The Ellicott City Times.

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The Grant Family.

It can be claimed for the Grant family, without fear of contradiction, that they have kept themselves more prominently before the public than the children of any of the other Presidents. The three sons of General Ulysses S. Grant are now in the prime of life. First in the family stands Col. Frederick D. Grant. He is a West Point graduate and served some little time with his father at the front just before the close of the war. He was prominent during his father's occupancy of the White House, and he has been more or less in the public eye ever since, having held some sort of an office almost uninterruptedly since his father's retirement.

The home life of the Grant family is thoroughly American. Col. Grant married a sister of Mrs. Potter Palmer, of Chicago, a Miss Honore, and she has made a typical American home in the heart of the metropolis. They have two children, a boy and a girl. Julia Dent Grant, the eldest of the two, is now a little over 20 years of age. She has been in society for a few months, and has become quite popular both in this city and in Washington. She began her social career at Newport. She is a beautiful young woman, well educated and entirely able to earn her own living, if that shall became necessary. She speaks half a dozen languages, and has developed very satisfactorily a talent for painting. Shortly before General Grant's death he left a letter directed to the President of the United States who should be serving in the year 1896, asking him to appoint the lad to the military academy. This letter was not presented to President Cleveland because of the necessity for more preliminary study, but it has been turned over to President McKinley, and when the term at West Point begins Ulysses S. Grant II., will be entered as the personal appointee of President McKinley. Young Grant is an enthusiast on military matters. He has inherited his grandfather's taste for a soldier's life, and is looking forward to a great career in the army.—Chautauquan.

FOR THE CAMERA FIEND.

Focusing Cloth Which Has Apparent Advantages.

Here is a focusing cloth, the advantages of which are apparent. The old-style focusing cloth, which mussed the hair and would persist in blowing away, has undoubtedly proved a source of annoyance to many a photographer of outdoor subjects. This little help may be very easily made at home, and is not so clumsy to carry as the ordi-

LOOK PLEASANT, PLEASE.

nary square focusing cloth. It is made slightly larger at one end than the ground glass, and an elastic band is sewed in that end. This fits on the camera, and need not be removed during the taking of the picture. An elastic band at the other end holds the cloth against the operator's face. Another advantage is that it is not necessary to use one hand to hold the cloth at the bottom to exclude the light.

It will be just our luck, when we get to heaven, to have to sit behind a high hat.

THE PRIMROSE SELLER

Poor of garb, but fair of face,
The little maid stood in the market-place,
Singing:
"Fresh posies, pale primroses,
A penny a bunch, who'll buy?
Sweet spring posies, pale primroses,
A penny a bunch, who'll buy?"
The Knight rode by on his Arab steed,
He drew his rein, and he checked his speed.
"A penny a bunch, who'll buy?"
He threw her a crown and kissed his hand,
He was the noblest in the land.
"A penny a bunch, who'll buy?"
He doffed his plume to her lovely face,
And left her there in the market-place,
Singing:
"Fresh posies, pale primroses,
A penny a bunch, who'll buy?
Sweet spring posies, pale primroses,
A penny a bunch, who'll buy?"

—Marguerite Merington in Ladies' Home Journal.

THE HEROINE OF FORT HENRY.

By ELIZABETH LANE.

NOW come with me, and together let us enter a wilderness fort, at a period when our great Republic was in its infancy — at a period when the heroes of the American Revolution were in the very heat of strife, doing those brave and noble deeds which have brought their names down to us covered with immortal renown.

There! we now stand within the walls of a Western fortress, and on all sides we are inclosed by strong palisades, about eight feet in height, which mark out the ground, some three-quarters of an acre, in the form of a parallelogram. At each of the four corners is a block-house made of logs, which rises above and projects beyond the stout pickets or palisades, and in each of these block-houses are loop-holes, which enable us to look out upon the surrounding country, and also along the outside of the pickets, without being ourselves exposed by the view of whatever enemy may be lurking about.

And what do we see? On one side the Ohio River; on another a straggling wood, stretching back into a mighty forest; on the third a large cornfield, inclosed by a Virginia fence; on the fourth, a small village of log-houses; and on all sides hideously painted and half-naked savages.

