She does not "languish in her bower," Or squander all the golden day In fashioning a gaudy flower Upon a worsted spray: Nor is she quite content to wait Behind her "rose-wreathed lattice-pane Until beside her father's gate The gallant Prince draws rein."

The brave "New Woman" scorns to sigh.

And count it "such a grievous thing" That year on year should hurry by And no gay suitor bring; In labor's ranks she takes her place, With skillful hands and cultured mind; Not always foremost in the race, But never far behind.

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

Who, gowned in samite or brocade, Looked charming in their dainty guise, But dwelt like violets in the shade, With shy, half-opened eyes,

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

And sometimes 'tis her joy and crown To lift with strong yet tender hands The burdens men lay down.

- Chambers' Journal.

# GREAT SPELLING BEE

"I allus held," said the Chronic Loafer, as he stretched his legs along the counter and rested his back comfortably against a pile of calleoes, "thet they ain't no sech thing as rearinberin allus. I know some sais they is electric lights, but when I seen that hig un last night I said to my missus, an' I hol' I'm right, that et was nothin' but th' iron furnaces over th' mo'ntain. Fer, s'pose, ez th' Teacher sais, they is lights up et th' north pole, does you uns believe we coul : see 'em all thet distance? Well, now!"

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 surenstic.

"If you had ever studied physical geography," he said, "you would know that the aurora borealis is not a light made upon terra firma, but a peculiar magnetic condition of the atmosphere for which there is no apparent accountlug." He looked toward the Chronic Lonfer. "And the maner in which you pronounce it is exceedingly ludicrous. It is not a rearinborin allways. It is spelled a u-r-o-r-n-b-o-r-e-n-l-l-s."

The Tinsmith, who was scated upon a nail keg, rubbing his hands in the warm rays of the stove, chuckled softly, The Chronic Loafer noticed him and felt convinced that the correction of his own grammar had caused the other's mirth.

"What's you uns so tickled about now?" he asked grutlly.

"I was jest thinkin'," the Tinsmith red d. his countenance osc warm expression, "of the time my ole frien' Quincy Muthersbaugh spelled down John Minison, who tot up to Happy Grove school. He done et on thet very word. My, but ther there was a

"Now, 'fore you git grindin' 'waysence you've got on spellin'-1 want ter tell a good un on-

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

Compelled to silence, the Chronic Leafer rolled over on his back and gazed dejectedly into the dlm recesses of the ceiling, while the Tinsmith begant

"Some folks is nat'ral spellers, jest ns others is nat'ral musicians. Ag'in, et's jest as hard ter make a good speller by edication as et is ter make a good bass horn blower. Fer a feller thet haln't thet inborn idee of how many letters is needed ter make a word 'Il never spell no better than th' man thet hain't a nat'ral sense of how much wind's needed for a note 'll play a bass horn."

"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

"We won't discuss that, Tencher, 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. When he was 20 he hed spelled down all the scholars in Happy Grove, an' 'd won 'bout six bees. Then he went to th' Pikestown Normal school, out in the western part of Pennsylvany. When he come back you never knowed th' bent. He hed stedled Lating an' algebray, but I guess he must a spent consider'ble time a-brushin' up his spellin', fer there was only one feller bout these parts who could keep him fer any time at all. He was my frien' Quincy Muthersbaugh. You uns knows Quincy. He tot two winters up et Kishikoquiikas school, an' went west after he mawried. He was a powerful good feller-still-an' a fine teacher an' speller-but John Jimison hed th' advantage of a normal school edication, an' know'd it, fer you uns never seen the like of th' way he kerried on when he was teachin' ter Happy Grove.

"That was th' winter we had so much snow. It hed drifted in th' roads, so we drove through th' fiel's, if you uns remember. What with church soshbles an' singin' school an' spellin' bees they was a heap sight goin' on.

"Not a week passed but me an' Quincy Muthersbaugh went some'eres, au' 'fore I know'd et both him an' John Jimison was keepin' comp'ny 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. She was powerful fond of edication, so when them two teachers was after her she jest couldn't make up her min'. She fareers weath Las et aremed tor me

like Quincy was her favoryte without he knowin' it. He'd go see her and set down an' never say nothin' much; but she kinder that him pleasant company. He was good-lookin' an' sure an' no fool. Jimison was amusin', toler'ble in his looks an' hed th' advantage of a normal school edication, an' kinder dazzled her. Et allus 'peared ter me, still, as if he was a bit concelty, but then he

took with th' girls. "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'. Then what yer s'pose they done?"

