

To The Shade of Washington

By RICHARD ALSOP.

[From "A Poem; Sacred to the Memory of George Washington, Late President," etc., written in the year 1800.]

EXALTED Chief—in thy superior mind
What vast resources, what various talents joined!
Tempered with social virtue's milder rays,
There patriot worth diffused a purer blaze;
Formed to command respect, esteem inspire,
Midst statesmen grave, or midst the social choir,
With equal skill the sword or pen to wield,
In council great, unequal in the field,
Mid glittering courts or rural walks to please,
Polite with grandeur, dignified with ease;
Before the splendors of thy high renown
How fade the glowworm lusters of a crown,
How sink diminished in that radiance lost
The glare of conquest, and of power the boast.
Let Greece her Alexander's deeds proclaim,
Or Caesar's triumphs gild the Roman name,
Stripped of the dazzling glare around them cast,
Shrinks at their crime humanity aghast;
With equal claim to honor's glorious meed
See Attila his course of havoc lead!
O'er Asia realms, in one vast ruin hurled,
See furious Zingis' bloody flag unfurled,
On base far different from the conqueror's claim
Rests the unscathed column of thy fame;
His on the woes of millions proudly based,
With blood cemented and with tears defaced;
Thine on a nation's welfare fixed sublime,
By freedom strengthened and revered by time.
He, as the Comet, whose portentous light
Spread baleful splendor o'er the glooms of night,
With chill amazement fills the startled breast,
While storms and earthquakes dire its course attest,
And Nature trembles, lest in chaos hurled,
Should sink the tottering fabric of the world.
Thou, like the Sun, whose kind propitious ray
Opens the glad morn and lights the fields of day,
Disperses the wintry storm, the chilling rain,
With rich abundance clothes the smiling plain,
Gives all creation to rejoice around,
And life and light extends o'er nature's utmost bound.

Though shone thy life a model bright of praise,
Not less the example bright thy death portrays.
When, plunged in deepest woe, around thy bed,
Each eye was fixed, despairing sunk each head,
While Nature struggled with severest pain,
And scarce could life's last lingering powers retain;
In that dread moment, awfully serene,



No trace of suffering marked thy placid mien,
No groan, no murmuring plaint, escaped thy tongue,
No lowering shadows on thy brows were hung;
But calm in Christian hope, undamped with fear,
Thou sawest the high reward of virtue near,
On that bright meed in surest trust reposed,
As thy firm hand thine eyes expiring closed,
Pleased, to the will of Heaven resigned thy breath,
And smiled as Nature's struggles closed in death.



The Other Miss Elenor

A STORY FOR WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY
—Zelia Margaret Walters

ELIZABETH came down the walk with hands folded complacently and shining eyes fixed on the hem of her frock. She walked sedately, because her sense of dignity forbade skipping for joy, as her feelings inclined. No wonder delight possessed her. For the first time, in the two years since father had gone to the war, she wore a gown and cloak and hood without a patch, to say nothing of stout new shoes and warm homespun petticoats.

Mrs. Noble, the captain's wife, had noted with kindly eyes that hard for-

door and the voices became silent. Who could they be? Capt. Noble was with Washington; it could not be he. And yet rumor spoke of the daring and skill of the captain in venturing into this very city, British possessed as it was, and gathering valuable information for his beloved general.

But Elizabeth's attention was attracted at this moment by a man who seemed to be following her. She was a brave, quick-witted child, but her heart beat faster as she perceived that the man was in British uniform. They were approaching a lonely part of the



"NOT SO FAST, LITTLE MISTRESS. YOU MUST WALK WITH ME NOW."

tune had assailed the absent soldier's little family. Her latest bounty had been to invite Elizabeth to the house, whence she issued clad in a complete outfit of little Miss Elenor's garments. Elizabeth's heart was full of grateful thoughts.

"I do so desire to serve Mrs. Noble," she said, softly. Then her mind went back to a strange thing that occurred. While Mrs. Noble was fitting the garments on her they had heard the voices of two men in an adjoining room. The lady went quickly to the

way, and Elizabeth walked faster; the man kept close behind her. She started to run, but before she had gone far his hand was on her shoulder.

"Not so fast, little mistress. You must walk with me now, and I will take your hand, to make sure of you. Do not fear. You will not be harmed if you are a good child."

Nothing more was said, and a little farther down the street he led her into a house. There were three men in British uniform in the room they entered. They whispered together a few

minutes and then the oldest one, a kindly looking man, said:

"Where is your father, child?"

"With Washington, sir," came Elizabeth's answer promptly.

"Ah, yes! But when did he visit you last?" said the soldier.

"Never since he went away, sir."

The men whispered together again. One of them seemed angry.

"I tell you the little rebel is lying," he said, fiercely.

"Nay; but perhaps the captain's shrewd wife does not let the child know when he comes home," said another.

