

al Guards, is due no little part of the success of the day. The table below will show the standing of companies for efficiency in drill and for attendance for the year: Company C 97.20 company A 96.68, company B 96.10 company D 94.02 accordingly company C secured the sword.

CLARA BARTON.

KNIGHT PRIZE ESSAY, BY MISS MARIAM F. HIBBARD.

There are many women in the world whose efforts as writers and speakers have gained for them the admiration and honor of nations. They have accomplished great good and are worthy of all the praise they have received. But women who live nobly are far more worthy of honor than those who only write, or speak well. Great inspirations accomplish good only when embodied in action. Woman's every day life is full of heroism. Such heroism is none the less real because it is found in obscure corners where the world knows nothing of it. But when an unusual occasion reveals a duty that must be done before the eyes of the whole world a true woman does not shrink from it. It may be that she dreads notoriety with all the strength of her modest, womanly nature, but in such an hour she forgets herself, thinks only of the good she may do for others, and performs the public service as simply, and earnestly as though it were a home duty.

Clara Barton never came before the public through any wish of her own. She simply saw a great work waiting to be done, and feeling that she could do it, she laid aside all her dislike for publicity, and did the work with the strength and courage, and self-denying love for it that is seldom equaled.

Miss Barton was born in North Oxford, Mass., on Christmas day, 1830. She lived a happy childhood brought up in all the freedom of country life. When she was eleven years old she began her work of love. At that time her older brother received an injury that resulted in his utter prostration. During the two years that he lay ill his faithful little sister was his constant nurse, never leaving his bedside during all that time but for one half day. After his recovery, she returned to school and continued her studies till she was about sixteen. She then taught school in her own neighborhood for several years, meeting with marked success in all her schools. After this she took a thorough course of study in Clinton, N. Y., and then resumed teaching in the state of New Jersey. A little later she established a free school in Bordontown. The place was violently prejudiced against such a proceeding, and it was only on condition that she would bear the whole expense of the undertaking for the first three months that Miss Barton was permitted to begin her work. At first there were only six pupils, but within a year the school had a roll of five hundred, and a fine building had been erected in place of the tumbled down shanty in which she began. Her health now began to fail through her constant and fatiguing labors. She went to Washington for rest and change of climate.

About this time some trouble arose in the patent office caused by the dishonesty of some of the clerks. Miss Barton was recommended to the head of the department as a trustworthy and capable person, well fitted to do the work he wanted done. Her services were at once secured, and she began her work.

The male clerks were unwilling that a woman should invade their province, and at once set about making Miss Barton's position as uncomfortable as possible hoping thus to drive her from it. Every morning they ranged themselves in two

rows along the walls of the long corridor she must pass through going to her work, and when she came stared hard and whistled at her as she passed with downcast eyes. It was a terrible ordeal for her sensitive nature, but she bore it for the sake of principle. Not satisfied with going this far, these men afterward tried to secure her removal by slandering her, but only succeeded in losing their own positions while Miss Barton remained for three years doing her work faithfully and well.

When the war broke out she looked about for what she could do to help her distressed country. Ways soon opened to her, but they were ways that would test her strength and courage to the very utmost. Miss Barton did not hesitate. From her early childhood she had always done the most self-denying work as though it belonged to her by right. She began her work for the soldiers, and first became identified with them in their risks and sufferings while in Washington. She was there when the soldiers came in from Baltimore after the first bloodshed of the war. No preparation had been made for properly taking care of so many hungry and wounded men. Miss Barton helped to care for the wounded and had great baskets of food distributed among the hungry men thus doing, as she always did, just what others neglected to do.

During the campaign of the peninsula she regularly went down the river on the boat that carried the supplies to the soldiers, and returned with the loads of wounded who were brought back, caring for them as best she could. She was always well supplied with medicine and all other necessaries for making the sufferers more comfortable.

While doing this work of mercy, she was greatly distressed by the sight of much suffering that might have been prevented had the wounded been properly cared for on the battlefield. Her great anxiety now was to find means of carrying to the army the supplies that were constantly coming in to her as donations from churches, benevolent societies, and individuals. About this time she was called home to the sick-bed of her father during his last illness. She talked with him of her plans and told him of her desire to go to the front and render all the assistance and comfort as she might on the battle-field. She feared that she might meet with insult in such a work but her father, who was an old soldier, assured her that every true soldier would respect her and her mission.

She soon returned to Washington and set about securing a pass beyond the army lines. She was unsuccessful for sometime. The officers could not understand what this young girl was attempting to do that she was so earnest about. Miss Barton was so discouraged that she could hardly speak for tears, when she made her last appeal for help. Fortunately, she had now found a gentleman whose large heart understood her plans and responded to her call. She was immediately provided with the necessary means for transporting her stores, and was given freedom to go when and where she wished.

It would be almost impossible to estimate the amount of good Miss Barton did during the war. She did not hesitate to run the greatest risk in the very front of battle. She went without a thought of herself into places where the very air was poison from surrounding swamps, and the sun beat down on the bare sands with almost unbearable heat. She often worked all day relieving the wounded on the field and when night came stopped only to snatch a brief sleep on the wet ground in her tent which lay almost in the path of flying cavalry. She seemed everywhere present, always quick to see and prompt to act and always supplied through her own foresight and care with all she needed to work with. She did not leave her work to be done by others, but did it herself with a