

THE BATTLE OF TRENTON.

[From Professor August Young's Famous Historical Painting.]



(Washington, with his staff, is seen near the sign post of the Trenton Tavern receiving the surrender of the Hessians, Colonel Bull, the Hessian commander, who was mortally wounded in the fight, is about to be carried into the tavern, which has been converted into a hospital. A white flag by the sign post indicates the use to which the house has been put.)

Washington's Crossing and the Battle of Trenton.

THROUGH the early darkness of the winter's night I had found my way, with the help of sign boards, unseen wagons, and chance wayfarers, across the hills from Princeton to the Delaware, writes a correspondent of Harper's Weekly. And if one goes on a pilgrimage of devotion to the Father of his Country or of penance for his ignorance of history, one would best go in the dusk or darkness. The landscape is too modern by day. It was disillusionizing to come out of this transforming, hallowing darkness upon a conventional little railway station, with its conventional signal lights—here where I had expected to find a reverent solitude. Where McKonkey's Ferry once was there is a covered bridge over the Delaware. The countersign is two copper coins stamped "United States of America," and it is appropriate, for the crossing of the Delaware on that memorable Christmas night 125 years ago made such a superscription possible.

By repeating a second time this countersign I persuaded the ancient keeper of the bridge to leave the gates unlocked for the night, and when I had by faith and one or two dim lights made my way through this tunnel of darkness and found frugal supper in the tavern on the Pennsylvania bank of the river, I exacted a promise from its keeper, whose only guest I was, to call me at half-past three in the morning. My arrangements for the return march were thus complete. My thoughts were all assembled on the other side of the river ready for the march, and I must lead them to their destination. It will help some future pilgrim to think of those soldiers who, with bleeding feet, marched nine miles over the frozen roads to Trenton after a sleepless night.

The emotions with which I began this Christmas journey were painfully subjective. With eyes somewhat accustomed to the dark, I looked from the portholes of the covered bridge down upon the invisible, but noisy, torrent below, and with imaginings that gave me an increased admiration for Colonel John Glover's amphibious men of Marblehead, who ferried soldiers, horses, and cannon over the ice-filled Delaware without the loss of a single soldier, horse or cannon. From the lower portholes I could see the glow of the lights in Trenton reflected by the overhanging clouds, but here was the blackness of despair. Only on the Jersey bank was there a



THE GUIDE-POST: "WASHINGTON CROSSING, 1 M."

(The country road in the background was that over which Washington passed.)

light, and that, I could easily persuade myself, was the old ferry-house where one of Washington's staff was writing in his diary the record of the night: "Three a. m. . . . The troops are all over, and the boats have gone back for the artillery. We are three hours behind the set time. Glover's men have had a hard time to force the boats through the floating ice and the snow drifting in their faces. I never saw Washington so determined as he is now. He stands on the bank

of the river wrapped in his cloak, superintending the landing of the troops. He is calm and collected, but determined. The storm is changing to sleet, and cuts like a knife. The last cannon is being landed, and we are ready to mount our horses."

It was as dark an hour in our history as the night itself was black; but it was the seemingly insuperable obstacles in the way, the very desperation of the situation, that made the victory of the morning possible, so long, at least, as the light of this patriot leader burned in the all but universal gloom.

There still stands a small house a few rods above the bridge where Washington is said to have refreshed himself with coffee before starting upon the march. Yes, Washington had entered that door; he had drunk coffee made in that very fireplace; he had kissed the great-grandmother or the great-great-aunt of the present owner, for her kindness, and with his men had gone marching down the lane (through which I stumbled my-

self later) on his way to the main road. The entire army marched to Bear Tavern, thence to Birmingham, and there the divisions separated: General Sullivan's division, with whom were St. Clair and Stark, taking the "River Road" to the right, and General Greene's the "Scotch Road" to the left, leading down through the woods and past the race-course to the Pennington Road. It was this latter division which Washington accompanied, and it gave me a real sense of companionship with the great men of the early days of the republic to remember, as I plowed through the mud ankle-deep, beset by rain, that not only Washington himself, but his first Secretary of the Treasury (then Captain Alexander Hamilton), his first Secretary of War (then Colonel Henry Knox, whose voice could be heard that night at the Crossing, it is said, above the crash of ice), and one of his successors in the Presidency (then Lieutenant James Monroe) had passed over that same road.

