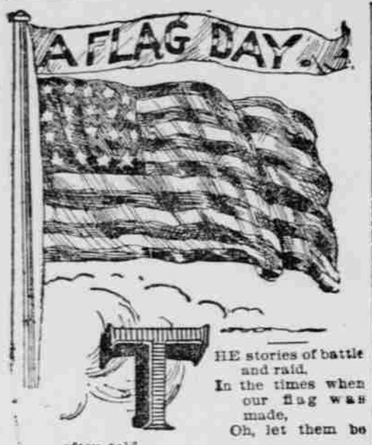
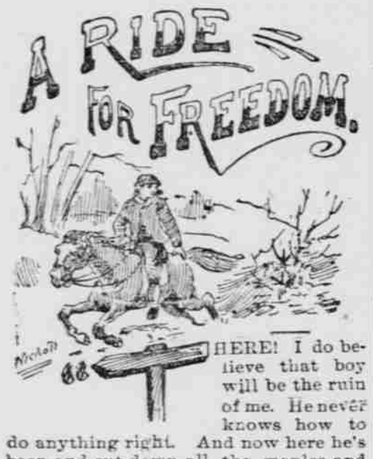



THE stories of battle and raid,
In the times when our flag was made,
Oh, let them be often told.
And the stripes and stars we'll raise,
In token of thanks and praise
To one, in the grand old days,
Most patient and wise and bold.

In honor of truth and right,
In honor of courage and might,
And the will that makes a way,
In honor of work well done,
In honor of fame well won,
In honor of Washington,
Our flag is floating to-day.

—Youth's Companion.




THERE! I do believe that boy will be the ruin of me. He never knows how to do anything right. And now here he's been and cut down all the maples and saved the basswoods in that wood lot in my absence, and I found the oxen mismated, and everything was all wrong. A boy that don't know enough to tell the difference between soft and hard wood won't ever amount to much, in my opinion. I was so provoked that I told him he could go to bed without his supper. Perhaps it will teach him a lesson."

Old Squire Holton was emphatic in his criticism of the ignorance or the thoughtlessness that characterized the daily doings of his farm help. To him there was nothing excusable in such conduct. He had taken pains to tell the boy just what trees he wanted felled, and it was an essential matter to him whether the maples were cut down or left standing in that fine new lot he had recently bought of Maj. Jackman.

"I half believe the boy did it on purpose to bother me," he concluded, as he sat down to his supper of hot porridge and milk and fried doughnuts which his wife had just placed on the table.

"Oh, no, father! John wouldn't do that," said kind, motherly Mrs. Holton. "John means to do right, but his mind isn't on his work."

"No, that it isn't, I'll be bound," muttered the squire, between his mouthfuls of warm porridge.

"He hasn't had a mind for anything ever since that day Gen. Washington and his officers rode by, a month ago. It was only the other morning, when I supposed he was busy watering the stock at the barn, and I happened to open the door for something, and there he was, marching up and down the floor, a turkey's tail feather stuck in his cap band and a pitchfork at his shoulder, and he a-giving off orders as though he was a corporal. I almost wish the continental army was sunk."

"Why, father!" exclaimed his wife; "and then we should lose our liberties, and the battles of Lexington and Bunker Hill and Trenton would have to be fought over again."

"Well, it would be better, anyway, for John if they were farther off than Valley Forge," answered the squire, testily, attacking a huge doughnut that was as crisp as frost.

And, overhead, in the large, open garret where bundles of thoroughwort and pennyroyal hung down from the long, slanting rafters, and which was warmed only by the heat ascending through a ventilator from the kitchen below, the subject of the squire's wrath lay listening to every word.

He was a tall, fair lad, strong and active, with steady, gray-blue eyes and a shock of brown wavy hair that had a knack of always falling into his eyes.

John Russell was sixteen years old, and was an orphan. Mrs. Holton was his father's sister, and the squire, being without children of his own, had cheerfully consented, when it was first suggested, that the fatherless boy should come and live with them. He had lived there now for three years, but he did not take kindly to life on a farm.

