A BOY OF 1776.

By NATHAN HARDY.

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General Washington was at Morristown.

One morning when the general was in his office an orderly announced to him that Nicholas Halstead wished to see him. Easy of access the commander in chief ordered the caller to be admitted and was surprised to see a boy of sixteen. The youth showed every evidence of distress.

"What can I do for you, my boy?" asked the commander.

"You can redress a wrong, general. I have been very badly treated."

"By whom?"

"The recruiting officers. They won't enlist me. They say I am under age."

"I commend your patriotism, my boy, and we need every soldier we can get. If there is no other reason than your youth to be brought against your enlistment I should like to see your wish gratified."

"Indeed, there are good reasons why I should be permitted to fight, general. Our family consisted when the war begun of father, mother, three boys and two girls. The British killed father at the battle of Long Island. My oldest brother was shot at Harlem Heights, the next one of your dispatch riders, was killed while crossing the Passaic river carrying a message from you to Colonel Burr in Westchester county. I, the youngest, am left to avenge their deaths."

The general looked at the boy with mingled admiration and astonishment.

"It seems to me, my young friend," he said, "that these reasons you have given me for your enlistment are rather reasons why you should not enlist. Your mother and sisters have given quite enough to the cause. It is your duty to protect them."

"But, general!"

"My decision," interrupted the general in a firm but kindly tone, "is that it is your duty to return to your home and stay there till the end of the war."

The commander took the boy's hand and pressed it warmly. Nicholas withdrew, wiping a tear from his eye. His last hope of being enlisted had vanished.

The next time Washington saw Nicholas Halstead was at daybreak of a Sunday morning when a New Jersey regiment was marching past the general in chief to go into the battle of Monmouth. Nicholas saw the commander sitting on his horse beside the road and endeavored to conceal himself behind the file in front of him, but Washington's quick eye lighted on him. The boy never forgot the look the general gave him on that occasion. It was one of mingled pain, admiration and reproach. Raising his hand, he motioned Nicholas to fall out of the ranks. The young soldier did so, and the commander said to him:

"Are you an enlisted man?"

"Yes, general. At last I found a recruiting officer who would pass me."

"Since you are in the military service and in this army you are under my orders. I desire you to carry a message for me. Go to your mother and tell her that her country will accept no more sacrifices at her hands and that the last one of her noble men shall remain with her by my order till he is discharged."

Nicholas burst into tears. The general, bending down, pressed the young soldier's hand; then, forgetting him in more important duties, he rode away.

It is a matter of history that there was a traitor in the American army high in command, that traitor being General Charles Lee. He did what he could to throw the victory into the hands of the British, finally on his own responsibility ordering a retreat of his own troops which involved other divisions of the American army. A panic followed, and the men fled precipitately, many of them frantically hurrying toward a causeway covering a morass.

Washington when he heard of the disaster pushed forward, placing the troops under his own immediate command at the end of the causeway nearest the enemy to stop the flight of Lee's and other troops. Among this force fighting at the causeway Washington caught sight of young Nicholas Halstead loading and firing at the enemy with the light of vengeance in his eye. There was neither time nor inclination to reprove the boy for disobedience of the order sending him home, but the general, maddened though he was with Lee's treachery, was not too occupied to notice Nicholas fighting at the most important point. The British were held off, the battle was renewed, and when the fight closed at nightfall Washington made his dispositions to attack the next morning.

Having slept during the night under a large oak tree, he awoke before dawn and mounted his horse. But the light of day revealed the fact that the enemy had slipped away under cover of the darkness.

During the morning while the commander was riding over the battlefield he saw a soldier get up from a pile of dead and wounded and stagger away. Calling to him, the soldier turned. He was Nicholas Halstead.

"You disobeyed my order, I see," said the general.

Nicholas, supporting himself on his musket, hung his head, but said nothing.

"Well," resumed the general, "there seems to be no possibility of keeping you at home, and, since you will remain with the army, I must put you where your honest patriotism and military ardor will do the most good. Obey the order I gave you so far as going home and remain home till you receive a commission, which will be forwarded you."

