

[For crowning a picture of Washington on February 22 with evergreens.]



Rise—"Is the day of our Washington's glory.
The garlands uplift for our liberties won,
and sing in your gladness his echoing story,
Whose sword swept for freedom the fields of the sun.

Not with gold, nor with gems,
But with evergreens vernal,
And the banners of stars that the continent span,
Crown, crown we the chief of the heroes eternal.
Who lifted his sword for the birthright of man!

He gave us a nation, to make it immortal
He laid down for Freedom the sword that he drew,
And his shade leads us on to the radiant portal
Of the glory of peace and the destinies new.
Not with gold, nor with gems,
But with evergreens vernal,
And the flags that the nations of liberty span,
Crown, crown him the chief of the heroes eternal.
Who laid down his sword for the birthright of man!

Lead, Face of the Future, serene in thy beauty,
Till o'er the dead heroes the Peace star shall gleam,
Till Right shall be Might in the counsels of duty,
And the service of man be life's glory supreme.

Not with gold, nor with gems,
But with evergreens vernal,
And the flags that the nations in brotherhood span,
Crown, crown we the chief of the heroes eternal.
Whose honor was gained by the service of man!

O Spirit of Liberty! sweet are thy numbers!
The winds to thy banners their tribute shall bring
While rolls the Potomac where Washington slumbers,
And his natal day comes with the angels of spring.
We follow thy counsels,
O hero eternal,
To highest achievements the school leads the van,
And, crowning thy brow with the evergreens vernal,
We offer our all to the service of man.
—Elizabeth Butterworth, in Youth's Companion.



HAT impressed me most about Posey Bend, at first sight, was its display of flags and bunting. There was scarcely a house in the place, it seemed to me, that was not flying the national colors from window or roof. I was unable to account for this until the landlord of the tavern relieved my curiosity by reminding me that it was the 22d of February, and assuring me that the people of Posey Bend were intensely patriotic.

"Washington's birthday is party night as big a day as the Fourth of July with us," said the landlord, with a ring of pride in his voice. "Ef you're thinkin' 'bout stayin' over night it'll be wuth yer while, I reckon, to see the celebration we're goin' to have in the town hall."

There was no question about my staying over night. An exasperating washout on the railroad had compelled me, much against my will, to stop at this little cross-road village, with no chance of being able to continue my journey for twenty-four hours, at least. The prospect was not a cheerful one, and I caught eagerly at the suggestion that the exercises in honor of Washington's birthday might afford the means of killing time, although under other circumstances I probably would have regarded it as something to be religiously avoided.

For the present the good-natured gossip of mine host was sufficiently diverting. I had found him quite alone in the "office" of his tumble-down old tavern, and apparently not averse to passing the time in conversation. His name, as I soon learned, was Maj. Thompson. He was a long, lank specimen, and as he sat with his chair tilted back against the wall, and one thin leg dangling over the other, he had almost the appearance of a skeleton.

"We allus celebrate Washington's birthday," he said, as he sent a stream of tobacco juice toward the stove. "Sling out the flags an' have some sort of a doin's approp' to the 'casion. I reckon when we was satisfied with a spellin' natch, or a house-warmin', or a barn-dance, but hyer lately the young folks has kinder tuck hold an' now we have intertainments in the town hall, with reg'lar music an' singin' and declamations an' dialogues an' sich. They's two of 'em to-day."

"Two what?"
"Intertainments. Norations an' music this afternoon, an' a sort of exhibition—tableau, or ever what you call 'em—to-night. 'Safternoon Judge Ganderbuck's goin' to narrate. Been makin' the same speech for twenty odd year. It's a good un, too, specially where he brings in 'bout the Father of his Country bein' the first in war, first in peace, an' first in the hearts of his countrymen, an' where he sez this broad land of liberty is the proud her-

itage of—of—somethin' or other, I forget jes' what. But the biggest time'll be to-night, I reckon. The young folks is goin' to dress up in clothes like they uster wear a hundred year ago, representin' George Washington an' Marthy Washington, an' continental soldiers, an' Britishers, an' all them revolutionary people. An' at the end of it all they's goin' to be a weddin'."

"A weddin'!"
"A rail out-and-out weddin'. Yes, sirc!"

