



GEORGE WASHINGTON.

OUR OWN Washington

OU have all of you heard before, I know. How, over a hundred years ago, King George looked up over the ocean, And said: "Those colonies seem to be forgetting they all belong to me. I must set my troops in motion."

So over the redcoats proudly came, To have a nice little jolly game. At teaching the rebels manners; Thinking it would be rarest fun To see the pitiful Yankees run At sight of the royal banners.

How their bayonets flashed and gleamed, How their eyes with ardor beamed, As forward they marched to battle! Sure of putting the foe to rout, Sure of wiping rebellion out, At the first musket rattle.

Then came along a great surprise, And old King George he opened his eyes. At hearing the news so stunning, Plenty of soldiers turned their back In quick retreat, but, alack, alack! 'Twas the redcoats did the running.

Sometimes they won, but the poor old king Found it rather a serious thing, This tramping out of treason. Still the vagabond rebel crew Laughed at him and his soldiers, too. Where could he find a reason?

Oh, George the Third, if you had but known We had King George of our very own, Leading us on to glory! How little, a hundred years ago, You dreamed that to-day we boys, ho, ho! Would all be telling his story!

Well he led his patriot band, Daring of heart and strong of hand, Fit to follow a hero. Tell it over how they and he Firmly stood till our land was free, With many a rousing cheer, oh!

Many a year of toil and strife, Many a true and loyal life, Was spent in trying the question. At last Cornwallis said to his men: "Perhaps we'd better go home again." They thought it a good suggestion.

Morristown, Yorktown—let us tell A few of the names we remember well, And shall forget, ah, never! Delaware River and Valley Forge. Hurrah, hurrah, for General George Washington, now and forever! —Sidney Dayre, in Golden Days.

POLLY'S HIDING-PLACE.

A STORY OF THE REVOLUTION.

BLACK-WINGED crows went sailing across the blue sky, cawing lazily as they flew; and the hot sun of a September afternoon glowed upon the dusty highway and upon the wide expanse of level fields that hedged in the old house at Crawford's plantation in the Waxhaw region of the Carolinas, as Mary Crawford, or Polly, as everybody called her, sat by the window, stitching a sampler, but looking up ever and anon to watch for travelers that might be coming up the road.

The Crawford house stood well back from the highway, with a garden between, bisected by a carriage drive from the big white gates upon the road; but the young girl could readily descry anyone passing up or down the thoroughfare, a distance of a quarter of a mile from the house. The watch she kept was a keen one, for upon her faithful sentinels depended the safety of a loved father.

Maj. Crawford was an officer in the patriot army under Gen. Gates, who had just an hour before, weary, travel-stained, and alone, arrived at his plantation after an absence of many weeks. He was at this moment in the kitchen, eating the lunch that had been hastily prepared by Mrs. Crawford and the colored cook, Chloe, preparatory to continuing his journey to Sumpter's army, which was encamped on the Wateree. Meanwhile Polly had been stationed at the window to keep a look-out against the approach of any tory or British party that might be on his track. It was just after the defeat of Gates at Camden, and the king's men were jubilant and active through the Carolinas.

Polly Crawford was a chubby, bright-eyed, saucy-looking girl of 13 or 14 years. She was the major's only child, and was an ardent little rebel. The sampler she was at work upon represented Elijah fed by the ravens. There was a marvelous background of shrubs and trees, all wrought in the finest tent stitch; and, beside a stone done in orange color, lay the recumbent figure of the shaggy-haired prophet. A flock of birds, each one laden with a huge "two-penny pan loaf," were gracefully approaching from the left-hand corner of the canvas. The girl's deft fingers were busily ornamenting Elijah with two prominent eyes of the deepest cobalt blue, when her ears caught the

sound of hoofs coming at a sharp gallop up the road.

