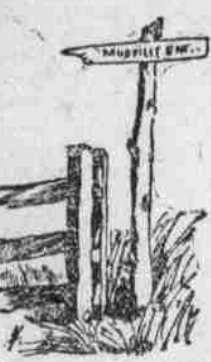


THE MAN IN THE GRAY CLOAK

A Story For Washington's Birthday
BY CHELSEA CURTIS FRASER.



HE winter of 1779 was approaching spring. But it was still dimly cold, and all day there had been a drip, drip of chilly rain around a two-story farmhouse which clung to a New Jersey hillside, a short distance from Morristown, where the American army under General Washington was encamped.

Hope Adams, a thoughtful-faced little girl of eleven, dressed in a plain, homespun gown, sat by the bedside of her feeble grandfather, and strove earnestly to divert the invalid's mind from the noises which came from the kitchen downstairs.

"Never mind, grandfather," she said, comfortingly. "They are American soldiers and will not do us harm, though they be rude. If only General Washington knew of their behavior, I know he would send them away. There, don't mind—please don't!" she pleaded, bending over the nervous sufferer and smoothing the gray locks away from the aged face.

A hoarse voice sang a bit of army song, boisterous cheers followed; then came the sound of tinkling mugs and the troopers seated around the kitchen fire resumed their rough exchange of jokes.

These noises all penetrated to the little chamber, disturbing the peace of the sick man and awakening fresh apprehensions in Hope's young heart.

Twice that afternoon she had crept downstairs, twice had she begged the men not to be so boisterous, and twice had they promised, only to fail in keeping that promise.

It is due these soldiers, however, to say that they respected the little girl's request and tried to obey her. But their good resolutions were drowned deeper and deeper each moment as they freely quaffed mug after mug of the hard cider, a cask of which they had discovered in the cellar.

"As if it were not bad enough to arrest my brave son on suspicion of his being a traitor," the old man moaned bitterly; "they must suspect us of being Tories and guard our home as though we were in actual league with the enemy. William a traitor!—we Tories! The name of Adams was never before connected with such vile charges. And I suffering here at this moment from a gunshot wound received not two weeks ago while fighting for my country! Ah! it is terrible, terrible, indeed!"

He had partly arisen in his excitement, but slowly fell back on the pillow, as the wound in his shoulder sent a shaft of pain through his body.

"Yes, grandfather, it is hard for us," spoke his grandchild, soothingly. "But do not worry, if you can help it. Father is not a traitor, and he must come clear of the charge." And there was a flash of determination in her dark eyes.

"Heaven bless you, Hope," replied the old man, placing a trembling hand on her crown of nut-brown curls. "We will pray for the vindication of your father's good name and his restoration to a place of honor in the American army. It can't be that he must die as a traitor—my son, so brave and loyal!"

"No, no, grandfather!" assured the little girl. "He will not."

Only that day had the unpleasant news been brought them that brave William Adams, the old soldier's son and Hope's father, had been arrested on the serious charge of 'purposing to reveal the plans of the American army to the British, although, like his aged father, he had proved a valiant soldier, had gained the respect of his officers, and had just been mentioned for promotion.

He indignantly denied the charge, but a mysterious paper found on him had caused grave thoughts. He had attempted to explain that he knew nothing about the fatal paper, but his explanation had not been found sufficient to save him from arrest.

A few troopers under a sub-officer had been detailed to watch the house of the prisoner's father, who, despite his age and the fact that he had just been sent home from the ranks, wounded, was forthwith suspected of being a Tory, and an abettor of his son.

It had been a weary day to the prisoner at Morristown, and a very sad one to Hope and the old grandfather.

ing to the window, looked out into the dark night.

It was growing still colder without, and the rain had ceased.

"I must go," she declared, resolutely. "If I can but see General Washington, I am sure he will not let father die a traitor's death."

Wrapping a shawl about her head and shoulders, Hope let herself out of the chamber, quietly secured the door, and descended the dark stairway.