Then Elizabeth understood instantly why she had been brought here. She had come from Mrs. Noble's house and was dressed in little Miss Elenor's clothes. The men had taken her for Miss Elenor and were trying to find out about Capt. Noble. In her loyal heart she resolved never, never to betray her friends, not even if the soldiers killed her for her silence. If she spoke at all she must tell the truth, for she had been taught that a lie was so terrible a thing that no respectable person would tell one under any consideration.

"Tell us how your father looks," said one of the men.

"He is taller than you and far more comely," said Elizabeth, promptly. "He has blue eyes and brown, curling hair and a mustache."

"I believe the child lies," cried the suspicious one again. "I have been told that the captain is dark."

"Sir," cried Elizabeth, "I would not tell a lie to save my life, nor for anything in the world."

"You are over-suspicious, Dale," said the elder man. "These little rebels are strictly brought up and regard truth as a jewel. Here, child, will you affirm, as God is hearing you, that you will tell only the truth?"

"I will," said Elizabeth, pale and trembling.

"At what time did your mother send you to bed last night?"

"Very early, sir; before eight o'clock."

"Did you hear anything after you were in bed?"

"Yes, sir."

"What was it?"

"I was awakened by hearing someone ride up to the door."

"Did your mother talk to the person?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did the voice sound like your father's?"

"No, sir. How could it be my father? He is with Washington."

"Did the person come in?"

"No, sir."

"Are you quite sure?"

"Yes, sir. I heard him ride away again."

"The slippery rebel has escaped us again," muttered one of the men.

"Who do you suppose this person was?" the questioner went on.

"I think it was Peter, the fish man," said Elizabeth; "he often stops on his way home to sell mother some fish."

One of the men laughed at this, and one muttered an oath. After conferring together for a moment they prepared to go out.

"We will go straight to Squire Thornton's," said one; "if he left home last night he is almost sure to be there."

"Please may I go, sirs?" said Elizabeth.

"No," said one, "you must remain here till we return," and they went out, locking the door after them.

Poor Elizabeth sat there for some time fearing to move, but when the dusk began to deepen, she resolved to try to escape. This was no hard task to the active child, for the windows were unbarred and she soon climbed to the ground. Without pausing, she ran to Mrs. Noble's house. The lady herself came to the door.

"Dear Mrs. Noble," Elizabeth gasped, "I don't know whether the captain is here or not, but if he is don't let him go to Squire Thornton's to-night, because the British soldiers are going there to look for him."

Mrs. Noble drew her in the house and soon heard the whole story. She left the room quickly and when she returned she folded Elizabeth in her arms and said: "Heaven bless thee, my child." Then in a moment she added: "But you must go home now. Your mother will surely be anxious about you."

Black Pompey, a faithful house servant, was sent as an escort this time, and Elizabeth reached home in safety. They found the mother greatly concerned over her daughter's long absence, but when she had told the story of her experience, the mother voiced her thankfulness, and praised Elizabeth for her tact and for her firmness in telling naught but the whole truth.

From that day on Mrs. Noble was Elizabeth's firm friend, and the little girl's name at the big house was "The other Miss Elenor."—Ladies' World, New York.

Cultivate Peace and Harmony.
Observe good faith and justice toward all nations; cultivate peace and harmony with all. Religion and morality enjoin this conduct; and can it be that good policy does not equally enjoin it? It will be worthy of a free, enlightened, and at no distant period a great nation to give mankind the magnanimous and too novel example of a people always guided by an exalted justice and benevolence.—Washington, in his Farewell Address.

ART IN ARCHITECTURE

Designed and Written Especially for This Paper.

HERE is a very pretty little cottage, which has an attractive appearance from all sides. The plans show a compact arrangement, while convenience has been the first consideration in the designing. Success in this, combined with a neat, well-proportioned exterior, gives us a combination which goes to make it attractive to all, and suitable for erection anywhere. For a person of moderate means, wishing a pleasant home, with the interior comfort and conveniences

is shelved to a height of eight feet six inches. Below the base shelf on the kitchen side is a locker or pot closet, and on the dining-room side is a case of drawers.

The stairs to the second story lead up from the front hall, and being of a very pretty design, make an attractive feature to this room. The landing on the second floor is in a small hall, from which are accessible the three bedrooms.