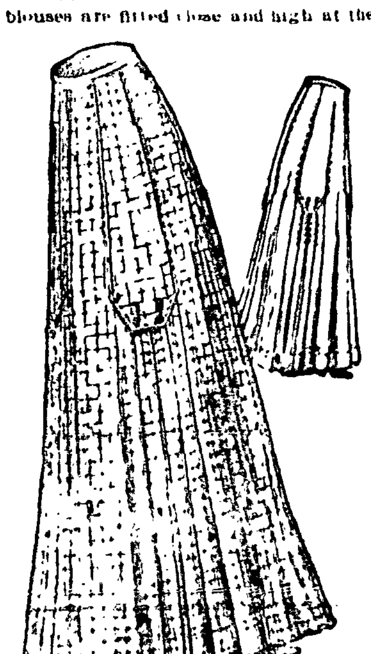
ADVANCE STYLES.

Short Coats For Spring Wear—Abbreviated Skirts.

Short coats are destined to have a vogue after Easter, and even now Paris is wearing them. The old Eton effect is said to be a coming fashion.

The woman who is making a new frock may go safely ahead on a short skirt, provided she has one or several long ones that serve for occasions that demand them. It is not a season when a gown can have written all over it "Multum in parvo." Each costume stands by itself.

Collars to be worn with tailored blouses are fitted close and high at the



EIGHT GORED SKIRT.

sides and back, curving down to a comfortable line under the chin. Upon the proper fitting and shaping of the collar will depend much of the smartness of the blouse.

Aquamarine is a semi precious stone that is just now very high in fashion's favor, and it is utilized with artistic results in a variety of ornaments.

Persian silks are rising in value because of their two colored effect, making it possible to wear one blouse with two different suits.

The skirt that is made in sections or to give a panel effect is a favorite this season. This model is simple, yet very graceful. The skirt is in walking length and consequently adapted to the street and simple indoor gown.

JUDIC CHOLLET.

This May Manton pattern is cut in sizes from 22 to 32 inch waist measure. Send 10 cents to this office giving number, 6544, and it will be promptly forwarded to you by mail. If in haste send an additional two cent stamp for letter postage, which insures more prompt delivery.

SIDE LIGHTS ON STYLE.

Charming Are Artificial Bouquets Worn on Winter Suits.

Winter is not winter when orchids bloom on coat fronts and camellias match their whiteness with snow flakes. The practice of wearing artificial bouquets is such a dressy one that it is hoped it will continue much longer. A single orchid with sprays of maidenhair fern goes nicely with a purple or wine toned street suit.

The pique and heavy mannish gloves are much in demand this season for street wear with tailored gowns. Pique is always in good taste, and it is a serviceable choice. For those who prefer chamois all the year round there are extremely soft but thick gloves in this kid.

A word from Paris tells us that the latest idea in the modes is raven's wing blue. The invisible blues and greens shading black are a close second.

Bows on shoes are more in evidence than ever before. In fact, there are bows and bows and bows this season.

Skirts that give long lines at front and back are generally becoming.

AN EIGHT GORED SKIRT.

This one includes that feature and also the panel effect at the sides that is so smart for tailored skirts. The model is in eight gores. The side panels are made in sections and are lapped over the narrow center gores to form plaits which provide a becoming flare at the feet, while perfect slenderness at the hips is preserved.

JUDIC CHOLLET.

This May Manton pattern is cut in sizes from 22 to 32 inches waist measure. Send 10 cents to this office, giving number, 6552, and it will be promptly forwarded to you by mail. If in haste send an additional two cent stamp for letter postage, which insures more prompt delivery.

AN EXPERIMENT.

By M. QUAD.

