



GEORGE WASHINGTON, the hero, has always obscured George Washington the man, and yet the sterling qualities of the man made the hero. Whenever the two characters have been distinguished they have made separate studies, with the result that one class of writers make him a sublime genius and the other a commonplace man made great by circumstances. Washington was as great in wisdom and foresight and as unerring in judgment as a statesman as he was as a soldier. His physical endowments, his qualities of mind, his habits, education and training—all tended to round him out and develop him into a perfectly balanced man. No one faculty being developed above another gave his life a simplicity that appeared commonplace, but it was the simplicity of genius. Though a man of great dignity he was easily approached. An aristocrat by lineage he was a man of the people. Extremely modest he was fond of state and of ceremony. Though his outdoor life as a surveyor, a soldier and a farmer gave him a rugged exterior, a rugged physique and robust health it did not quench his taste for gay uniforms or fashionable apparel. That he was not free from vanity is apparent in the thirty odd portraits of himself, a few painted in the effulgent regalia of war and all in the habiliments of a cavalier. He was as straight as an Indian, six feet two inches tall, with large bones and broad shoulders, wide at the hips; feet large, requiring a No. 11 shoe, and Lafayette said his hands would have been a curiosity for a medical museum. This may explain why he rarely shook hands. He weighed 210 pounds.

To his clothing Washington devoted much thought and attention, not only as a young man, but all his life. A journal written when he was sixteen has several long and elaborate entries about how "to have my coats made." In 1754 he records having bought a "superfine blue broadcloth coat with silver trimmings," "6 prs. of the very neatest shoes" and "2 prs. of fashionable mix'd or marble color'd silk hose." It is evident that he always strove to be in the fashion. During Washington's presidency a caller describes him as being dressed in purple satin, and at one of his levees, he was clad "in black velvet; his hair in full dress, powdered and gathered behind in a large silk bag; yellow gloves on his hands, holding a cocked hat with a cockade in it, the edges adorned with a black feather about an inch deep. He wore knee and shoe buckles, and a long sword with a finely wrought and polished steel hilt; the scabbard was white polished leather." Wherever he happened to be Washington was constantly demanding a washerlady. The bill of his laundress for the week succeeding his inauguration was for "6 ruffled shirts, 2 plain shirts, 8 stocks, 3 pair silk hose, 2 white hand, 2 silk hand, 1 pr. flanel drawers, 1 hair nett." He drove from his residence to the Senate in a cream-colored chariot with richly painted panels. His bootblack once failed to polish the general's huge boots all the way up—a task performed every morning—and the father of his country beat the luckless dandy over the head with them.

Washington was hot-tempered. He wanted John Marshall, afterward the famous justice, to run for Congress and sent for him to explain his wishes. Marshall told Washington he was too poor, he could not afford to give up his business and incur the expense. While thus opposing Washington's wishes Marshall says he never received such a torrent of abuse in his life. He feared Washington would jump on him from across the table, but the row ended in Marshall remaining Washington's guest for a week, and then running for Congress and being elected. Washington was thoroughly upright and honest in his dealings with men. James Parton said he had a genius for rectitude. Jefferson, who did not like him, said his justice was the most inflexible he had ever known and that no motives of friendship or hatred were able to bias his decision. Washington was a faithful attendant at church and was a vestryman, but he took no active part in church affairs outside its business relations.

WHERE HONOR IS DUE.

If you please, you may laud George up to the skies,
As the man who won battles and never told lies.
You may tell of his virtues in story and song;
How he carefully sifted the right from the wrong;
Of his wisdom in counsel, his bravery in war;
How he drove the grim British away from our shore.
You may cherish forever his hat and his sword,
And up to the skies our brave Washington laud.
Long, long may we hold him an example to youth,
For honesty, temperance, courage and truth.

