

THE "NEW WOMAN."

She does not "languish in her bower," Or squander all the golden day In fashioning a gaudy flower Upon a worsted spray;

The brave "New Woman" seems to sigh, And count it "such a grievous thing" That year on year should hurry by And no gay suitor bring;

And not less lightly fall her feet Because they tread the busy ways: She is no whit less fair and sweet Than maids of olden days.

Of life she takes a clearer view, And through the press severely moves, Unfettered, free, with judgment true, Avoiding narrow grooves.

GREAT SPELLING BEE

"I allus hold," said the Chronic Loafer, as he stretched his legs along the counter and rested his back comfortably against a pile of calicoes, "that they ain't no such thing as rarin'borin' allus.

He gazed impressively about the store at the close of this discourse. The Miller, the Shoemaker and the G. A. R. Man were disposed to agree with him, but the School Teacher was sarcastic.

"What's you uns so tickled about now?" he asked gruffly. "I was jest thinkin'," the Tinsmith replied, his countenance somewhat agitated.

"Now, fore you git grindin' away—sence you've got on spellin'—I want ter tell a good an' on."

"Let him tell us about Quincey Muthersbaugh," the School Teacher interposed, decisively. "Your good un can keep."

"Some folks is nat'ral spellers, just as others is nat'ral musicians. Ag'in, et's jest as hard ter make a good speller by education as it is ter make a good bass horn blower.

"I cannot wholly agree with you," interrupted the School Teacher. "Give a child first words of one syllable, then two; then drill them in words ending in tion until—"

"We won't discuss that, Teacher, fer et don't effect our case. John Jimison was a nat'ral speller. You never seen th' like. Give him a word of six or seven syllables an' he'd spell et out like et was on a blackboard right before him.

"That was th' winter we had so much snow. It had drifted in th' roads, so we drove through th' fief's, if you un-remember. What with church sossibles an' singin' school an' spellin' bees they was a heap sighth goin' on.

"Not a week passed but me an' Quincey Muthersbaugh went somev'es, an' fore I know'd et both him an' John Jimison was keepin' company with Hannah Siders. She was jest as pretty as a peach, plump an' rosy, with th' slickest nat'ral hair an' teeth you ever seen.

like Quincey was her favorite without he knowin' it. He'd go see her and set down an' never say nothin' much; but she kinder thot him pleasant company.

"Hannah Ciders didn't know which of them two ter choose. Et seems she figured on et all fall an' well inter th' winter. She begin ter get thin an' lose all her color, an' both them fellers was near wild with anxiousness an' continual quarrelin'.

"Et 'll take a long time fer 'em ter do much, th' way you tells et," the Chronic Loafer grumbled. "She give out," continued Tinsmith, not heeding the interruption, "that she'd take th' best educated. That tickled Jimison, who blowed round ter all his friends how he was just ready.

"The night come, an' such a crowd as they was et th' Happy Grove School. They was sleighin', and fer a quarter of a mile in front of th' buildin' they was nothin' but horses hitched ter th' fences.

"I was standin' be th' stove meltin' th' snow off me boots, when I had a few words with Quincey Muthersbaugh. He seemed jest a little excited, but 'lowed et 'ud come out all right.

"Teacher Long, from over in Lemon Township, called out th' words from a speller, while me an' another feller kept tally. The first word given out was soupeny, an' Quincey missed et.

"After a recess of ten minutes they begin ter spell down. All th' scholars lined up in a row an' whenever one missed a word they had to get in th' audience. They spelled an' spelled, till final they was no one left but Quincey Muthersbaugh an' John Jimison.

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an' thot et was all up with him, an' thot Hannah Ciders know'd who she favored et too late, fer she wasn't a girl ter break a greenen'.

"Then sudden a feller run in th' door an' yelled: 'Some un's run off with Teacher Jimison's horse an' sleigh!'

"You uns never seen such a panic. Th' weemen jumped up an' yelled; th' men jest piled out th' door; John Jimison climbed out th' winder, an' Teacher Long dropped his spellin' book an' fol-dered. Ter my surprise Quincey Muthersbaugh never moved; he jest stood there lookin' at Hannah Ciders an' smilin'.

"Then th' rear winder, right back of where Quincey was standin', slid up an' his young brother Sam stuck his head in, an' when he seen th' coast was clear, whispered: 'I jest give th' 'larm in time, Quincey, didn't I? I've hitched Teacher Jimison's horse right here behind th' schoolhouse, an' you kin take her home jest as soon as th' last of these here fools gets away.'

"Quincey smiled an' said: 'I thot you was never comin' an' I'd hev ter spell et out!'

"But th' winder was shut down an' his brother was gone. "Then he steps down th' platform an' walks up ter Hannah Ciders, an' says: 'Th' last syllable e-a-l-a-s.'

"No," she says, quiet-like, 'et's e-a-l-l-s. But thot ain't no difference.'

"I slipped out th' winder an' started home. Bout ten minutes later John Jimison's horse and sleigh passed me on th' road, an' from what I seen I judged et wouldn't a done him much good, anyway, ef he had a spelled down Quincey Muthersbaugh."

