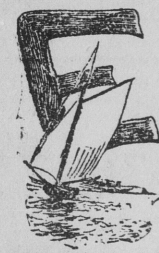


ONE AT A TIME.

One step at a time, and that well-placed, We reach the grandest height: One stroke at a time, earth's hidden stores Will slowly come to light: One seed at a time, and the forest grows; One drop at a time, and the river flows Into the boundless sea. One word at a time, and the greatest book Is written and is read: One stone at a time, a palace rears Aloft its stately head: One blow at a time, and the tree's cleft through, And a city will stand where the forest grew A few short years before. One foe at a time, and he subdued, And the conflict will be won: One grain at a time, and the sands of life Will slowly all be run. One minute, another, and the hours fly: One day at a time, and our lives speed by Into eternity. One grain of knowledge, and that well stored, Another, and more on them; And as time rolls on your mind will shine With many a garnered gem. Of thought and wisdom. And time will tell. "One thing at a time, and that done well," Is wisdom's proven rule.

A Valley Forge Sweetheart.



NEMIES to the Continental army swarmed in Philadelphia. Lord Howe was in possession of the city. British officers in gay uniforms danced with the loyal ladies in the halls where the voices of Franklin and Adams had echoed in the cause of freedom; men clad in tatters left bloody tracks with their bare feet as they moved from one hut to another among the snow drifts at Valley Forge. No man rejoiced more that the winter was severe and that the godlike heroes at Valley Forge were shoeless and starving than the rich Tory merchant, John McFarlane. He smiled the sentiment: "It pays to be loyal to the King." The night before Lord Howe had kissed the hand of his beautiful daughter, Dorothy, and had chosen her for his partner in the minut. There now stood before him a blushing young English baronet, the epaulets of a general upon his shoulders, who had just asked him for her hand. "It is a great prize you would rob me of, Sir Richard. Suppose I should say no," said Mr. McFarlane, enjoying the young man's suspense. "Then I should abide by your decision and bear it as best I could." "Well, Sir Richard, it is 'Yes.' And now does Dorothy know about your intentions?" "She does not. I thought it best to first obtain your consent." "Very proper, Sir Richard, very proper." And Mr. McFarlane called "Dorothy, Dorothy!" Dorothy heard and came at once. "I know your secret," her father began. Dorothy was astounded. It could not be that they had really discovered her secret. No, her father was looking too good-natured for that. "Father, will you please explain?" she asked. "Then, my daughter, Sir Richard wants to take you back to England with him when the rebels are whipped." "I heard nothing of this, General Tarlequin," she said, turning to Sir Richard and bowing gravely. "No," put in Mr. McFarlane. "He thought to gain my permission first, Dorothy, which was very proper of him." "I prefer the American way of asking the woman concerned first," was the girl's half defiant answer. "Then I will ask you," said the gallant Sir Richard. "Will you be my wife?" "You honor me, sir"—she drew away from him a little—"but I must refuse." "What! What!" cried Mr. McFarlane. "What are you talking about, Dorothy?" There comes a time when a woman who has loved a man secretly, and he has returned her love, wishes to make it known to the whole world. For two years Dorothy had been in love; for two years she had kept her secret. She felt that the time had now come when she wished to tell them all that her heart was not her own. She wished her father to know it; she wished the proud young English officer to know it. To her it seemed almost sacrilege that any one should ever ask for her hand when she was engaged to him. The color mounted to her face, and, throwing back her head, she said firmly: "I am engaged to an officer of the Continental Army." If the earth had opened before him Mr. McFarlane could not have been more surprised. As for Sir Richard, he bowed stiffly and said: "Miss McFarlane, I love you an apology." Then he bowed again, this time to her father, who began in volcanic speech: "Sir Richard, I am ashamed of her; ashamed of her, sir. It's a joke of hers, Sir Richard. Ah! You love her with me until to-morrow. I will arrange matters, Sir Richard." Sir Richard bowed once more. After he had gone Mr. McFarlane flew into a perfect passion. He denounced the Continental Army with all the oaths he could command. Dorothy made no answer. Finally he went off to his room yelling out threats of condign punishment on the way, and Dorothy went to hers where she threw herself upon her bed and cried as if her heart would break. It was

