O fatherland, so great and free!
The prize that valiant heroes won,
The joyful harp we tune to thee
Commemorates thy noblest son.
To him we give our thoughts to-day,
A thankful, childish, patriot band;
We twine the laurel and the bay
And crown him father of our land.

Oh, not like proud Ambition's son
That soared to fame in ancient Rome,
Not like the Mars who battles won
And found Helena for a home.
No chains were forged thy name to raise
Above the legal lords of earth,
No groaning captives sang thy praise
Or flattered crimes to deeds of worth.

Sleep on in peace, O hallowed shade!
Sleep on, the father of the free!
The trees that guard the southern glade
Their tender sobs are all for thee!
The oak that decks our northern vale
And boldly braves the drifting snows
Through summer calm or winter hail
Shall teach defiance to thy foes.
—M. V. Gormley.

A WASHINGTON RELIC.

Mansion in Which He Wrote His Farewell Address a Wreck.

That marvel of prophetic wisdom called Washington's Farewell Address annually stirs many hearts in hundreds of the celebrations throughout the country, but the very house in which Washington labored to prepare that masterpiece of American patriotism is now barren of anything to mark the fact that it once sheltered the greatest figure in the nation's history. The house is filled with a rollicking crowd of Italians who, perhaps, never heard of Washington, or, at the best, have a very hazy idea as to the part he played in forming the country that affords them so many advantages.

Yet this house, dirty, shabby, run down and ugly now, forms a conspicuous figure

THE BERRIEN HOUSE AND ITS PRESENT OCCUPANTS.

in the history of the early days of the Union of States. It was really the executive mansion when Princeton, N. J., was the capital of the new born nation. Washington lived in this house when the treaty of peace was signed with Great Britain on Sept. 3, 1783. At that time the National Congress was in session in this place, and it was necessary for Washington to be near the legislators during those critical weeks when the fruits of the long revolutionary war were about to be gathered.

Congress had assembled on June 6, of that year, and Washington arrived on the scene on the 26th of the following August. In Princeton proper there was no available house suitable as a headquarters for Washington, so he was established in what was known as the Berrien mansion, four miles from the town on the Rocky Hill road. There is a little hamlet near by now called Rocky Hill. Close to the old house is the Millstone river, and in revolutionary times the lawns fronting the house swept gracefully down to the water's edge.

It was a famous house in those days, but nothing of its grandeur remains. Now it swarms with Italian laborers employed in the nearby quarries, and their wives and children. The rooms in which Washington and his military family conferred on the momentous topics of the day are littered with dirt. Every room in the old house, with the exception of two, shelters an Italian family. All around the house are grouped numberless shanties, each occupied to its fullest capacity by Italians. The house and the adjoining lands are controlled by the Rocky Hill Stone Storage Company, and the economics of commerce have put the historic building to such ignoble uses.

There is a gleam of sentiment left, however. The two unoccupied rooms just referred to are on the second floor. One is the apartment in which Washington slept; the other was his study, the room in which he sat up the better part of many nights writing his farewell address. These two rooms were stripped long ago of every article of furniture used by Washington and distributed among several museums. The furniture of the rest of the house was disposed of in the same way, some of it now being among the treasures of Mount Vernon.

Originally the house had broad verandas at the front and at the two sides, but these were torn away long ago. Washington could step out from his study to the roof of the veranda and obtain a splendid view of the surrounding country. The Berrien place was splendidly kept up in those days, the lands immediately surrounding the house having the appearance of a beautiful park. Now a hundred clothes lines, each burdened with the assorted wash of an Italian family, disfigure the once handsome grounds.

In Washington's time there were a number of cabins some distance in the rear of the mansion. These were occupied by the slaves on the estate. The cabins disappeared long ago, but masses of debris still mark the places where they once stood.