The boy had an imaginative temperament, inherited from his mother, and to drive the slow oxen day after day, do the milking and all the drudgery incident to a large farm, were not the most congenial employments. He honestly strove to do his duty, though, and the squire, if rough, was kind in his way.

A shade of deep thought overspread his face as he heard his uncle's words, and two or three tears rolled down his freckled face, which were bravely dashed away.

"He did tell me to cut the maples," he said to himself; "I know he did, and, as for playing soldier, what hurt did it do? I had turned out the cows and done just as I do every day. I wish I was a soldier in Washington's army, and I will be when I am older, unless we whip the British before. But I do hope I shall be able to do something for my country. If I only could—if I only could!"

He lay for a long time, his mind full of conflicting thoughts, but at last he sank to sleep, and forgot alike his trials and his ambitions in the sweet refreshing slumber of boyhood.

In the morning when he went downstairs into the kitchen the squire spoke to him as though nothing had happened, and he went out and fed the cattle as usual. At the breakfast table his uncle said:

"You may ride over to Googin's mill to-day, John, and get a load of corn ground. Mother says we are out of meal, and I've no mind to give up my johnny-cake in the morning. You may take the gray mare, and while the corn's being ground you can call on Maj. Frye, just beyond, and ask him if he can pay the interest due on that note. It is two pounds and sixpence. Don't forget now, and don't make a blunder. I've got the corn put up."

"All right," answered John, cheerfully.

And he went out and saddled old Suke, the gray mare, and in half an hour was ready to start.

"Here's some cheese and doughnuts for your luncheon," said Mrs. Holton, giving him a small parcel which he placed in his coat pocket; "and here's a new pair of mittens that I knit for you. You'll need them to-day, for there is a raw cold air."

"Oh, thank you, aunt! They will keep my hands warm as toast," replied John, with a good deal of feeling.

"Tell Googins to take good toll, and get back before dark if you can."

This was the squire's parting injunction as this "boy of seventy-six" started on his journey to the distant grist mill.

It was not exactly seventy-six, but it was the 22d of February, 1778.

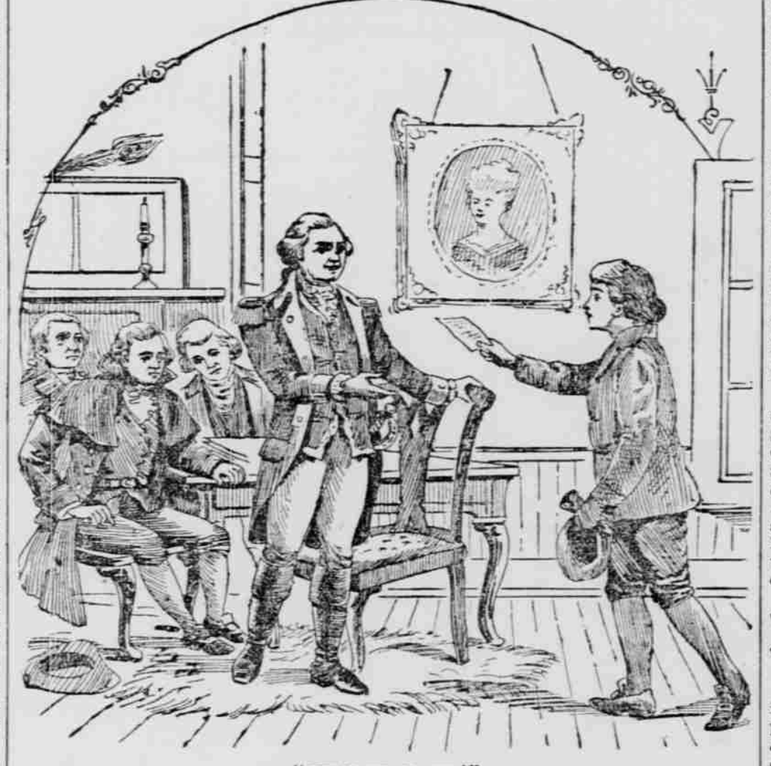
Going to mill in those days was a different affair from what it is in this year of grace.