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The lazy man of the village of Rawsonville was Silas White. He had been lazy for many years. There were several old residents who could remember that when he and his wife moved into the village he was a worker and ambitious. Then one day he attended a circus and was kicked by a giraffe. The circus men gave him a dollar as damages and sent him home. A doctor examined him and said no great harm had been done, but Silas took it into his head that he had received severe internal injuries and that any further labor would take him to his grave.

One afternoon when Silas had wandered down to the bridge over the river, for the first time in four years, some hilarious young men seized him and threw him over the railing. He did not resist. It would have been too much like work. It was expected, of course, that soon after striking the water the lazy man would set his legs and arms in motion and help himself ashore. He did nothing of the sort. He simply permitted himself to sink slowly and ... the ... and he lay there ... those who had flung him to be ... [illegible]

Again one winter's evening Silas was seized at his own gate and carried a mile away and flung into a snowdrift and told to lie there and freeze or make his way homeward. There was ... doubt as to which ... [illegible] ... but it was ... He ... in a drift and there he was found five hours later by the ... who had left him. He ... been frost bitten, but he had saved his reputation.

A dry goods drummer visiting the village heard of the case and recommended ... [illegible] ... ter it himself. At midnight a figure with horns and hoofs and tail, supposed to be a good imitation of our old friend down below, opened the unlocked door of the White cottage and Silas and his wife were awakened to find the intruder in their bedroom. Mrs. White screamed out in terror. Silas took a long look and asked what was wanted.

"I want you!" was the answer in an awful voice.

"What fur?"

"I want you to come with me to the bottomless pit!"

"Then you'll have to carry me," replied the champion as he turned over toward the wall.

It was now realized that nothing could be done with such a man, and for years Silas was left to enjoy his laziness in peace. It was the general opinion that he would be too lazy to draw his last breath when the time came and that his uncomplaining wife would have to do it for him. There was to come a change, however. One day after the wife had placed a chair for him under an apple tree and left him to smoke and sleep she noticed a thunderstorm creeping up in the west. It was her duty to watch things and bring Silas in before the storm broke, but she suddenly decided to make an experiment. She would leave him where he was and see if he would seek shelter rather than get wet. It wasn't a bit like her to do this, and she never could make out why the thought came to her that day.

The black cloud grew larger, and the thunder muttered and the lightning flashed. Silas heard things and woke up. He saw the coming storm, and he saw his wife in the back door. He waited for her, but she did not come. Lightning did, however. There were twenty barns and houses and trees around for it to strike, but it ignored all of them and struck Silas White. It seemed to scatter him over half an acre of ground. It tore off his clothes and pulled off his boots. It burned off his whiskers and bleached his eyebrows. He was gathered up as a man dead as a doornail, but at the end of two hours he suddenly sat up. Silas was a little bewildered, but still in the ring.

There were half a dozen men in the house when the champion came to himself. They were expecting to hear him drawlingly ask what had happened when he jumped off the bed and began driving them out. In five minutes he had cleared the house of mourners. Then in spite of the tearful protests of his wife, he seized the ax and cut more firewood than he had in six years before. When he dropped the ax at last it was to pick up hammer and nails and begin patching up the hog holes in the fence. Before night he had weeded the garden and put a new hinge on the gate.

People came to ask Silas how he felt when struck by the thunderbolt, and he answered at the top of his voice and round out the words so fast that he could hardly be understood. He couldn't bear to be still a minute.

That thunderbolt had changed Silas White from a champion lazy man to a champion hustler. He ... trees, pulled down fences and ... the garden. Inside a week he had four ... about ... [illegible] ... He got to ... ing down the shade trees along the street and to making speeches on the postoffice steps, and after a fortnight, as there was nothing more he could hustle for and nothing more he could talk about, he committed suicide by hanging. At the inquest the coroner said:

"I don't reckon we are goin' to blame the Widder White any in this case, but it's the solemnest kind of a warnin' to wives agin gittin' a hustle on a lazy husband."

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Do You Really Love Dogs?