While we gaze with delight on a structure so grand,
Let us honor the builder who drew out the plan,
And added, through years of infinite care,
Small stone upon stone, firmly fixing them there;
And though this may be but a girl's point of view,
Let us give credit where it is certainly due,
And pluck from his laurels one leaf for another,
So three cheers for our George, and four for his mother.
—Youth's Companion.

WASHINGTON AS AN OLD MAN.

Age Found Him Nobly Generous—Dignified at All Times.

"You will meet, sir, an old gentleman riding alone, in plain drab clothes, a broad-brimmed white hat, a hickory switch in his hand, and carrying an umbrella with a long staff, which is attached to the saddle-bow. That person, sir, is Gen. Washington." This delightful portrait of Washington in his old age, when the storms had passed and life ran in quiet groves by the side of his beloved Potomac, was drawn by young Custis, adopted son of the patriarch, and intended to assist the recognition of Washington by a gentleman who had asked to be directed to him.

The wish of Washington when old "to move gently down the stream of life until I sleep with my fathers," was granted. The last years of his life were spent in the peace and quiet of beautiful Mount Vernon, attending to the household duties of the management of his large estate, and entertaining with courtly hospitality the many distinguished personages who came to do homage to his greatness.

And yet, his latter days at Mount Vernon were busy days; for, every morning, rain or shine, he would mount his horse

and make the circuit of his farms, a distance of between twelve and fifteen miles. Not a field or orchard, barn or cabin, wood or clearing, but what passed daily beneath his watchful eyes. His journal tells of a morning spent in teaching a rebellious coral honeysuckle vine to entwine the trunk of some stately forest tree; of the clearing away of the underbrush from a grove of favorite pines; of making drills for the sowing of holly-berries, etc.

Each day he gave personal directions to



THE WASHINGTON COAT.

his overseers, regulating almost with the care of a father the busy life of the negro world, and sometimes even attending directly to their needs and complaints.

In a field of the richest grass and clover Mount Vernon could afford, a tall old sorrel horse, with white face and legs, cropped, in its season, the luxuriant herbage or stood meditatively, in the shade, doubtless dreaming of passed glories. Every day while making his round of the farms, Washington never failed to stop before

this field, lean over the fence and call, "Nelson."

At the sound of his voice the old steed would prick up his ears and run neighing a greeting, to curve his neck under the caressing touch of his master's hand. This was the war horse, "Nelson," whose strong limbs had borne his master safely through the carnage and tumult of many a bloody battle to the crowning honor at Yorktown, where, sitting on his back, the commander-in-chief of the American armies had received the surrender of Lord Cornwallis. In this active, unostentatious way passed the last years of the noblest man of his age—perhaps of any age.

KNOCKED WASHINGTON DOWN.

Father of His Country Given a Black Eye by a Virginia Politician.

Washington was an eminently fair man. He had a quick temper, but as a rule he kept it under control. Sometimes, however, it got the best of him. This was the case once in Alexandria, Va., when Washington was knocked down by Lieut. Payne. Payne was a candidate for the Legislature against Fairfax of Alexandria. Washington supported Fairfax, and when he met Payne he made a remark that Payne considered an insult, and Payne knocked him down. The story went like lightning through the town that Col. Washington was killed, and some of his troops who were stationed at Alexandria rushed in and would have made short work of Payne had Washington not prevented them. He pointed to his black eye and told them that this was a personal matter and that he knew how to handle it. Every one thought that this meant a duel. The next day Payne got a note from Washington asking him to come to the hotel. He expected a duel, but went Washington, however, was in an amiable mood. He felt that he had been in the wrong, and said: "Mr. Payne, I was wrong yesterday, but if you have had sufficient satisfaction, let us be friends." There was a decanter of wine and two glasses on the table which Washington had ordered to smooth over the quarrel. The two drank together and became such strong friends after that that Payne was one of the pall-bearers at Washington's funeral.