"Et 'll take a long time fer 'em ter do much, th' way you tells et," the Chronic Lonfer grumbled.

"She give out," continued Tinsmith, not beeding the interruption, "that she'd take th' best edicated. Thet tickled Jimison, who blowed round ter all his friends how he was just ready. He was goin', he put et, 'like th' male knights of old, ter tilt in th' turning-months fer his lady.' They agreed ter hev it out on th' quiet at th' big spellin' between their schools th' followin' week. I that Quincy was gone. He jest went ter work, though, an' fer sev'ral days before th' bee I seen nothin' of him. He was stedyin' th' spellin' book.

"The night come, an' seeh 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. Th' schoolroom was all decorated with greens an' lighted with ile lamps for th' occasion, an' was jest packed. All th' seats was filled with girls, an' th' men was lined four deep 'long th' walls an' banked up on top of one 'nother at th' back. On one side of th' platform, settin' on a bench-'long under th' blackboard, was th' sixteen best scholars of th' Happy Grove School, led by John Jimison. He was smilln', an' conferdent, nn' gazin' longin' at Hannah Ciders, who wos on one of th' front sents an' 'peared rather nervous. He was all togged out in a new Prince Albert coat for

"I was standin' be th' stove meltin' th' snow off me boots, when I hed a few words with Quince Muthersbaugh. He seemed jest a little excited, but 'lowed et 'ud come out all right. Then he took his place with his sixteen scholars on th' other side th' platform an' th' procedin's begin.

"Teacher Long, from over in Lemon speller, while me an' another feller kept tally. The first word given out was soupeny, an' Quincy missed et, He spelled et 's-u-p-e-n-a.' I jest felt sick when I marked down one again' his side. Jimison took her, spelled her all right an' commenced ter smile. Muthersbaugh looked solemn. The feller nex' on his side spelled supersedes correct, while th' man nex' John infison finsed superannuation, an' then Happy Grove an' Kishikoquillas was even. They kep' thet up an hour an' a half, an' I tell yer et was most excitin' ter see them trained spellers | southward-bound Atchison train at Las battlin'. When they quit Happy Grove | Vegas and soon found that one of the less misses then Kishikoquiilas. Jimison commenced ter smile triumphant, but Quince didn't do nothin' | the cars, talking loudly and profanely, cept set there quiet like. .

"After a recess of ten nilnutes they begin ter spell down. All th' scholars lined up in a row an' whenever one missed a word they hed to go set in th' and'ence. They spelled an' spelled, tell final they was no one left but Quincy Muthershaugh an' John Jimison, jest standin' there glarin' et each other an' singin' out letters. Et was a grand sight. Hannah Clders was pale and tremblin', fer she knowed th' vally of an idle word then. Th' and'ence was most stretchin' ther necks outen joint, they was so interested. Two lamps went out an' no one fixed 'em; th' nir was jest blue with th' steam made by th' snow meltin' off th' fellers' boots, an' th' stove begin to smoke, an' th' room was suffocatin', but no one that ter put up a winder, th' excitemen' was so bad.

"Sech words as penultimate, concatenation, pentateuch an' silhonette come lead easy ter them teachers. They kep' glarin' et each other an' spellin' like their life depended on et. Poor Long's voice got weaker an' weaker a givin' out words. I was thet nervous I could hairdly see. They spelled all the ations and entions, all the words endin' in ism, die and ness, tell et seemed they'd use up th' book. Quincy was gettin' more excited; Jimison's knees was tremblin' visible.

"Then Long give out Rorybory Allus, You could a heard a pin drop in thet room. Jimison he begin slow, as ef It was dead easy; 'A-r-o-r-a, Aurora; b-o-r, Aurora Bor; e-a-l-i-s, Aurora Bo-

"They was a mumble went over th' room, an' he seen he was wrong an' velled: 'A-u, I menn.'

" 'Too late,' says Long. 'Only one chanc't et a time tell one or th' other spells et. Th' gentleman who gits et right first wins, accordin' ter rules."

"Jimison was white as a sheet an' his face an' hands was a-twitchin' as be stood there glarin' et Quincy. Muthers baugh looked at th' floor like he was stedyin'. I seen Hannah Ciders lean for a'd an' grip th' desk with her hands. an' then I know'd she'd made up her min' which she favored.