Accompanied by members of his military staff, Washington rode every day to Princeton to confer with the legislators. Those were busy times, for the British army still occupied New York, and when the treaty of peace was signed it was Washington's first endeavor to get the last of the enemy out of the country. Many important conferences were held in the old house, which finally led to the evacuation of New York by the British. Then, when this was accomplished, Washington prepared for his historic visit to that city to take formal possession of it. A few days later he took leave of his Generals at Fraunce's Tavern, and then departed for his Mount Vernon home to reassume the quiet country life which had been so roughly interrupted seven years before.

Notwithstanding the grime and dirt in the Berrien house to-day it could easily be restored to its revolutionary glory. The house was built to last for all time, and to-day it is as strong as ever. The room now used by the Italians as a general eating place, and formerly the banquet hall, where Washington and his military and legal aids dined and talked over the affairs of the country, has still the look of a handsome apartment about it. The doors are heavy and paneled, and although the great fireplace is disfigured by an ugly cooking range its dignified proportions attest its old-time splendor. Massive oaken beams supporting the floor above show through the plaster, which has been smeared over the ceiling. Altogether this room, if properly restored, would furnish one of the finest examples of genuine colonial workmanship in the country.

The Berrien house was an old one even in Washington's time. It was erected at the beginning of the eighteenth century by the first of the Berriens to settle in this country. The last one of that name to occupy it was John Berrien, who died in 1772 after a distinguished career as Colonel Justice of the Supreme Court of New Jersey. It passed through many hands before it became the property of the company which has been working the nearby quarries for the past fifteen years.

Some time ago a society was formed for the purpose of obtaining possession of the historic mansion, restoring it and preserving it as a museum for revolutionary relics, of which there are a great number in the possession of the old families in the surrounding country.

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 tokens 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.

WASHINGTON STAYED THERE.

House Still Standing Here Where the First President Was a Guest.

One of the oldest substantial houses in Washington is now known as No. 2618 K street northwest. The ground on which it stands was part of the farm of Robert Peter, who was an original proprietor. In the division of lots between the land owners and the Government the lots on which the house is built were assigned to Robert Peter in 1793, seven years before the capital was removed to Washington from Philadelphia. The house has a front of thirty feet and the bricks are supposed to have been imported from England. The locks on the doors are large and have the English device of the lion and unicorn.

In 1866 Christian Hines published his "Early Recollections of Washington City." He says that in 1796 he lived with his father at the corner of High and Market streets, Georgetown; that he had seen "all the Presidents of the United States from Washington to the second Washington—Mr. Lincoln—inclusive," and that the first time he saw Gen. Washington was "when he came up in a boat and landed at the lower bridge, at the foot of K street north, and stopped with his nephew, Thomas Peter, Esq.," who lived in the house of which I am writing.

The fact that Gen. Washington was in the habit of stopping at this house is corroborated by the statement of Mr. John Cranch, son of Judge W. L. Cranch, who told me that on Gen. Washington's last visit to this city he stopped with Mr. Peter. At that time there was a long balcony in front of the house. The Georgetown College boys, Mr. Cranch said, serenaded Washington on this occasion, and the latter addressed them from the balcony.

WHERE WASHINGTON STAYED.

AN AMERICAN GENTLEMAN.

That the public observance of Washington's birthday began during his life is evidence that not public services only but personal character as well gave him his commanding position among the great men of all time. It has happened to no other man in history to become so distinctly the representative of a nation, in the achievement of its national independence, and to stand at the same time for what is truest and best in its national character. There have been great statesmen, great soldiers, great patriots, whose public career was admired, but whose life or motives or methods in some way repelled; this man, patriot, soldier and statesman, holds our reverence also by his clear and upright personality. The mousing modern historian is fond of finding little flaws in Washington's character, and inasmuch as he is clearing away the fictitious glamour that for a time surrounded the father of his country and showing him to be human like the rest of us, the historian has been doing a good service. For there was nothing of the supernatural of phenomenal in Washington. He was simply a good, honest American gentleman, who did his duty seriously and strenuously, with unflinching integrity and devotion, gaining breadth of view and strength of intellectual grasp as unsought opportunity broadened out before him, and by weight of character not less than by the splendor of achievement that character made possible, writing his name unfadingly in the hearts of his countrymen, of his own day and for all time. In the fresh accession of popular interest in this anniversary it is well to bear these things in mind. Washington stands not alone for devotion to a sentimental cause, but for devotion to everlasting principle. He was able to become the Father of his Country because he deserved its trust, and by his wisdom and judgment, his honor and truth, he rose above the turmoil of party passion and the intrigues of selfish men, and pointed the way to national strength in national righteousness.