As she stole cautiously along the hall, her heart in a tumult of emotions, she saw, through the half-open door leading into the kitchen, that the troopers were either asleep or heavily dozing. In another moment she was outside in the night and the cold.

The night was very dark. Great, dense black clouds scudded across the heavens as if they were mockingly endeavoring to outstrip her; and but the merest fragment of a new moon, with a few bashful stars, could be seen through a drift, well down in the western sky.

She had gone nearly a mile from home when she came to a stream, swollen almost into a torrent by the recent thaw and rains.

Hope ran along the marshy bank until she found the place—spanned by two long planks—used as a bridge by the country folk who wished to shorten the distance to town.

She started to cross the planks, but when near the middle of the stream a water-fowl arose from beneath her and flew away over her head, with wild, frightened cries.

So unexpected, so sudden was its appearance that Hope started back

nervously. The planks were icy where the rain had frozen on them the evening before, and her feet slipping she fell and came near to being thrown in the stream. With desperate strength she held firmly on to the plank and tried to draw her body up. But her little frail arms were unequal to the task and there she hung with feet dangling in the foaming water.

One moment she clung in awful peril; then a tall figure stepped swiftly out on the bridge and Hope was lifted by a pair of strong arms and carried safely to the opposite bank.

Looking up, half shyly, as the moon continued to lend the feeble light, Hope's clear eyes scanned her rescuer.

He was very tall, very erect and wrapped in a gray cloak.

"My child"—and the tall figure bent over her kindly—"it is a dark, cold night for you to be abroad. Where is your home?"

"Back there on the hill," answered Hope, pointing across the stream.

"Had you started home?" he questioned her gently.

"No, sir. I was going to Morristown."

"Have you friends there whom you wish to see?"

"No—yes, sir—that is—"

"Do you fear telling me. I am your friend."

One glance into his smiling gray eyes, and Hope felt that she could trust him implicitly.

"I had started for the American camp," she said, simply.

"What takes you there at this unseemingly hour, and in such inclement weather?"

"My troubles, sir."

"Hope Adams," she answered, "And your father is—"

"William Adams, sir."

"Do not worry any longer, Hope. I give you my promise that General Washington will do all he can for your father."

"Oh, thank you, sir! God will be good to you."

"The father of such a daughter cannot be very bad, no matter how dark is the suspicion cast upon him," remarked the man in the gray cloak, more to himself than to the little girl. "There must be some mistake. The case must receive prompt attention."

Then again taking Hope up in his strong arms he carried her over the stream and led her back to the farmhouse.

On the threshold he paused and said in a gentle, cheery way:

"Now, Hope, run up to your wounded grandfather and tell him that the troopers shall annoy him no longer. This is not a Tory household."

Hope hastened to do his bidding, while he stepped into the kitchen and called the sub-officer of the troopers to him.

The conference between the newcomer and the sub-officer was short. The trooper soon returned to his fellows.

"We are ordered back to headquarters at once," he announced.

The tall figure in the gray cloak stood on one side, while the troopers filed out into the darkness and away toward the American camp.

He seemed lost in thought as he gazed after the retreating forms of the men.

The next day a trooper stopped at

the farmhouse door and placed a letter in Hope's hands.

Running upstairs to her grandfather, she cried joyfully:

"Listen, grandfather?"

And in a happy voice she read the following note.

My dear little Hope—It was General Washington himself who promised you last night to do what he could in behalf of your father. His case has been investigated, and the real traitor in camp (who was jealous of the chance of promotion which had come to William Adams) has been discovered. It was he who concealed the suspicious paper upon your father's person, and sunningly contrived to bring about his arrest. Of your father's promotion, which is now certain, I will not speak, for he will be with you to-day. Would that all of our daughters were as brave and true in this time of sore distress as you, little Hope.

Your obedient servant,
GEORGE WASHINGTON.

"And the man in the gray cloak was General Washington all the time! Oh, grandfather, isn't he good?"

