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VALLEY FORGE.

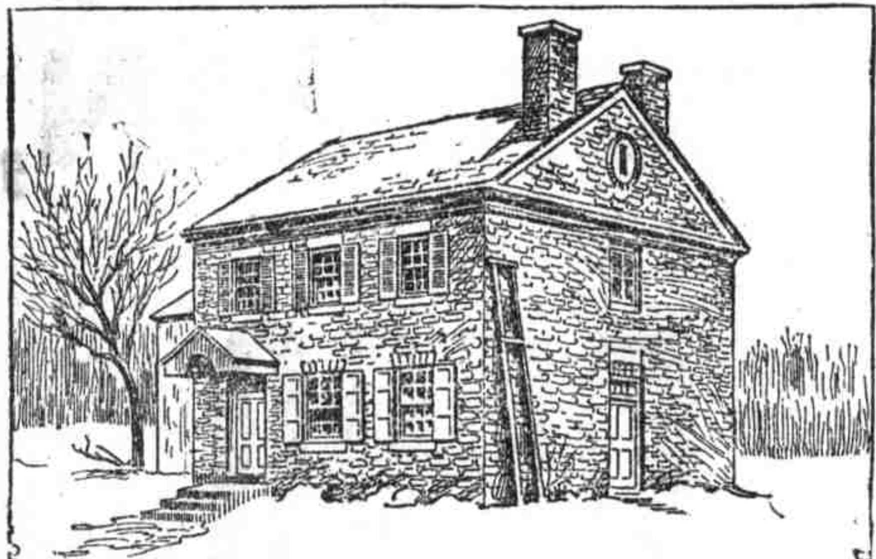
Where Washington and the Patriot Army Suffer

A Reminiscence Made Timely by the Hero's Birthday.

Cheerless and sad indeed was the march of the patriot army from the hills of Germantown to the forge within the valley, twenty miles away. Under the cold and lowering December sky the rugged, ragged rebels against monarchial oppression trudged wearily toward their winter's home, where naught of cheer awaited them, where no habitation yet existed for their rest and comfort, where for aught they knew the wolf of hunger and the sting of frost might end their days as surely as the hum of British lead or thrust of British steel.

Money there was none; patriotism, not pelf, filled up the ranks of this undaunted army. The undying flame of liberty, not bread and meat in plenty, kept warm the life-blood in their shivering frames. Half-clad, half-fed, defeat behind them, despair before them, dissatisfaction and dissension all around them, they must have faltered and fallen but for the strength and wisdom of their dauntless leader and the innate righteousness of their cause.

So it was that Washington and his men marched to that place known in song and story as Valley Forge. Arriving there on December 17, 1777, the wearied, famished troops were forced to brave the wintry blasts in tents until they could fell the trees from which to construct the rude log huts in which they were to spend the winter months. This season had opened with unusual severity. The ground was covered with ice and snow, and the line of march was marked by blood stains from the feet of many a gallant fellow whose shoes had been worn out on other fields while striving so long and earnestly for the cause of liberty. Hatless, coatless, hungry and cold, this immortal band set to work to provide shelter for themselves. Not a man flinched, not one shirked his duty.



WASHINGTON'S HEADQUARTERS AT VALLEY FORGE.

The sick and sorely wounded found temporary shelter as best they might among the farmers in the neighborhood. A city of log huts sprang up along the hillside. In each of these rude dwellings, fourteen feet by sixteen, scarcely high enough to permit one to stand upright, clay-daubed and filled, with roof of slabs and fireplace of logs and mortar, twelve soldiers or non-commissioned officers were quartered. A brigadier or other general officer enjoyed the luxury of a whole hut to himself, and the same was allowed to the staff of each brigade and regiment. The huts of rank and file fronted on streets, while the officers' quarters formed a line in the rear, the general arrangement being not unike the modern camp of our militia.

Scarcely had the men begun their work when, December 22, couriers brought news that the enemy had made a sortie toward Chester, with the evident intention of plundering the granaries, cellars and hen-roosts of the farmers thereabout. It was to prevent just such attempts that the patriot army had lingered near the city instead of seeking greater comfort and immunity from military service by retiring to the interior. The rumor, fortunately, proved to be unfounded; but the desperate condition of the troops was forcibly reflected in the replies of the two generals, Huntington and Varnum, whom the commander ordered to march against the enemy. "Fighting will be far preferable to starving," writes Huntington. "My brigade are out of provisions, nor can the commissary obtain any meat." "It is a very pleasing circumstance to the division under my command," writes Varnum, "that there is a probability of their marching. Two days we have been entirely without meat."