The dimensions are 36 by 46 feet

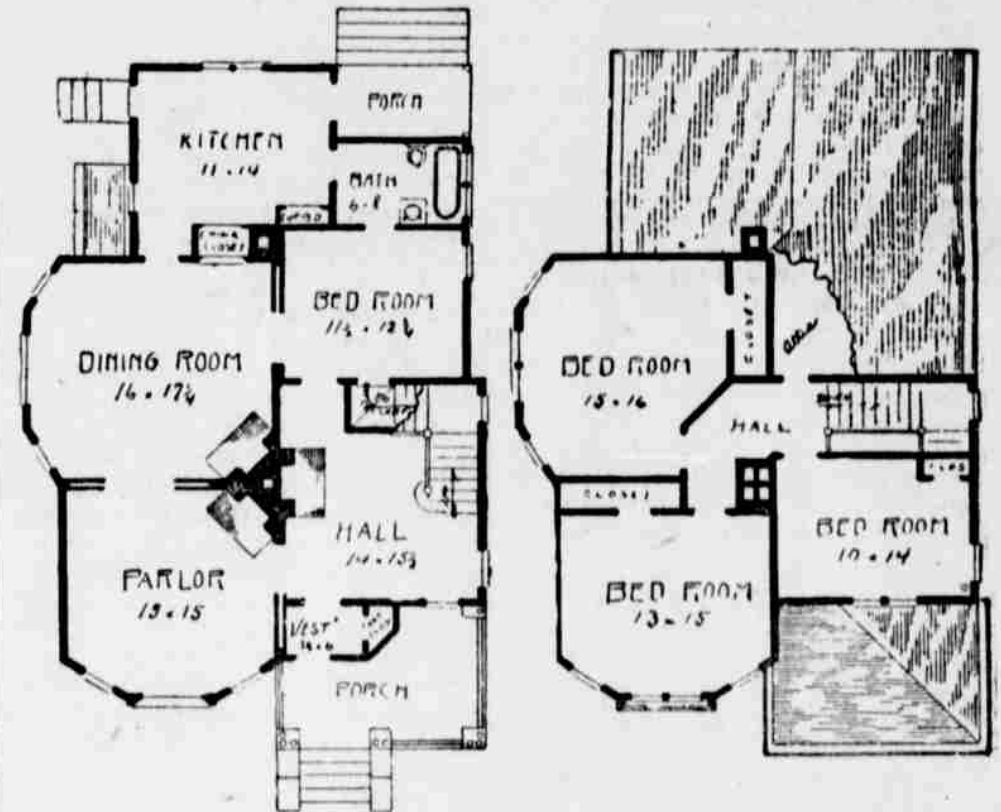


A NEAT AND TASTEFUL FAMILY RESIDENCE.

it contains, we can with confidence recommend this design. It is quite modern and contains a fair share of the modern conveniences.

There is a cellar under the whole house. The foundation walls are of stone and above the foundation the building is of wood. In the first story are handsome porches which will protect the entrances. From the front porch you pass through the vestibule to the stair hall, thence into the parlor, bedroom or second story. To the

over all, except front porch and steps. The height of the first story is nine feet six inches, and of the second story eight feet six inches. The outside walls are sheathed and papered and finished with half-inch siding. The painting and plastering are three coats. The house is trimmed throughout the first story inside with cypress wood, and the second story in white pine, all with natural finish. The house is of the best construction, using only good materials and workmanship.



PLANS OF FIRST AND SECOND FLOORS.

rear of the parlor is the dining-room, and back of this the kitchen.

The parlor, hall and dining-room are connected by wide sliding doors, enabling them to be thrown together on occasion. The parlor and dining-room have beautiful bay fronts, which add to the cheerfulness of the rooms. There are also fireplaces with pretty mantels in these rooms and the hall. The china closet between the kitchen and dining-room opens from both sides. The base shelf is two feet six inches high, and above this the closet

The house has been built complete in Illinois for \$2,500, and would probably cost from this sum to \$3,000 in most places. This cottage is very suitable for a medium-sized family as a village or suburban residence. If it should be desired, the lower bedroom might be arranged, with a slight change allowing more light, to serve as a library, a clergyman's study, or as a physician's office, for all of which purposes it is well situated in relation to the front hall.

E. A. PAYNE.

Ambulance in Lamp Post.

An ambulance in a lamp-post is the latest Parisian idea in street contrivances. It consists of an ornamental bronze box about 15 feet high, with a round, overhanging top resembling that of a lighthouse, and containing a clock-face barometer and three transparent pictorial advertisements revolving by clockwork and lighted by gas from within. In the base of the cylinder is a letter box, and in the shaft is a folding stretcher with printed directions for affording first aid to the injured. In case of a street accident the stretcher can be immediately obtained by breaking a small glass window just above the letter box, taking out the key and unlocking the receptacle.

New York's Big Tunnel.

New York's new tunnel is far advanced, and the engineers have worked out their complex problem without an error. An army of men is burrowing under the main streets of the city without interrupting traffic in the least. The blasting is under such exact control that no harm has resulted to foundations almost adjacent

Resisting Inevitable Changes.

How little we realize the changes that are going on and how stubbornly we resist them! We hate the motor car as our grandfathers hated the railway. Think of the police in rural districts being drawn off all their ordinary duties in order to time motor cars, as if safety depended on speed, and not on the capacity of the driver to guide, stop and control his vehicle. We work on the false analogy of the horse, and probably shall continue to do so for a generation; but the consequence, of course, is that the automobile trade goes to France and America.—Westminster Gazette.

He Is.

Will Lingtoo (reflectively)—I tell you, a man has got to take a good deal on trust, in this world.

Elbo Zante (gloomily)—Got to? He's good and lucky if he can get it.—Judge.

Heaviest at Lower End.

Patience—Really, half the time he doesn't know which end he's standing on!

Patrice—Oh, nonsense! His feet certainly can't seem as light as his head! —Yonkers Statesman.