Perhaps the final test of anybody's love of dogs is willingness to permit them to make a camping ground of the bed. There is no other place in the world that suits the dog quite so well. On the bed he is safe from being stepped upon, he is out of the way of drafts, he has a commanding position from which to survey what goes on in the world, and above all, the surface is soft and yielding to his outstretched limbs. No mere man can ever be so comfortable as a dog looks. Some persons object to having a dog on the bed at night, and it must be admitted that he lies a little heavily upon one's limbs, but why be so base as to prefer comfort to companionship? To wake up in the dark night and put your hand on that warm soft body to feel the beating of that faithful heart is not this better than undisturbed sloth? The best night's rest I ever had was once when a cocker spaniel puppy, who had just recovered from stomach ache (dose one to two soda mints) and was a little frightened by the strange experience, curled up on my shoulder like a fur tippet, gently pushed his cold, soft nose into my neck and there slept sweetly and soundly until morning.—H. C. Merwin in Atlantic.

Absentminded Dyer.

Charles Lamb had a friend named George Dyer who was perhaps the most absentminded man on record. It was Dyer who, leaving Lamb's Islington home at broad noonday, walked straight into the New river. He was known to take up a coal scuttle instead of his hat, to walk home with a footman's cockaded hat on and even to leave one of his shoes under the table and get well on his homeward way before discovering his loss. He called at a friend's one morning, heard that the family was away in the country, left his name in the visitors' book, and a few hours later called again, asked for the book again and was astonished to see his own freshly written name. Once, when Proctor breakfasted with him, Dyer forgot the tea. The omission being noted, he filled the teapot with ginger. Proctor left as soon as he could to get a better breakfast at a coffee tavern, and there Dyer strolled in and asked him how he did quite unconscious of having seen him earlier.

Lawyers' Wills.

A remarkable specimen of a lawyer's bizarre will was that of Sir Joseph Jekyll, master of the rolls, who died in 1738 and bequeathed his fortune after his wife's death to pay off the national debt. "Sir Joseph was a good man and a good lawyer," was Lord Mansfield's comment, "but his bequest was a very foolish one. He might as well have attempted to stop the middle arch of London bridge with his full bottomed wig." The testator's patriotic intentions were therefore treated as proof of mental weakness, and his will was promptly set aside. Among the many blundering wills that lawyers have made for their clients, if not for themselves, the strangest on record was that of a ... who left ... [illegible] ... son to the se... [illegible]—... Chronicle.

Raindrops.

Drops of rain vary in their size perhaps from a twenty-fifth to a quarter of an inch in diameter. In parting from the clouds they precipitate their descent till the increasing resistance opposed by the air becomes equal to their weight, when they continue to fall with uniform velocity. This velocity is therefore in a certain ratio to the diameter of the drops; hence thunder and other showers in which the drops are large pour down faster

... [illegible] ... velocity if a part of an inch in falling through the air would, when it had arrived at its uniform velocity, acquire a velocity of only eleven and a half feet per second, while one of a quarter of an inch would have a velocity of thirty three and a half feet.

A Peacemaker.

It is a commonly accepted belief that nothing short of being pried loose will induce a bulldog to give up his grip on another dog or on an intruder, but this is a mistake. A little household ammonia poured on him as near his nose as circumstances will allow will make him let go immediately. The fumes of ammonia are so overpowering that a dog cannot possibly maintain his grip and his breath at the same time.—Country Life In America.

A Word to Parents.

Never abuse your children at the expense of other people; never allow your children to ridicule other people. Neglect this advice and the time will assuredly come when these children will amuse themselves with your foibles and ridicule your authority.—Exchange.

Which Was the Worse?

"When I returned from our poker party last night my wife just looked at me; not a word was spoken."

"My wife looked at me too, and I don't believe that a word was unspoken."—Houston Post.

Reaching Conclusion.

"I imagine from your speech that you are a taxidermist."

"What makes you think so?"

"Principally because you tell me I am as wise as an owl and then try to stuff me."—Exchange.

Peaceful.

Mrs. Frost: Who was it that said "Peace, perfect peace?" Frost—Some one whose telephone was out of order.—Life.