"Do you mean that a couple of your town people will actually be married?"
"Shore's you're a foot high," chuckled Maj. Thompson, evidently enjoying my show of interest. "The bridegroom's old Ezzy Bunker, the richest man in the gas-belt, an' the bride is Bessie Powell, 'Squire Powell's youngest girl. They're to be married in the hall, an' after that have a sort of reception at the 'squire's house. Ezzy Bunker's old enough to be the girl's father, too. Seems like a burnin' shame, 'cause they say Bessie keeps a heap more for Lufe Clayton's little finger than she does for Ezzy Bunker an' his million. Lufe's a likely young feller, an' owns the best farm in the county. But Ezzy he's got the money, an' the 'squire's got his eye on it, an' I wouldn't be a bit s'prised ef

creature should be compelled to marry an ugly old ogre for his money.

That night Maj. Thompson and I went to the entertainment, and sat together during the performance. The hall was crowded, for many people had come in from the surrounding country to see the "exhibition," and particularly to attend the wedding of Squire Powell's daughter.

The entertainment was a series of pictures presented by men and women clad in the costumes of revolutionary times. Upon the whole it was a very creditable affair, and I was not surprised to learn that Bessie Powell had been the leading spirit in designing the tableaux and wardrobes. George Washington and his associates figured in the majority of the pictures, but one of the best of the series was "Paul Revere's Ride," represented by Lufe Clayton correctly dressed and equipped for the part, sitting on a handsome black horse, one arm extended toward a group of men, women and children as if in the act of warning them of the approach of the British. Man and horse were as motionless as if carved in stone, and when the curtain was drawn the audience demonstrated its approval in vociferous applause.

The last number on the programme



THE CLOSING PICTURE.

the girl's pap's jes' natcherly forcin' her to marry the old money-bags. That's why I say—hello!" broke off the major, as he glanced out of the window, "hyer comes Lufe this minute."

The door opened, and four or five heavily-booted men came stamping in. The foremost was a tall, athletic young man, with a red but rather handsome face, a sandy mustache and a pair of frank blue eyes that twinkled with good humor.

"Howdy, major!" exclaimed the young man, breezily.

"Howdy, Lufe," returned the major, rising. "Howdy, boys," he added to the other members of the party.

The newcomers contented themselves with a curious glance in my direction, and then followed the landlord into an adjoining room, where the chinking of glasses soon mingled musically with loud, cheery voices and frequent explosions of laughter.

In a few minutes the men came trooping out of the inner room and left the house. Maj. Thompson resumed his seat with the remark:

"That's Lufe Clayton—that air sandy-complected feller. Lufe he'd been keepin' company with 'Squire Powell's girl for nigh on to two year, an' folks 'lowed they'd hitch, shore. Mighty likely sort of a boy, Lufe is, an' purty well off, too, but nothin' like as rich as old Ezzy Bunker. That's why Ezzy gits the girl, an', as I say, it's a d-d-burned shame."

"But your Mr. Clayton seems to be light-hearted enough," I suggested. "He doesn't give one the impression of being downcast over the situation."

"That's what gits me," confessed the major, with a puzzled look. "It's been the talk o' the neighborhood that Lufe was dead in love with the girl, an' that she thought a powerful sight of him, an' we 'lowed the pore boy 'ud jes' natcherly pine away ef he had to give her up. I didn't reckon he'd come to town to-day at all, but he tells me he's goin' to be at the doin's to-night an' represent one o' them revolutionary chaps—Paul Revere, I believe he said the feller's name was. Lufe's got the finest hoss in the county, an' he's goin' to take that hoss right into the hall an' on the platform, and play like he was this feller Paul Revere a-sittin' on his hoss. It kinder beats me, I own up. 'Low'd he'd be purty tol'ble disappointed, but he didn't act that way a bit."

At the hour appointed for the afternoon meeting I dropped into the town hall. It was a single-story building, the hall being on a level with the street, and at one period in the history of Posey Bend had done duty as a courthouse. That was before the county seat had been removed to a more flourishing town. I was entertained by Judge Ganderbuck's tribute to the eagle, and joined lustily in the singing of "America," "The Star Spangled Banner," and "The Battle Hymn of the Republic."

But what interested me most was a sight of Bessie Powell, who was there with her father, the 'squire. I was surprised to find her a pretty girl, petite of form, with dark eyes and a ravishing smile, and without the faintest suggestion of the coarse country maiden in her appearance or manner. I began to feel something of Maj. Thompson's indignation that so charming a

was the "Continental Wedding." Everybody, of course, knew what that was to be. Old Ezzy Bunker, in powdered wig and the uniform of a Continental army officer, and little Bessie Powell, in the most becoming of Martha Washington costumes, were to lend realism to the scene by being actually united in marriage, and the Methodist minister of Posey Bend was to officiate.

In a flutter of expectation the audience waited for the closing scene. There was a delay. Maj. Thompson and I were engaged in a whispered conversation when we became aware of a commotion on the platform behind the curtain. The disturbance quickly extended to the front rows of the audience, and people began to leave their seats and talk excitedly.