Yes, we are surrounded by Indians—a large body of vindictive red men—who are thirsting for the blood of those who are in the fort with us, for we are not the only occupants of this stronghold. It is now past 1 o'clock, of a warm, clear, bright, autumnal day, and since the golden rising of the sun there have been some terrible scenes enacted, and many human beings have passed from time to eternity by the most violent deaths.

Last night—soon after the tenants of yonder log-houses, which we have pointed out to you, had retired to rest—the whole village was roused by the alarming intelligence, brought by an Indian hunter, that a great body of savages were prowling about the vicinity; and men, women and children, catching up their most valuable articles, rushed into the fort, and spent the night here in peace and safety. This morning the garrison numbered forty-two fighting males, including several youths, some quite young, but all brave.

About daylight this morning, there being no signs of the enemy, the commandant of the fortress dispatched a white man and a nergo back into the country on an errand—but the white man never will return. As he was passing through yonder corn-field, a hideous-looking savage suddenly rose up before him, knocked him down with his musket, and then killed and scalped him. The negro saw the deed performed, and with a yell of horror, fled back to the fort, where he communicated to anxious listeners the startling fact.

"We must dislodge the enemy, which doubtless is small," said Colonel Shepherd, the commandant of the fort. "Captain Mason, take fourteen picked men, and let the red men have a taste of your bravery and skill."

And Captain Mason marched out with his fourteen brave followers, through a large gate in the center of the eastern line of pickets, and hurried down to the cornfield, where he thoroughly searched for the savage foe, but without finding him; and he was on the point of retracing his steps, when there came the crash of a hundred muskets; a hundred balls came whizzing among his little force, killing several and wounding nearly all; and then up rose, on every side—front, flank and rear—many hundreds of vindictive red men, who, with shrill whoops and yells, rushed upon the gallant few still living, and began to hew them down. They made a brave resistance—but what could such a handful do against such a host? One by one they fell, and were tomahawked and scalped. Captain Mason fought desperately; and, cutting his way through the ranks of the enemy, succeeded in reaching some fallen timber, where, though badly wounded, he is now concealed, though all his friends in the fort think him dead.

Twelve more men, under Captain Ogle, rushed from the fort to cover the retreat of their gallant comrades; but they, too, were drawn into an ambuscade, and were all cut off from rejoining their friends in the fortress—only some two or three of the party being now alive, secreted in the underbrush of yonder wood. And still three more of the little garrison sallied forth to the support of Captain Ogle; but they were forced to make a hasty retreat, and were pursued to the very gate of the fort and fired upon as they entered, and had one of their number mortally wounded.

And now the siege commenced in earnest. With whoops and yells of triumph some five hundred savages surrounded the fortress and began to fire upon it. And now the little garrison—numbering only twelve, all told—began to return their fire; and so sure was their aim that some one of the besiegers fell at every shot. Several times did the enemy make a rush in large bodies to effect a lodgment under the walls—but the unerring rifles of the heroic borderers, fired through the loopholes of the different block-houses, drove them back in dismay, burdened with the weight of their fallen comrades.

Once only was there a pause in the conflict. A white flag was thrust out of a window of one of yonder cabins, and the head of a white man appeared, demanding, in English, the surrender of the fort, in the name of his Brittannic Majesty. He read the proclamation of a British Governor, and promised protection to all in the fort if they would surrender at once and swear allegiance to the British crown. He was answered with derision.

"If you want the fort why don't you and your red men take it?" replied the intrepid Colonel Shepherd.

"And if we do take it, we'll put to death all that are in it!" replied the white leader of the savages.

"You would do that even if we surrendered," was the taunting rejoinder.

"No! You shall be protected; I swear it by all I hold sacred!"

"And what do you hold sacred, you treacherous scoundrel?" cried the gallant Colonel. "Bah! Simon Girty, we know you; and this place shall never be surrendered to you, while there is an American soldier left to defend it."

Girty, the renegade—for the white chief was none other—was about to renew his treacherous proposition, when one of the men in the fort, becoming exasperated, lodged a bullet in the logs, just above his head, as a warning of what he might expect himself, unless he withdrew, which he did immediately.

Again were hostilities renewed, and continued up to the moment when we have seen proper to enter the fort with the reader.

And now, for the second time since daylight this morning, have the Indians ceased their assault. It is one o'clock, and for eight long hours has there been almost incessant firing. Let us look out through the loop-holes.