She glanced hastily from the window, and descried, mounted on a "grass pony" (a horse of the South Carolina swamps, rough, Shetlandish, wild), a tall, slender, "gangling fellow," legs long enough to almost meet under the pony, damaged, wide-brimmed hat flapping down over his face, which was freckled and worn, the figure covered with dust, tired looking, as though the youth had ridden till he could scarcely sit on his pony. Before she could run to the door the forlorn apparition hailed her with the tidings:

"The British are coming! A party of their dragoons, under Capt. Dacy, conducted by that tory, Wilson, are riding up from Charlotte like the wind."

The messenger, whom Polly recognized as a boy of the neighboring village, dashed on again, without waiting to answer any questions.

Polly gave no further thought to the cobalt-blue eyes of the old Gileadite, staring at her from the sampler. Her father must be warned; but before she left the window she glanced sharply down the road.

There was a cloud of dust rising above the trees, far down as she could see; and through that cloud she saw the glistering of bright steel. Were their enemies as near as that? Then, indeed, there was no time; and she hastened to the kitchen.

Maj. Crawford's bronzed face turned nearly as pale as that of his daughter's

careful examination, the officer led his soldiers up the stairs.

The upper rooms of the mansion were subjected to the same careful search as the cellar had been, and with the same ill-success. The walls and the sides of the room were sounded with swords and bayonets, but no signs of a living being in hiding was discovered.

"This is strange," declared the captain. "Maj. Crawford's horse is in the stable, and it is scarcely likely that he would try to get away on foot. Yet a cat couldn't stow himself away where we haven't looked. Where's Wilson?"

The tory was outside; but he came within, as he heard his name spoken by the officer. A nail on the barrel caught and tore a rent in his frock, as he went past it in the shed.

"There! You won't stand in the way, any longer!" cried the man, angrily, as he gave the cask a violent kick and knocked it over upon its side. Fortunately, the fierce fell with its uncovered head toward the wall; and no one suspected that the object of their search was within it.

"What do you make of it, Wilson?" inquired Capt. Dacy.

"I don't think the major's here," returned the tory. "He got wind of our close pursuit in some manner, and left on a fresh horse before we came. That's my opinion."

"And it's mine, too. But I'd sooner lost my spurs than to have had this search for nothing."



"YES, I AM HERE."

when he was told of the near approach of his foes, but he was a man of dauntless energy and accustomed to danger. His first act was to run to the window and look out. A single glance told him it was too late for flight. The dragoons were already at the white gates, and the foremost were dismounting.

"What shall we do?" What shall we do?" moaned Mrs. Crawford, wringing her hands.

"Be calm, mother," said the officer. "If the worst happens, I can defend myself with my sword, which did such good work at the Cowpens."

The patriot looked as if he was about to resort to that rash alternative, but Polly seized him by the arm.

"Quick! I can save you!" she said. And she pulled him by main force from the kitchen to the outer shed. She was in an agony of terror lest her father should be seen before he was hidden away at all, but outwardly she was very calm.

In the shed stood a large meat barrel, or tierce, which Cato had brought out of the cellar a few days before, and was now standing empty beside a pile of wood. In her desperation the girl's quick eye espied it, and she drew the hunted officer toward it.

"It's a capital hiding place," said the major, grasping her intention. "Pack me in as hastily as you can; and, mother, you go and entertain our visitors."

Maj. Crawford's bulky form was presently compressed within the interior of the cask, which was really the most available hiding place he could have sought. Polly threw in an old garment about him, and laid a few sticks of wood carelessly upon that, leaving the top of the barrel uncovered. Then she returned to the sitting-room, where she found her mother engaged in an exciting dialogue with the leader of the British party.

"Where have you hidden that rebel hound, your husband?" asked the officer.

"Maj. Crawford is capable of taking care of himself without any of my help," answered the patriotic woman, who had recovered her courage wonderfully.

"You do not deny, then, that the traitor is within?"

"Search for yourself. If my husband is here, you can find him." And Mrs. Crawford sat quietly down.

"Show me the way to your cellar, girl," said the Englishman to Polly.

"Would it not be best to begin with the garrets, and go down?" asked the young girl, her black eyes dancing saucily. "Because," she continued, "we have wine in the cellars, and your men might not be able to prosecute the search any further."

Capt. Dacy gave her a look that he intended to be very severe. "Lead the way to the cellar," he said, sternly.

