

WASHINGTON, D. C., April 25, 1895.

TO SUBSCRIBERS TO KATE FIELD'S WASHINGTON.

FRIENDS: I am peremptorily ordered to stop editing. An attack of "grippe," added to excessive work, forces me to give myself an interval of rest from the unceasing care of journalism. Without health, life is a delusion, and as I have had no vacation for more than five years, nature rebels. Unfortunately I cannot relegate my work to another as personal journalism demands personal presence. Self-preservation being the first law of nature, I must postpone the next issue of the WASHINGTON for perhaps a year. In that time I hope by freedom from responsibility to be of more value to myself and others. Brains need to lie fallow no less than soil.

~~To me the WASHINGTON has been a liberal education. To~~
~~have founded it was one of the good inspirations of my life. It~~
~~has served the truth without fear and without favor, and if its~~
~~weekly appearance has given you, dear readers, as much sat-~~
~~isfaction as it has given me, my goal has been reached.~~

I trust that those readers who still owe for 1894 will promptly pay their subscription. Many a mickle makes a muckle, and the sooner accounts are settled the better for me. Notwithstanding that the WASHINGTON was born only six months before the Baring failure and has had to face a succession of panics induced by stupid legislation, it has no debt.

~~Such readers as have paid in advance will receive~~
~~"Good Government" or back numbers of the WASHINGTON for~~
~~their unexpired term; or their money will be returned.~~

With thanks for your generous support, I bid you not goodbye, I hope, but au revoir.

Faithfully yours,

KATE FIELD,

Editor.

A BACHELOR MAID.

Once there lived a bachelor maiden,
Years and years ago (?),
And her mind with truth was laden,
But her heart was cold as snow.
For she thought, with good old Plato,
She could live alone,
So she smiled on many a suitor,
But her heart was hard as stone.

Came a bachelor man a-suing
For her friendship true.
This, alas, was her undoing,
As it might have been with you.
For her friendship still he sued her—
Such a simple thing—
Till before she knew he wooed her,
Wooed her with a friendship ring.

Now, although she's fond of Plato,
Her cold heart's grown warm,
And her theories of living
Have imbibed a wondrous charm,
For she says: "'Tis human nature,
Spite of Plato's pen.
Men were made for loving women,
Women made for loving men."
—Mary W. Slatter in Kate Field's Washington.