

**THE HOME OF WASHINGTON.**

[The following lines were written on the back of a picture at Mount Vernon by Rev. William L. G. ...]

There dwelt the Man, the flower of human kind,  
Whose virgin mild bespoke his nobler mind.  
There dwelt the Soldier, who his sword ne'er drew  
But in a righteous cause, to freedom true.  
There dwelt the Hero, who ne'er killed for fame,  
Yet gained more glory than a Caesar's name.  
There dwelt the Statesman, who, devoid of art,  
Gave soundest counsels from an upright heart.  
And, O Columbia, by thy sons revered,  
There dwelt the Father of the realms he loved.  
Who ne'er felt to make his right a prize,  
Like other sages, the means himself to raise;  
But there residing, loved in pure renown,  
And felt a pleasure that disdained a crown.  
—"Beacon Lights of Patriotism."

**HUMBLED.**

Three centuries ago an old Latin city slept on the border of a great blue gulf over which the scattering sails floated like lazy birds, and in whose clear depths were mirrored the green hills crowned with half ruined temples of gleaming marble. The inscriptions of the conquering Caesars were yet clear upon its massive walls, along which paced watchmen whose chanting cries mingling with the tolling of the monastery bells marked the flight of the hours between the darkness and the dawn. There were great aqueducts traversing the landscape and broken columns shining white through the foliage of venerable trees, telling of the faroff time when the gods reigned yet on Olympus and the city was in Aphrodite's keeping. Surrounded by olives and summer pines, clinging to the summit of a granite cliff high up where the eagles spread their mighty wings, the nine proud towers of the chateau of Pierrefee peered the sky.

But the place was sad since the day when its lord had departed to wage war upon his enemies and had given up his soul in a valiant but losing fight. He left to mourn him a maiden who was his widow without having been his wife, who had known no other caress than the kiss of adieu which he had pressed upon her forehead as he rode away.

This maiden was called Bathilde, and she was very beautiful. Her skin was white as the petals of a lily. Her eyes were blue, and the light in their profound depths was as changeful as the tints of clear evening skies in autumn. Sometimes they shone hard and cold, chilling the heart; then they would brighten magically and exert such subtle influences over those on whom they rested that the roughest hearts would be drawn to her. Her neck was like a slender ivory column, and around it she wore a thread of gold whose ends were joined by a great amethyst. Her hair was dark and soft as a silken mesh, and there were coppery gleams in it where the sunlight fell. When uncuffed it hung almost to her slender feet, covering her like a splendid mantle.

She loved no one. She seemed as cold and passionless as a statue with folded hands carved upon a tomb. The poor people, the vassals who tilled the soil, the merchants of the city, the clerks and soldiers, all feared and hated her because she was inexorable in her unjust and wicked decrees, which made their lives a burden. She was proud as any pagan empress in her radiant, splendid beauty, so much so that she scarcely bowed her head during the elevation of the host, and not once had she accused herself of a fault or knelt as others did before the white robed monks who officiated in the chapel by the donjon.

And the angels who watch over the souls of mortals, and who traverse the trackless fields of air as lightly as some wandering strain of music mounts upward from the earth despaired, seeing her so deeply sunk in her sinful pride, blossoming like a pale rose in a gloomy desert place, and they resolved to chasten her.

Late one afternoon in the time of harvest, when the air was full of the drowsy hum of insects, and the wind was stilled, as the distant sea reflected the sunset glory of the sky before the poster of the chateau appeared a band of cavaliers with dusty armor and gleaming lances. At their head upon a charger which pawed the ground and neighed was he whom the courts of love had named Foulques the Fair.

Indeed, with his broad, powerful shoulders, his tall figure and godlike face and clustering golden curls framing his low forehead, the lord of the isles and of Theoule shone in the twilight beautiful as a rising star.

From a window, drawing aside a corner of one of the panes of colored velvet, Bathilde, trembling, fascinated, her hands pressed upon her loudly beating heart, regarded the unknown guest that the fates had sent her. What was this madness which pervaded all her being, which gave her an almost irresistible impulse to throw herself upon the broad bosom of this man, whom she had never seen before that sweet, resplendent summer evening, which made hungry for love her maiden heart? She blushed. For the first time she feared she was not beautiful enough in her somber robes of widowhood.