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FIRST IN WAR AND PEACE.

WASHINGTON'S BIRTHPLACE TO BE MARKED BY A MONUMENT.

A Granite Shaft to Be Erected by the Government—Story of the Old House—Its Historic Inmates.

WORK has begun on the monument to mark the birthplace of Washington, at Wakefield, Va., and the substantial completion of the work this year seems assured.

The old homestead, about seventy miles below the National Capital, will hereafter, perhaps, become more of a resort for patriotic visitors, since, with the funds provided by Congress, a pier has been built in the river, about two miles from the monument site, and a road to the latter constructed.

From all accounts the old Wakefield



"WAKEFIELD", WASHINGTON'S BIRTHPLACE.

ment itself, but that sum has been sufficient. The formal dedication of the completed structure could easily be arranged, it would seem, for the birthday anniversary of 1896.

Near the steamboat landing and close by Bridges Creek is the old Washington family vault, containing the bones of Washington's father and of Augustine Washington's first wife and of some of his ancestors.

"Toward the members of a theatrical company traveling in one of the coaches he particularly directed his violence and insults. His conduct with them at last became unbearable, and when, after threatening two actors with his revolver and frightening the women to the verge of hysterics, he passed onward to another car, a hurried council of war was held in the coach he had vacated, and every man who had a pistol got it in readiness, with the understanding that if he returned he was to be shot down at the first aggressive movement.

"Here Scott Moore, the proprietor of the Armijo House, was at the station with his hackman awaiting the train's arrival. He called out the name of his house at the door of the car in which I was sitting, and then turning to the hackman said:

"You take care of the passengers in this car and I will go on to the next."

"These inoffensive words caught the ear of the tough man from the East, who was pushing his way to the car platform. He drew his pistol and started for the nearest man on the station platform, shouting:

"You'll take care of us, will you! I'll show you smart fellows out here that you're not able to take care of me!"

"He flourished his revolver as he spoke, and just as his feet struck the second step of the car he fired, the ball passing over the head of the man on the station platform. The sound of his pistol was instantly followed by two quick reports, and the tough man fell forward upon the platform dead. The man at whom he had apparently fired had drawn his revolver and shot him twice through the heart.

tact, but with the action of time and the depredations of the relic hunters, it is now no longer recognizable.

After the death of Augustine Washington, the Wakefield property was inherited by his son, Augustine, Jr., George's next youngest brother, on attaining his majority. Years afterward it came into the possession of Colonel Lewis W. Washington, when a reservation was made of the spot which the old house had occupied.

In 1879 the need of a proper memorial to mark the Washington birth site was called to the attention of Congress, and in June of that year an appropriation of \$3000 was granted for a monument to be erected under the supervision of the Secretary of State. In the early spring of 1880 William M. Everts, then Secretary of State, and much interested in the success of the project, visited the place and exerted himself in the consideration of plans and designs for the monument.

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WASHINGTON MONUMENT AT THE NATIONAL CAPITAL.

Nothing now remains of this house but the foundation walls, flush with the ground. The landscape surrounding the site is not particularly attractive at present, but with proper grading, planting and improvement it could doubtless be transformed into a handsome park.

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The new house, "Pine Grove," which Augustine Washington immediately built down in Stafford County, Virginia, across the River Rappahannock from Fredericksburg, was modeled closely on the plan of the Wakefield home.

Washington's triumphal entry into Boston was the signal victory which made him first a National hero. Up to that moment he had been a deserving Virginia gentleman in command of some Continental forces.

Congress itself set the pace by voting, on motion of John Adams, a medal to be struck in honor of their victor's general. This was done and we have the pleasure of reproducing here a drawing of the face of the medal.



CONGRESS' MEDAL TO WASHINGTON.

The innate modesty and judicial quality of the victor was well illustrated in the remark made by him on being notified of Congress' intended medal to his honor.

"They were, indeed, at first a band of undisciplined husbandmen; but it is, under God, to their bravery and attention to duty that I am indebted for that success which has procured me the only reward I wish to receive, the affection and esteem of my countrymen."

As to Giants.

As a rule, giants are not long-lived. They have too many gamutlets to run being giants—that being anything over six feet six—they naturally drag into the show business and are there forth incarcerated in vans, cigar rooms, and in the dingy and effluvia-laden air of the exhibition room.

History tells us of the personal reconnaissance of Washington Lafayette around Elk Landing, when the British debarked at that point, from whence they marched the Brandywine, Penn. It also says that they camped upon Chestnut Del., from which point the Chesapeake is distinctly visible.

They made an early start from the bivouac and went northwesterly strike the road leading from Elk Landing to Newark, and entered a house which stands about one hundred yards from the road, to try for breakfast. They were graciously received by the lady of the house, who served a table nicely set and the fast ready to be served.

Lafayette manifested great delight at their good luck, and they were seated. The lady of the house, in the room for a moment, Washington touched Lafayette under the chin with his foot and said: "Eat, hurry; this breakfast was not made for us." He took the hint, and not long before they were again on the saddle, after expressing many thanks for the hospitality.

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