General Greene's men were ill-clad, ill-shod, ill-fed, and they had had no Christmas vacation. There was another division of like number, equally ill-clad, ill-shod, ill-fed, and uncomplaining, marching, silently and with only remote Christmas memories, down the lower road near the river. Upon these two fragments of an army the hope of Washington and the cause of liberty depended.

Congress, frightened, had fled to Baltimore, and thousands in Pennsylvania and New Jersey were accepting General Howe's proclamation of protection and swearing allegiance to the British crown. The small army was dwindling; many enlistments expired New Year's Day, which was only a week distant, and in the present dreary prospects re-enlistments were not likely to be numerous. Washington had just written a letter to his brother, in which he said: "If every nerve is not strained to recruit

a new army I think the game is up cannot entertain the idea that our cause will finally sink, though it may remain for some time under a cloud." It was more than a coincidence that the password that night was "Victory or Death."

Below Birmingham, after the divisions had separated, a courier clattering across fields reported to Washington that the muskets of many of the men were rendered useless by the sleet, in spite of their efforts to keep the priming covered with their handkerchiefs or coats. And the answer that was spoken through the darkness with determined voice was suggestive of the temper that dictated that password: "Then tell the general (Sullivan) to use the bayonet and penetrate into the town; for the town must be taken, and I am resolved to take it."

It was difficult and uncomfortable enough making one's way even when unencumbered through the wind and rain and mud, but how much more painful the march must have been up

is the first President of the United States, and also at his wedding. The buttons are of unique design, and in diameter about the size of a silver half-dollar. Evidence of their authenticity is engraved on the reverse side of the buttons, and reads as follows: "Leo. P. W. from H. L. O. L. Property of George Washington."—New York Herald.

Famous Sayings of Washington.

To be prepared for war is one of the most effectual means of preserving peace.

"Be our policy to steer clear of permanent alliances with any portion of the foreign world.

The pure and benign light of revelation has a meliorating influence on mankind.

Arbitrary power is most easily established on the ruins of liberty abused to licentiousness.

There is an indissoluble union between a magnanimous policy and the solid rewards of public prosperity and felicity.

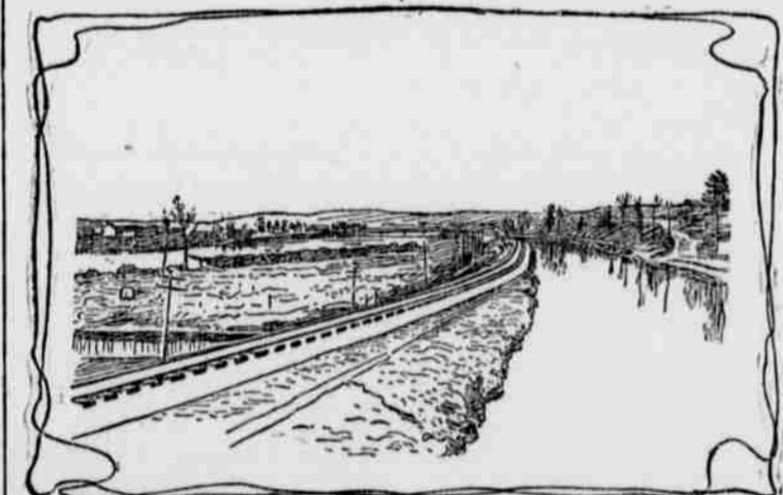
Of all dispositions and habits which lead to political prosperity religion and morality are indispensable supports. Whatever may be conceded to the influence of refined education on minds of peculiar structure, reason and experience both forbid us to expect that national morality can prevail in exclusion of religious principle.

Born in a land of liberty, my anxious recollections, my sympathetic feelings and my best wishes are irresistibly excited whenever in any country I see an oppressed nation unfurl the banners of freedom.

The preservation of the sacred fire of liberty and the destiny of the republican model of government are justly considered as deeply, perhaps as finally, staked on the experiment intrusted to the hands of the American people.

Just before Valley Forge.

On the heights near Fort Washington, Penn., are to be seen the remains of a redoubt erected by the ragged and hungry Continentals in December, 1777. It was expected that Lord



THE RIVER, CANAL AND RAILROAD NEAR WASHINGTON'S CROSSING.

and down those same hills glazed with ice, for those men with muskets and in tatters.