"Noble!" said the old man, his face glowing with pride. And from that day forth no American ever revered the memory of George Washington more than little Hope Adams, nor—who can deny me?—with better cause.

—Detroit Free Press.

Washington's Nearest Living Relative.

Major Burges Ball, the nearest living relative of George Washington, keeps a cigar stand in the court of the pension office at Washington. The Illustrated American has just published a new portrait of the Major, which is here reproduced. Major Ball bears a close resemblance to his illustrious relative, but is by no means puffed up concerning his kinship to the great patriot or the unmistakable likeness he bears to him. Indeed, Major Ball is the only person who doesn't seem worried about the fact that Washington and he are nearly related by blood. He conducts his little business in his own way, and is very polite to all his customers. The Sons of the American Revolution, who take a great pride in their ancestors, "took him up" and thoroughly investigated his genealogy. He did not ask them to do it, and when they satisfied themselves that he was about as eligible for membership in their body as anybody and made him a life member of their organization without the payment of dues, Major Ball did not refuse to join them. He is the only member who pays no dues. The Major was born in the old homestead

in Loudoun County, Virginia, and started out in life as a humble clerk. In 1840 he went West and gained great repute as an Indian fighter and pioneer in California. He joined the Confederacy and seceded from the



BURGES BALL.

Union which his historic kinsmen fought so hard to establish, and when the war was over he found himself homeless and destitute. His grandfather, Colonel Burges Ball, was a cousin of Mary Ball, Washington's mother. He married Frances Washington, a niece of the General, and that relationship is as near as any on the Washington side. Major Ball is a cousin of George Washington Ball, who maintained a regiment at his own expense during the Revolution, and who was a friend of Washington.

He Was Truthful in His Statements and Could Stick to Grammar, Too.

When the winter's nearly over
And the spring is nearly here,
When the bud upon the maple
Tells the blossom of the year,
There's a holiday approaches
That we celebrate with glee
As the birthday of a laddie
Who removed a cherry tree.

And who, when his father questioned,
Nobly answered, with a sigh,
"Yes, papa, I know who did it;
To be truthful, it was I."

Which was better than his George?
Had replied, as you will see,
"Yes, papa, I know who did it;
To be truthful, it was me."



"A LADDIE WHO REMOVED A CHERRY TREE."

Then the father proudly answered,
"My forgiveness you have won.
Few, indeed, there are so worthy
As my little Washington."
Few so brave and cool in danger,
Glory waits for such as he—
Boys who stick to truth and grammar
When they've cut a cherry tree.

Now, when winter days are passing,
And the spring is nearly here,
When the bud upon the maple
Tells the blossom of the year,
We rejoice upon the birthday
Of the noble laddie who
Could remember to be truthful
And could stick to grammar, too.

The First Engraving of Washington.

This is a reproduction of the first engraving ever made of George Washington. The only print known to be in existence is in possession of Charles F. Gunther, of Chicago, whose collec-



tion of relics of the "Father of His Country" ranks very high indeed. The original print is all in black, except for the blanket on the horse, which is colored red and yellow, and the rider's coat, which is blue, with yellow epaulets, and a red sash across the breast.

DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON.

SUNDAY'S DISCOURSE BY THE NOTED DIVINE.

Subject: "The Evil of Selfishness"—Help Others to Bear Their Burdens—It is a Christian's Duty to Encourage and Aid His Comrades in Life's Battle.

TEXT: "Bear ye one another's burdens and so fulfill the law of Christ."—Galatians vi. 2.

Every man for himself! If there be room for only one more passenger in the lifeboat get in yourself. If there be a burden to lift, you supervise while others shoulder it. You be the digit while others are the fingers on the right hand side—nothing in themselves, but augmenting you. In opposition to that theory of selfishness Paul advances in my text the gospel theory, "Bear ye one another's burdens and so fulfill the law of Christ."