"He begin: 'A-u, au; r-o-r, ror, Auror; a, Aurora; B-o-r, bor, Aurora Bor; e. Aurora Bore; a-l, al. Aurora Boreal-Then he stopped an' looked at th' floor and stedled.

"I jest stood up. I was thet excited, fer I knowed what was wrong. I seen tears in Hannah Cider's eyes as she leaned for'a'd, not breathin'; I seen Jimison grin an' know'd he remembered he'd left out th' u au' 'ud spell et sure jest as quick as he'd get a chanc't. 1 believed Quincy was goin' ter say 'a.'

an' thet et was all up with him, an' thet ! FIRST IN WAR AND PEACE. Hannah Clders know'd who she favored too late, fer she wasn't a girl ter break a greemen'.

"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 sech 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' follered. Ter my surprise Quincy Muthersbaugh never moved; he jest stood there lookin' at Hannah Ciders an' smilln', while she was gazin' back, as red as a beet. I was gettin' out th' winder among th' last an' turned 'round ter see of Quince was behind me; thet's how I come ter notice et. I jest stopped an' looked et both of 'em. Fer three minutes them two stared et each other an' I stared et them, not knowin' what ter make of et. Meantime the room was cleared. Outside we heard th' sleigh bells ringin' as th' fellers started off after th 'thieves; we heard John Jimison and Teacher Long callin' to 'emter go in this an' thet direction; we heard th' weemen complainin' because they'd so many hey ter walk home.

"Then th' rear winder, right back of where Quincy was tandin', 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, Quince, didn't 1? 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 gits away.'

"Quincy smiled an' said: 'I that you

was never comin' an' I'd hev ter spell et out.' "But th' winder was shet down an'

his brother was gone. "Then he steps down off 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-ai-s. But thet ain't no difference."

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

#### TOUGH, BUT DIDN'T LAST LONG Western Way of Suppressing a Rad Man from the East.

"It is interesting to observe," said a man from Colorado, "how small the tough man from the East is apt to sing in the Far West after he has had an experience or two in running up against the men of that region. He finds out Township, called out th' words from a that an altercation is likely to bring him up facing the muzzle of a pistol in the hands of a man much more ready to pull the trigger off-hand than to waste time in preliminary talk. He soon learns the lesson of circumspection, and, if he survives the process, his behavior is usually modified to fit his

new surroundings. "A tragic illustration of the results that may come from a tenderfoot's attempt to masquerade as a bad man west of the Mississippi River came under my observation in the winter of 1881-'82 in New Mexico. I boarded the issengers was terrorizing the others. He had been drinking, and he paraded trying to pick quarrels with passengers and frequently flourishing a revolver. The train hands did not seem inclined to interfere with him, and among the

people aboard whom he directly insult-

ed he did not happen to hit any one who

had the sand or the disposition to call him down.

"Toward the members of a theatrical company traveling in one of the conches 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 hysteries, he passed onward into 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. But that phase of trouble was averted, for, as it happened, he remained in the car ahead until, at dusk, the train rolled into Albuquerque.

"Here Scott Moore, the proprietor of the Armijo House, was at the station with his backman awalting 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 car of the tough man from the East, who was pushing his way to the car platform. He drew his pistol and startd 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.

"A crowd gathered as the train rolled on, leaving the tough man lying where he had fallen. Of course-I learned in dentally afterward-the man who killed him, a gambler of the town, was fully exonerated at the inquest, and was never indicted for the killing."

## New Color.

Paris has invented a new shade or color which it calls pelure d'ognon. That sounds better, but does not look better, than the English version-"onion par-

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.

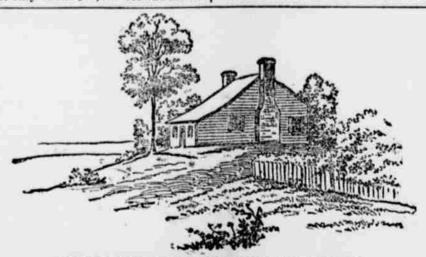
TORK has begun on monument to mark the birthplace of Washington, at Wakefield, Va., and the substantial completion of the work this year seems assured. Ashaft of American light granite, about forty feet high, will rest upon a plinth and a die for the inscription, and these in turn upon two bases, the lower one twelve feet square, so that the total height of the structure will be fiftyone feet. That height will fully answer the requirement of being visible from the decks of vessels in the channel of the Potomac, not quite four miles distant. The successful design among the twenty-nine submitted was from the same firm, Crawford & Son., Buffalo, N. Y., that erected the memorial to Mary Washington at Fredericksburg, and the relative porportions of the latter monument are that the inscriptions on the monument shall be of the simplest character. The words "Birthplace of Washington," will be cut out into the die United States, 1895," cut into the State.