John Russell, dressed in a coarse homespun, with knee-buckles and shoe-buckles, a coon-skin cap on his head, and wearing his thick woolen mittens, mounted upon the staid old farm horse, a bag of corn behind his saddle and another in front of him, presented a picture that is not likely to have its counterpart in modern times.

He whistled merrily as he rode forward through the cold February day on his errand, for it was a pleasant change from driving oxen and felling trees.

Googins' mill, so called after the proprietor, who was a German of the name of Hans Googins, was eight or nine miles from Squire Holton's place, down on French creek.

About a mile this side of the mill the road branched, the left hand leading on to the mill, the other taking one to



"READ THAT, SIR!"

the American encampment at Valley Forge, which was four miles distant.

John would have liked nothing better than to have gone to the patriot camp, but his orders were imperative, and he dared not spend the time, so he reined old Suke to the left and kept on to the mill.

The miller, a short, stout German, with a broad, good-humored face, greeted our hero with a hearty "Goot morning, mine young friend!"

"How's business?" asked John.

"Peautiful," replied Hans. "So goot vat nefer vas."

"That is good for you. I should like to have my grist ready by two o'clock. Uncle says you must take toll enough to pay you well."

"Yaw. Mynheer Holton ish von fine man, unt I knows it," said the miller. "Vell, I vill grind dat grist right avay quick. Maype you vill go in unt see Katrina unt der childrent. De leedle ones vill pe glad to see you, I dells you," said the hospitable Hans.

"Thank you," answered John, "but I have an errand to do at Maj. Frye's, and I brought a luncheon in my pocket."

"Dat Maj. Frye ish von rascal, unt don't you forgit it! Vell, I don't vant to shpoke apoud him any more."

And, with a shrug of his thick shoulders, Hans pulled up the gate and set the great wheel in motion.

John remounted and rode slowly away from the old mill, whose picturesque situation was heightened by its winter garb of white.

It was about noon when he approached the house of Maj. Frye, who was an old militia officer and had served in the French and Indian war.

As he rode into the yard, he was surprised to see two horses standing near the door, on one of which sat a British orderly. Before he could dismount, the owner of the house, Maj. Frye himself, appeared in the open doorway, ushering an officer in gay uniform without.

"You may trust me, sir," the major was saying. "There will be no mistake. The general is to be here at eight precisely, this evening. It will be your fault if you don't secure him."

Then, seeing the newcomer, he hesitated, and, as his countenance changed, he whispered something to his English visitor, who, with a slight inclination of the head, muttered the one word: "Remember!" and then hurriedly remounted his horse and rode away with his orderly.

"Well, young sir, I am glad to see you," said the major, with well-feigned cordiality, addressing John. "I know the errand you have come for, and have got the money. So lead your horse into the barn and come in. I have reckoned up the interest on the squire's note, and it is two pounds and fourpence," he remarked, as they entered the house.

"Uncle called it two pounds and sixpence," said John, "and he told me to collect it."

"Oh, that isn't much difference! I guess it's all right, anyhow. I don't know as I should have had the money if I hadn't just sold some fat cattle to the British. They offered me a little more than the Americans would, and I let them go."

"I wouldn't have done it!" declared John, with emphasis.

"I hated to. But, you see, I knew the squire would be after the money. It was due yesterday, and he's as regular as the sun. Besides, I am going to let Washington have a yoke of fat oxen to-night. It's his birthday, and the commander in chief is going to make a feast for the patriots. He is coming himself to-night to get them, as he wishes to surprise them."

John felt all his nerves tingle with a sudden thought. Was this man a traitor, and had he bargained with the British to betray Washington?

The suspicion was strong in his mind, but he said nothing as the major paid over the money in brand new English pieces.

"You may sign this receipt," said Frye, as he took a folded paper from his pocket, tore it in two, and scribbled a few lines on one of the pieces.

The boy looked over what had been written, and wrote his name as requested. The silver pieces he carefully stowed away in the inside pocket of his woolen spenser, and after Suke had eaten her generous foddering of hay he started on his way back to the mill.