Shears no bigger than a pin is one of the exhibits of the skill of a Sheffield workman. A dozen of these shears weigh less than half a grain, or about the weight of a postage stamp. They are as perfectly made as shears of ordinary size.

MEDALS FOR HEROINES.

Two Women of the Spanish War to Be Rewarded by Congress.

Two heroines of our late unpleasantness with Spain are to be rewarded for their memorable work by Congress. Miss Margaret Livingston Chanler and Miss Anna Bouigny will be presented with gold medals by special act of Congress in recognition of their work for ill and wounded soldiers in Porto Rico, if the recommendations of the war department are carried out.

The propriety of suitable recognition by Congress of the valuable work of these young women was first suggested by a letter from Col. Sharpe, of the commissary department of Porto Rico, to Col. Black of the engineer's corps. Col. Black sent Col. Sharpe's letter to the headquarters of the army with an indorsement in which he recited the services of Miss Chanler and Miss Bouigny.

Col. Black said that the young women landed from a transport on July 31 and at once began caring for the ill in Ponce, in connection with the Spanish Red Cross. Entire charge of the nursing was soon in their hands. Miss Chanler hired a house for use as a hospital. It was too small and she hired a larger one, to which she afterward added another. Misses Chanler and Bouigny remained until September 7, caring for officers and men with no assistance except that of untrained soldiers and Porto Rico servants. Trained nurses arrived on September 7, and the hospitals were turned over to them.



MISS MARGARET L. CHANLER.

Miss Chanler providing means for continuing the rental and running expenses.

Gen. Miles forwarded the letter to the Secretary of War with a very appreciative indorsement, and Secretary Alger added his approval and sent it to Congress.



Detroit used to have a lawyer who was shrewd enough to show contempt of court without incurring danger of the penalty that would have been visited upon an offender less diplomatic. He was at one time being heard in an important matter before the Supreme Court, and made an assertion which elicited from one of the judges: "That is not the law, sir."

"Pardon me, your honor," with a deferential bow, "it was the law until a minute ago. Now we accept a new principle established by a supreme authority."

On another occasion he was reading from an imposing looking book in support of a position that he had taken upon a legal question.

"Just a moment," interrupted the supreme justice himself, "do you mean to say that you are reading good law?"

"Not at all, your honor; only Supreme Court decisions."

The most cutting thing he ever said to this same court was during the consideration of a desperate case in which he had not a leg to stand on. He made a bold contention which was fallacious but plausible from beginning to end.

"Blank," said the court, severely, "I would not try to convert the average justice of the peace with such an argument as that."

"Nor I," was the quick response, "but I had what I considered reliable information, that none of the honorable members of this honorable court had ever served in that capacity."

"You have practiced before me for years, Blank," said a circuit judge at one time, "and this is the first time you have shown contempt."

"Yes, your honor," answered Blank, "I have wonderful self-control"—Detroit Free Press.

Another Utopian Romance.

Mantegazza has written a Utopian romance, in which he expresses his opinion that in the year 3,000 all countries of the world will form one federation, the United States of the world, and there will be but one government, with only four ministries—of agriculture, hygiene, education and commerce.

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In Memory of Other Days.

Tommy—Mamma, why have you got papa's hair in a locket?
His mother—To remind me that he once had some, Tommy.—The Traveler's Weekly.

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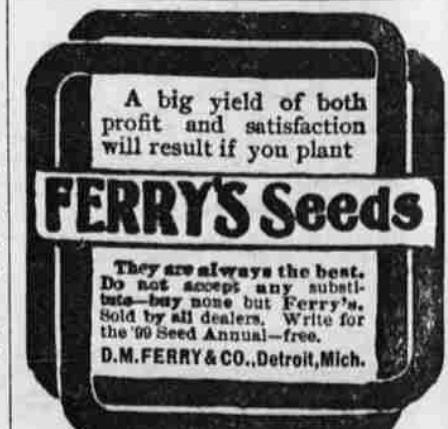
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