



MAN he was of gentle blood. Of courteous mien whatever his state; With trust in Providence imbued—God's gift to minds supremely great.

Of lofty purpose, sterling worth, Approachable and yet austere; Well given at fitting times to mirth, As well at fitting times severe. Of simple habits, simpler speech, And all unversed in intrigues, This homespun man he yet could teach The rule of government unto kings. Unswayed by passion or by lust, Amid the alarms of war unstirred, He moved, whose bones to-day are dust, Whose name is now a household word. Unlettered, too, they say he was, And laggard in the race for fame; Content to let the centuries pass Their verdict on his acts and aim. When despot sway had reached an end, May virtues like to his, who lent His hand and heart to freedom, blend In every coming president! —St. George Best, in Good Housekeeping.

ESCAPE OF PATRIOT PRISONERS IN 1777.



THE visitor to the Brooklyn navy yard should not consider his errand accomplished until he takes his stand next the river, and looking out over the Wallabout, recalls something of the sad history connected with this little bay and the miseries suffered by our patriot soldiers during Washington's battles for a nation's freedom.

Here, in October, 1776, was moored a British prison ship, the *Whitby*, crowded with American patriot prisoners, termed rebels by the English. Six months later two other floating jails joined the *Whitby*, and within a year both were burned, one in October, 1777, the other in February, 1778.

Although no trustworthy record of the facts in the case were kept, hundreds of feeble and dying men are believed to have perished in these fires. Certain it is that the one in February occurred in the night, when the weather was intensely cold, so that, if efforts were made to save the prisoners, no more than partial success was possible. In April, 1778, the *Falmouth*, the *Hope* and the "infamously famous old *Jersey*" were anchored in the Wallabout and filled with captives from the American armies. The severity of their confinement was such that more than 11,000 are believed to have died of cold, starvation and malignant diseases.

The adjacent hillsides, now graded down and included in the city of Brooklyn, became a vast cemetery where these brave patriots were hastily piled into shallow graves and slightly covered with earth. In 1898 a tomb was built to their memory, and a great quantity of their bleached bones were collected and interred within it, with solemn ceremonies, in the presence of vast throngs of people. Over the door to this structure was inscribed: "Portal to the Tomb of Patriot Prisoners who died in prison ships during the Revolution."

It is not surprising that among such a host of liberty-loving prisoners there should have been some who made bold attempts at escape. Not many were successful, yet by fearful risks and hardships a few eluded their keepers, reached home and friends, and after a short rest, again joined the patriot forces in the field. Of these escapes, one of the best was led by a young Connecticut captain, Abel Beman, a cousin of Nathan Beman, of Vermont, the boy who guided Col. Ethan Allen into Fort Ticonderoga when he captured it from the British.

Although Abel Beman was a very small man he seemed to condense in his little frame the well-known strength and endurance of his almost gigantic kinsman, which, combined with indomitable courage and will, was no doubt the reason for his selection as captain in the colonial army. But the qualities of the man were not on the surface, for at 25 he was as beardless and boyish as a lad of 16, and among his friends was often called "Boy Beman."

By some misfortune of war he and his company were captured and imprisoned on the *Whitby* in the Wallabout. Here he hid his time, and for many months watched for an opportunity to escape. Meanwhile he played before the guards the role of a harmless, dull-witted fellow, and his large hazel eyes, smooth face and simple manners gained for him many favors sternly refused to other prisoners. He was freely allowed in every part of the ship, and often assisted the guards in various ways and even handled their guns and accoutrements with innocent familiarity.

Thus ingratiating himself into their confidence, he readily became conversant with the details of his prison and the methods of the officers, and shrewdly studied the temper and efficiency of each with a view to discovering a way to freedom. A score of plans suggested themselves, but the circumstances surrounding him were desperate and forbidding. Three soldiers with loaded muskets

stood at each end of the ship, and a row of them lined the rail on either side. Around the shores of the bay stretched a cordon of pickets, while several frigates were moored in the river, and bristled with shotted cannon ready to belch away at any moment. But for the vast magnitude of these difficulties he would have liberated all the prisoners on the *Whitby*, over a thousand in number. Indeed, one magnificent attempt was made, but failed.

On a dark night the guards were overcome and confined below decks without a shot or an outcry; then the anchors were lifted and the ship was allowed to drift, in the hope that she would run ashore somewhere and afford an opportunity for the Americans to escape. But the rattling of a chain in raising the anchors reached the ears of the night officer on one of the frigates, and before the *Whitby* had fairly begun to move a yawl filled with marines came alongside, and the undertaking was frustrated.

