



WASHINGTON

FIRST IN AMERICAN HEARTS.

It is impossible at this day to add anything of a new character to the account of men and events of a hundred years and more ago, for the field of history, in so far as it relates to the American revolution and the men who were representative in its accomplishment, has been well explored and voluminously expounded by hundreds of men equal to the task. Nor is there a school child of 10 years in all this country, who has not written his essay on these same men and events, so that their history is in-burned in the minds of all Americans. Yet this is one of the hopeful signs of the disposition of a great people towards those who called its nation into existence. And of the leader of all those courageous men, the one who before all others carried to an astonishing and successful achievement the herculean labors of bringing victorious a handful of ragged and untrained soldiers through the darkness of a struggle with one of the most powerful countries on earth, certainly nothing new needs be said.

As a young man, Washington was probably no less flippant and worldly than hundreds of others in the colonies. His manners, which have been thought extraordinary in their courtliness, were probably not the slightest bit more so than those of the majority of his acquaintances. He was not free from the faults of men of his time. He was accustomed to methodical exactness from his experience on his mother's plantation and to her he no doubt owed many of the traits which afterwards stood him in such good stead. From his school teachers, William Hobbs, who was also the church sexton, and Thomas Williams, he learned to read and to write as well as to understand the art of computation. The latter of the two also gave him the rudiments of surveying which served as much as any other one thing to develop him in to the general of the American forces. For it was on account of his knowledge of this science that he spent three of his years of early manhood in the wilds of the forests, running lines, determining levels, fixing boundaries. His wages at this time were sufficient to enable him to purchase large pieces of that trackless wilderness bordering on streams, which were afterwards of great value, thus developing his insight and shrewdness as a business man. But the lessons that he learned from that rugged nature in the solitary hours, were priceless, and the constitution that was hardened by his life in the woods enabled him in after years to endure untold strains of exposure and suffering, to rescue Braddock after that general's defeat by the French, to conceive the crossing of the Delaware on that bleak and cheerless December night, to undergo Valley Forge and to emerge from them all, the modest, self-contained, reserved gentleman. It was because of his knowledge of the ways of the forest that he was sent on that seemingly needless errand to warn the French off English territory in the winter of 1753-54, on which he acquitted himself well and learned his first lessons in practical warfare. The next year he was chosen to go with Braddock on his ill-fated expedition against the French. Here it was that Washington learned for the first time, that Americans were of just as good stuff as Englishmen, that they could fight just as bravely as the seasoned veterans of the mother country. For it was through the efforts of the "bush-whacking" Virginians that Braddock's force escaped entire destruction. The colonists knew better than did Braddock that the evolutions of the parade ground were of no avail in the sort of warfare in which they were at that time engaged. The physical strain undergone by Washington at this time was extraordinary. From the ninth to the sixteenth of that July, he had little sleep, walking and riding, sometimes all night long through the forest, and succeeding in bringing up some support for Braddock's retreating army. He was then 25 years old. In the course of that one expedition he had seen enough to give him an unconquerable faith in the valor and abilities of his fellow colonists. This faith, it may have been, that so upheld him through the dark hours of defeat and intrigue, when his army well nigh perished from lack of food and clothing.

Washington had no idea, even when the colonies were being greatly roused over the injustice of their treatment by England, that the end would be war. He did not desire war. And it was only when there was no other way to decide the momentous question of principle that he set his heart on hostilities. The course of the man in accepting the position of commander-in-chief which was offered to him by the assembly was sublime. The mother country could send hundreds of thousands of trained soldiers against the colonists; her ships ruled the seas. On the other hand, the colonists were a few thousands, undisciplined in any warfare except that against the Indians; their resources were comparatively insignificant. It seems as if there could have been but one outcome. But Washington modestly undertook the task, refusing first any money remuneration for the services he might render. And then his sagacity as a commander began to display itself. Quietly he collected stores and

ammunition and prepare for the struggle. The retreats which he managed in the following years were almost as inspiring as the victories he planned. His must be a waiting game to a great extent, and how well he played it history tells. He compelled England to recognize the trouble as more than a mere insurrection and secured thus the rights of civilized warfare.

How great the odds were against Gen. Washington can never be rightly estimated. Time and again was his army on the point of dissolving away. There were many true hearts in the Congress; but there were many, also, who still leaned a little towards England, fearing that the new order of things would never be successful. There was only a half-hearted support for the commander-in-chief. Jealousy inspired officers to scheme against him. Money was often scarce and sometimes not to be had. His men were sometimes without food, barefooted, and half clothed. Through all these trying years Gen. Washington had to rely mainly on himself. His volume of correspondence was enormous. Thousands of letters did he write, urging Congress, the governors, the influential men of the colonies to take this or that step, to raise men or money, to help on the work. He was the revolution. Almost always he had perfect control of his temper, which was by no means mild, and over his passions and his positive, aggressive spirit. But sometimes the overwhelming injustice of his treatment by Congress must have been a sore temptation to him. And when he watched the intrepid Hamilton dash on to victory in the redoubts at Yorktown he must have felt the weight of the heavy burden he was bearing rise from his great heart so that it beat the faster, for he knew that should Cornwallis surrender the war would probably result victoriously for the American arms.