His grist was ground and waiting for him, but, before he loaded the bags, he looked once more to see that his money was all right.

As he pulled it from his pocket, a piece of torn paper fluttered to the ground. It was the companion piece of that on which the major had written the receipt, and John had put it in his pocket with the silver.

He stooped to pick it up, and as he did so his quick eye caught a name, writen in a bold, clear hand, that was famous just then throughout the American colonies.

With a swiftly-beating heart and a flushed brow, he glanced over the few lines that preceded the autograph. The first part of the letter was on the piece on which he had receipted for the money, but there was enough to make his young blood thrill in his veins. This is what he read:

"—— received. If you mean business, I think the plan can be successfully carried out. My aid-de-camp, Maj. Singleton, will ride over to-morrow to see you and arrange the details of the capture. He will pay into your hands half of the money you ask—fifty pounds. If we succeed in our enterprise and capture the general, the rest shall be paid you down. You may trust Maj Singleton as you would myself.

"I have the honor to be, yours, for peace and unity, GEN. WILLIAM HOWE.

"To Maj. Daniel Frye."

It was all clear as sunlight to John in a moment. Maj. Frye *was* a traitor, and the plot in which he was engaged was nothing less than the seizure of the commander in chief.

There was no time to be lost. Washington must be warned, and he was the one to do it.

"What time of day is it?" he asked the miller.

Hans pulled out a big silver watch.

"Vel, it pe tree minutes past two o'clock," he said.

"All right! Now, you take this money and keep it till I call for it. I am not going home with the grist—at least, not just yet. Good-by!"

The next moment he was on the back of old Suke and galloping down the road at a wild speed.

"Mine Gott, dot poy ish crazy!" exclaimed Hans, as he stood in the doorway, his hands in his pockets, gazing after the retreating figure. "I gifs it hup, ef he hain't gone stark mad. Dot vas all!"

Meanwhile John rode on, without a halt, till he reached the American camp. He inquired of a sentinel for Washington's headquarters, and an orderly was dispatched to conduct him to the Potts house.

That was two miles further on, and it was nearly four o'clock when John and his escort arrived there.

He was ushered by the orderly into a room where three or four officers sat at a table, one of whom rose and turned his attention to the newcomer.

"You wanted to see me, my lad? I am the commander in chief."

John gazed for a moment with silent awe at that majestic presence, with the grave, worn, anxious face, before he could answer. He then placed in the general's hand the piece of paper he had found.

"Read that, sir," he said.

"Where did you get this?" asked Washington, after he had read the lines.

John told his story in a straightforward manner that vouched for his honesty, and when he had concluded Washington turned to his officers and said, sorrowfully:

"Alas! who would have thought it? Whom shall we trust?"

He asked John a few more questions of minor importance, which were answered readily, then he said:

"My lad, the intelligence you have brought me is of the greatest importance and value. Probably your thoughtful action has been the means of saving my life and perhaps the liberties of the colonies. What can I do for you?"

"Make me a soldier," was John's answer, as he thought of his one ambition.

The pater patria looked gravely at the slender boyish figure and earnest face of the speaker, but did not smile.

"You are hardly old enough for the rough life of a soldier, but I would like you to care for my horses. I need a boy for that. Will you come?"

"If uncle and aunt will only let me," replied John, so pleased that he could scarcely refrain from turning a somersault even before that august presence.

"You may come to-morrow, then, and here is your salary for the first quarter."

Washington placed in his hands a couple of gold pieces. John thanked him as well as he was able.

"Be assured, my brave boy," said Washington, as he accompanied him to the door, "that the service you have this day performed will not be forgotten. I tremble when I think what might have befallen our country if it had not been for your fortunate discovery and intelligent action. I was going to visit that man's house to-night, and he, like Judas, had bargained to betray me to my enemies for a few paltry pieces of silver and gold. Washington thanks you now; in the future he will do more."

And he bowed him out of the door.

It was quite dark when John returned to the mill, where the wondering Hans was waiting for him. Before he was half way home he met the squire, who had become anxious at his protracted absence.