But so enfeebled by rigid confinement and low diet were most of the prisoners that probably many of them would have perished even had they escaped. They had not endurance to march across the country to their friends. Thus it was plain that any attempt at a general escape would defeat itself.

Finally Beman decided to include a few only of his harbor comrades, and hoped by quietness and swiftness to get off without awaking much opposition. To this end he selected the seven of his companions best fitted for the attempt, and rehearsing his plans to them, obtained their hearty support.

He had observed that every evening just before the change of guards a galley came over from British headquarters in New York, bringing a lieutenant with orders for the night and sometimes letters or wines and delicacies for the officers of the ship. This galley was manned by only two oarsmen, who generally, while waiting for the lieutenant, came on deck to chat with the guards and prisoners, and left their oars in the small boat.

Swung above men's heads over the deck of the *Whitby*, and designed for

the bottom of the galley. Beman stood in the stern, as steersman to direct their course.

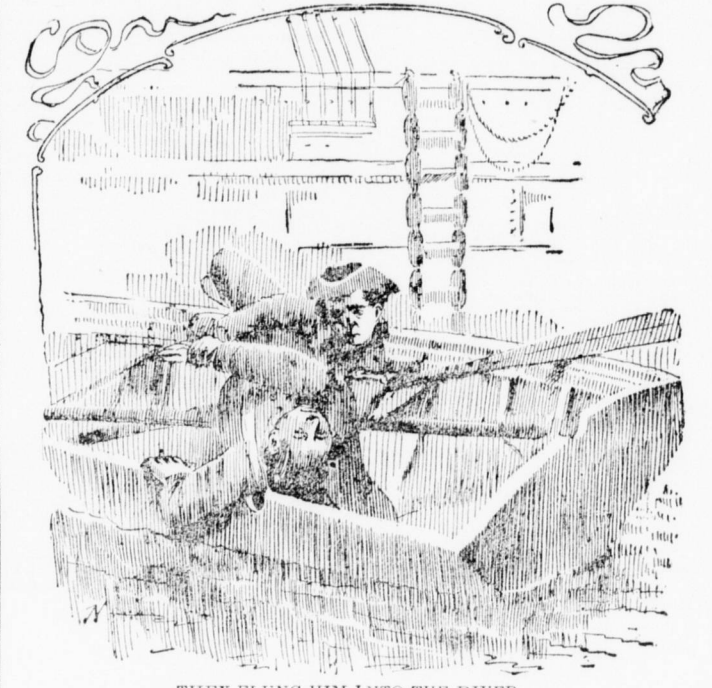
With the utmost force and order they pulled away with the tide northward into the dense fog. Just as they were vanishing from sight one of the guards on deck discovered them, and with a cry of "Halt, there! Halt!" discharged his musket at them. The next moment several guards fired, but with such uncertainty on account of the fog that the fugitives were untouched, although shots pierced their clothing.

Now they were concealed in the mist, and all was uproar behind them. Every guard was bawling: "Rebels escaped! Rebels escaped!" The officers were rushing about, shouting hoarse commands to fire, to let down the *Whitby's* boats and pursue, and to do any number of other absurd things. The two men in the water were calling loudly for help, with nobody to heed them. The prisoners were cheering with might and main. And as soon as word reached the nearest frigate her guns began to thunder as she swept with grape-shot the surface of river and shore in the direction in which the fugitives had fled.

But the Americans were too shrewd to continue their flight in the track of the deadly missiles. They knew well that they would be not only fired upon, but pursued as soon as the British could man their boats. So, when the fugitives were fully out of sight in the fog, Beman steered the galley directly across East river to its western shore; and as it was night by this time they turned their course in the opposite direction from what their pursuers would take, and silently skirting Manhattan island southward rowed completely around the little city of New York.

This was an extremely hazardous thing to do, for the course carried them close along the front of the Battery and under the very guns of several big frigates. Now and then they were hailed by sentinels from land or ship, but Beman, having prepared himself to answer by questioning guards and officers on the *Whitby*, replied in such a way as to avert all suspicion.

Within an hour or so the galley struck



THEY FLUNG HIM INTO THE RIVER.

special emergencies, were other galleys, each of which, as our plotting captive had discovered while clambering innocently about the place, contained oars; these might come into play. And here it should be added that the eight Americans engaged in the plot were all familiar with boats and rowing.