MARTHA WASHINGTON LETTER.

Lay Hidden in the Capitol Archives for More than Ninety Years.

A copy of the only letter and signature of Martha Washington is in possession of the United States Government, says Kate Field's Washington. This letter lay for more than ninety years hidden among some musty archives at the Capitol, and was lately discovered by Walter H. French, clerk of the department of files, House of Representatives. The spelling and punctuation are carefully reproduced:

Mount Vernon, Dec. 31st, 1799.

Sir

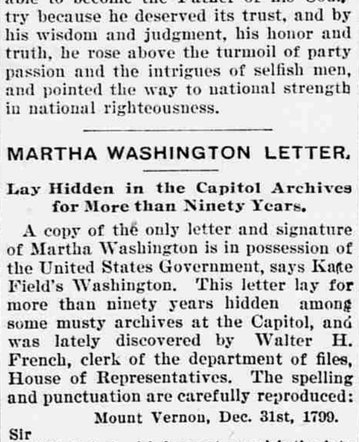
While I feel with keenest anguish the late Disposition of Divine Providence, I cannot be insensible to the mournful tributes of respect and veneration which are paid to the memory of my dear deceased Husband—and as his best services and most anxious wishes were always devoted to the welfare and happiness of his country—to know that they were truly appreciated and gratefully remembered affords no inconsiderable consolation.

Taught by the great example which I have so long had before me never to oppose my private wishes to the public will—I must consent to the request made by Congress—which you have had the goodness to transmit to me—and in doing this I need not—I cannot say what a sacrifice of individual feeling I make to a sense of public duty.

With grateful acknowledgment and unfeigned thanks for the personal respect and evidences of condolence expressed by Congress, and yourself,

I remain, very respectfully,
sir,
Your most obedient & humble
servant
MARTHA WASHINGTON.

Precaution.



Reporter—Why have you boxed your cherry tree up in that fashion, farmer?

Farmer Slyboy—Johnnie's Sunday school teacher has jus' giv' him th' life o' Washington.

FOR LITTLE FOLKS.

A COLUMN OF PARTICULAR INTEREST TO THEM.

Something that Will Interest the Juvenile Members of Every Household—Quaint Actions and Bright Sayings of Many Cute and Cunning Children.

A Hard Hit.

Little 5-year-old Helen was lecturing her cousin, an Adelbert freshman, on the evils of foolishness, says the Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"Why," she said, "a big boy like you shouldn't be so foolish. I'd be ashamed to have so much foolishness about me."

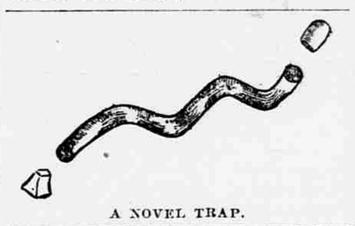
"Why do you call him foolish?" inquired her uncle.

"Just 'cause he is," said Helen. "Why, if he keeps on he'll be most half as foolish as his father."

And the poor uncle hadn't a word to say.

Tommy's Mouse Trap.