Maj. Thompson rose hurriedly and strode down the aisle. In a minute or two he came back, his eyes bulging, his jaws opening and closing rapidly on his quid.

"The devil's to pay!" he exclaimed, "Bessie Powell has disappeared!"

Just then 'Squire Powell, who had been cavorting about in high dudgeon down near the stage, came running up the aisle toward the street door shouting:

"It's Lufe Clayton! Stop him! Head him off, somebody! Don't let him get away! Where's the marshal?"

Close upon the 'squire's heels came old Ezzy Bunker, in powdered wig and uniform, limping painfully and puffing.

As of one accord the bewildered people rose and began to push toward the door. In a few moments they were swarming out upon the street, Maj. Thompson and I among the rest.

We had scarcely reached the open air when the swift clatter of a horse's feet struck upon our ears, and a man's voice gave vent to a shout full of triumph and defiance. The next instant a horseman emerged from the darkness and dashed through the light that illuminated the street in front of the hall.

A magnificent black horse, on his back a man, still in the picturesque costume of Paul Revere, but with a long cape clasped about his neck and streaming out behind; in front of the saddle a female figure, wrapped in a cloak, its head resting on the man's breast.

It was the closing picture of the evening's entertainment, seen but an instant, but never to be forgotten. As he swept by Lufe Clayton waved his hand to the astonished people and shouted:

"Good night!"

In another moment horse and riders had vanished in the gloom, and the stupefied crowd stood listening to the hoof-beats dying away down the road.

Then, in spite of the rage and discomfiture of Squire Powell and Ezzy Bunker, a cheer went up from half a hundred throats. It was plain that Lufe Clayton had the sympathy of that crowd. In exchanging the character of Paul Revere for that of Young Lochinvar, and running away with the prospective bride of the old millionaire, the young farmer had made a hero of himself in the eyes of the natives.

stopped there long enough to be married, after which they proceeded to his home.

I have since learned that 'Squire Powell accepted the situation with a good grace when he found that there was no help for it, but that Ezzy Bunker refused to forgive either Bessie or Lufe.

J. F. HENDERSON.

FIRST LADY.

Martha Washington in Society and in the Home.

As George Washington was the man of the moment, so was Martha Washington the woman of the hour. It has been said, in fact, by many historians that much of the success of the "Father of His Country" is to be attributed to the help and sympathy he always found in his wife. No wife who did not feel all of this could have written, as Martha Washington did, to a near friend, in 1774: "Yes, I foresee consequences—dark days, domestic happiness suspended, social enjoyments abandoned and eternal separations on earth possible. But my mind is made up; my heart is in the cause. George is right; he is always right. God has promised to protect the righteous, and I will trust Him."

It seems strange, when one recalls the brilliant and successful receptions she commenced in the executive mansion in New York and always continued in Philadelphia under the name of levees, that this woman, who from the first moment Washington was elected president gave a tone and a standing to the whole of continental society, should yet dislike official life. Nevertheless, so her biographers state, and add that she was greatly rejoiced when her husband refused a third term in 1796.

At her home at Mount Vernon she was undoubtedly at her best. A housekeeper of the real old school, surrounded by a bevy of maids, and with a great bunch of keys hanging from her waist, she attended to and oversaw every detail. Here her dress was of the simplest material and make. The silks and brocades that made her such a magnificent figure in New York had no place in her country manse. Her gowns were of home manufacture invariably.

Despite the dignity of the Washington homestead, its retinues and its liveries, a homely air of simplicity lurked within its doors. Mrs. Washington was an admirable hostess and liked the house to be full to overflowing. She is said to have been very beautiful, a rather small woman, with dark eyes, fair skinned and of quick temper. A touching instance of the affection her husband had for her is to be seen in the fact that after his death her miniature, which he had worn constantly for forty years, was found upon his breast.—Chicago Tribune.

A Genuine Sportsman.

No picture shows George Washington better than the glimpses and snatches we get of him on his broad lawn, sloping gently down to the Potomac, and in the hallway of his famous, now national, colonial manse, Mount Vernon, a glorious estate to have and to hold. It contained nine thousand acres of swamp, woodland, hill and meadow, and fishing, boating, shooting or chasing the fox could be enjoyed for the space of a day's traveling without ever once going over the boundaries. Washington was a keen and active hunter, and riding behind the hounds was a Virginian sport that met with his cordial approval. A thorough sportsman was he besides, and it is related how one fine day he sprang from his horse into a muddy pool, not caring for the barrel of a shotgun at close quarters, and wreaked vengeance on a poacher and trespasser.—Chicago Tribune.