John explained this satisfactorily, and there never was a man more surprised than was Squire Holton when his nephew related all the adventures of the day. The next morning he accompanied the lad to Washington's headquarters, and saw him enter upon his new duties.

Before the war was over, John Russell was a bona fide soldier. He did good service at Yorktown, and won the commendation of Washington for dash and courage. In after years he became a Virginia planter, and was a welcome visitor at Mt. Vernon as long as Washington lived. The 22d day of February was always observed by him with peculiar solemnity and good cheer.—Fred M. Colby, in Golden Days.

## WISE AND GOOD AND GREAT.

**Thomas Jefferson's Tribute to the Character of George Washington.**

The best character of George Washington that ever has been drawn was penned by Thomas Jefferson in 1814. Jefferson, as the reader may remember, differed from President Washington on all the leading political issues of his second term, and there was for some years the coolness between them which naturally arises from political differences during periods of excitement. But Washington had then been dead fourteen years, and Jefferson was an old man, living in retirement at his seat in Virginia. The passions of 1798 were extinct in the bosom of the great democrat; and it was then that, in a private letter to one of his New York friends, he put on record his deliberate judgment of Washington, which, he says: "I would vouch at the judgment seat of God, having been formed on an acquaintance of thirty years."

"His integrity," says Mr. Jefferson, "was most pure, his justice the most inflexible I have ever known; no motives of interest or consanguinity, of friendship or hatred, being able to bias his decision. He was, indeed, in every sense of the words, a wise, a good and a great man. His temper was naturally irritable and high toned; but reflection and resolution had obtained a firm and habitual ascendency over it. If ever however, it broke its bounds, he was most tremendous in his wrath. In his expenses he was honorable, but exact; liberal in contributions to whatever promised utility, but frowning and unyielding on all visionary projects, and all unworthy calls on his charity. His heart was not warm in its affections; but he exactly calculated every man's value, and gave him a solid esteem proportioned to it. His person, you know, was fine, his stature exactly what one would wish; his deportment easy, erect and noble; the best horseman of his age, and the most graceful figure that could be seen on horseback."

Reader, here you have the true Washington. I have become, from necessity, extremely familiar with his works, his actions, the political conflicts that raged about him, and the attitude of the man toward friend and foe. Knowing him thus intimately, I feel the literal truth of Mr. Jefferson's language when he says: "He was, in every sense of the words, a wise, a good and a great man." With regard to Washington, we may abandon without any fear that more familiar knowledge will modify our opinion or lessen the warmth of our esteem.—James Parton, in N. Y. Ledger.

## SHATTERED IDOLS.

**A Louisianian Says Andrew Jackson Did Not Win the Battle of New Orleans.**

"Gen. Jackson," said an elderly gentleman who resides in New Orleans and is well known there, "did not win the battle of New Orleans. He did not create the ambuscade into which Gen. Pakenham led his British troops with such fatal result. That great victory was really won, as the cotton-bale breastworks were really conceived and executed, by one of the greatest soldiers of his or any other time."

To say that this remark, made temperately and without any show of feeling or prejudice, caused quite a sensation among those who heard it yesterday in the St. James hotel would be putting it mildly.

"On whose authority," asked one of the gentlemen present, "do you venture to deny on Gen. Jackson's proudest anniversary that he won the great victory celebrated to-day?"

"What I say is this," resumed the Louisianian, "the cotton breastwork which checked the British and resulted in their practical demolition while they tried in vain to scale it and surmount it was not originated or constructed by Gen. Andrew Jackson, who has for so long enjoyed the credit of it and the consequent laudation of most of his countrymen."

"I repeat," said the other, "on whose authority do you make such a tremendous statement?"

The gentleman from New Orleans replied:

"On the authority of the owner of the cotton bales out of which the breastworks were constructed."