During his stay in the chateau she

entertained him with as much magnificence and formal preparation as if he were king or pope. She regaled him with sumptuous banquets and made herself humble before him. For his amusement she would have burned the city and the ships straining at their mooring rings, and she used every art she knew to keep him with her and turn his thoughts from war and fill his heart with her increasing love.

And Foulques loved her in return as much as she worshiped him, suffering himself to listen to her voice, clear and vibrant as a violin, instead of to the call of duty, and dreamily gazing into the fathomless depths of her glorious eyes, where his image was reflected. He felt that he could not live without Bathilde, and she knew that she would die of grief if parted from him.

One day messengers came to him with tidings that the infidels ravaged once more in Provence, destroying the cities and fields and carrying the people into slavery. Then the lord of Theoule, without daring to turn his head, remounted his charger, and in silence and tears the lovers parted.

Long time, unweariedly, without vain lamentations, straining her poor eyes until they grew dim with watching from dawn till twilight the always empty road and changeless horizon, Bathilde awaited the return of her heart's lord.

Days and weeks went by, yet no tidings came. Seated at the window from which she had first seen him in the shadows of the summer evening, she wept in silence, and so many and bitter were her tears that twin farrows showed themselves in her cheeks. She slept no more, but wandered through the vast halls and the forest like an uneasy spirit. She became, little by little, so thin and pale that her garments hung fluttering upon her. She felt neither hunger nor thirst, and her brain held no other thought than that he loved her no more or was dead, and her heart grew lifeless under this double wound.

She ordered thrown into the sea all her mirrors of silver and of steel. The reflection of her face frightened her like that of a specter. She started at the least noise and grew faint with apprehension whenever a band of horsemen showed itself at the turning of the highway. In person she questioned every pilgrim and traveler and beggar that came to the castle gate. Kneeling upon the hard, cold flagstones of the church, she prayed to God and the Virgin and the saints with ardent fervor for the return of him she loved. She emptied her coffers in alms and pious donations to the abbey and the monks. She arrayed the images of the Virgin in her robes of silk and brocade, giving with such lavish haste that she was soon reduced to clothe herself in coarse cloth and went as miserably clad as a beggar.

One day, after she had given until she had nothing more left to bestow—neither ring nor golden belt nor sack of coins—a monk, escaped by a miracle from the Moors, told her that the lord of the isles, surprised in an ambush, as was of old the valiant Roland at Roncesvalles, alone against a hundred and weakened by ten wounds, had fallen into the hands of his eternal enemies, and that they demanded for his ransom a thousand golden pieces and ten boxes of precious stones.

What could she do? How could she gather so much gold and jewels? He lived, he pined for her. He felt but the one passion every hour, and she could not succor him. She could not find such a sum. After reflecting two days and nights, fasting alone like one who walks in sleep, Bathilde descended to the city.

It was Palm Sunday. The bells rang full peal. The sun shone from a cloudless sky upon the calm, blue sea. The pennons adorning the masts of ships fluttered joyously in the gentle breeze. In the city's streets and squares and along the harbor wall the fresh, bitter odor of broken olive and laurel branches and the scent of sweet marjoram floated upon the soft, warm air of the morning. Maidens were singing. The common people were in gala dress. But as the crowds came to the great open porch of the cathedral—all—soldiers and priests, commoners and nobles alike—gathered about a single object.

Kneeling among the wretched mendicants, the crippled, the insane and the blind, into whose eyes no longer entered the blessed daylight, was a woman, pale as one who has been stricken dead with shame and horror. She held out her hands imploring alms in a voice broken with sobs, begging the ransom of Foulques the Fair.

All knew the supplicant. They elbowed each other to catch a glimpse of the haughty Countess Bathilde, who had been so hard and merciless, who had abused them as if they had been beasts, who had ruled over them as the proud towers of her castle seemed to over the land and sea.

Growing bald, believing her mad, they assailed her with insults and railing. They derided her as they threw in her face pieces of copper and bits of flint and burst into laughter at her figure bent in anguish, and her fevered, staring eyes, where the wells of tears had run dry.