Washington and his two little armies did not reach the Hessian outposts till eight o'clock. He had planned to make the attack under the cover of the night, but there had been a delay at the Crossing, and clouds could no longer keep back the light. There was no choice, however; retreat would have meant certain disaster. I had made a quicker journey, but as I came out of the woods the dawn was upon the road. It was no

longer possible to keep up the illusion of the night, and through the yet hazy morning I could see the tall battle monument from whose height the figure of Washington guards the town.

George Washington—"Father, I cannot tell a lie! I did it with my little hatchet!"—New York World.



OLD HOUSE WHERE WASHINGTON TOOK BREAKFAST, DECEMBER 26, 1776.

Howe's army of 16,000 men would on the sixth of that month attempt to drive the patriots from their encampment in Whittemarsh to some indefinite place "over the Blue Mountain." A granite mark on the south side of the Bethlehem pike, just west of Fort Side Inn, has been planted by the Revolutionary Society of Sons of the Revolution to direct attention to the fort.



REVOLUTIONARY MONUMENT NEAR FORT WASHINGTON.

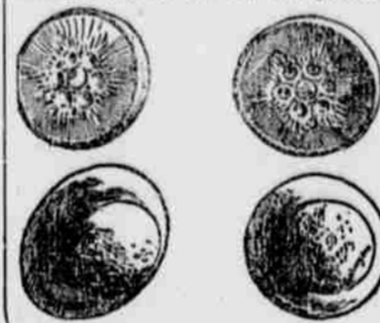
Belles Made Into Cuff Buttons.

A pair of pearl and gold cuff buttons which were owned by George Washington and worn by him upon the occasion of his inauguration as President and also at his marriage to Martha Dandridge Custis, are the valued possession of Professor Leonidas Polk Wheat, of Virginia, now living in Washington. These modest but greatly cherished relics of Washington are among the few personal belongings of General Washington that have not been purchased or otherwise obtained by the Government.

Professor Wheat is a member of one of the oldest families in Clark County, Virginia, where resides a colony of descendants of the Washington family. The buttons were presented to Professor Wheat by Henry Lewellyn Dangerfield Lewis, great-nephew of General Washington.

Mr. Lewis was Professor Wheat's closest friend and neighbor from 1878 until the time of the former's death, several years ago. It was when Mr. Lewis was arranging for the transfer to the United States Government of something like \$40,000 worth of Washington relics, which had been purchased by a special act of Congress, that Professor Wheat came into possession of the buttons. During the process of packing Mr. Lewis, with characteristic generosity, invited his neighbor to select from the collection some souvenir. Professor Wheat selected two buttons from Washington's waistcoat and had them made into cuff buttons.

Professor Wheat obtained from Mr. Lewis and his wife a written guarantee that the buttons had been the property of George Washington and had been worn by him on several occasions, notably at his inauguration.



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POPULAR SCIENCE

The authorities of the city of Rouen, France, the home of the famous cathedral, are considering a plan to utilize the street trolley wires for the extinguishment of fires. The scheme is to place electrically driven pumps at suitable points along the electric tramway system which covers the city, and then, in case of fire, to switch on the current from the trolley wires to drive the pumps.

Professor Becker, of the Glasgow Observatory, has devised a simple and ingenious plan for conveying light to graduated circles at the point where they are to be read with the aid of an attached microscope. It is desirable not to bring the source of light near the circle, on account of the heat, and so Professor Becker sends the light through a solid glass rod, letting it shine in at one end and emerge at the other. The light cannot escape from the sides of the rod owing to internal reflection, and accordingly it is carried and delivered very much like water in a tube. Even when bent the glass rod does not lose its charge.

Professor Tyndall used to explain to popular audiences, with the aid of a brilliant experiment, that the blue color of the sky is owing to floating particles of invisible dust that break up and scatter the short waves, which are the blue waves, of light. This, as a writer in Knowledge shows, occurs principally at a great elevation, where the atmospheric dust is extremely fine, while in the lower regions of the air, where the dust is coarser, the scattering affects all the rays, or colors, alike. The brilliant fringes of clouds, seen nearly in the direction of the sun, are largely due to dust, which especially accumulates in the neighborhood of clouds, and refracts the sunlight around their edges.