The others present looked with profound interest at the Louisianian. He went on: "It is no matter of mere hearsay evidence, gentlemen. The impugnment of Gen. Jackson's title to the credit exists in print, and, though the story was published over his own name by the very rich and influential creole gentleman who supplied the cotton and though numbers of his cotemporaries really sustained his story, there has never been a denial of the imputation that the laurels of the battle of New Orleans belonged not to Gen. Jackson, but to one of the greatest soldiers of modern times."

"Who," with one voice inquired all the rest, "was this unknown and unhonored soldier?"

"He was Marshal Moreau, one of Napoleon's favorite and greatest lieutenants. He was one of the greatest engineers the world ever produced, and he controled all the work of that arm of the French army under the emperor himself. Until they quarreled Napoleon had more regard and respect for Moreau than any of his marshals. It was this man who devised, arranged, and executed the battle of New Orleans—Marshal Moreau."

There was another short spell of incredulous silence. Some smiled, others testified their open unbelief by shaking their heads. The Louisianian was evidently irritated.

"If I were in New Orleans," he said, "I could show you, among published evidence, a book entitled 'Fifty Years in Both Hemispheres.' It was written by Victo Nolte. Victor Nolte was the man who owned the cotton bales used in constructing the breastwork which the picked redcoats of Pakenham were annihilated in trying to carry. It is a chatty book of reminiscences and diarylike personal notes. When it was written all those involved were contemporaries of the writer. He does not try to promulgate a striking, not to say startling, discovery.

"He merely relates, as if he were stating the details of a generally-known and undisputed fact, how Moreau thought out the plan of the breastworks; how a demand was made upon himself (Nolte) for the invaluable bales; how he gladly complied with the request of his compatriot, the marshal, and how that favorite engineer of the great Napoleon himself constructed the breastworks, after conferring with Jackson and obtaining his consent, and how, finally, he directed the strategy of the day.

"Another thing," said the Louisianian. "You have believed all along that the defense of the breastworks, the slaughter of the British and the killing of Gen. Pakenham were accomplished by Kentucky riflemen. Nothing of the kind, according to Nolte, who naturally had an acute personal interest in the battle fought on both sides of his fortification of cotton bales.

"He says that the sharpshooters of Jackson's army consisted not of men from Kentucky, but of pirates from Barataria, enjoying a sort of amnesty for their loyal services to the young republic. It was a brigade of Lafitte's men who came in from the gulf to reinforce Jackson's small but gallant host. They were insubordinate, and gave a great deal of trouble, but they fought with the intrepidity and thoroughness of so many demigods.

"If you will take the trouble," concluded the man from Louisiana, "to hunt up the real story of the battle of New Orleans and will read Victor Nolte's 'Fifty Years in Both Hemispheres,' and then finally go down to New Orleans and make the acquaintance of some of the old people in the French quarter, in order to get acquainted with the stories bequeathed to them by their fathers and grandfathers, you will, to put it mildly, be somewhat surprised."—N. Y. Sun.

**Discovery.**

Jenkins (reading)—At last they have found something that will make a woman keep a secret.

His Wife—What is it?

Jenkins—Chloroform.—Judge.

**Cordial.**

He—What about those new neighbors you called on to-day?

She—Well, they said they had come to this village to avoid society and begged me to call often.—Judge.

**A Man of His Word.**

"Old Brown is dead."

"I'm not surprised. More than forty years ago he told a girl that if she refused him he would die, and she did refuse him."—Truth.

## PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

—Miss Francis E. Willard suggests a Christian theater, one conducted, as she says, in such a way that religious papers could advertise and recommend it, to which a young girl might be taken without fear of anything on the stage that would bring a blush to her cheek.

—Prof. Milligan, who died at Edinburg, was one of the most distinguished ecclesiastics in Scotland. He held the chair of Biblical criticism in Aberdeen university for nearly forty years, and since the beginning of 1886 he had been the principal clerk of the general assembly.

—The works of Quintillian were revived by being discovered under a heap of rubbish in an Italian monastery. Those of Tacitus were found in a monastery in Westphalia, where they were being used as fuel by the cook. The original manuscript of Justinian's pandects was found in a cellar in a little town in Calabria.

