

Admission may be charged to some of them, while at others the sale of the articles exhibited would answer the purpose.

Though the various committees of the George Washington Memorial Association are made up of America's most eminent women, it is to the two original formulators of the idea that every sympathizer turns with interest. Mrs. Ellen A. Richardson and Mrs. Susanna Phelps Gage thought out the scheme and ever since its beginning have been most arduously laboring for its development and success. Appointed first temporary Chairman and Secretary these two earnest promoters were elected as President and Recording Secretary at the convention last December, which officers their wisdom, zeal and executive ability enable them to fill with the happiest results. Mrs. Richardson came before the public at the time of the Columbian Exposition at Chicago, where her beautiful art work gave her prominence and where the authorities appointed her Judge in Decorative Art. She was chosen President of the Home Congress in Boston, and for a Home Congress she might well stand; her home is the home of an artist, a model housekeeper and an ideal mother. This home is in Winthrop, near Boston, in which latter city she spends part of her time. Mrs. Gage, wife of Professor Simon H. Gage of Cornell University, is a scholar and a writer of marked force. A graduate of Cornell, she has since her marriage made her home at this educational center and in her leisure hours prepared many valuable scientific papers, giving much time and research to original investigation. She has also aided her husband in his writings, both in text and

in the illustration. It is greatly owing to this close contact with the actual needs for research that Mrs. Gage became deeply concerned in all plans for furthering the possibilities of investigators. More than ten years ago the thought came to her of making Washington's will the nucleus for work which investigation could be promoted for the good of the country.

A great and true university is assuredly the leading want of American education to-day and appreciation of the need is fast becoming a positive demand. That Washington is the spot most favorable for such a center of learning is evident because of its being, first of all, the locality designated by Washington when he endowed it a century ago; then, it is the Nation's Capitol and the seat of Federal Government, and in it are focused the best facilities afforded by the country in the way of scientific bureaus, courts of every class, legislation in its highest status, libraries, museums, laboratories, workshops and almost countless other sources of information. Over one thousand experts are employed in the departments of the Government, from the shops in the navy yard to the Supreme Court itself. All this talent and these resources are only waiting to be utilized in planting in their midst a great university, with its central faculties of Art, Science, Literature and Philosophy, which in the course of years would doubtless become the leading university of the world. And the nucleus of all this is the Administrative Building so soon to be made a substantial fact by the women of the United States.

THE BUGLES SANG TRUCE.

By FRANCIS LYNDE, AUTHOR OF "A CASE IN EQUITY," "A QUESTION OF COURAGE," "A ROMANCE IN TRANSIT," ETC.

In a cliff-shadowed nook on the northern front of Sand Mountain, within rifle shot of the point where the state line of Georgia and Alabama intersects the southern boundary of Tennessee, a perennial spring gushes cool and sweet from a cleft in the sandstone. From the lip of its crevice the stream slips unrummured into a deep, bowl-like basin, hollowed out—so runs the Cherokee legend—by the men of a race which had vanished long before De Soto had crossed the mountain on his way to the still undiscovered Father of Waters.

For centuries, it may be, the clear pool has mirrored a patch of the soft southern sky flecked by tossing plumes of foliage, and cut across in the midst by the sharp outline of the overhanging cliff. This always, and now and then, etched upon the blue background, the faces and figures of those who came to drink or to draw. Of these human visitants, whose vanished images the silent pool will not reproduce for any incantation of mine, the memory of one—a young girl with soft, gray eyes and reddish-brown hair—still lives in the folk-tales of mountain and valley. Madeleine Vance was her name; and in the years whereof this is written she dwelt in the old log farm-house fronting the cliff and came daily with house bucket or kitchen piggins to gaze into the depths of Indian Spring.

Twice in his life, John Vance, mountaineer and husbandman, had drawn the fire of neighborhood censure. The first time was when he had run away with pretty Florrie Calvert, the winsome daughter of a well-to-do valley farmer, marrying her in defiance of the time-honored tradition which declares that mountaineers and valley folk are people apart. Sixteen years later, when the earlier indiscretion had been measurably outlived, he did an unforgivable thing. In the face of a neighborhood sentiment which was all but unanimous on the side of the South, John Vance stood for abolition and the Union, and made the farm-house on the plateau above Indian Spring a station on the underground railroad.

In that day of political ferment no man might throw down the gauntlet of opposition and hope to have it lie unlifted. John Vance had his warning on the spot, and when it was disregarded the fires of persecution were lighted. Whereupon the simple-hearted liberator, born out of time and place, became a hissing and a reproach in the mouths of all men and was fain to take his life in his hand, burrowing in the secret places of the mountain as any hunted creature might.

At the beginning of the trouble Mad Vance (her mother had named her Madeleine, but the mountain folk are impatient of trisyllables) was but a child. She became a woman in the thick

of it, when her mother died and left her to care for the haggard fugitive and her baby brother born in the midst of alarms. She took up the burden unshrinkingly and year after year carried with steady courage while matters went from bad to worse at the farmstead on the plateau. In the interval the fierce passions of political dissension flamed out in civil war. There were hurrying to and fro of armed hosts in the valley, and requisition for food and forage which swept bare the holdings of the disaffected; and more than once the young girl found herself grappling with the wolf of famine, fighting for her life and for the lives of the fugitive father and the helpless child.

Through two of the weary years she lived alone with the child. Then love came. Ricker Calvert was her cousin once removed, and to him had descended the homestead in the valley which, but for the feud between her father and grandfather, would have been her inheritance. This Rick Calvert knew and being unspooled by the family bitterness, would have made restitution. Madeleine rejected the overtures of the heir-at-law, but later conceded something to the lover; and thereafter the Calvert negroes tilled the Vance acres, and the foraging parties spared the scanty increase.

Love did this and more. Thrice, when vindictive partisans had unearthed the fugitive father, the young Confederate cavalry officer had ridden far and hard to the rescue, braving the loyalist's wrath for the love he bore the loyalist's daughter. For all of this—love-making and timely help and generous rescue—John Vance was sturdily opposed, being minded to starve dead rather than bury the ancient feud by accepting help from a Calvert, and swearing bitterly that no daughter of his should ever bear the hated name. But Madeleine hoped against hope and gave Rick of her best, trying bravely to look forward to the time when war and feud should be no more: to the blessed day when she might awaken unharmed by the thought that the success of either side meant defeat and humiliation for her father or her lover. But meanwhile the storm of war beat upon the land, and the tide of battle swept onward, until one August night the young girl in the lonely farm-house on the mountain could see the camp-fires of the army of invasion—tiny yellow stars dotting the black background of the Cumberland mountains to the North and West.

It was in the heart of a purple-tinted afternoon of Indian Summer that the conflict first thrust itself as a real presence into the life of Madeleine Vance. She had left her brother at the gate, while she ran across the road and down the path to fill the kitchen piggins at the spring. Battle echoes and rum-