BETSY ANN BLESSING.

In the memorable year of grace 1776, when the American army was stationed in New York, the commander in chief, General Washington, was indulging in a brief resting spell when a young lady was announced to an orderly, who announced Mistress Betsy Ann Blessing.

She was a girl so young she appeared like a child and indeed what she was for so young a lady stood in the presence of the great man that the mere sight of that land of stalwart proportions and shapely as Art knew fitted to with the smile of a divinity. Meanwhile the man remained down for fear to frighten artemis and here there stood with outspread wonder.

Washington had a little heart, and he was greatly distressed by this unusual event.

"You have something to say?" he said gently, "speak on, for, I fear, my child, that you come worrying."

"Oh, commander!" at last he heard the girl and flying to her feet she sobbed a beautiful Amazon face with a pleated gown, and, deep enough for tears like a rain washed, she kneed him.

"Now, Mistress Blessing," said Washington, in the softest manner, "tell me what brings you hither and what good can I do?"

"I have killed my own poor sweetheart's life" was the startling response.

Instead of laughing at the apparent impossibility of the surprised girl, he took her full into consideration, and, as she gently from Cupid's arrow to rest for poor who not so weighty as the sweetheart.

"Tell me, sweetheart, the tragic tale for story."

"On the morrow I had everything to do dress with care sufficient of good command under gowns."

"How know you that, girl?" asked Washington, with surprised.

"Your excellency will, for certain place against the enemy before the morrow."

"Proceed!" commanded Washington sternly.

"Leaving the camps set before you excellency will be a new vegetable of which you are very fond."

"Ah," laughed the general, "you have lost or forgotten an order from the kitchen. Here is indeed a new vegetable of the mountain and the ocean."

"I know not, generous sir, what meaning that half of the mountain and the ocean," cried the girl. "But, if a mere green pea be served at table on the morrow I beg and beseech you, sir, not to taste of them."

"Therefore, Mistress Blessing," asked Washington in his soldierly manner.

"The peas will be poisoned."

"How know you that?" remarked the general in a tone warily, fixed his sudden quail when they heard it. "Speak and tell me that you tell a tale with me." "Nay, sir, do not fear. If I be sorry to tell, so you, but the traitor who poisoned the dreadfully dead, must suffer."

"Yes, sir," resumed the trembling girl. "My own father. In it will smooth that I should see the dear boy, I have to tell of the deed. To secure safety for the delegate thereof from this I have started your excellency permit me to be the bearer, your distinguished presence."

Stunned Washington gave a signal, and instantly an armed guard of soldiers surrounded.

"I trust this girl," herald stately, "and keep her under guard until such time as she need for me to confess her truth."

"That will I serve, though I die in prison," was the defiant reply as the girl, who had stamped sweet and weeping, raised her head proudly and walked out with the soldiers like a young queen.

All was tumult in the kitchens at Richmond Hill, and traitor were running about getting into one another's way when a fair haired youth in the garb of a serving man followed in and made the way unobserved to the great fireplace, where he mount the culprit in which the vegetables were simmering on the hearth. When he came to that one occasioning. He bore, he dropped in a handful of some condiment and instantly took the departure.

His next appearance was under the window of the room in which Mistress Blessing was incarcerated. "Hi! sweetheart! The time is ripe! Keep back until the morrow, when I will signal to leave here to side pickaback on my own horse. It is told to the town that Betsy Ann Blessing is stricken for a spell. Keep up your courage, sweetheart."

"If you would behold me, break yourself to some other place," whispered Betsy's voice through the barred window high above him. "A traitor will be ready for your pain if you are seen or suspected. And indeed—if your dear eyes reflect, you are to behave a lover of tales."

The youth went away grumbling about all being fair in love and war.

If Washington was different from his usual self at this morning dinner, the fact has not been reported. There was much secret discussion of weighty affairs with his generals, but he gave close attention to the viands set before him. It was, indeed, noted the capacity he seemed equal for to make up arrears of the food. When the favorite vegetable, a dish of green peas, was announced, he demanded attention, and when all were served partaken in a loud voice.

"There is death in the pot."

A general consternation ensued. The guests, who were in full uniform, dropped their spoons, and, mention of "Death to the traitor!" was heard on every side.

"Let Washington send for Mistress Blessing, who come with a dishful right for me, and was given the seat of honor at his host's right hand. She took it with a dignity true noble, high approving and smiling recognition of the gallant jest. Boldly gallant, and Guests of 1776 were accustomed to the title.

A servant was sent out to the cooking shanty to hold on a peculiar object. He returned, returning with the white and particularly white chicken, which perhaps equally of the size of peas.

And so the consulting by the wisdom of the land to this point.

Betsy Ann Blessing married and lived after having lost her a gallant and Washington proved true to his promise. Here ends the tale. Now, if you, gentle reader, know of a better one, let us have it, we intend to be the coming author.

CIGARETTE SUCKERS.

Men Get Roped Into All Kinds of Skin Games.

The Worst Roped Man is the Cigarette Sucker—Robbed of Health and Manhood, He Most Freely Parades.

"Yes, sir, there is a great difference in the way people are roped in. Some are roped in by their weaknesses, and some are roped in by their strong points. Of course, the weaknesses bring most of us in, and the strong points only a few of us. Take the cigarette sucker, for instance. He is roped in by his weakness, and he is roped in pretty hard, too. He is roped in so hard that he is robbed of his manhood, robbed of his health, and robbed of his money. He is roped in so hard that he is the most freely roped man of any man I know of. He is roped in so hard that he is the most freely roped man of any man I know of. He is roped in so hard that he is the most freely roped man of any man I know of