Polly obeyed with a pretty pout. "Do you think my father is like pork and potatoes, to be in our cellar?" she asked.

"He is in the house somewhere, and we intend to find him," answered the officer, a young man who affected the brusque style of Tarleton, well known on both sides for his cruelty and soldierlike qualities.

But they found no hint of anybody's presence in the cellar; and, after a

"Well, we have done our best. There's good wine in the rebel's cellar, though. We needn't lose that."

"True," observed Capt. Dacy. Then, turning to Mrs. Crawford, he continued: "Come, madam, you can entertain rascally rebels, it seems. Have you no humble refreshment for the humble servants of the king?"

"Certainly. Will you partake of some cakes and wine? Call Chloe, Polly, and have the table spread at once."

"Order my men to ride on slowly, Wilson; it is possible they may get a glance of the rebel we are after. You and I will enjoy this good lady's hospitality a short time."

While Wilson was delivering the captain's orders to the dragoons Mrs. Crawford opened the sideboard, and set out decanters and dishes, and the negro brought some fresh wine from the cellar. The Englishman smacked his lips as he emptied a goblet.

"Come, Mrs. Crawford," said the officer, handing the mistress of the house a glass of wine. "I have a toast to propose. I hope you have no objection to drinking the health of King George."

"None at all," replied the lady. "I am sure that I wish him no harm, poor man!"

"Very well; and now we'll toss off a bumper to the success of his majesty's arms and to the discomfiture of all rebels."

"Papa might perhaps object to that," said Polly, who at this moment entered the room, after a short absence. "However, he is here to speak for himself."

"Yes, I am here; and I have decided objections to such sentiments being drunk in my house."

The Briton and the tory looked up and saw, framed in the doorway, the very man for whom they had been searching so vainly. He held in each hand a loaded pistol, and their muzzles were pointed at the hearts of the banqueters.

"Don't stir, or you are dead men!" he cried, as the British officer attempted to place his hand upon his sword.

"What do you intend to do?" asked the embarrassed captain.

"I mean to take you prisoner," answered Maj. Crawford. "I will not harm you if you offer no resistance. Polly, you may fasten his arms, so that he will not be able to harm us. There is a cord on the peg behind you."

The Briton glanced ferociously at his enemy. "Put your hands close behind you, or I shall be obliged to maim you," said the major, calmly.

Capt. Dacy obeyed, though with a bad grace; and the young girl fastened his wrists together with a stout rope.

"Now, it's your turn, Wilson," said the major, addressing the tory. "You thought to take me, but the tables are reversed."

Papa—I don't know, my son. I don't think any of them ever tried.—Detroit Free Press.

No Use for Him. Weary—W'y ain't youse got no use for Washington? Leary—I don't like de front part uv his name; an', anyway, anybody w'ot displayed a fondness for chop-pin' wood at sich an early age has my profound contempt.—Judge.

"Dey is. 'T's jes' com' in, an' de last soger's coat tail am out ob sight."

"It's time I should be going, then. I shall be with Sumpter by midnight. Help me to mount these prisoners' Cato."

"Golly, massa, and you's took um buff prissummers? Guess dey won't feel like laffin' at Cato ag'in. Cum' long, old red coat!" And the negro pulled Capt. Dacy unceremoniously toward his horse.

The sun was casting lengthening shadows on the green as the major bade his wife and daughter good-by, and he and the faithful Cato rode away with their two captives.

There were anxious hearts at the mansion until Cato returned with the news of their safe arrival at Sumpter's camp. In little more than a year the war closed; and Maj. Crawford himself came back to his plantation, which he carried on for many years. He always told Polly that it was to her thoughtfulness and strategy he owed his escape from capture and turning the tables upon his enemies. As for Polly, she carried a memento of that day in the shape of a dagger—a small, slender poniard, which dropped from Capt. Dacy's belt in the affray, and which she ever after wore as an ornament to her hair. This dagger is preserved as an heirloom by her descendants, and anyone seeing it will be told the story of the brave young girl who did not fail to act well her part in the times which tried men's souls.—Christian Register.