Washington Was a Christian.

There are strong reasons to conclude that he was a devout Christian. In boyhood he wrote religious sentiments; he had religious services in his camp; he urged the appointment of chaplains of his troops; he forbade profane swearing among the soldiers; he was a church vestryman; when a day of fasting and prayer was appointed he fasted in his diary that he went to church and "fasted all day"; he constantly attended church when he was in civil life, though the nearest church was seven miles distant; he took the communion when possible; though a member of the Church of England, he once applied to take the communion in a Presbyterian church, which shows his catholicity; and his public papers constantly acknowledge God as the ruler among nations, and as the object of human allegiance and worship.—N. W. Christian Advocate.

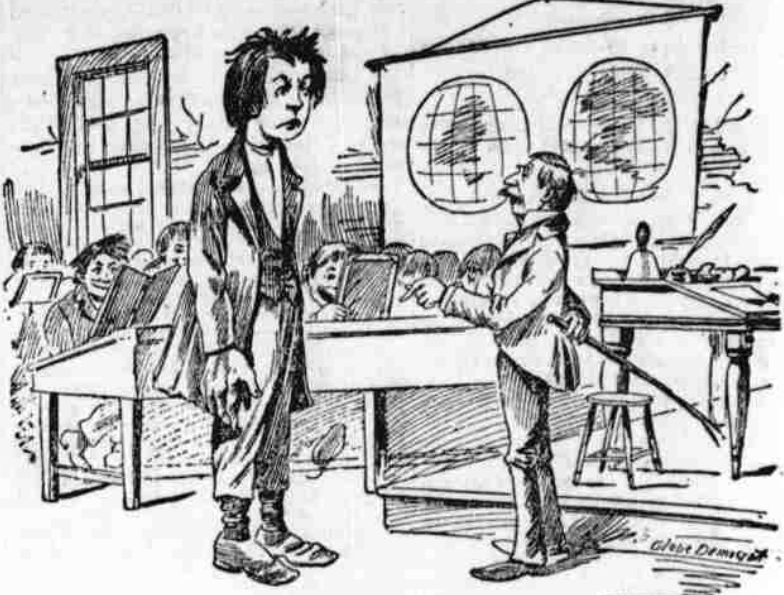
A Quaint Old Watch.

"What sort of a watch is this?" asked Duzenberry, picking up a curious old time-piece from an Austin watchmaker's show case.
"That," replied the watchmaker, "is a real curiosity. It is a watch that belonged to Alexander the Great, when he died on the barren island of St. Helena."
"The mischief you say. Why, man alive, in the days of Alexander the Great they didn't have any watches."
"That's just what makes it such a curiosity."

"And Alexander the Great did not die at St. Helena."
"He didn't, eh? Well that makes it a still greater curiosity," and, taking the rare relic from the hands of Duzenberry, he looked it up in his burglar proof safe.—Texas Siftings.

What, Indeed?

It was George Washington's birthday. The bells were ringing and the cannon were booming in commemoration of the father of his country. Little Ethel, aged five, wise and thoughtful beyond her years, was gazing out of the window apparently in deep thought. Suddenly she awoke from her reverie, and, turning around to her father, said: "Papa, what are they going to give George Washington for his birthday?"—Boston Herald.



A CHANGE OF TUNE.

PROF. TERRORFIELD (new principal at Pine Corner's School)—John Henry Keyser, you were talking with one of the other scholars. Now, tell me what the conversation was about, and don't you dare to lie to me.
J. H. KEYSER—Bill Stumper bet me five cents that I couldn't lick you, and I bet him ten cents that I could.
PROF. TERRORFIELD—Well, ah—you may be seated.

The Reporter Was Rattled.

"I wonder where Miss Consuelo Astor, the new debutante, keeps her nose," said Mr. Murray Hill, who was reading a daily paper.
"What an absurd remark for a sensible man to make," said Mrs. Murray Hill, tossing her head.
"Nothing absurd about it. This society reporter writes: 'The fair young debutante has an exquisitely molded face, of which two dark hazel eyes are the central feature.' Now I want to know where her nose is situated?"—Texas Siftings.

RIGHT IN THE SWIM.



Pat—Dennis is quite a clubman now. Mike—When did he fine the fource?—N. Y. Herald.

In Some Doubt.

Passer—What's going on in that hall?
Police-man—Well, there's a lot of long-haired men and short-haired women there, but I don't know whether it's a suffrage association or an athletic club.—N. Y. Weekly.

Of Course She Would.