But suddenly her features, her hair, her poor garments shone with a dewed splendor, and there was a sound in the sky above her like the beat of mighty wings. The copper coins turned to broad pieces of shining gold, and the

flints became flaming sapphires, rubies and amethysts. About her head blazed an aureole of dazzling splendor.

Then all the people cried out in wonder, and as she rose followed, singing and glorifying her as a saint. She had become more radiantly beautiful than when, with the love-light in her eyes, she had first greeted him whom she adored, and with a sweet, grave gesture of adieu she passed, from their sight, bearing in her tattered beggar's robe the ransom of Foulques the Fair.

It was thus that the Countess Bathilde saved from shame and death the lord of the isles.—From the French "For Short Stories."

**The Millionaire's Eagle Eye.**  
Another story illustrative of the daily life of a Chicago millionaire may help to explain why some people have more money than others.

This millionaire invited a visitor from another city to meet him at a certain hour and accompany him to the stockyards, where he has large interests. The millionaire rode up in a side-bar buggy somewhat the worse for mud and wear, drawn by a shaggy but active horse. He explained that before starting for the yards he would have to go to one of the large banks down town, as he was on the board which regulated loans, and he had to pass on an application for a loan of \$500,000.

They stopped in front of the bank, and the rich man hurried in and remained several minutes. He came out on a run, and they started rattledly bang for the stockyards and Packingtown.

When they arrived and were entering the packing house, they saw an old man sorting out into barrels a heap of bones and fatty remnants. The bones were trimmed and put into one barrel and the flesh and fat into another barrel. The millionaire owner of the place walked over to the workman and began asking questions. Then he drew off his coat, rolled back his shirt sleeves to the shoulder and began rummaging among the bones. He found several which had not been properly stripped, and the workman received a scolding which he will remember all his life.

The stripping of these bones was just as important as the loaning of \$500,000.—Chicago Record.

**Skirt Dancing at Home.**  
It is sheer nonsense to pretend that the modern girl learns skirt dancing out of devotion to the art. All she wants is notoriety and to possess that attraction in the eyes of men which she imagines the ballet girl possesses. In almost every case she dances so badly that there is no excuse for her from the artistic point of view, and if skirt dancing is not artistic it is vulgar or ridiculous or both. In either case it is a fashion which adds nothing to the dignity of a gentleman or to her charm and is, as a rule, an exposure both of bad taste and a bad figure. Beautiful women do not need such expedients for attracting attention.—London Graphic.

**POOH BAHS OF TRAVEL.**

The General Passenger Agents and Their Services to the Public.

General passenger agents know what it costs to go anywhere, remain there any length of time and come back by another route. They are, in short, the Pooh Bahs of the realm of travel. Without them the average human being with a burning desire to go somewhere would be as a blind man in a crowded, unfamiliar thoroughfare, as a ship without a rudder or a bird of passage deprived of one of its wings. Think of a world without the ever present "folder" and its impartial, never overdrawn claims of superiority for the line to which it owes its existence. Life in it would indeed be without sufficient compensation. The art of advertising was an unknown quantity until the general passenger agent came upon the scene and with his magic wand transformed dull nothings into bright, realistic somethings. To him the steepest grade and the sharpest curve are of little consequence. Grades and curves and distances that have defied the skill of superior and engineer disappear before the morning sunlight. Under his manipulation ponds become lakes, hills grow to be mountains, groves expand into forests, rills swell into rivers, and all that has been thought uninteresting, or worse, suddenly bursts upon the world as a "thing of beauty and a joy forever."

Seriously the traveling public owes much, very much, to the general passenger agent. Not only has he brought to notice and to popularity innumerable deserving localities that otherwise would have "blushed unseen," but he has made it possible to visit these, as well as others longer and better known, with an expenditure of time and exertion and expense insignificant in its proportions when compared with that of years gone by. He is ever watchful of the needs and whims and eccentricities of travelers and quick to provide for their every requirement. He is an intermediary between the traveler and the railway or steamship company, ever ready to serve the interests of both without prejudice to either and never shrinking from any proper obligation. In the early days of coming and going by rail and steamer he was not known. Now he is one of the most important factors in the whole warp and woof of travel, and for him the future is full of added powers and increasing honors.—Magazine of Travel.

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