FEBRUARY 22, 1783.

First Celebration of Washington's Birthday—One of the Oldest of Holidays.

We may reckon February 22 as one of our oldest holidays, for though no legislature had at that time set it apart as a legal holiday, the regular celebration of Washington's birthday began in 1783, says the Chicago Inter Ocean. On February 22 of that year a party of gentlemen met in a tavern in New York. One of them had written an ode on Washington, another brought a list of tracts, still others had prepared speeches. There was great feasting, patriotic toasts were drunk, and before the company went home they agreed to meet together on every coming February 22, in honor of their country's chief. Other little knots of friends followed their example, and before long the celebration became general. Though not publicly recognized, wherever there were a score or more houses, the people gladly devoted at least a few hours of the day to jollity and good cheer. Even the fisherman left his nets by the sea, the carpenter his workshop, the good housewife laid aside her knitting, and the shopkeeper left up his shutters; best of all, the master on that day kept no school.

The celebration of the day gradually grew in importance till in the beginning of last century it was almost the most distinguished day of the year. Every theater on that day brought out some new play and made itself gay with flags and transparencies. Taverns spread their best cheer. There were balls and bonfires, barbecues, and cannonading, bell ringing, feasting and toasts. A glance over the Gazette and Advertisers of that period shows that it was quite the end of March before they ceased to publish accounts of the festivities which had taken place in every city and town in the land.

Washington was born before the adoption in England of the Gregorian calendar, and was, therefore, born on February 11, old style. For a long time some of his most ardent admirers persisted in celebrating this day rather than the 22d. We find as late as 1796 certain counties, in which men of the old school were unwilling to adopt the new calendar, at least so far as concerned the birthday of the father of their country.

A SLIGHT VARIATION.



G. W., Sr.—It's noble of thee to tell the truth about that cherry tree, Georgie, but notless methinks I'd thrash thee this year just for a change!—N. Y. Journal.

In After Years. Thus spake a father to his son: "You've often read, forsooth, Of little George Washington, Who always told the truth."

"Oh, yes," the youngster did reply, "And there was quite a row: 'Twas about a cherry tree, I think—But it's a chestnut now." —Chicago Daily News.

Never Tried. Johnny—Papa, if a man wouldn't tell a lie now, like George Washington didn't, would he be a great man like Washington? Papa—I don't know, my son. I don't think any of them ever tried.—Detroit Free Press.

No Use for Him. Weary—W'y ain't youse got no use for Washington? Leary—I don't like de front part uv his name; an', anyway, anybody w'ot displayed a fondness for chop-pin' wood at sich an early age has my profound contempt.—Judge.

A RUNAWAY TRAIN.

Dashed Down a Mountain Side and Through a Montana Town—One Man Killed, Two Injured.

Butte, Mont., Feb. 14.—A disastrous runaway of a freight train on the Northern Pacific railway occurred Wednesday on what is known as the "Hill line" of that track, a branch running from the main line to the mines on the hill above Butte. An engine and train crew, consisting of Engineer John M. Harden, Fireman Joseph Smith and Brake-men William Fiedler and Patrick Cahill were pulling four cars loaded with lumber to the Alice mine in Walkerville, about a mile above the city. To reach the mine, the road climbs along the hill for about three miles. When near the top of the elevation, the engine began to slip. The air brakes were applied, but failed to work, and before the hand brakes could be reached the train had acquired such momentum in its backward flight down the mountain that nothing could check it.

The engine was reversed, but all to no purpose. The train went so fast that all the lumber was scattered as by a cyclone along the track. Brake-man Fiedler was thrown off by a flying timber and his head crushed to a jelly. Cahill was also knocked off, but escaped with slight injury. The engineer remained at the throttle until the engine jumped the track and broke loose from the flying cars. The engine turned over and Harden was caught under it and seriously injured. The freight cars remained on the track for a distance of three miles, over which they flew, through the town like lightning, finally jumping the track and piling up on a mining dump.

HELD IN HEAVY BAIL.