The family had been greatly troubled with mice. Father and mother both tried in vain to get rid of them, and the cat could not catch them at all. Then Tommy took a hand. The ingenious youngster secured a piece of rubber hose about four feet long. In one end of the hose he put a piece of cheese, fitted snug and tight, while all around the outside he smeared some more cheese. The hungry mice soon scented



A NOVEL TRAP.

the free lunch, and one by one went into the trap to investigate. After six had entered the tubular dining-room the watchful Tommy quickly placed a cork in the other hole, and thus captured the entire party. Every day after school the scheming youngster repeats this performance, and if the mice keep on being so accommodating they will soon be exterminated.

How Grandpa Found His Fairy.

It was a cold, rainy evening, and the Buckbee family were seated around a cheerful fire, popping corn and telling stories.

"Now, grandpa, you tell one," they cried. Grandpa appeared to be greatly surprised, but after seating Johnnie on his knee, he began as follows:

"When I was a small boy I lived in the State of Maine, many miles from here.

"Behind our house was a large orchard with a brook running through it.

"One afternoon I wandered down to this brook. I filled my pockets with apples and sat down to eat them.

"Somehow I fell asleep. However, I was soon awakened by a strange sound, and saw close beside me a—what do you think?" asked grandpa.

"A bear," cried Willie.

"A lion," said Fannie.

"No," said grandpa, "I saw a beautiful little fairy."

"She had a very soft voice and I listened attentively to what she said.

"'You are under my enchantment,' she whispered, 'and are bound to hunt for me until you find me. The place where I live is called California and is far from here.'

"Then I awoke and found it was only a dream; but the beautiful face and words still haunted me.

"I wrote the name that then seemed so strange to me on a large piece of paper and hung it in my room that I might not forget it.

"And so time passed on, still leaving me under the dream-fairy's enchantment.

"At last, when I was a young man, about 20 years old, there was great excitement about a piece of land 'way out West,' so ran the report, 'where gold was to be found in great abundance.'

"A great deal of this land was owned by Spaniards, and it was named California, after one of their legends.

"You can imagine how I felt. I rushed up to my room and took from my bureau drawer a crumpled piece of paper, yellow with age, on which was written in a boyish hand, 'California.'

"Yes, it was true, and now I could find my fairy.

"A month later I started for the Golden West, as it was called. You must remember that there was no railroad from Maine to California, and so it was not till after many months of hard traveling that I arrived there.

"To us weary travelers California was an ideal place—a land flowing with milk and honey.

"One day I was working in my mine. It was the same kind of a day as the one when I had my dream, and somehow I kept thinking of it. I had not yet found my fairy, and was sorely discouraged about it.

"Crash! What was that? A boulder had fallen. I sprang to my feet and looked around. There on the rocks lay the form of a young girl; and, oh, joy"—here grandpa became so excited he could hardly speak—"there was the face I had so long been hunting for; it was very pale and the beautiful golden hair hung all around it.

"I picked up my fair burden and hastily carried her to the nearest camp.

"I need not tell you any more, but if you want to see my fairy you had better look at grandma.

"And so, children, in this beautiful State I found both my fairy and my fortune."

She Had Different Ideas.

A little 5-year-old, whose name is Helen, and who lives in the east end, goes to a kindergarten, says the Cleveland Plain Dealer. The teacher endeavors to give the pupils some useful object lesson every day, and recently she has been talking to them about health. She has told them that one of the best means of securing health and retaining it is plenty of outdoor exercise. She told them this very slowly, emphasizing each word as she proceeded.

"Understand, children," she said, "one of the best things to keep us well is plenty of outdoor exercise. Plenty of outdoor exercise."

"Now, Helen," she said, "what is one of the best things to keep us well?"

Helen has ideas of her own on a great many subjects.

"Plenty of warm milk before breakfast!" she shouted.

And the object lesson ended right there.

WHAT KEEPS THE SUN HOT.

It Will Probably Keep Warm for Twenty Million Years.

According to the most recent investigations, the temperature of the sun is somewhere between 5,000 and 6,000 degrees centigrade, and there are reasons for believing that for hundreds of thousands, perhaps for millions, of years, it has been radiating heat into space with no appreciable loss of temperature.