The old homestead, about seventy 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 conthe purchase of the ground required, left only about \$11,000 for the monu- | From all accounts the old Wakefield

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 Wash-

ington, 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 1858 this reservation, together with the burial plot at Bridges Creek, was presented to the State of Virginia by its owners upon condition that the place be enclosed and a fitting monument inscribed as the birthplace of Washington. But this was not done, and subsequently the Virginia Legis-lature ceded back the reservations to the last owner, Mr. John E. Wilson, the husband of Betty Washington, whose grandfather was William Augustine Washington, the half-nephew of

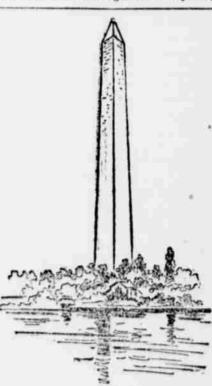
In 1879 the need of a proper memorial to mark the Washington birth site was called to the attention of Congress, and in June of that year an appropriation of \$3000 was granted for a monument, to be erected under the closely followed. It has been settled supervision of the Secretary of State. In the early spring of 1880 William M. Evarts, then Secretary of State, and much interested in the success of the project, visited the place and exerted stone, and the words "Erected by the | limself in the consideration of plans and designs for the monument. In front of the first base. Mr. Crawford | May following he reported to the says that it will probably take him | House of Representatives his opinion about a year to complete the construc- that \$30,000, instead of \$3000, would tion of the monament according to the be necessar; to provide such a strucdesign approved by the Secretary of ture as the nature and dignity of the subject demanded, and as a result the appropriation was increased by Conmiles below the National Capital, will gress in February, 1884, to the higher figure, but from one cause and another nothing further was done, and the project was allowed to drop until February, 1893, when Congress authorized the use of \$11,136 of the \$30,000 already appropriated in constructing structed. The improvements, with a wharf as a means of approach to the proposed monument.



"WAKEFIELD", WASHINGTON'S BIRTHPLACE.

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

close by Bridges Creek is the old plantation, attended by the usual com-Washington family vault, containing plement of slaves, and dispensing to the bones of Washington's father and of Augustine Washington's first wife characteristic of the old Virginia famiand of some of his ancestors. This vault will be enclosed in some suitable way. From the wharf at Bridges Creek an improved roadway will be made and enclosed by a fence on either side, leading southwestward and southward a mile and a half to the site of Washington's birthplace,



WASHINGTON MONUMENT AT THE NATIONAL CAPTIAL.

Pope's Creek, a wide arm of the Poto-

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 windy day in April, 1735. The slaves could doubtless be transformed into a in the yard were burning brush and handsome park. It is like any com- other "trash," as is usual in the mon fallow field-covered with grass and weeds, and here and there dotted with clumps of wild fig bushes, ragged | the dry shingles of the home roof. In | saddle, after expressing many pine trees, hemlocks and shapely cedars. On the spot where the old Wakefield House stood, a flat-sided freestone slab was placed in filial devotion in the year 1815 by George Washington Parke Curtis, Washington's adopted son, bearing this inscription: ..........

HERE. On the 22d February, 1731, GEORGE WASHINGTON WAS HORN.

As late as 15 4 this also was still 12- caped burning.

"mansion" was in truth but a very husband lived an ideal country life Near the steamboat landing and there, in the midst of their prosperous all comers the generous hospitality lies in Colonial days. The most distinctive features of the house were its immense chimneys on each end, built from the ground on the outside of the frame dwelling-so large, indeed, as to make the house look disproportionately small in comparison with them. Each wide fireplace is said to have had capacity sufficient for a cord of wood at one time. The building had but one floor and an attic under the big hip-roof, which was broken by dormer windows to admit the light. At the front was a wide porch, extending the whole width of the house. On the right side of the entrance was the parlor, and its fireplace was decorated, after the fashion of that time in the dwellings of the well-to-do, with blue Dutch tiles of quaint design. There were but three other rooms of fair size on the first floor, the largest being in the one-story extension at the back, used as a sleeping chamber by Augustine and Mary. In that comparatively humble room the greatest American was born, February, 22, 1731. There also, besides his sister Betty, who was born in June, 1733, his brother Samuel first saw the light, in Novem-

The house stood back about a hundred yards from the bank of Pope's Creek, about half a mile southwest from the Potomac in a straight line. The plantation was a triangularshaped track, bounded by the Potomac and Bridges and Popes Creeks, and comprised somewhat over 1000 acres of wood and bottom land, on which were produced large crops of tobacco for export. The trading vessels of that day being mostly of light draught, no Wakefield House, on the bank of difficulty was encountered in mooring close to shore and taking on their cargoes of tobacco direct from the fields where the weed had been produced.