A Note Broker Is Charged with Aiding a Bank Cashier in Alleged Peculations.

Boston, Feb. 14.—John W. Dickinson, of Newtonville, a note broker, was arrested Wednesday for alleged complicity in the wrecking of the South Danvers national bank, of Peabody. He was arraigned before United States Commissioner Hale, pleaded not guilty, and in default of \$25,000 bail was committed to the Charles street jail.

The arrest of Mr. Dickinson caused a sensation. In the complaint he is accused of aiding and abetting Cashier George M. Foster in the alleged misapplication of \$21,000. The complaint against him brings to light another case against Mr. Foster, who was recently arrested charged with embezzling \$3,600 of the bank's money. Mr. Foster has been unable to secure his \$10,000 bail. The authorities allege that Foster criminally misapplied the \$21,000 in giving Mr. Dickinson the sums of \$5,000 and \$16,000 respectively on the strength of certain notes. In accepting the same Mr. Dickinson is charged with aiding the cashier in carrying out the alleged fraudulent transaction.

When Mr. Dickinson was arraigned Assistant District Attorney Casey, who appeared for the government, requested that bail be fixed at \$25,000, asserting that it was the contention of the prosecution that Foster and Dickinson had misapplied between \$100,000 and \$200,000 of the bank's funds, and that large bonds were necessary. The commissioner accordingly fixed the bail at the above figure.

REFUSE TO SUICIDE.

Chinamen Decline to Obey the Edict of Their Emperor.

Pekin, Feb. 14.—At least three of the Chinese to whom Emperor Kwang Su sent a choice of methods of suicide, in pursuance of the demand of the powers for their punishment with death, have declined to comply, and the emperor has withdrawn his request that they should destroy themselves.

His majesty now telegraphs Prince Ching that when he agreed to the terms of the joint note the latter only required that the punishment should fit the crime, and he argues that if the worst of the guilty deserve death, the others should be banished.

The foreign envoys, on the contrary, say that even those who are least guilty deserve death, and, as there is no worse punishment, all must suffer the same penalty, although, if China should desire to make distinctions regarding the crimes, she can sentence the worst either to quartering or to some other forms of Chinese execution.

Counted the Electoral Vote.

Washington, Feb. 14.—The ceremony of counting the electoral vote for president and vice president cast at the election last fall took place in the hall of the house of representatives yesterday at a joint session of the senate and house. Senator Chandler announced the total number of votes cast as 447, of which William McKinley received for president 292; William Jennings Bryan, of Nebraska, 155; Theodore Roosevelt received for vice president 292 and Adlai E. Stevenson 155.

Will Be Blind Even If He Lives.

New York, Feb. 14.—Rev. Keller, the victim of Thomas G. Barker's shot, is physically in no worse condition than he has been at any time since he was shot. Should he live, however, he will probably be blind, the physicians having given up hope of saving his remaining eye.

A Woman's Fight with a Robber.

New York, Feb. 14.—Mrs. Louise A. Pryor, wife of Dr. L. A. Pryor, who is a son of ex-Judge Robert A. Pryor, was yesterday struck on the head with a piece of lead pipe and robbed. Mrs. Pryor had several hundred dollars' worth of diamonds and some money in her purse when she was struck by the robber. She fought bravely and managed to escape with a cut on the head. Patrick Hynes has been arrested and charged with the crime. Mrs. Pryor's purse was found in his pocket.

THE CRUSADERS.

Mrs. Nation Visits the City of Chicago.

She Did Not Wield the Hatchet, but Succeeded in Stirring Up a Little Excitement—A Joint at Winfield, Kan., Is Smashed by a Mob.

Holtan, Kan., Feb. 12.—The crusade against the jointists which was commenced here Saturday, was continued Monday. At a mass meeting held in the Methodist church a committee was appointed to investigate the report that the place owned by Mrs. Hicks, which was raided Saturday, was open again. The committee found that the report was true and temperance workers again raided the place and compelled Mrs. Hicks and her son to sign a contract that they would never again sell liquor.