Cheerfulness is one of the surest indications of good sense.

The Leather of the Egyptians.

The ancient Egyptians were skilled in the art of tanning leather and manufactured it in various ways and for various purposes besides that of furnishing covering for the feet. Indeed it is to these builders of the pyramids that we are indebted for the first artistic forms of footwear, and so far as can be ascertained from history and the researches of archaeologists, the Egyptians were the first shoemakers who were worthy of that name. It is a fact, too, that tanners of today employ very much the same methods as did the ancients. About the same materials are used and the processes are almost precisely similar to those in vogue hundreds of years ago. It is true that tanners of the present day have found a means of greatly shortening the time required to convert a hide into leather and that steam power and modern machinery have done much to expedite and ... the processes of ... leather, but after all, the ... [illegible] ... the same as they have been from the first.—London Globe.

Posthaste.

He kicked off his wet boots, slid his tired feet into a pair of carpet slippers, lit his pipe, sat down in the easy chair with a sigh of relief and declared that twenty thousand wild horses couldn't make him stir from the house till morning.

"Henry," remarked the lady with the knitting needles, "you posted that letter I gave you this morning, I suppose?"

... he answered unblushingly.

"I asked ma to postpone her visit for awhile," his wife went on. "You see"—

Henry did see. His wife saw too. What she saw was the tired man jump from his chair, kick off his slippers, put on his boots and skip out into the street as if rain was the very thing he liked wading through.

And when five minutes later, Henry came back with a tale that he'd just been to see how the thermometer outside the postoffice stood she smiled.—London Scraps.

Just Like Eve's Apple.

A fruit supposed to bear the mark of Eve's teeth is one of the many botanical curiosities of Ceylon. The tree on which it grows is known by the significant name of "the forbidden fruit" or "Eve's apple tree." The blossom has a very pleasant scent, but the really remarkable feature of the tree, the one to which it owes its name, is the fruit. It is beautiful and hangs from the tree in a peculiar manner. Orange on the outside and deep crimson within, each fruit has the appearance of having had a piece bitten out of it. This fact, together with its poisonous quality, led the Mohammedans to represent it as the forbidden fruit of the garden of Eden and to warn men against its noxious properties. The mark upon the fruit is attributed to Eve. Why the bite of Adam did not also leave its mark is not known, but as only one piece seems to be missing its loss is ascribed to the woman.

Constable Had the Evidence.

One of Philadelphia's leading corporation lawyers was visiting in New England, and, returning home, he told how he had been arrested there. He had not had a vacation for some years, and, getting into the country, he proceeded to be a boy again.

He struck a piece of country road and ran along for a half mile. He found a fence and vaulted it. He saw a tree and climbed it. Finally he returned to the village. Just as he struck the town a hand was laid on his shoulder, and a man said in a gruff voice:

"Come with me."

"What for?" inquired the other in amazement.

"I'm the constable, and you're under arrest. I've been following you, and I think you're crazy."—Philadelphia Times.

Cool Presence of Mind.

Debtor (to shopgirl)—It's an outrage for your employer to have you present this bill here at the railroad station in the presence of all these people! Tell him I'll attend to the matter as soon as I get home. And now give me a kiss, so the people will think that you are a relative and have come to bid me goodby!—Fliegende Blatter.

A Risky Study.

"Why have you dropped your popular astronomy?" asked the visitor.

"'Cause I got too many lickings," confided Tommy. "The other night I told ma that Mars' face was ever changing, and ma heard me and thought I meant her face. Next thing I didn't get any supper and got a licking besides."—Chicago News.

Ministers Aboard Ship.

A minister aboard ship has always been taken as a "Jonah sign" by seamen. In recent years, however, this superstition has been modified to a certain extent. A young minister, the seamen believe, will not bring as much of a "Jonah" with him as an old one.

The feet of Fate are tender, for she sets her steps not on the ground, but on the heads of men.—Homer.

ROCHESTER