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Miss Washington's Case.

After vain efforts to keep it quiet the fact has at last leaked out that Miss Portia Washington, daughter of Booker T. Washington, the great colored educator, has failed to pass her examinations for her second year at Wellesley college, and is now a student at Bradford academy.

The faculty at Wellesley will have nothing to say about the matter beyond the mere fact that Miss Washington was not proficient in her music, but among the girls opinions are expressed plentifully.

Despite a deal of newspaper talk to the effect that Miss Washington was heartily welcomed by her co-students and made much of, the fact is that the college was divided into factions over her. Southern girls, of whom there are a good many at Wellesley, absolutely refused to associate with her, and these were upheld by many others.

A good many northern girls, however, "took up" Miss Washington, invited her to all their little sociables, called on her, and were friendly with her in every way.

The feeling about Miss Washington soon developed a hostile feeling between her supporters and her non-supporters, and considerable unpleasantness was the result. The question of the girl's personality entered but little into this little race war. As far as that was concerned, she was found to be accomplished and refined in every way and quite unostentatious.

Miss Washington proved to be a thorn in the flesh to the faculty, however, on account of the newspaper notoriety which she gained. Articles signed by her and interviews on her reception at the college did not meet with the approval of her teachers. The faculty, however, insist that the question of color had nothing to do with the failure of the young woman to enter Wellesley for a second year.

In music, of which she has made a particular study, Miss Washington failed to take the necessary work. She has all the negro love of melody, and practiced two hours a day regularly while at Wellesley. This was her specialty, and she was preparing herself for a teacher.

At Wellesley, although there are many who will sincerely miss the quiet girl, there is a general feeling of peace after storm, and there is no longer a strained feeling among the girls.—Boston Special to New York Times.

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Farmer Stebbins Sees Football

While walkin' up the village street, a-fightin' there I see
Some twenty fellers, more or less, as fierce as fierce could be!

'Twas in a medder nigh to where the college late was built,
An' not a proper place for blood to be unduly spilt;

So, very peaceable inclined, an' al'ays actin' thus,

I thought, "I'll try what may be done to regulate the fuss."

My goodness, how them fellers fit! they'd punch each other there
Like hungry cattle when the frost is nibblin' through the air!

An' one would pick up somethin' quick, an' run off, fit to kill,

With several others chasin' him, as chickens sometimes will;

Then if he on his stomach fell, there right in his distress

They'd pounce upon him, hard an' square, a dozen, more or less.

An' when my eyes untangled 'em, an' glanced 'em through an' o'er,
To my surprise I found I'd seen full half of 'em before!

Young Caleb Stubbs, who once was raised across the road from me,
But I had never thought, before, would hurt an' allin' flea;

An' Joseph Minks, who's al'ays fit whene'er he had a chance,
Was now as gay an' much to home as Frenchmen at a dance;

An' Thomas Tutts, who's bein' taught so he himself can teach;

An' Samuel Strapp, who's trainin' so's to have a call to preach;

An' Peter Pills, who'll some day strive to cure the world, no doubt,

Was strivin' hard, apparently, to kill an' wipe 'em out;

An' several others all appeared to do what death they could,

From whom I'd al'ays looked for things a thousan' times as good.

An' what still deeper troubled me, a lot o' folks near by

Didn't seem to care to hold 'em back, an' wouldn't even try;

But sort o' tolled to help it on, an' make a fightin' din;

An' even girls would grit their teeth an' holler "Boys, go in!"

An' then I says, "Them fellers all appear in Death's employ;

If there's an undertaker here, he's sheddin' tears of joy."

An' terrified at what they'd done, an' what they meant to do,

I struggled hard to recollect a Riot Act or two;

But naught appeared that I could reach on memory's cluttered shelf,

An' so I had, as one might say, to make one up myself.

I wildly rushed into their midst, an' yelled with all my might,

"See here, now, boys, this school wan't built to teach you how to fight!"

But still they all kep' on their way, as fierce as fierce could be,

An' none of 'em was blessed with sense to listen unto me;

But while I still upneid the right, in words I won't repeat,

Th' apparent cause of all their fuss rolled plump betwixt my feet!

An' then such buffetin' amidst the angry waves of strife,

I never yet had come across in all my earthly life!

I've sported in a skatin'-rink, an' helped to dust the floor;

I've served as drift-wood in the waves of Jersey's stormy shore;

I've clutched a tall toboggan-slide, the while my cheek did blanch,

Then, lettin' go, reluctantly became an avalanche;

I've entered cars on Brooklyn Bridge

'twixt five an' six o'clock;
But these was only zephyr breaths beside an earthquake shock!

They jumbled me, they tumbled me, some several fellers deep,

Until I gave up every sense an' feebly fell asleep;

An' when I woke, and mildly asked if all my bones was there,

No one contigious seemed to know, or specially to care;

But several fellers, with their face all black an' blue an' red,

Jumped up an' down, a-wavin' han's, and shoutin', "We're ahead!"

"Now, who's ahead?" says I, when I a listenin' ear could find;

"Whoever 'tis, here's one old fool that's several rods behind!

Why are you studyin' carnage here—what is this all about?"

An' then they hollered, "Football, Dad—we've gone an' cleaned 'em out!"

Whereat I says, "If this is what you call a friendly game,

Heaven shield me from your courtesies an' help me dodge the same!"

Then everybody laughed an' joked, rejoicin' in such crimes,

An' said, "Old man, the trouble is, you're 'way behind the times!"

An' then I said, "All right! I'll keep behind 'em, if you please;

'Hind anything, to shield me from such goin's on as these;

An' when I'm anxious suddenly from this world to escape,

I'll go an' dance on dynamite, an' do it up in shape!"

—Will Carleton.

Relative Wear.

The New England town meeting is ever a source of anecdote, and one that may bear repeating comes from Wellesley, Mass., noted for a college and, until his recent death, for one Solomon Flagg.

Flagg was town clerk, historian and the traditional wit of town meeting. At one of these March gatherings the management of the poor farm was under criticism, and some one had made bold to defend the superintendent, Robinson by name, who was charged with being intolerably lazy.

Flagg listened intently, then cleared his throat and thus addressed the chair: "Mr. Moderator, our friend who has taken his seat is an eloquent gent, and there may be some truth in his remarks. But, Mr. Moderator, in my opinion, a pair of paper taps on the soles of Brother Robinson's shoes would outwear a leather patch on the seat of his trousers."

And Solomon Flagg carried the day.—New York Times.

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