Away there against the wood, at the base of the hill, beyond rifle range, you see a body of savages collected, holding a council of war. Yonder, along the edge of the corn field, partly hidden by the fence and partly concealed among the fallen timber, you see many dusky forms, and many readily believe you see only a few of the number which there lie in wait, as a sort of corps de reserve. And up among the cabins, yonder, you see a few more savages—some sauntering about, some peering through the palings and some gazing out of the windows. And look where you may in every direction you behold Indians.

How is it within the fort? In the center of the area which the palisades inclose, in front of yonder row of cabins—where many a brave father, husband and son slept last night, whose mangled bodies now repose in yonder corn field—in the center of the area, I say, a group of men, women and children are collected. There stand gray haired sires, and stripling youths—staid matrons, and maidens in bloom—and all look sad and anxious. Some of the men, with doleful faces, are leaning upon their rifles, and wiping the perspiration, blackened with powder, from their bronzed features; and some of the women are clasping little innocent infants to their hearts, and looking down upon them with fond eyes dimmed with tears.

"God help us!" said the gallant Colonel Shepherd—a fine, noble specimen of humanity, who is standing in the center of the group—and as he speaks, he casts down his eyes and sighs: "If we could only die like soldiers, fighting to the last, selling our lives at a heavy price to our foes, it would not seem so hard; but to be compelled to stand idle and helpless, and see the hideous monsters enter our stronghold, and butcher our mothers, wives, sisters, and children, while we ourselves are secured for future tortures—oh! it is terrible! And yet it must come to this soon, if the Indians renew their attack, unless kind Providence saves us by a miracle. Men," he added, with a kindling eye, "you have done nobly—you have fought like heroes; boys, you are worthy of your sires—I see no cowards here; and oh! would to God we all had the means to continue our gallant defence! But what are rifles without powder? And it is a startling fact that we have but three rounds left!"

"What an oversight," said another, "that we did not fetch all our powder with us! There is a whole keg in my house; and if we had it now, it would be our salvation."

"It must be procured," returns a third.

"But how?" inquires the Colonel. "The Indians are all around us, and more than a hundred eyes are constantly on the fort, so that no movement can be made outside the walls that will not be discovered. And yet, my friends, that powder must be procured, or we are lost. It is a perilous undertaking—and, in all probility, whoever makes the attempt will lose his life, and so I will detail no one to the duty—but if there is any one here brave enough to volunteer, I will accept his services; and if he falls, and we escape, we will remember his name and do it honor; and if he saves us, and is saved with us, our blessings shall be upon him through life. Is there any one present who will volunteer to go into the very jaws of death?"

Four young men instantly spring forward, and, almost in the same breath, each exclaims:

"I will go!"

"But we can spare but one of you, my noble lads!" said the Colonel, while his features flush, and his dark eyes sparkle with pride, at the self-sacrificing bravery of his young comrades. "Which shall it be?"

"I spoke first," cries one.

"No, no, John—I was ahead of you."

"No, Abe—no such thing."

"I will leave it to the Colonel, if he didn't hear my voice first of any!" cries a third.

"I was before you, Joe; I call all here to witness!" exclaims the fourth.

"Ho! listen to Robert—I was first, I tell you!" cries Joe.

"No, I was first!" cries John. "You know I was, Colonel!"

"But I tell you I am going—for I can run the fastest, and therefore will stand the best chance of getting back alive!" cries Abe.

"I can run as fast as the best, and I'm much stronger than either Abe, Joe or Robert," says John, laying his hand on the Colonel's arm. "Let me go—do! And besides, I've got no mother or sister to mourn for me if I fall!"

"There!" cries one of the others—"he talks as if he might fall! and I'm sure I could get back safely."

Look at their flushed faces, and eager, sparkling eyes, as thus they wrangle for the privilege of being permitted to go forth to almost certain death! For the chances are that he who leaves the fort for the village will never return alive. And listen to the murmurs of approbation which come from the surrounding circle of females! A mother looks fondly on her son—a sister looks proudly on her brother—and a maiden's heart swells with emotions unspeakable as she hears him who is the light and life of her world boldly contend for the right of being allowed to go forth into a peril from which most men would shrink aghast.