All things having been carefully considered, Beman awaited a favorable occasion to undertake the perilous adventure.

The chance did not come until one rainy and dismal day late in October. Fog rendered objects a few rods distant quite invisible. The boat from headquarters, delayed by the fog and an unusually strong tide, was late in reaching the *Whitby*, and arrived just as the guards were changing. The circumstances were favorable—a fact for which Abel Beman had been inwardly praying all day.

When the boat touched the ship the officer sprang up the side, bearing written orders in his hand. Shouting back to an oarsman to follow him with a basket brought from the city, he hurried to the cabin.

Just then the day guard was being called away and the night guard told off in their places. To add to the haste and confusion of the scene the prisoners were purposely restless and noisy, surging about the deck as if to keep warm, and shouting in the most boisterous manner.

Whispering to one of his seven companions, a very tall man, to reach up and get a pair of oars from a galley overhead, Beman, with a boyish, good-natured smile and a remark to the remaining oarsman, sprang over the side into the boat. Reeling as if about to fall, he exclaimed, childishly: "Here, catch hold of my hand!"

The boatman, evidently pitying him, sprang forward, seized his hand and gently drew him toward a seat in the stern. But this was a fatal mistake for the oarsman, for like a flash the little American captain grappled the bulky Britisher, overturned him, head downward, as if he had been a stick, and plunged him into the river.

At the same second the guard posted at the gangway came down head first also, gun and all, hurled by the prisoners on deck into the water. Then, gliding down like so many swift shadows, came the seven grim followers of the daring dwarf, and all except those who were to wield the oars squatted in

into North river, and here the tide was running in their favor, for it set northward in a mighty current. Before morning they were beyond danger, and within a few days had arrived, some at Washington's headquarters and others at their homes. While their pursuers were searching the stretches of East river and the shores of the Sound for them, these Yankee rebels were marching triumphantly onward to enlist again in the struggle for liberty.—Lamar Beaumont, in Youth's Companion.

WAS TWISTED BEFORE.



Mrs. Lion—Mind you that you don't let your tail hang through the cage bars to-day, Leo; this is Washington's birthday, and you're very sure to get it twisted.—Judge.

Told the Truth. Willie Littleboy—I wish I had been George Washington. Papa—Why, my son?

Willie—Why, papa, he couldn't tell a lie, and so when he was visiting and was asked if he would like another piece of cake, instead of saying "No," just for the sake of being polite, he told the truth and said "Yes."—London Punch.

Disposed to Exaggerate. "I know a woman who pretends to be older than she really is." "Impossible!" "Fact. She is only 92, but she says she is 105, and that she danced with George Washington."—N. Y. Journal.

Cost of Nicaragua Canal.

The estimates as to the cost of constructing the Nicaragua Canal vary from \$115,000,000 to \$150,000,000. How different are the estimates of the people as to the value of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters for stomach, liver, blood and kidney diseases. It is agreed everywhere that this remedy is unsurpassed for indigestion, biliousness, constipation, nervousness and sleeplessness. It is such an agreeable medicine to take. It tastes good as well as does good.

Allowances.

He—What allowance do you think your father ought to make us when we are married? She—Well, I think if he makes allowance for your faults he will be doing as much as can be expected of him.—Chicago Journal.

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Know He's Got It.

"I hear my friend Meyer has married a phenomenally ugly woman." "Yes, all his friends, as soon as they have seen her, want to borrow money of him."—Fliegende Blätter.

Disagreeable February.

The discomforts of this month can be escaped by taking advantage of the winter excursions of the Louisville & Nashville Railroad to one of the many pleasant resorts of the South. This line offers unsurpassed facilities for reaching the cities in the South, the winter resorts of the beautiful Gulf Coast, of Florida, of California, and of the West Indies. Write C. P. Atmore, General Passenger Agent, Louisville, Ky., for folders descriptive of Florida or the Gulf Coast.

Truly Great.

"Is there anything grander than a man you can trust?" "Yes." "Well, what is it?" "Why, a man that doesn't ask you to trust him."—Detroit Free Press.

Coughing Leads to Consumption.

Kemp's Balsam will stop the Cough at once. Go to your druggist to-day and get a sample bottle free. Large bottles 25 and 50 cents. Go at once; delays are dangerous.

Cheapsness of Sugar.

Sugar is so cheap now that it pays the grocers to take the sand out of it.—Boston Transcript.

He struck it.

St. Jacobs Oil struck his Rheumatism. It was stricken out.