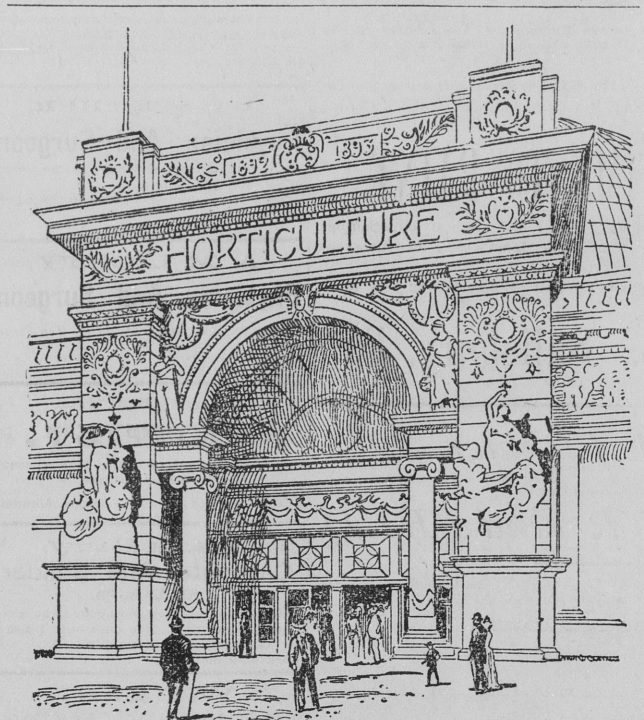
after midnight when she slipped the brass bolt on the door. Mr. McFarlane's passion had meantime worn off until he slept peacefully. Dorothy found her way in the darkness to the kitchen, where she lighted a candle and sat down to wait. A soft rap at the door made her start and then brought a smile of expectation to her face. A moment later a stalwart young man held her in his arms. He looked little like the officer he was if one were to take the poor clothes he wore as a criterion of judgment, but the pale, earnest, firm face bespoke the soldier in no doubtful terms. "Did you think me a long time coming, my dear?" "I only feared they might capture you. All was right?" "Yes." He had braved the danger of being captured and hanged as a spy to spend an hour with the woman he loved. Six years before he had been one of the wealthiest of the young men of Philadelphia. Now his fortune was all gone for the cause of liberty. In silence he pressed his sweetheart close to him and lifting her face looked into it earnestly. Two hours had elapsed before she bade him go, lest daylight should still find him in the city. As she drew away from his embrace she took the little black bag lying upon the table and gave it to him. There were 200 gold sovereigns in the bag for the starving soldiers at Valley Forge. Once more he drew her into his arms and kissed away the tears that were in her eyes. There was a tramp of feet outside, the door was nudged open, and a red coated officer appeared at the door. "I apprehend you as a spy," he said gruffly. Behind the officer half a dozen bayonets glistened. "Come on, sir; I am at your service." He drew his sword out from under his faded coat and faced them with determination. General Washington was resting his head upon his hand and gazing at the fire and Mistress Washington was sewing a button on the General's great coat when Colonel Jeffries was announced. "So you are going to spend the night with the enemy, Colonel." "I am, sir," said the young man who stood before him, but in hand, "and to-morrow night I shall return with something substantial." "I understand it is a woman who is helping you." "Yes, sir." "I must remind you that women are bad—" At this Mistress Washington looked up in surprise. "General!" she said, warningly. "Some women, I mean, my dear," he continued as he reached across the table and took her hand in his own. "Women are the worst spies we have to deal with. I cannot let you go on this mission until I am sure that there is no danger." "There is none, sir," was the confident answer. "You may go," said Washington, after a moment's pause. "May you be successful." After the young man had passed out the General turned to his wife. "If it were not for the courage of such men as Colonel Jeffries I should almost cease to hope." Jeffries had no intention of being captured alive. He had raised his saber to strike at the officer and the muzzles of the guns were pointed at his face. The officer now spoke in a conciliatory tone. "We will take you before the General. If nothing incriminating is found upon you we can at the most only hold you as a prisoner." "I am no spy; but I prefer death to imprisonment." Dorothy threw her arms around his neck. "Let them take you," she begged. "I pray you do. I know General Howe, and I will plead with him for your release. So, for my sake, for my sake." He hesitated a moment and then answered with an effort and in a tone almost inaudible, "For your sake I will. Here, gentlemen, is my sword." Lord Howe had been drinking until long after midnight with some of his generals, and he felt that a half mile walk in the frosty air might ease the pain in his head which made sleep impossible. When he saw a group of men accompanied by a woman pass out of the gate in front of Merchant McFarlane's house, curiosity quickened his step. "Halt!" Lord Howe commanded when he was almost upon the men in the rear. The officer turned about quickly with a "Who dares—" which was changed to an obeisance bow as he recognized his general in chief. "Miss McFarlane, this is strange company and a strange time of night for you to be out," said the General raising his hat. "And who are you, sir," he continued, turning to the prisoner. "I have the honor to be an officer in the Continental Army, sir," was the defiant response of Colonel Jeffries. "Let me speak for him," Dorothy entreated, stepping before Lord Howe. "You will take this young man to my headquarters. Proceed," he commanded as he offered his arm to Miss McFarlane and they fell in behind the soldiers. The walk to the headquarters was a short one, and in that time Dorothy told him all, pleaded for her love because of her own love and because she was to blame for his being caught in a trap and captured in a manner unworthy so brave a soldier. General Howe had given no intimation of what his decision would be when he sat down at his table and arraigned the odd company before him. He spoke sternly as he addressed Colonel Jeffries.