Everybody has burdens. Sometimes they come down upon the shoulders, sometimes they come down upon the head, sometimes they come down upon the heart. Looking over any assembly, they all seem well and bright and easy, but each one has a burden to lift, and some of them have more than they can lift. Paul proposes to split up these burdens into fragments, and take part of mine, and I must take part of yours, and each one will take part of the others, and so we will fulfill the law of Christ.

Mrs. Appleton, of Boston, the daughter of Daniel Webster, was dying of long illness. The great lawyer after pleading an important case in the courtroom on his way home stopped at the house of his daughter and went into her sickroom. She said to him, "Father, why are you out today in this cold weather without an overcoat?" The grandfather went into the next room and was in a flood of tears, saying, "Dying herself, yet thinking only of me."

Oh, how much more beautiful is care for others than this everlasting taking care of ourselves! High up in the wall of the temple of Babel there are three stones, each weighing a ton. They were lifted up by a style of machinery that is now among the lost arts. But in my text is the gospel machinery, by which the vaster and the heavier tonnage of the world's burden is to be lifted from the crushed heart of the human race. What you and I most need to learn is the spirit of helpfulness.

Encourage the merchant. If he have a superior style of goods, tell him so. If he have with his clerks adorned the show windows and the shelves, compliment his taste. If he have a good business locality, if he have had great success, he has brilliant prospects for the future, recognize all this. Be not afraid that he will become arrogant and puffed up by your approval. Before night some shopping person will come in and tell him that his prices are exorbitant and that his goods are of an inferior quality and that his show window gave promise of far better things than he found inside. Before the night of the day in which you say encouraging words to that merchant there will be some crank, male or female, who will come into the store and depreciate everything and haul down enough goods from the shelves to fit out a family for a whole winter without buying a cent's worth. If the merchant be a grocer, there will be some one before night who will come into his establishment and taste of this and taste of that and taste of everything else, in that order, taking all the profits of anything that he may purchase—buying three apples while he is eating one orange!

Before the night of the day when you approve that merchant he will have a bad debt which he will have to erase, a bad debt made by some one who has moved away from the neighborhood and has not giving any hint of the place of destination. Before the night of the day when you have uttered encouraging words to the merchant there will be some woman who will return to his store and say she had lost her purse; she left it there in the store, she brought it there, she did not take it away, she knows it is there, leaving you to make any delicate and complimentary inference that you wish to make. Before night that merchant will hear that some style of goods of which he has a large supply is going out of fashion, and there will be some one who will come into the store and pay a bill under protest, saying he has paid it before, but the receipt has been lost. Now, encourage that merchant, not fearing that he will become arrogant or puffed up, for there will be before night enough unpleasant words said to keep him from becoming apoplectic with plethora of praise.

Encourage newspaper men. If you know how many annoyances they have, if you understand that their most elaborate article is sometimes flung out in the gutter, there is such great pressure on the columns, and that an accurate report of a speech is expected, although the utterance be so indistinct the discourse is one long stenographic guess, and that the midnight which they sleep demands that they be awake, and that they are sometimes ground between the wheels of our great brain manufacturing; sickened at the often approach of men who want complimentary newspaper notices or who want newspaper restriction; one day sent to report a burial, the next day to report a public execution; shifted from place to place by sudden revolution which is liable to take place any day in our great journalistic establishments; precarious life becoming more and more precarious—if you understand it you would be more sympathetic. Be affectionate when you have not an ax to be sharpened on their grindstones. Discuss in your mind what the nineteenth century would be without the newspaper and give encouraging words to all who are engaged in this interest, from the chief of editorial department down to the boy that throws the morning or evening newspaper into your basement window.