"I care not," said the capitalist, "who makes the laws of the country, so long as I can help form the trusts."—Life.

Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar

relieves whooping cough. Pike's Toothache Drops Cure in one minute. Lawakes. It cured my aches. St. Jacobs Oil makes no mistakes.

"Some men," said Uncle Eben, "knows so much dat it keeps 'em lollerin' busy keepin' dah facts in order, an' dey doesn't get no chance to use 'em."—Washington Star.

Not Needed.—Mrs. Flynn—"I went up to give me condolences to Wilder Murphy." Mrs. Googan—"An' what for? Sure, wasn't the good man insured?"—Philadelphia North American.

Bill—"So Soosoo has written a new piece of music?" Jim—"Yes; and it's a bird, too." "Lively?" "Lively! Why, when they at tempted to play it, it put the trombone player's shoulder out of joint!"—Yonkers Statesman.

"This is the parlor, eh?" tentatively remarked the agent, who was looking over the house. "Yes," replied old man Kidder, "but I usually call it the courtroom—I've got seven daughters, you know."—Boston Journal.

"Papa," said Sammy Snags, "the paper says what a phantom party was given last night. What sort of a party is that?" "Oh, it's some sort of a ghost of a show," replied Mr. Snags.—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

"Beauty," sighed the gazelle, "is, after all, only skin deep." "Well, we pachyderms ain't kicking," replied the hippopotamus, being altogether deceived as to the motives of the people who stared at her.—Puck.

"I suppose," she said, "that you are a close student of literature?" "No," answered the young man with black-rimmed glasses, "I'm a student of illiterature. I like dialect stories."—Washington Star.

A Woman's Woman.—"Yes, she is what is called a 'woman's woman.' All the women just adore her." "Is she really so homely as that?"—Indianapolis Journal.

Depends on the Intention.—The Deacon—"Surely you would not regard as profane a man who uses the expression 'Gee whizz?'" The Parson—"No—if that is what he means."—Puck.

DISEASES THAT KILL



Consumption is catarrh of the lungs. Certain complications make consumption incurable.

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Every man, woman and child in America can find something on this list that they would like to have and can have—FREE! Write your name and address plainly and send every tag you can get to us—mentioning the number of the present you want. Any assortment of the different kinds of tags mentioned above will be accepted as follows:

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|---|--|------|
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| 2 Knife, one blade, good steel..... 25 | 20 Carvers, buckhorn handle, good steel..... 200 | |
| 3 Scissors, 4 1/2-inch, good steel..... 25 | 21 Six Rogers' Teaspoons, best qual..... 225 | |
| 4 Child's Set, Knife, Fork and Spoon..... 25 | 22 Knives and Forks, six each, buckhorn handles..... 250 | |
| 5 Salt and Pepper, one each, quadruple plate on white metal..... 50 | 23 Clock, Seelye, C. H. Miller, Thomson..... 200 | |
| 6 Razor, hollow ground, fine English steel..... 50 | 24 Stove, Wilson Haster, size No. 20 or No. 40..... 500 | |
| 7 Butter Knife, triple plate, best qual..... 50 | 25 Tool Set, not playing things, but real tools..... 650 | |
| 8 Sugar Shell, triple plate, best quality..... 50 | 26 Toilet Set, decorated porcelain, very handsome..... 150 | |
| 9 Stamp Box, sterling silver, amethyst set, 6-inch..... 100 | 27 Watch, self-wind, full jeweled..... 1500 | |
| 10 Butter Knife, "Keen Kutter," two blades, 8-inch blade..... 75 | 28 Sewing Machine, first class, with all attachments..... 1500 | |
| 11 Nut Set, Cracker and Pickers, silver..... 75 | 29 Revolver, Colt's, best quality..... 1200 | |
| 12 Nail File, sterling silver, amethyst set, 6-inch..... 100 | 30 Rifle, Winchester, Model 92-cal 1500 | |
| 13 Shears, "Keen Kutter," 8-inch, nickel..... 75 | 31 Shot Gun, double barrel, hammerless, steel, first class..... 2000 | |
| 14 Nail File, sterling silver, amethyst set, 6-inch..... 100 | 32 Guitar ("Washington") rosewood, inlaid with mother-of-pearl..... 2000 | |
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| 16 Paper Cutter, sterling silver, amethyst set, 7-inch..... 100 | BOOKS—30 choice selections—same as last year's list, 40 tags each. | |
| 17 Base Ball, "Association," best qual..... 100 | | |
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