"Come! come!" chides the Colonel, at length, speaking almost sternly to the now angry disputants—"you will ruin all, unless some of you yield—for the Indians may renew hostilities at any moment, and then we are lost, indeed. You are all brave, noble fellows; and if I could spare four, you should all go; but as it is, three of you must give way to the fourth; and I pray you do so speedily, for time is precious."

"I will never yield!" cries one.

"Nor I!" exclaims a second.

"I will go, if I have to scale the walls to get out!" said a third.

"Colonel, I am the strongest and fleetest, and was the first to accept your offer; and I demand, therefore, that you settle the dispute by sending me!"

Look! In the circle of men, women and children that are now promiscuously gathered around these hot, eager, passionate youths, do you observe one human face that wears a very singular expression—that seems to be animated by some strange and powerful emotions? It is the face of a young girl, about whom there is an air of refinement—seen in the grace of attitude, dress and general demeanor—which contrasts rather forcibly with many of her coarse-featured, rustic companions. But I wish you to observe that face particularly, not alone for its beauty, but to mark the expression of noble, lofty, heroic resolve which is settling upon it! Do you see the head gradually straightening back, as if with pride? Do you see those dark, bright eyes kindle with the almost fanatical enthusiasm of daring self-sacrifice? Do you see the warm blood spring upward to the temples, and broad, white forehead, and finally settle in a bright, red spot upon either soft, downy cheek, as if the passion-fires of a mighty soul were already burning within? Do you see the thin nostrils of a slightly aquiline nose gradually dilate, and the thin, determined lips gradually close over those white, even teeth?

There! she moves; and mark the proud step, as she advances into the center of the circle, and catches all eyes, and sweeps the whole group of curious and anxious spectators with a lightning glance! And now her thin lips part, and she speaks in clear, silvery tones. There is no quivering, no tremulousness, in her voice—and every other voice is hushed. Listen!

"Hold!" she exclaims; "cease this wrangling! cease this contention for the privilege of being allowed to throw away a life that cannot be spared! You are all brave—almost too brave—since you so eagerly court death for the honor it will confer on the name of him who may die in the noble attempt to save the rest. But not another heroic defender of this fortress must be lost! Already thirty of the forty-two we numbered this morning are gone; and shall we take another from the gallant twelve that remain? No, no—this must not be! The powder must be procured from my brother's dwelling—but let the first attempt to obtain it be made by one who cannot use a rifle. I will go!"

There is an almost simultaneous burst of "No! no! no!" from the astonished listeners to the heroic offer.

"I am resolved!" replies the noble heroine; "seek not to alter my determination!"

"But you will be killed!" cries one.

"Then I shall die with the consolation of knowing that, so far, this brave little garrison is not weakened."

"No, no—leave this adventure to us!" cries one of the late disputants; "we can run faster than you, and are therefore more likely to be successful. We cannot yield this peril to a lady, and see her throw her life away—we would not be acting like men, and shame would ever rest upon us.

"The race is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong," proudly replies the noble girl. "What is my life compared to yours, who can skillfully use the rifle against our savage foe, and are required here for the protection of these helpless beings who stand around you! Look at these little, innocent children, each of whose lives is as valuable as mine, and, remember, their whole dependence is upon you!"

"Lizzie! Lizzie!" now interposes one of her two brothers who were present—"this must not be! You must not go! We cannot suffer it and retain the name of men. You cannot comprehend what you ask—you do not consider the peril. Remember, you are just from Philadelphia, where you have lived in safety, in ease, in comparative refinement and luxury; and you cannot surely be aware of the risk, the danger, of trusting yourself alone with a savage, merciless foe, who spares neither sex nor age! Consider! there are numbers of Indians strolling about yonder village, to whom your scalp would be a prize of victory; consider everything, and give over this mad folly!"

"Brother," replied the fair girl, "you have seen little of me of late, and you know little of my invincible will, or you would not attempt to thwart me in what I have resolved to perform. Come! come! we lose time. Open you gate before it is too late, and let me go, for go I must; something whispers me that the good God will sustain me."

In vain they try, with reason, with remonstrance, with representations of the danger put in every conceivable form, with affectionate appeals, with downright pleading, to induce the brave girl to abandon her purpose; and at last, with the utmost reluctance, they yield assent to her heroic proposition. Instantly that consent is gained, she strips herself of every unnecessary article of clothing, and demands that the gate be opened to her.