Encourage mechanics. They will plumb the pipes, or they will calamine the ceiling, or they will put down the carpets, or they will graze the floor, or they will fashion the wardrobe. Be not among those who never say anything to a mechanic except to find fault. If he has done a job well, tell him it is splendidly done. The book is well bound, the door is well grained, the chandelier is well swung, the because the work is so grandly accomplished. Be not among those employers who never say anything to their employes except to swear at them. Do not be afraid you will make that mechanic so puffed up and arrogant he will never again want to be seen working apron or in shirt sleeves, for before the night comes of that day when you praise him there will be a lawsuit brought against him because he did not finish his work as soon as he promised it, forgetful of the fact that his wife has been sick and two of his children have died of scarlet fever, and he has had a felon on a finger of the right hand. Denounced perhaps because the paint is very faint in color, not recognizing the fact that the mechanic himself has been cheated out of the right ingredients, and that he did not find out the trouble in time, or scolded at because he seems to have lamed a horse by unskillful shoeing, when the horse has for months had spavin or ringbone or springhalt. You feel that you have the right to find fault with a me-

chanic when he does ill. Do you ever praise a mechanic when he does well?

Encourage the farmers. They come into your stores, you meet them in the city markets, you often associate with them in the summer months. Office seekers go through the land and they stand on political platforms, and they tell the farmers the story about the independent life of a farmer, giving flattery where they ought to give sympathy. Independent of what? was brought up on a farm, I worked on a farm, I know all about it. I hardly saw a city until I was grown, and I tell you that there are no class of people in this country who have it harder and who more need your sympathy than farmers. Independent of what? Of the curculio that stings the peach trees, of the rust in the wheat, of the long rain with the rye down? Independent of the grasshopper, of the locust, of the army worm, of the potato bug? Independent of the drought that burns up the harvest? Independent of the cow with the hollow horn, of the sheep with the foot rot, or the peahorse with a nail in his hoof? Independent of the cold that freezes out the winter grain? Independent of the snow bank out of which he must shovel himself? Independent of the cold weather when he stands tramping his numbed fingers around his body to keep them from being frozen? Independent of the frozen ears and the frozen feet? Independent of what? Fancy farmers who have made their fortunes in the city and go out in the country to build houses with all the modern improvements and give lavishly a luxury may not need any solace, but the yeomanry who got their living out of the soil and who that way have to clothe their families and educate their children and pay their taxes and meet the interest on mortgaged farms—such men find a terrific struggle. I encourage the mechanics and politicians fold up their gaseous and imbecile speeches about the independent life of a farmer and substitute some word of comfort drawn from the fact that they are free from city conventionalities and city epidemics and city temptations.

Encourage the doctors. You praise the doctor when he brings you up from an awful crisis of disease, but do you praise the doctor when, through skillful treatment of the incipient stages of disease, he keeps you from sinking down to the awful crisis? There is a great deal of cheap and heartless wit about doctors, but I notice that the people who get off the wit are the first to send for a doctor when there is anything the matter. There are those who undertake to say in our day that doctors are really useless. One man has written a book entitled, "Every Man His Own Doctor." That author ought to write one more book entitled, "Every Man His Own Undertaker." "Oh," says some one, "physicians in constant presence of pain get hard-hearted!" Do they? The most celebrated surgeon of the last generation stood in a clinical department of one of the New York medical colleges, the students gathered in the amphitheater to see a very painful operation on a little child. The old surgeon said: "Gentlemen, excuse me if I retire. These children can do this as well as I can, and as I get older it gives me more and more distress to see pain."

Encourage the lawyers. They are often cheated out of their fees, and so often have to breathe the villainous air of courtrooms, and they so often have to bear ponderous responsibility, and they have to maintain against the tide of their profession the dignity of that calling which was honored by the fact that the only man allowed to stand on Mount Sinai beside the Lord was Moses, the lawyer, and that the Bible speaks of Christ as the advocate. Encourage lawyers in their profession of transcendent importance—a profession honored by having on the bench of our Justices of the Peace and at the bar a Rufus Choate.

Encourage the teachers in our public schools—occupation arduous and poorly compensated. In all the cities when there comes a fit of economy on the part of officials the first to be cut are the teachers. In a clerical department of one of the New York medical colleges, the students gathered in the amphitheater to see a very painful operation on a little child. The old surgeon said: "Gentlemen, excuse me if I retire. These children can do this as well as I can, and as I get older it gives me more and more distress to see pain."

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