This was Valley Forge at Christmas, 1777. Such was the extremity to which was reduced, at that time, the army which eventually wrestled this mighty Nation of ours from the grasp of a mercenery, soulless monarch. To-day it is all different. The old drill ground where Baron Steuben, struggling alike with the English tongue and raw recruits transformed them into the best soldiers, still remains, but nothing marks the spot where the noble German labored. Even the house where he lived is unmarked, and the casual visitor to Valley Forge would pass it by as an ordinary farm house, without a knowledge that there dwelt one who, like Lafayette, had given up all to help the struggling colonists with only the assurance that there was nothing to gain and all to lose. When I visited the forge, says a writer in Blue and Gray —although November—the ground was yet covered by her rich green robes and a few leaves still lingered on the trees around as if unwilling to give up their rule to winter's winds.

Passing Port Kennedy, a little log hut comes in sight, where it is said Baron Steuben lived. Looking over and beyond this as we approach the headquarters is a steep cone-shaped hill which was known as the "Star Redoubt." This commands the river crossing and marks the place to-day, by no efforts of the Government obligated so immeasurably to that patriot band of starving heroes who were quartered there, but by the providence of imperishable nature. Immediately opposite this point stood an orchard, under the shade of which, tradition says, many graves were made. To-day it is gone and there remains no sign to mark the spot where our fallen heroes sleep. I was told that as recently as ten years ago bones were turned up by the plowshare, which has taken possession of all but the grounds immediately surrounding General Washington's headquarters.

Around these places yet remain traces of the huts built by the army in December, 1777. Near Port Kennedy the remains are more numerous. Only the holes in which the huts were built, however, remain in any case. These remains are as a message from the dead, leaving no possible question as to the mode of structure. Holes were dug in the ground, into which log cabins were built, over which dirt and brush were flung. Some of the remaining holes are deeper than others, and in these the Northern and Eastern soldiers are said to have dwelt, while their Southern comrades, not so well protected from the cold, more easily succumbed to the climate. But to every visitor the attraction centers in Washington's headquarters, the old Potts building, which was erected in 1759. This building is in a good state of preservation and is almost as when General Washington wintered there.

The headquarters, surrounded by about two acres, is enclosed by a common slab fence. Approaching from the west or main entrance, immediately before the door is an old iron cannon captured from the British, which bears the royal coat-of-arms and the monogram initials of George III. Entering, is a wide hall, about eight feet across, into which the doors from both sides of the house open. The gun leaning up against the wall is an old and rusty flintlock, yet in a good state of preservation. It was presented to the association which bought the building by P. C. Hess, of Philadelphia, and is said to have been carried through the entire war by a volunteer named McLathery. General and Mrs. Washington, some historians say, passed their entire winter there, while

GEORGE WASHINGTON (WRIGHT'S PORTRAIT).

others contend Mrs. Washington arrived in February. Lossing is authority for the statement that "on that cold winter journey to Valley Forge Mrs. Washington rode on a pillion behind her husband." Therefore, Mrs. Washington occupied the Potts building with her husband during the six months of encampment. In the room occupied by them are thirty-nine chronological photographs of General Washington and a few silhouettes.

The sword that is shown in the office was captured by James Jones from a Hessian at the battle of Brandywine, and was presented by Nathan Jones. The cupboard contains many relics of the Revolution, including cannon balls, hatchets found buried at Valley Forge, old bayonets, etc.

Probably the most interesting room in the building is the kitchen, as it leads to the secret tunnel—the purpose of which has puzzled so many. This room is small, and has a fireplace nearly its entire width. The room itself opens into a log hut which was used as a wood house, and in it the secret tunnel opened. The tunnel is now nearly filled up, and its course to the river is entirely cut off by the railroad embankment, although it is said that the water from the river used to rush in and rendered its filling necessary. The most plausible solution as to the object of this tunnel is that it was for escape from Indians in case of a surprise and was intended for the use of the Potts family. The log wood house does not remain, but another has been erected by the association to mark the place where it stood. To the south stands the house in which General Washington's gallant bay was sheltered.

Washington in Retirement.

George Washington's life, after he retired from public service and went to live on his beautiful estate, Mount Vernon, was simple and methodical in the extreme. Every morning he rose early, made a plain toilet, and, although he had a body servant, washed and shaved himself. Before breakfast it was his custom to write a few letters with his favorite gold pen, and then visit the stables. He kept his own accounts very carefully, and his handwriting was remarkable for neatness, accuracy and uniformity of stroke. His breakfast usually consisted of Indian cakes and honey and tea or coffee. After leisurely partaking of it, he daily mounted his horse and visited every corner of his property. His appearance on horseback was most imposing, as he always wore a riding frock of handsome drap-colored broadcloth, ornamented with plain gilt buttons, and a waistcoat of fine scarlet cloth, trimmed with gold lace, and gilt buttons. His special attendant, Bishop, in scarlet livery, always rode behind him.

Elephants annoyed by flies have often been known to break off a branch and use it as a fan.