"You are charged with being a spy. What have you to say?" "Search me and you will find nothing save the valuables given me by Miss McFarlane and an empty scabbard." "There is no need of a man of your intelligence carrying his messages in writing. I fancy you have a good memory. You know the penalty." "Death, of course." "Even then you cannot take from me the privilege of dying for my country." The General could not repress a smile of admiration for the self-possessed young man who could see something cheerful even in a coward's death. "What do you do up at Valley Forge these cold days?" "I am learning to fight while you Englishmen are learning to dance." "But what pastime do the soldiers have?" "While shooting at a mark our bullets have cut down a whole forest. Each tree was named General Howe." "Your diet of potatoes and mush must dole you out." "Not so much as it does our courage." General Howe was too old a soldier not to admire such courage as the men at Valley Forge had exhibited. The words of Lord Chatham, that the Americans could never be conquered, were ringing in his ears, and he believed them. "Some of the officers here their wives with them at camp?" he asked. Lord Howe smiled pleasantly as he turned to Dorothy. "Miss McFarlane, there is only one way by means of which he can be liberated. You must leave the city, for you are the real spy." When General Washington welcomed Colonel Jeffries back the next afternoon there was another woman added to the little social circle at Valley Forge.—New York Press. The Chinese Legation at Washington. The Chinese Government maintains a large establishment at Washington, while Japan and Korea have both purchased handsome residences for their diplomatic representatives. Of the three, the Chinese legation retains the most of its Oriental flavor, and has been established in Washington since 1878. During this period these Celestial diplomats have figured not only prominently, but with picturesque, in the gay society of the Capital. With admirable zeal and doubtless the better to study our unfamiliar institutions—they have plunged into the vortex of fashionable life; and to a looker-on in this Vienna they present some deliciously humorous incongruities, nowhere so keenly appreciated as among these gentlemen themselves. They give dinners, balls, and theater parties, and in gorgeous silken costumes participate with solemn assiduity in most of society's high functions. They dine with the season's debutantes, waiting seriously, but easily, in their felted shoes, and carry on mild flirtations with the aplomb adepts. They chat gaily, often in fluent English, over five o'clock tea; play tennis with enthusiasm, and are usually quite au fait in our momentary fads, one of the recent Secretaries being an amateur photographer of considerable skill. A former physician of the legation, Dr. Yow, was one of the most versatile of society's devotees, as he not only danced and flirted, but further distinguished himself by his sportsmanlike proclivities. It is said that nothing funnier could be imagined than the appearance of this amiable and extremely learned gentleman riding across country at a paper chase, in high, wrinkled boots of black satin, clinging in some things of a bunch astride his crop-tailed hunter, with his blue silk petticoats fluttering wildly in the wind. "Yes," said one of the attaches, reflectively, apropos of the doctor's social tendencies, "I guess he tried 'most everything." Several years ago, the young attaches affected ultra-fashionable modes of European dress; and it was quite the ordinary thing at parties to see a serenely passive Mongolian countenance surmounting an irreproachable full-dress suit, patent leathers, the regulation white tie, and the proper thing in boutonnières—but with the queue disappearing somewhere down the Chinese gentleman's back, beneath his immaculate collar. The present regalia at the legation has somewhat changed these customs, as the attaches now go much less into society, and, doubtless as a matter of preference and convenience, wear their native costume almost to the exclusion of European dress.—Demorest. The Wild Fig of Florida. The wild fig tree is found at various points along the southern coast, being entirely tropical, and most every island in the Everglades contains more or less of them. This is a remarkable tree. It first makes its appearance as the creeper and ceases to be the largest tree it can find, continuing to encircle it in its meshes until it deprives it of life, when it feels upon the decayed matter and becomes a beautiful tree. On one of the islands in the Everglades during General Harney's operations of these large wild fig trees were discovered, standing about ten feet apart, which decorated the centre of the island. They had each attacked a palmetto and one of them was dead, but the top of the other was still blooming in the centre, although completely surrounded. The Indian name for the wild fig tree is "Ho-co-moth-locco." St. Augustine (Fla.) News. In 1880 there were 4,005,000 farms in the United States, having an area of 534,000,000 acres.