All crowd to the gate, speaking words of affection, encouragement and hope. Now it slowly opens. The fair girl now fixes her eyes steadily upon her brother's house; the distance is sixty yards; she measures it in her mind; she calculates the time that will be required to reach it; she draws a long breath; and now, she bounds from the fortress; and sincere, earnest prayers from the hearts of every being she goes forth to save ascend to Heaven for her protection and safe return.

See how she flies over the intervening space! Will she succeed? How long the distance seems for a space that is so short!

There! she nears the house; she reaches it; she enters it. Why stays she so long? Why does she not come back while there is an opportunity?

There! there!—she comes! she comes! She holds some dark object tightly in her grasp; she has the powder; the fort will be saved! The Indians see her; they raise their muskets; they fire, but they are at too long range to hit her. Still she comes on—on; nearer—nearer; she is still unharmed! One moment more! Nearer—nearer! And now—see! she bounds through the gate, and is caught in her brother's arm, almost fainting. But she has the keg of powder clasped to her breast; she is safe; the gate shuts behind her. And now the welkin rings—cheer on cheer—cheer on cheer—for now the fort and all it contains will be saved!

No longer any fear in that lonely fortress!—all is now hope, and animation, and joy. Soon again the Indians renew hostilities; but the brave little garrison is prepared for them; and as fast as they venture forth against its stout walls, so fast they fall back in the arms of death. The women cut patches and run bullets; and the men load and fire.

The sun goes down; but not a single life is lost within the fort, and only one man slightly wounded.

And all night long the Indians prowl about, and keep up an irregular fire upon the fort, but do no harm.

And at break of day, after a seige of twenty-four hours—during which twelve brave, noble fellows have withstood five hundred savages—reinforcements arrive; the Indians become disheartened; they burn the village, and at last, with loud yells of disappointment and rage, they raise the seige and depart.

Such was the seige of Fort Henry, on the present site of Wheeling, West Virginia, in the month of September, and the year 1777—and such the heroism of its gallant defenders.

Immortal be the name of Elizabeth Zane, the noble heroine of Fort Henry!—New York Ledger.

Oldest Wooden Building in the World.

In St. Nicholas, Miss Ida Tigner Hodnett writes of "The Little Japanese at Home." Miss Hodnett says:

The old castles which were the homes of the daimio princes were built of stone; but these, too, were constructed so as to offer as little resistance as possible to earthquake shocks. The walls slant from the base to the roof, and are supported within by immense timbers, the inward slope itself being a safeguard against danger from earthquakes. Buildings erected according to the Japanese idea of what is necessary to give security against earthquakes have stood for centuries. Some wooden pagodas of great height are known to have been in existence for seven hundred years; and the old wooden museum at Nara, in which are preserved the Mikado's rare treasures of ages, is fully twelve hundred years old. This is a large, oblong building made of logs of keaki (kee-ah-kee), a reddish-brown wood, put together in the log-cabin style, and it is supported merely on wooden legs resting upon loose stones, as in the case of the ordinary house described above. No part of the building has been renewed except the roof, and this has been put on only three times. The present roof is made of tiles, and is about one hundred and fifty years old. This is, in all probability, the oldest wooden building in the world, and it is certainly a notable example of the almost imperishable nature of some Japanese woods.

Dies as He Predicted.

For nearly two years an open, yawning, unoccupied grave, graced by a tombstone, bearing the inscription, "James Catterson, aged 62; died March 21, 1898," has been one of the features of Pleasantville Cemetery.

Monday, in this city, the climax, which the eccentric owner of that cemetery plot had foreordained came to pass, and James Catterson, in the sixty-second year of his life, passed away.

Two years ago Catterson had a dream or vision, and to his attendant and a few personal friends he announced that two years later, on the 21st day of March, 1898, he would have ceased to live. He drew up his will, which disposed of a considerable estate, contracted for his grave and coffin, caused the tombstone to be erected bearing the then advanced day of his death, and even engaged the services of an undertaker for the date which he had announced for his demise. All was recalled when the simple announcement was made that James Catterson was dead. Death was due to purely natural causes.—Atlantic City (N. J.) telegram to the Chicago Chronicle.

When Memory Begins.

From 123 answers to questions published two or three years ago, V. and C. Henri find that a person's first memory may be of an event occurring as early as the age of six months or as late as eight years—two to four years being the usual age.

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