When George Washington was but little over four years old the historic house was accidentally destroyed by fire. The burning happened on a spring, when suddenly some sparks for us." He took the hint, and were carried from the burning heap to not long before they were again a few moments the whole structure was wrapped in dames. Augustine Washington, the father, was absent at the time, and Mary, the mother, took command in his stead. Under her direction the family furniture and valuables were removed by the slaves to a place of safety, and then, without wasting time in idle lamentation, she set all hands to assist in making up beds and preparing supper in a cabin at the rear, which fortunately had es-

The new house, "Pine Grove." which Augustine Washington immedi ately built down in Stafford County, Virginia, across the River Rappa. hannock from Fredericksburg, was modeled closely on the plan of the Wakefield home. There the remainder of the children were born, and there Augustine died, in 1743, and was buried in the vault with his first wife, Jane Butler, at Bridges Creek.

### When First a National Hero,

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 put in command of some Continental forces. Now he began to be regarded as the military Moses of the whole people of the American Colonies.

Congress itself set the pace by roting, on motion of John Adams, a medal to be struck in honor of their victorious general. This was done and we have the pleasure of reproducing here a drawing of the face of the medal, The profile is said to be an excellent likeness of Washington in his prime.



The innate modesty and judici quality of the victor was well illustrate ed in the remark made by him on h ing notified of Congress' intended medal to his honor. Speaking of in men, he said:

"They were, indeed, at first a bank of undisciplined husbandmen; but is, under God, to their bravery and a tention to duty that I am indebted fa that success which has procured a the only reward I wish to receive, the affection and esteem of my country men."-Pathfinder.

## As to Glants,

As a rule, giants are not long-livel They have too many gauntlets to run being giants-that being anything over six feet six-they naturally dri into the show business and are thene forth incarcerated in vans, clor rooms, and in the dingy and effluen laden air of the exhibition root. Their not overresisting lungs here is hale the combined effluvia and area that arise from the lungs, skin a not overclean or over-well-ain clothes of their many admirers, all which is not conducive to eite health or to long life. It would see reasonable to believe that a gianthe seven or ten feet tall-who is we formed, and who has every organ; just proportion to his bulk, she live as long as a small man or as le as his heredity might otherwise permi reasoning theoretically this seem probable, but when we come well analyze the subject and com the actual facts we find that someth or other always goes wrong and owing to many an "if," we find to our giant dies early as a rule. So one organ goes wrong and the gre machine comes to a stop; or some gan does not keep pace with the n of the merease in bulk, and he gi halting and squeaking, or either overwork or an underwork here there and a physiological inadequa of some sort is the result, with general deterioration of the wh structure and with a finally premate death. In other words, there is s to be a failing link in the physiols cal scheme of these abnormal being which, by giving way, breaks the tinuity of the chain of life, and the independent of any of those moral linquencies which are but too the cause of an early breakdowa. is simply that the whole struct would not work abnormally in es detail.—National Popular Review.

## Washington's Good Luck.

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History tells us of the pers reconnoissance of Washington Lafayette around Elk Landing, ! when the British debarked at point, from whence they marche the Brandywine, Penn. It also that they camped upon Chestnut Del., from which point the U Chesapeake is distinctly visible.

They made an early start from bivouse and went northwestwa strike the road leading from Elk I ing to Newark, and entered a house which stands about one has yards from the road, to try breakfast. They were gracious ceived by the lady of the house found a table nicely set and the fast ready to be served.

Lafavette manifested great d at their good luck, and they were seated. The lady of the house, ing the room for a moment, Was ton touched Lafayette under the with his foot and said: "Eat burry; this breakfast was not for the hospitality. Upon turns bend in the road they looked bad saw Lord Howe and his staff, the pected guests, turn into the house.—American Historical Res

## Hay Barges Rowed by Won The hay barges on the Swiss

rowed by women standing, as small sail-boats, with tall brow standing very high to oatch winds, are among the most picts of craft. - New York Recorder.