Were the sun simply a cooling mass of stone or metal it must ages ago have lost both its heat and its light; were it a globe of burning carbon it can easily be calculated that it would have burned out in about 6,000 years. Where, then, does it get its heat supply? is a question frequently asked.

We are so accustomed to regard fire, combustion, as the principal source of heat, or at any rate of intense heat, that it is not easy to realize that there may be other sources, equally abundant, from which the sun may obtain its perennial supply of this article. Astronomers long since discarded the idea that there is any sort of combustion going on in the sun.

Its heat is, more probably, of that sort known in physics as mechanical heat—heat that is produced by friction, by hammering or compression. We are familiar enough with the first two sources, though ordinarily the amount of heat which we perceive to be thus developed is not great, but heat produced by compression is not so often brought to our notice. From a variety of experiments, however, it can be shown that whenever a metal, as a piece of lead, or the air, or, indeed, any gas, is forcibly compressed heat is evolved, and this is the source to which astronomers are now inclined to look for the main supply of the solar energy.

This idea was first suggested by Helmholz, and it has been taken up and elaborated by Lord Kelvin. According to the theory of these scientists the sun, which is simply a mass of gaseous matter, is now and has been for ages contracting its dimensions—is growing smaller—and the mechanical heat produced in this process is precisely that which it is continually throwing off into space. Lord Kelvin calculated that a contraction of the sun, under the force of gravity, which diminished its diameter to the extent of four miles a century, would fully account for its heat supply, enormous as it is. The sun might contract at this rate for several thousand years before there would be any diminution of its size perceptible even through a telescope. Of course, this process has a limit to it, and eventually the sun, having become too dense to contract further, must begin to cool off, but not for some 10,000,000 or 20,000,000 years, says Lord Kelvin.

The First Polar Explorer.

The hardy mariners who were the pioneers in polar discovery achieved wonders, considering that they had everything to learn about methods of arctic work and their vessels and equipment were very inadequate. One of the greatest of all arctic voyagers, says Harper's Weekly, was the man who commanded the first true polar expedition, William Barntz. He sailed from Holland in 1594 on the little fishing smack Mercurious, and the object of his voyage shows how ignorant the merchants and seamen of those days were as to the navigability of arctic seas. Barentz pushed into the unknown for the purpose of sailing around the north end of Nova Zembla, and finding a northeast passage to China; and so for a month he skirted the wall of ice that barred his way, seeking in every direction for a lane by which he might travel through the pack, putting his vessel about eighty-one times, and traveling back and forth along the ice edge for seventeen hundred miles. The highest north he attained during this careful examination of the ice edge was 614 statute miles south of the highest point reached by Nansen or 874 miles from the pole.

Taste for Apples.

The superabundance of the apple crop last year has had one good result for the future of the orchardist. It rendered apples so cheap that the consumption was greater than ever before. A taste of this kind, once stimulated, generally continues; consequently the demand will be larger in seasons to come than it has been hitherto. This year apples have been in Philadelphia markets the whole year through. Last year's supply of late varieties, such as the Baldwin, had scarcely disappeared before the Russian variety, Tetoffsky, came in from Virginia. These, of course, will be followed by better kinds.—Mehan's Monthly.

"Lucky" Pigs.

The favorite badge just now of the smart Englishwoman is a tiny "lucky" pig of bog oak, made in Ireland and worn upon her neck chain. To bring real luck these pigs must be Irish, but they can be bought in the London shops.

FIREPROOF WOOD FOR SHIPS.

Some of the Advantages and Disadvantages Incident to Its Use.