Oxen and sheep are believed by some stockmen to fatten better in company than when kept alone.

A Dog His Messenger.

Charles Mosier arrived in this city Tuesday with a large drove of porkers which he purchased in Round Valley and shipped from this city to San Francisco. The most interesting feature of the trip from the North was the wonderful sagacity displayed by the six shepherd dogs, which, practically alone, brought down the hogs.

The canines exhibited remarkable intelligence. They apparently realized that they were directly responsible for the safety of the drove, corralled the drove at night without instructions, routed them out in the mornings and, when the trip had been completed took a merited rest.

Bright, the red dog, the dean of the pack, is perhaps one of the most intelligent animals in the world. Mr. Mosier had left the ranch and had reached a point some eleven miles from his home before he discovered that he had left behind some very important documents. He hurriedly wrote a note, inclosed it in a handkerchief, gave it to Bright and ordered the dog home.

In about three hours the canine Crichton returned to his master, bearing in his mouth the documents he had been sent for, covering thus, in the time mentioned, twenty-two miles and bringing to his owner the necessary papers.—Ukiah (Cal.) Press.

Spring Lamb in the Winter.

There are farmers in central and western New York who are said to have established plants costing from $25,000 to $30,000 for the production of hothouse lambs. The lambs are born in winter in large stables lighted with glass and heated with steam or furnace. The little lamb brought up in this manner belongs to a breed noted for flesh rather than for wool, and after it has trotted at the heels of its mother for two months it is offered up as a sacrifice to man's appetite and is sent to commission houses in New York. Such lambs are said to have brought as high as $50, from that price ranging all the way down to $10. They go to the high-priced restaurants, and at the further end of the line on the bill of fare, which begins with "hothouse lamb," are likely to appear the figures "$1.50." Turkey is said to be coarse and homely fare compared with this delicacy. This accounts for the spring lamb and mint sauce that conscienceless restaurants keep on their bills of fare the year round.—New Orleans Picayune.

He Has Saved Forty Lives.

Harry Westcott, of Bridgeport, N. J., who has been for two or three seasons a member of the life-saving stations of Cape May and Atlantic City, has saved forty-three lives. He has received a large number of valuable presents and gold medals in recognition of his heroism, and now a gentleman whose wife he saved from drowning has secured for him a good position on the Northern Pacific Railroad, in the State of Washington. He is only twenty-four years of age.—New York Tribune.

With cr Withont

"I sell all my periodicals with or without," said the train-boy to the traveler. "Regular price with, double price without."

"With or without what?" asked the puzzled traveler.

"Those 'without' have all references to Trilby eliminated."

The grateful customer took his 'without.' "—Detroit Tribune.

Circumstantial Evidence.

Magistrate (to witness)—"I understand that you overheard the quarrel between this defendant and his wife."

Witness—"Yis, sor."

Magistrate—"Tell the court, if you can, what he seemed to be doing."

Witness—"He seemed to be doin' the listenin'." —Judge.

A Considerate Matter.

Famous Violinist (after his great solo)—"Do you play any instrument, Fraulein?"

Miss Ethel—"No; my mother always said that her children should not be a nuisance to any one if she could help it."—Life.

Some naturalists say that the whale was once a land animal that took to water for safety.

INSECT MIMICS.

SOME CURIOUS AND MARVELOUS TRANSFORMATIONS.

Butterflies That Turn Into Leaves—Some Resemble Leaves, Others Twigs and Branches—Stories About Crabs.

Nature has wisely endowed certain defenseless animals with a certain protective resemblance; made them mimics of their surroundings, so that they may avoid their enemies, and the extent to which this is carried among certain animals, especially insects, makes the study one of absorbing interest, writes Frederick Holden in the Washington Star.

In all life there is a certain adaptation to its peculiar surroundings. Gaily tinted birds are not, as a rule, found on white sandy wastes, but in forests where there is deep coloring and the contrast is not great. The tawny lion, the giraffe, the ostrich, are forms which assimilate their surroundings. In California the horned toad is almost as invisible as the sand in which it lives. A little canon toad mimics the rocks upon which it rests, in color, while the frogs of the East are hardly distinguishable from the green reeds among which they hide.

This peculiar method of defense is particularly marked among insects. Some years ago a traveling fakir stopped at a bungalow in India and offered for a small sum to show the guests of the sahib, who were new in India, a miracle. Told to go ahead he produced a small tree with leaves about three inches long, which he thrust into the ground, then took from a large box carried by an attendant a dozen butterflies of great beauty. After the guests had examined them and assured themselves that the insects were alive the fakir tossed them one by one into the air. Each alighted on the tree and became invisible. When all had disappeared the fakir asked the sahib to look for them. The Englishman examined the tree carefully, but failed to find the dozen butterflies, each of which was four inches across.

