelson (rep., Minn.). It was not read. The bill was then laid aside. A conference report on the senate bill to provide time and places for holding terms of the United States courts in Utah was presented and agreed to. The house amendments were concurred in. A conference report on the legislative, executive and judicial appropriation bill was presented and agreed to.

HOUSE.—The sundry civil bill was passed Monday. Senate amendments to the agricultural appropriation bill were non-concurred in and sent to conference. The bill was passed to supply the national guards of the various states and territories with modern Springfield rifles of 45 caliber in exchange for their present rifles; extending the time for the completion of the St. Paul, Minnesota and Manitoba railway; and a bill to authorize the secretary of the navy to furnish a naval or other ship to transport to India certain supplies donated by western states for the relief of the starving poor of that country. The bill to provide for the adjustment of claims of the United States against the state of Tennessee and the claims of the state of Tennessee against the United States was defeated—yeas 55, nays 41, two-thirds being necessary to pass the bill.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 17.—SENATE.—Senator Chandler (rep., N. H.) spoke for three hours Tuesday in support of his resolution declaring it to be the sense of the senate that the United States should not permanently acquiesce in the single gold standard. The bankruptcy bill was taken up and Mr. Hoar (rep., Mass.), chairman of the judiciary committee, pleaded for it in a half hour's speech. No action was taken, and the senate at 5:20 p. m. adjourned.

HOUSE.—A number of house bills granting pensions, which had been amended in the senate, were laid before the house and the amendments agreed to. A bill was passed upon recommendation of the committee on patents, regulating and making uniform the jurisdiction of circuit courts of the United States in cases of infringement of letters patent. The rest of the day was spent in consideration of private pension bills, about 25 of them being passed.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 18.—SENATE.—After a four hours debate in the senate Wednesday the conference report on the bill to amend the immigration laws was agreed to by a vote of 34 to 31. As the report had been agreed to in the house, the bill as modified in conference now goes to the president. It adds to the classes of excluded aliens all persons over 16 years of age, who can not read the English language, or some other language except that admittable immigrants may bring with them, or send for, illiterate parents or grand parents (over 50 years of age), wives and minor children. It also prohibits from employment on public works aliens who come regularly or habitually into the United States for the purpose of engaging in any mechanical, trade or manual labor, and who have not made declaration of intention to become American citizens. The secretary of the treasury, however, may permit the entrance of aliens for the purpose of teaching new arts or industries. And the act is not to apply to persons coming here from Cuba during the continuance of the present disorders there.

HOUSE.—By a very decisive vote of 96 to 38 the house Wednesday affirmed its intention to abide by the policy of limiting pensions for widows of general officers to be paid month and grading from that sum down for widows of officers of lower rank. The conference report on the legislative, executive and judicial appropriation bill presented by Mr. Bingham was agreed to. The principal changes made were in the provision for the congressional library. As agreed upon, the bill authorizes the president to appoint a librarian and superintendent, who must be confirmed by the senate, shall receive \$5,000 a year each, and appoint the subordinate in their respective departments—187 all told. The bill carries a total appropriation of \$21,717,767.

Shot From Ambush. KNOXVILLE, Tenn., Feb. 18.—John Heck, manager of the Royal Coal and Coke Co., was shot by an unknown assassin from ambush and killed Wednesday afternoon at Coal Creek. The murderer is being pursued in the direction of Careyville. The deceased leaves a bride of four weeks.

Mrs. Knopf Commits Suicide. NEW YORK, Feb. 18.—The report is confirmed that Mrs. Samuel Knopf, who was recently sued for divorce in Cincinnati by her husband, a well known clothing dealer of the queen city, has committed suicide.