THE FAIR IN PARAGRAPHS. PEN AND PENCIL PICTURES OF THE GREAT EXPOSITION.

The National Commission, the Board of Lady Managers, representatives of foreign Nations at the Fair, and all members of the State Boards were the guests of Illinois at her building the other afternoon. The reception was given by the State Board in honor of those connected with the Exposition in an official capacity, and the invitation included all the Exposition, city, and State officials. The Council of Administration held a final conference with Collector Clark and the foreign commissioners in regard to selling duplicates of exhibits. The council then issued an order forbidding any exhibitor from selling any merchandise at the Fair. Officers may be taken, but they cannot be filled at Jackson Park until after the close of the Exposition. Turners' day at the Fair included a parade of the gray suited athletes through the Exposition grounds and a gymnastic drill in the stock pavilion at 2 o'clock. A great many people congregated in the pavilion to see the performance and welcome the athletes with such cheers as they marveled inside. Over 3000 Turners took part in the exhibitions of athletic science. No less than fifteen separate educational congresses were in session the other day at the Art Institute. Colleges and universities claimed the attention of one congress, while others considered secondary education, elementary education, high schools, school supervision, art education, the training of teachers, technology and manual training and other issues relating to the general subject. The World's Fair is not exactly the place in which one would expect to find a potato bag exhibit. But such an exhibit is there. It is in the northeast corner of the Forestry Building, where there are a number of glass cases showing the "insect enemies" of all kinds of vegetation, from the oak to the potato-vine. The opening of the fourth biennial singing festival of the United Scandinavian Singers of America was attended by a large audience. These singing societies brought to the two concerts in Festival Hall 1000 voices and a group of distinguished soloists. The military era of the World's Fair opened with the month of August. Militia from all parts of the United States will be in attendance. The West Point Cadets will also pitch their tents along the Lake Shore, in front of the Government Building. The records show a larger attendance of people from the States of Iowa, Nebraska, Northern Kansas and Western Illinois than from any other area. THE CONVENT OF LA RABIDA. From the site of the Agricultural Building a bridge leads over to a little headland, upon whose summit drooping rests a counterfort of the old monastery of La Rabida, a monastery widely known to scholars as "the corner-stone of American history," and a