Topeka, Kan., Feb. 12.—As a result of Sunday's meeting of the citizens of Topeka, all the joints of the city are closed. Topeka is practically a dry town so far as the joints are concerned. Some of the drug stores are said to be doing a thriving business, but the condition is much different from a week ago when there were about 80 joints running openly, most of them equipped with the finest fixtures.

Muscattine, Ia., Feb. 12.—Mrs. Nation arrived here Monday and was met at the train by 4,000 people. A squad of police was on hand to escort her to the hotel. The crowd, however, was peaceable and evidently turned out through curiosity, for less than 500 people attended her meeting at the Grand opera house last night. After the meeting closed and the receipts of the evening were counted Mrs. Nation's financial manager dissolved partnership with her and with four of the six women who accompanied her will return to Kansas.

Chicago, Feb. 14.—Mrs. Carrie Nation left Chicago for Topeka last night. She is under bonds to appear in the Kansas capital to-day for trial in connection with her operations in that city. Before leaving Chicago she announced that as soon as she had "cleaned up things" at home, she would come back here, and if things were not properly taken care of by the authorities, she and her friends would take matters into their own hands, and to use her own expression "we will make souvenirs."

Her meeting with the saloonkeepers, which she announced that she would carry out, did not materialize, and in default of having them for an audience she went once more to the saloon at 290 State street, which she visited Tuesday night, and in which her grandson is manager, and delivered a talk to the people she found there. It was a motley throng, embracing all classes. Mrs. Nation mounted a table and for 15 minutes talked with great energy, urging her hearers to abandon both the use and sale of liquor, and denouncing all those who permitted its sale anywhere in the city.

Winfield, Kan., Feb. 14.—A mob of 200 men and women armed with axes, revolvers and shotguns yesterday totally demolished Schmidt's saloon, the finest in the city. Some one of the mob fired a shot from a shotgun through a door that started a general onslaught with rocks and guns on the windows and doors. Emma Denny received a pistol ball in her face and was slightly hurt. Although this was an accident, it enraged the mob, and the crusaders swarmed into the saloon. There they found Charles and Henry Schmidt. After driving them from the building the mob created havoc right and left. Cigar cases, mirrors and pictures were smashed and those that could not be reached with axes were shot full of holes. The mahogany bar was hacked to splinters and all the bottles and barrels were smashed.

Topeka, Kan., Feb. 15.—Mrs. Carrie Nation was brought to trial here yesterday on a charge of destroying property. The complainant was W. F. Lytle, proprietor of the Senate saloon, which Mrs. Nation and her crusaders wrecked last week. The conclusion of the case was postponed to next week. After many amusing passages in the examination of Kelly, one of the proprietors of the joint which was destroyed, it was agreed that Kelly should admit that he was running a saloon and that Mrs. Nation should plead guilty to smashing it.

Winfield, Kan., Feb. 15.—War on the "joints" here is supposed to have caused the destruction during Wednesday night of all but two windows of the United Brethren church. It is supposed to have been done by partisans of the "joint" keepers. Several warrants have been issued for persons alleged to have been implicated in the destruction of the church windows. The damage will amount to several hundred dollars, as the windows were all stained glass. Rev. Hendershot, pastor of the church, is a strong prohibition worker.

The Czar's Gift to McKinley.

Washington, Feb. 15.—Count Cassini, the Russian ambassador, yesterday presented to the president a magnificent album containing scenes of the coronation of the czar in 1896. The album is a present from the czar to President McKinley and was specially made for the latter. The front of the album has medallion portraits in gold of the Russian ruler and his wife.

Offers a Bonus to Shipbuilders.

Duluth, Feb. 15.—Capt. A. B. Wolvin, of this city, and President James Wallace of the American Shipbuilding Co., have made arrangements to erect a shipbuilding plant for their company in Halifax, N. S. The municipality has agreed to give a bonus of \$2 a ton on every ship built for ten years and \$1 for the succeeding ten.

A Whisky Speculator.

Louisville, Kan., Feb. 15.—The Courier Journal says that a local capitalist is forming a pool to buy \$1,000,000 worth of whisky for speculative purposes.