Non-inflammable wood, or fireproof wood, as it is commonly spoken of outside of the circle of experts, has received considerable attention from naval constructors and naval engineers since the Yaloo River fight in the China-Japan war, and more especially at the recent international congress of naval architects and marine engineers at London, and from the naval authorities of the United States and Japan. The chief of the bureau of ordnance of the United States navy recently made some tests of fireproof wood for the purpose of reporting upon its value for use in making boxes for fixed ammunition. His report declares that the wood, by being treated with the chemicals used in the fireproof process, lost considerable strength and was difficult to work; that it also corroded a piece of brass placed between two pieces of it, absorbed moisture to a marked extent and refused to receive paint. This report resulted in instructions by Secretary Long to the board of bureau chiefs to make a thorough investigation of the use of fireproof wood, and the result is predicted that the government will find it advisable to cancel contracts that have been made for fitting vessels under construction with wood thus treated.

The board of bureau chiefs has received several reports already. The Columbian Iron works at Baltimore reports that five coats of paint were tried on a single section of fireproof wood, and it refused to receive any of them. Of the superintending constructors at the various naval stations one report declares that the tools employed in working the wood have been badly corroded by the chemicals used in the fireproofing treatment. Another makes a report upon the corrosive effect upon the steel and iron in the ship It is also reported that the wood is exceedingly porous and is apt to make the decks of a ship spongy. An article recently appeared in an English service paper written by "an expert" in which the writer describes the decks of the armored cruiser Brooklyn as of noninflammable wood, and he contrasted their appearance disadvantageously with those of the British men-of-war. He also predicted that the decks would not wear well and was generally uncomplimentary to noninflammable wood.

Professor Biles, the well-known English expert, has corrected this statement by declaring the decks of the Brooklyn are not of noninflammable wood, but that they are "thoroughly sound and thoroughly durable" and in every respect up to the mark. The decks of the Brooklyn are of Oregon pine. The gunboat Helena is fitted with a deck made of fireproof wood, and the board of bureau chiefs is to make a close inspection of the material and its effect upon the ship and report upon the advisability of its use in the future. The only large vessel in the navy the decks of which are built with the fireproof wood is the battle-ship Iowa.

The subject of noninflammable wood was discussed at much length by the international congress of naval architects and marine engineers. Charles E. Ellis, described the process of making wood noncombustible, said that it increased the weight from 8 to 15 per cent, and that the arguments for its use rested upon two grounds only—i. e., because it is noninflammable and because, by reason of its low conductivity of heat, it may be employed in substitution for material of greater conductive power. Others spoke favorably of the material. Its chief drawbacks were represented to be its weight and cost. Professor Biles suggested that the effect of weather on the wood might be nullified if the decks were washed with a solution of the chemicals used in the fire-proofing process. The system is really an American invention, and so much discussion was given the subject by the congress that the British admiralty has ordered a series of experiments to be made at the Chatham dockyard in order to obtain additional and valued information of the advantages or disadvantages of the fireproof wood.—New York Tribune.

An Easy Trick When You Know It.

Writing on "How I Do My Tricks," in the Ladies' Home Journal, magician Harry Kellar explains how to accomplish the difficult feat of blowing a piece of cork into a bottle—a trick that will defy every one who does not know the only way by which it may be done. "Ask some one," Mr. Kellar directs, "if he thinks he can blow a small bit of cork, which you have placed in the mouth of a bottle, so that it will go into the bottle. Lay the bottle on the table upon its side, and place the bit of cork about an inch or less inside the open end. He will blow until he gets red in the face, and the cork will invariably come out of the bottle instead of going into it. Simple reason for it, too: the direction of the air, forced by the one blowing, brings it against the bottom of the bottle. The air compresses within the bottle's walls and must find outlet, therefore is turned and forced out at the only vent the bottle has, necessarily blowing the cork out with it. But take a common lemonade straw, place the end of it near the cork in the bottle neck, blow very gently, and the cork rolls in."

Length of Horses' Lives.

In London the omnibus horse is worn out in five years, the tram horse in four, the postoffice horse in six, and the brewers' in from six to seven, while the vestry horses last eight years.

A maiden's blush is the pink of propriety.

Some men try to do others they are dunned by