—The London "Athenæum" says: "Lord Tennyson, who is at Farringford, engaged upon the memoir of his father, wishes to borrow all letters of the late laureate which are not mere formal notes written in the third person. And as soon as he has copied such letters as may be intrusted to him he will return them to the lenders."

—Labouchere's "Truth" (London) gives the following recipe for making a modern English literary celebrity: "Half educate a vain youth at Oxford; let his hair grow; dip him into erotic French literature; add one idea, chop it small; log-roll the whole; give a grotesque name; then serve up as a rival to Milton, Sheridan and Shakespeare."

—A portion of Cicero's treatise "On Glory" was recovered from the works of Petrus Alcyonius, a Roman physician. The book had been bequeathed to a convent and was stolen by Alcyonius, who used all he could in his own works and destroyed the original. The passages he stole, however, were so much better than his own writings suspicion was at once roused and the theft detected.

—Miss Lucy Garnett is given a pension of five hundred dollars a year by the British government in recognition of her literary merit and to enable her to prosecute her researches in oriental folklore. Miss Margaret Stokes also receives five hundred dollars for her researches into early Christian art and archæology in Ireland, and Mrs. Cashel Hoey two hundred and fifty dollars for her novels.

—Senator Turpie's method of aiding his constituents to get office was shown recently in Washington when he was requested by an applicant to go to one of the departments and look after his appointment. "I have no carriage," said Senator Turpie, "and I don't intend to walk." "I will get the carriage for you," said the officeseeker. And he soon placed one at the senator's disposal. To the surprise of the Hoosier officeseeker Senator Turpie climbed into the carriage and closed the door, leaving the officeseeker standing outside. When the latter attempted to get into the carriage Senator Turpie said sharply: "I won't go unless I can go alone."

## HUMOROUS.

—The milk of human kindness is not all cream—Galveston News.

—Jillson says he has noticed that the human hog is nearly always pigheaded.—Buffalo Courier.

—"I guess Plunkit's father must have died and left him an enormous fortune." "How do you know?" "Well, I've seen the plumbers up at his house twice."—Inter-Ocean.

—She—"Should you die, are you opposed to my remarrying?" He—"No." She—"Why not?" He—"Why should I be solicitous about the welfare of a fellow I'll never know?"—Life.

"I am really at a loss," said the young minister, "to know why you did not like my last sermon. Didn't you consider my arguments sound?" "Yes," she replied; "exclusively."—Washington Star.

—The Sage—"In choosing a wife, young man, you must not look for beauty alone." Youth—"Of course not. It is the other kind of a girl that one may expect to find alone."—Indianapolis Journal.

—Citizen—"Well, you have nice weather, winter pasture, not too much rain, and stock is thriving; what have you to complain of this winter?" Farmer (promptly)—"Aw, the wheat, the wheat! Not enough snow!"—Cleveland Plaindealer.

—In the garden of a certain nobleman's country house there happened to be fixed up at different spots painted boards with this request: "Please do not pick the flowers without leave." Some wag got a paint brush and added an "s" to the last word.

—"Yes," said Gibley, "it came pretty near being a wedding between Miss Bly and me; but she said there was one thing I lacked. I asked her what that one thing was, and she said: 'Don't ask me; you'll call me mercenary.' So I didn't press her."—Boston Transcript.

—"I always suspected that cashier," said a member of the board of directors. "Maybe he'll turn up," said another. "You can't always judge a man by his appearance?" "No. But in a case like this it is pretty safe to judge him by his disappearance."—Washington Star.

—He was a fine doctor—there was no denying that—but sometimes he said things that made people wonder. A patient with a fever recently complained of thirst, and he said to her: "Well, quench it. You can drink water, or tea, or most anything, so long as it's a liquid."—Harper's Bazar.

—"Col. Brown," remarked a chappie, "is the finest after-dinner speaker I know of." "Why," said his friend, in some astonishment, "I never heard he had any ability in that direction at all." "Well, he has; I've dined with him several times at various places, and after dinner he always says: 'That's all right, my boy; I'll pay for it.'"—Detroit Free Press.