The same quiet, firm, far-seeing character

than twenty-four hours put a period to his life."

The New York papers did not get the news of Washington's death until Dec. 19, and it was four days later when the Boston papers published their first information. President Adams issued a proclamation advising all citizens to wear crape on the left arm for thirty days and setting apart Feb. 22, Washington's birthday, as a day when special services in honor of Washington should be held.

New York paid its tribute to the departed President on Dec. 31. No carts, carriages or horseback riders were allowed in the streets through which the funeral procession passed on the way to St. Paul's Church, where Gov. Morris delivered the funeral oration and Bishop Samuel Provost conducted the religious services.

Washington's Last Words.

Although some statements have been made by early biographers of Washington to the effect that he was bled to death by his attending physician, Dr. Craik, there was never any foundation for the accusations.

Washington was only ill two days, having exposed himself to the inclemency of the weather on Thursday, Dec. 12. He became violently ill on the following day and expired between 10 and 11 o'clock Saturday night, his death being directly due to a cold in his throat and lungs. The room in which Washington died in his Mount Vernon home is one of the most interesting portions of the colonial residence of the first President.

Washington's last words spoken to Dr. Craik were: "I am just going. Have me decently buried and do not let my body be put into the vault in less than three days after I am dead."

Change of Date.

Washington lost eleven days of his life in 1752, when 30 years of age, but he lived

GEORGE WASHINGTON.



ter led him through the years of his life after he had laid down his sword. When he stepped out of the position of commander-in-chief of the victorious army, asking no reward, and quietly returned to the privacy of his own home, he fore-shadowed the character of the nation he had so largely helped to make. It should be a nation of itself, not dependent on England or any other country under the globe for its customs or its policy. It was to embody principles hitherto unheard of in the annals of history. It was even in the distant future to take upon itself the yoke of a burdened and oppressed people, to free them from their oppression and to give them back their country with no thought of price or advantage. And yet this was a man.

NEWS TRAVELED SLOWLY.

Washington Was in the Tomb Two Days Before New York Knew It.

Had George Washington lived and died at the close of the present century instead of the last his death would have been known at all four corners of the globe inside two or three hours, whereas it was not known that he had passed away for several days afterward. Even in Philadelphia, the old capital of the United States, where the Sixth Congress had just assembled, it was not until Dec. 16—two days afterward.

News traveled slowly in those days; cable, telegraph, telephone and postal facilities were an unknown quantity, and it took days and weeks to transmit information then, where seconds and minutes figure now in this rapid age of invention and improvement.

The Alexandria Times was the first newspaper to announce Washington's death, printing on Monday, Dec. 16, a single paragraph obituary, thus: "It is our painful duty first to announce to our country and to the world the death of Gen. George Washington. This mournful event occurred last Saturday evening about 11 o'clock. On the previous night he was attacked with a violent inflammation of his throat, which in less

ed a great deal in his time and probably made them up. The first celebration of his birthday anniversary of which there is record occurred in Richmond, Va., on Feb. 11, 1782, old style. It was a feast and soul-flow day there and elsewhere until 1793, when Feb. 22 was adopted, according to the new style.

WASHINGTON'S HEADQUARTERS

New Jersey House Made Famous by the Father of His Country.

Four miles from Princeton, N. J., stands one of the historic houses of the country. It is the Berrian farm house, made famous by the fact that it was occupied by Washington as his headquarters during a part of the revolution. He lived there during the time that Congress held its sessions at Princeton and here Mrs. Washington entertained the notables of the land. The house has recently been overhauled by patriotic women. It contains many mementos of the patriot and is visited annually by hundreds of persons.



WASHINGTON'S HEADQUARTERS, ROCKY HILL, N. J.

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France, with a population of 38,518,000, has a peace strength of 570,000; war strength, 4,600,000. Millions more could be called out if wanted, but, of course, they would be untrained.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

THIS IS THEIR DEPARTMENT OF THE PAPER.

Quaint Sayings and Cute Doings of the Little Folks Everywhere, Gathered and Printed Here for All Other Little Ones to Read.

Men in plenty are to be found that will forgive wrong, insult and even personal violence, but few that ever forgive ridicule. To be made a laughing-stock to others cuts deeper to the quick than to be convicted of lying and stealing; just as picking a pocket or robbing a hen-roost seems to set one in a more contemptible light than robbing a bank. Men are mightily given to taking themselves seriously, and they want to have others take them so.