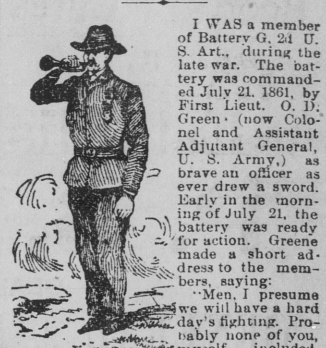
place associated perhaps more closely than any other with the career of the great discoverer. The original monastery, says the New York Post, is situated near the town of Palos, in Spain, the port from which Columbus sailed to find a New World, and had had an eventful history before its hospitable doors were opened to the wayward Christopher and his little son, Diego. According to tradition, it was first erected as a temple to Proserpina during the reign of Trajan. In the eleventh century it was occupied by the Knights Templar, and later, after the expulsion of the Moors from Andalusia, it passed into the hands of the Franciscan monks. After the time of Columbus it was considerably enlarged, but recently the Spanish Government has had it restored to the condition in which he found it on the occasion of his first visit. It was after an unsuccessful journey to the Court of Portugal, and while Columbus, penniless and disheartened, was making his painful way to Corlova to seek the aid of Ferdinand and Isabella that he was sheltered by the kind Franciscans. Father Perez, Prior of La Rabida, himself a man learned in the science of geography, became greatly interested in Columbus and his theories, and having been at one time confessor to Isabella, was able to give him letters and advice which were, no doubt, indirectly instrumental in his success. The interest attaching to this facade of La Rabida is many times multiplied by the precious collection of relics which have been gathered here within its walls by the industry of Mr. William Elroy Curtis, and which relate immediately to Columbus and his voyages. The Vatican, the Spanish State Department, the Duchess of Berwick and Alba, and the Duke of Veragua have opened their stores, and, in fact, the earth has been ransacked until nearly every object of historic interest connected with the great mariner has been amassed for the pleasure and instruction of those who dwell in the world which he discovered. Of all the objects which recall the great navigator from out the dim past, perhaps none do so forcibly as a little crystal locket which, it is believed, contains some of his very ashes. Before 1877 it was supposed that the bones of Columbus were interred in the cathedral at Havana, having been removed thither from Santo Domingo by a great pomp in 1795, when that colony was transferred from Spain to France, but in 1877 a casket was discovered in the cathedral of Santo Domingo, which makes it probable that a mistake was made in 1795 and that the real remains were not removed. It is from the latter now carefully guarded casket that the ashes in the locket were originally taken. One of the most interesting relics is the actual commission from Ferdinand and Isabella, under their hands, given Columbus, in his departure upon his first voyage. It is dated at Granada, April 30, 1492, and in it Columbus is named Grand Admiral of the Ocean Seas, Vice-King and Governor-General of all the lands he should discover or conquer, and generally given large rights, powers and fees.