They had all heard of the Indian hypnotism, and thought that this possibly was an instance in hand, but the laughing fakir caught up the tree and giving it a shake the insects floated in the air for a moment, and then gathered about the tree again to mysteriously disappear.

The fakir then pointed out the illusion; the butterflies were not a foot from their eyes, and so mimicked the leaves when their wings were folded that the deception was perfect, both in color and shape. There were even the delicate mold spots, the central or midrib of the leaf and the delicate lateral branches from it, while the stem of the leaf was closely imitated by the lower portion of the wings which were pressed against the stem.

This mimic, known to science as kallina, if followed by a bird simply alights on a bush or tree and becomes invisible, and the fakir has simply taken advantage of the natural protection of the butterfly.

The same protection is seen in many of our common butterflies that mimic flowers or leaves. Remarkable resemblances are noticed among the moths, some mimicking bits of wood or stone, so that when they alight they become at once invisible and thus escape from every possible pursuer.

In almost every group of insects we find this protective resemblance, and those among the walking sticks and walking leaves are the most wonderful. In the latter we have an example of an insect so exactly resembling a green leaf that it would bear close examination without discovery. The insect looks as though it might have been made up from several pieces of leaves. They are of a vivid green, with delicate leaves, exactly as one finds in a leaf.

While the phyllium resembles a leaf, the phasmidae is a mimic of a twig or branch. The long straight body is a perfect stick, the legs resembling twigs branching from it, and when walking they move in so deliberate a manner that even then the illusion is not destroyed. A South American walking stick is a veritable giant, almost a foot in length.

The curious insects known as the mantis are remarkable for their powers of mimicry. Their movements are slow; their bodies and legs resemble twigs, and they are by this disguise enabled to creep upon their prey. One species has been known to seize and eat small birds, who, thinking it a bit of the branch, so fall into its clutches. Perhaps the most remarkable mimic among these insects is a pink mantis of India, that is almost exact in its resemblance to an orchid. The object here is evidently to capture insects that alight on it by mistake.

Many insects protect their eggs or young by unconscious mimicry. This is true of the egg cases of many insects. Those of the mantis resemble in tint the immediate objects; while a South American moth, in the caterpillar form, makes a lattice-work cocoon that resembles a seed. The most extraordinary attempt at defense it was ever my good fortune to observe on the part of a spider was one in which the insect not only disguised, but rendered itself completely insensible. I was wandering through the bog cedar bush of one of the Florida keys, sixty miles from Cuba, when I came upon a huge web that completely barred the way; the long cables extended as braces in every direction, while in the centre poised a big yellow spider. The moment it caught sight of me it began to swing the web, first slowly, and then more rapidly, until in a short time the spider had disappeared from view, although not a foot from my eyes; it was simply vibrating in its web, but so rapidly that my eyes could not follow it. In a few moments the motion gradually ceased, and as I remained perfectly quiet the spider assumed its normal position, beginning the swinging when I touched the web. Such a device would completely deceive a bird.

On the coral keys of the tropics I have seen crabs come out of their dens of sand and eye me as I lay there watching them, but these spectral fellows were almost invisible even a few feet away, so white were they, almost perfectly mimicking the sand in their absence of color.

The most interesting mimics I have seen in crab life are those which live in the sargassum or gulfweed. I have spent hours in drifting with these disconnected bits of the sargassum sea, on the edge of the Gulf Stream, where it flows from the tropics, and here there is a special pelagic fauna, all of which are mimics. It is almost impossible to distinguish the crabs even when looking at them closely, as upon their backs are reflected the exact tinge of the weed—a remarkable phase in the struggle for existence.

In this same locality, and I have also observed it among Northern crabs, there was one we called a decorator. In its normal condition it resembled a moss-covered stone, and was safe from many of its enemies, but it was evidently not satisfied, as upon its back was a perfect forest of seaweed of various kinds, which might have been considered accidental growths, but such was not the case. As a rule crabs object to this invasion of their shell, but our little mimic was an exception to it, recognizing the fact that it could secure perfect immunity from fishes by covering its back with weed, and forthwith doing so.

To test it, I cleaned the back of several with a brush, then released them in an aquarium, where there were some broken bits of weed. Almost immediately they began to place the weed upon their backs. Seizing a bit in the big claw, they pressed the broken end to the mouth, evidently attaching some glutinous secretion, then reached up and deliberately fastened it to the shell. This was repeated until in about two hours the back of the crab was well planted, and resembled a miniature forest, thoroughly protecting the animal from the observation of its many enemies.

Such are a few instances of this remarkable feature in the struggle for life, a feature that results in the preservation of myriads of animals that otherwise would be wiped out of existence.

Switzerland is about to establish a State bank at Berne which will have the exclusive right to issue bank notes. The capital is fixed at $5,000,000, the Swiss Confederation making itself responsible for all liabilities.