"Properly speaking, gigantism is a disease," says the Medical Record. "Dr. Charles L. Dana, of New York City, long ago gave out the opinion that many so-called giants were cases of excessive pathological development, rather than cases of excessive physiological growth. According to Professor Brissaud, gigantism is nothing else than acromegalia (abnormal development of the extremities). M. Brissaud has demonstrated that the combinations of gigantism and acromegalia are far from being uncommon, and that the general symptoms of each one of these diseases are observed also in the other. According to M. Brissaud, acromegalia is the gigantism of adults, while gigantism is the acromegalia of adolescents."

Writing of the recent observations made by himself and others on that part of the solar spectrum which lies beyond the red end of the ordinary prismatic, or visible, spectrum, and contains about four-fifths of the radiant energy of the sun, Professor S. P. Langley says that we are beginning to see that the seasons, "which write their coming upon the records of the spectrum," may, in the future, have their effects upon the crops foretold by means somewhat similar to the forecasts made day by day by the Weather Bureau, but in ways infinitely more far-reaching, and that these predictions may come from the direct study of the sun. There are strong indications in the direction of a future power of prediction as to coming years of plenty and of famine.

In his volume on the diseases of the hair, M. R. Sabouraud refutes some popular errors regarding the cause of baldness. Baldness is usually considered an infirmity of old age, and when it takes place in early life all sorts of explanations are invoked, one as baseless as another. As a matter of fact the critical age for baldness in men is from twenty to thirty years. Women are less open to the attacks of the microbe of this disease. The earliest baldness occurs in young men of from sixteen to eighteen years, and the skull is often bare at twenty-two. The most common age for the beginning of the disease is twenty-three and the baldness is usually complete at fifty. The latest age for the beginning is about forty, and in such cases the denudation of hair proceeds with extreme slowness. The younger the subject the quicker the disease attains its complete effect. It is not a malady of the aged, but rather of the young.

Patrick had worked hard all his days, but his sons had spent his money for him, and when he was too old for active work, he was offered the position of crossing-tender at a small railroad station.

He looked dubious as the duties of the office were explained to him, and the meaning of the various flags was clearly stated.

"In case of danger, with a train coming, of course you wave the red flag," said his friend, proceedings with his explanation. A hard old hand grasped his arm.

"Man dear, it'll never do," said Patrick, shaking his head solemnly. "I could never trust meself to remember to wave a red flag when there was a green wan handy."—Youth's Companion.

Advertising Bankers.

A New York firm of bankers has tested the value of newspaper advertising, and one of the members expressed the opinion that it is only a question of a short time when all bankers will adopt the methods of the merchants in increasing their business.

THE JEFFERSON SUPPLY COMPANY

Being the largest distributor of General Merchandise in this vicinity, is always in position to give the best quality of goods. Its aim is not to sell you cheap goods but when quality is considered the price will always be found right.

Its departments are all well filled, and among the specialties handled may be mentioned L. Adler Bros., Rochester, N. Y., Clothing, than which there is none better made; W. L. Douglass Shoe Co., Brockton, Mass., Shoes; Curtice Bros. Co., Rochester, N. Y., Canned Goods; and Pillsbury's Flour.

This is a fair representation of the class of goods it is selling to its customers.

FIRE INSURANCE.

A. G. Disney

Brookville Pa. Since 1878.
12 FIRST-CLASS COMPANIES.
JOHN TRUDGEN, Solicitor, Reynoldsville, Penn'a.

BUFFALO, ROCHESTER & PITTSBURGH RY.

CONDENSED TIME TABLE

IN EFFECT NOV. 3, 1891.

NORTH BOUND.

	4	6	8	14	2
Buffalo	7:00	8:00	9:00	10:00	11:00
Levittown	7:15	8:15	9:15	10:15	11:15
Pittsburg	7:30	8:30	9:30	10:30	11:30
Albany	7:45	8:45	9:45	10:45	11:45
Butler	8:00	9:00	10:00	11:00	12:00
West Moorgrove	8:15	9:15	10:15	11:15	12:15
Dayton	8:30	9:30	10:30	11:30	12:30
Brookwayville	8:45	9:45	10:45	11:45	12:45
Brookway	9:00	10:00	11:00	12:00	1:00
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Brookway	9:45	10:45	11:45	12:45	1:45
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Brookway	3:15	4:15	5:15	6:15	7:15
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