Founda regions (the western portion of Java). In the Midway Plaisance a little Sand-wich Island baby makes its home. The other evening this same child chanced to toddle away from its grass-covered abode, and, like children often do, began to cry. That one touch of nature which makes the whole world kin are aroused within a mother's breast at taking it in her arms, and gently she took the copper-colored infant a soft and tender kiss, but the business-like father was not far away, nor was he slow to take advantage of the opportunity—"Den a sen, vet aize kizer, dree-ur quardaw," and the lady departed. In the Transportation Building there is a heap of discolored boards inclosed by a wire netting. The wood of the timbers is brown and scoured, but in fairly good condition otherwise. The boards are part of an old roadway, and the inscription upon the pile tells the story: "Plainsway," by Zachary named 'Ponts Long,' laid out, the year 5 a. Chr. by Domitius, as a Roman military road, 10 1/2 miles long over the fen Diverm near Osnabruck. Now overgrown with 16 ft. thick moss covering. Excavated in 1892." At the dedication of the North Dakota Building, Plenty Horses, the Indian who killed Lieutenant Casey, was present, and was held by the court that it was in war and that if Plenty Horses had not killed Lieutenant Casey he would himself have been killed and hence the act was justifiable and Plenty Horses was released. Director-General Davis sent a letter to the Council of Administration, recommending the closing of all the Departmental Buildings at 6 o'clock every evening, except the Electricity and Machinery Buildings and one other, which shall be determined upon later and which shall be alternated each evening. Every evening is to be made a "special evening," the crowds being concentrated in one building, where a programme of features will be arranged for their amusement. Mrs. Potter Palmer dedicated the "Wishing Chair" at the Donaghy Irish village in the Midway Plaisance. The chair is made of the basalt of the Giant's Causeway, the centre of many interesting Irish stories. Those who sit in the chair in the light of the moon and register their wishes are said to be always sure to have them gratified. There was dancing and baggage music, and the guests were privileged to use the wishing chair after the dedication was over. Some enthusiastic stamp collector made an attempt to steal a set of ten \$20 stamps, valued at \$500 each, from the Government exhibit in the Federal Building. The exhibit is in the gallery, and is made by the National Philatelic Association. The stamps are in glass cases, the glass resting close against the stamps. The thief used a diamond to cut the glass, but failed to reach the treasures.

SOLDIERS' COLUMN. FIRST BULL RUN.

How Col. Greene's Bravery Helped Save the Union Army.



I WAS a member of Battery G, 24 U. S. Art., during the late war. The battery was commanded by First Lieut. O. D. Greene (now Colonel and Assistant Adjutant General, U. S. Army), as brave an officer as ever drew a sword. Early in the morning of July 21, the battery was ready for action. Greene made a short address to the members, saying: "Men, I presume we will have a hard day's fighting. Probably none of you myself included, were ever in any big battle. I want no man to go into the battle that feels timid about it. Step to the front, all who want to stay back." Not one of us moved. I think it wouldn't have been good for his health if anyone had. "Drivers and cannoners, mount!" was the order, and off to the battlefield we went at full gallop. The firing of the infantry greeted our ears on the road. We went in battery on the left of the battlefield, and were engaged more or less during the day. We belonged to Gen. Dixon's Miles's Division, of Harper's Ferry fame. About 5 p. m. the battery commander received orders to lumber up and fall to the rear. The order was given which we did not go very far, only on the outskirts of the woods, when Lieut. Greene commanded "Halt," saying, "Here I stay or I die, and you will stand by me." "Yes, sir," replied the battery men, and with cheers we lumbered down and loaded the six pieces with spherical case shot. An Aid of Gen. Miles rode up and said: "Lieut. Greene, Gen. Miles orders you to lumber up your battery and move to the rear"; which order he disobeyed, saying to the Aid: "Who in— are you? Get out of here!" The 18th N. Y., commanded by Col. Jackson, supported us as a flank guard. Col. Jackson: "Will you stay and support my battery?" "I will, instruct me what to do, as you are a West Pointer, and I will carry out your instructions." After the infantry were in proper position we awaited developments. We hadn't very long to wait until the Black Cavalry came out in full charge after the retreating troops. "Now, men, steady until I give the command to fire," said Greene. "Fire!" came the order, and they received the full benefit of the whole charge, and horses and riders tumbled down, and that was the last we saw of that famous cavalry. I say with pride, every member of the battery did that we saved a part of the army from destruction, thanks to Lieut. Greene's courage and bravery. After dark we fell back to Fairfax Court house, where we staid till morning, then falling back to our old camp. After a few days Lieut. Greene was called to Washington. If I am not mistaken, before his inquiry, where he was honorably acquitted and brevetted Captain for gallant service in said battle. A few weeks after we lost our brave commander, he being promoted on some staff duty. We all felt sorry for the loss.—MARTIN SCHAHR, in "National Tribune."