"I offer thee," exclaimed the prince in the story, "my crown. Wilt share it with me?"
The beauteous maiden smiled.
"Sure thing!" she answered. "Why shouldn't I? They are wearing men's styles in everything."—Town Topics.

A Sign of Conquest.

Madge—Young Mr. Purstrings is confident that he's won that girl.
Margaret—How do you know that?
Madge—When he takes her to the theater now he makes her ride in a street car, and he used to get a carriage.—Chicago Record.

Carrying Out the Figure.

"A human life," said the sentimental young man, "is a poem—tragic, comic, sentimental, as the case may be."
"Yes," sighed Miss Passeligh, "and so many of us are rejected manuscripts."—Washington Star.

The Cause of the Evil.

Visiting Englishman—What was it that first started the free lunch institution in this country?
Mr. Manhattan—I guess it must have been the constant influx of so many hungry foreigners.—Truth.

Human Nature.

We modern men are giants strong
At training resolutions.
But when it comes to keeping them
We are but Lilliputians.
—Kansas City Journal.

WOULD THAT HE COULD REACH THEM.



The Dog—Say, you Venus and Psyche, if I only could get up there, I'd knock the stuffin' out of that living picture.—Life.

Answered.

Lord Bullbeefe—Aw, Miss Giddeigh, do you go in much for cycling, may I ask?
Miss Giddeigh—No, I always ride out doors, Lord Bullbeefe.—Town Topics.

Willing to Risk It.

Microbes may be in kisses,
As scientists declare;
But what do youths and missies
Who know just what the bliss is,
For blooming microbes care?
—Kansas Journal.

As to Appearances.

"You are eying me, sir, as if you thought I had designs on your umbrella," said the lean passenger, as the train drew into the depot. "Do I look like a man who could be capable of stealing an umbrella?"
"Since you ask me the question, sir," answered the fat passenger, "I am compelled to say that I think you do."
"And you look as if you might possibly be a gentleman and a man of decent horse-sense," retorted the other. "How deceptive appearances sometimes are!"—Chicago Tribune.

Ardent Love.

"My young friend," said the millionaire, frowning, "you admit that you are poor and you know that my daughter is very wealthy. Would you, a pauper, marry her, knowing her to be worth a million?"
"Sir," said the young man, who was a person of intense resolution, "my affection is proof against such tests. I would marry your daughter if she were worth two million."—Chicago Record.

A Hint to Police Captains.

Judge Duffy—You are sentenced to the island for thirty days for being drunk and disorderly. Have you anything to say?
Prisoner—Well, yes, I'd like to ask your honor a question.
"What is it?"
"I have got a wife and nine children. Couldn't we all go to the island together and serve out the time in a few days?"—Texas Siftings.

A Real Saving.

The Lady Shopper—What? Pay \$5 for a lamp like that? It's outrageous and I won't pay it!
The Astute Salesman—You forget, madam, that the price has been reduced to \$4.99.
The Lady Shopper (reaching for her purse)—Oh, very well, then; I'll take it.—Chicago Record.

The Small Boy's Festivity.

He cares not for the ballroom
That grown folks patronize,
The small but solid snowball
Is just about his size.
—Detroit Free Press.

POSITIVE EVIDENCE.



Irate Merchant—I thought you said this safe was burglar proof.
Agent—What more proof do you want of burglars than that?—Judge.

Account Balanced.

Mr. Much—Who gave you the nickel, Dickie?
Dickie—Sister.
Mr. Much—For what?
Dickie—Not telling you how old she is.—N. Y. World.

An Ideal Profession.

"She is studying for a profession, you say?"
"Yes; that of a lecturer."
"An ideal profession, I should say; at least for a woman. Nothing to do but talk."—N. Y. Press.

Triumph.

"Hear you settled that ten thousand dollar damage suit. Did you get as much as you expected?"
"I should say I did. They paid me a hundred dollars and all expenses."—Brooklyn Life.

Persevering Man.

Cumso—There is a good deal of perseverance about Looney.
Cawker (incredulous)—What's that?
Cumso—It's true. He persists in making a fool of himself.—Town Topics.

A Manifest Lie.

Managing Editor—What did you discharge Bluffer for?
City Editor—Lying. I sent him to interview Slug, the pugilist, and he reported that Slug wouldn't talk.—Puck.

In Baby Time.

Benedick (3 a. m.)—My dear, can't you do something to quiet that child?
Mrs. Benedick (wearily walking)—Well, I might hand him over to you!—Harper's Bazar.

Those Dear Girls.

Miss Elderly—I faintly faint last night.
Maude—Who proposed?—Life.