A TRYING SITUATION. Signaling the Presence of Forrest in the Face of Almost Sure Death. At a meeting of H. P. Merrill Post, 419, Department of Michigan, Bay City, Mich., Comrade George W. Butterfield, Co. B, 224 Mich., related an incident more than usual interest which happened June 4, 1863, about 4 o'clock p. m. He was attached to the Signal Corps and stationed about 18 miles south from Nashville, near Franklin, Tenn., on the Harpeth River. The point was occupied by a small force of observation distributed along the bank of the river, and commanded by Col. Baird. Pickets were posted at the end of the bridge on the opposite side of the stream, and the signal station was an elevated platform in full view of the river, and a red and white lantern with another signal station three miles distant, toward Nashville, where there was a considerably larger Union force. The rebels occupied the bridge, a short distance away, with a strong force. About 4 o'clock in the afternoon the picket posts, stationed at the end of the bridge across the river, was attacked and held by the rebels with a prisoner, who reported Forrest preparing to attack with 12,000 men. After exchanging a few shots with the enemy, Col. Baird, who was in command, ordered Lieut. Howgate to signal the next station the presence of the enemy in force and ask for reinforcements. Lieut. Howgate, after preparing the message, called for a volunteer to signal the message. Private Johnson volunteered, and seizing the flag mounted the platform, but before he had attained a standing position the rebels fired a full volley and Johnson fell, pierced with six bullets. Another call was made for a volunteer to take his place. But the exposed position, the force of the enemy and their evident purpose to prevent the signaling made the attempt hopeless, and certain death to the man attempting it. A private then suggested to Col. Baird who was standing by, that it was but three miles to the next signal station, and a man might ride there in 10 minutes. Col. Baird accepted the suggestion and dispatched a mounted man with the message at once. After about 15 minutes the messenger returned, hatless, his horse a dead creature, and a strong force of the enemy between the stations, and he was unable to deliver his message. Col. Baird then said the signal must be delivered. Lieut. Howgate then directed the five men of his station to draw cuts, and marked figures 1 to 5 on slips of paper, No. 1 to flag the signals. No. 5 was drawn first, then No. 2, and then Comrade Butterfield drew No. 1. It was nearly the first time he had heard the whistle of a bullet, being new in the field. The next day, about 20 years of age, and what seemed to him the certainty of death made the situation a trying one, and, for the moment, unnerved him and made him speechless. But after a moment he recovered himself and signaled his determination to make the effort. Taking off his coat and seizing the flag, he mounted the platform and was greeted by a storm of lead. But he waved the flag and signaled the message, though before its conclusion a battery had joined the musketry fire and was hurling shells at the operator. As the last word was delivered by the waving flag, Butterfield fell in a faint from the platform, and was picked up by his comrades as dead. An examination, however, showed that his body was unscathed. Four bullets had passed through his trousers, two through his sleeve, the top of his cap was shot away, and the flag was struck by two bullets. It was more than a week before Comrade Butterfield recovered from the nervous shock he had sustained, but he was consoled by the fact that he had delivered the message without a single mistake, and that timely help arrived and drove Forrest from the field.—M. M. ANDREWS in National Tribune.

The man who makes his own god has one that is merciles.