Thence it is that the way in which a man stands ridicule is so searching a test of character. Not without reason has it been said: "Ridicule is the final test of truth," for the truth that has gone through the fire of this martyrdom and come out so triumphant as to turn the laugh on the laughers themselves is thenceforth impregnable.

Therefore, one of the first lessons a sensible parent will insist on with his children will be that of courage to laugh at themselves, and to join merrily in with the laughter of others at their expense. Nothing so takes the nonsense out of a child as timely ridicule; nothing makes him so brave and sensible as seeing the justice of it, and joining in with the laugh against himself. "He that sweareth to his own hurt and changes not," may be a very heroic character; but the boy that has made a fool of himself, and, without conceit or silly vanity, can see the fool's cap put on his own head and laugh at himself in the mirror on his own bureau, is a yet greater hero.

Legion is the number of children that have gone to the bad through the fear of being laughed at for doing right.—Boston Herald.

A Warning to the Lazy.

"You lazy, lazy pussy-cats! Ever since your breakfast you haven't done a single thing but sit there in the sun! I've had to learn my letters—four of them this morning!"



"YOU LAZY, LAZY PUSSEY CATS."

D and E, and F and G—I know them every one.

"Do you know what will happen? You all will grow up stupid, Snowflake, Whitey, Puffball—if you go on this way! You won't be anything but cats, who cannot read a letter! And when I take to writing books, you won't know what they say!"—St. Nicholas.

A True Story About a Bible.

There was a little boy who wanted a Bible very much indeed—wanted it more than anything else he could think of. But he was a poor boy, and could not afford to buy one; for he lived a good many years ago when Bibles cost more than they do now.

One day two strange gentlemen came to his house and asked his mother for something to eat. Although she had only plain food, she gave them a welcome to what she had. As they ate they saw that the little boy looked sad. They asked him what he wanted, and he told them a Bible. His mother said: "Never mind. Don't fret about that. I'll take you to see Gen. Washington next week."

"But I'd rather have a Bible than go to see Gen. Washington," the boy said. One of the gentlemen seemed much pleased with this, and told him he hoped he would always be as fond of the Bible.

The next day the little boy received a beautiful Bible, and on the fly-leaf was written: "From George Washington." The little boy did not know it, but he had been talking to Gen. Washington himself the day before.—Our Little People.

Bathing Saves Them.

An army surgeon says that the English and American soldiers are so hardy because they, more than any other soldiers in the world, like to bathe, and keep themselves strong and hardy by this means.

Willing to Do It.

"You must never put off till to-morrow what you can just as well do to-day, Freddie."

"Then let me finish that pie now, mamma."

TRAVELED THE WORLD AROUND.

New Hampshire Blacksmith Who Has Seen Life in Every Clime.

Blacksmith Peavey must certainly be put down as one of the greatest travelers among residents of Manchester. A story of his years of travel from land to land and his life among different people would make a geography in itself. He is a bachelor, resided at 329 Douglas street, in West Manchester, and he will be 50 years old next May. He learned his trade at Ashland, in this State, and has worked at

it in almost every civilized land on the globe.

He was born at Berwick, in Maine, and began his travels almost immediately by moving across into Great Falls. Then he lived at Rochester and later removed to Plymouth, working in the region about Campton and Holderness, in the village now called Ashland. He had \$100 in cash when he was 27 years old and in 1876 started for California. The trip cost \$67.50.

His brief stop among the Boers is most of interest just now, but he put in five years in Sacramento and thereabouts, in Arizona and New Mexico and was in the rush from Seattle to the Skaggett mines, British Columbia. Then he went to Honolulu and spent eighteen months in Hawaii. On March 21, 1883, he started on his greatest trip by becoming one of the party of twenty-three that purchased the brigantine Naneenti, bound for Siberia. Seventeen of the owners sailed, with four outsiders as ship's officers. Most of the men wanted to go to South Africa, but the captain claimed he knew whereof he talked had insisted on Siberia. The Siberian trip was a mistake and a failure and the boat was disposed of for cash.

When the venture was given up Mr. Peavey went to blacksmithing, and his subsequent course covered points in Japan, Korea, Hong Kong, Shanghai, Canton, Amoy, Foo Chow and Tsien-Tsien, in China, Manila in the Philippines, Singapore in India, New Guinea, New Caledonia, New Hebrides, the Gilbert group, Fiji, the Friendly and Society Islands, New Zealand, Tasmania, Australia, Queensland, Thursday Islands, New South Wales, Victoria, Ceylon, Calcutta, Bombay, nearly every country in the Mediterranean, Italy, Germany, Hungary, Spain, France, Sweden and Norway, England, Scotland and Ireland. On Sept. 26, six years ago, he sailed for the old New Hampshire hills.

"I've had my share of travel," said Mr. Peavey to the reporter, "and I'm home to stay. On the 17th of last July I bought out Tom Hickey, and here I shall remain." He failed to find a fair one anywhere who could remove his impressions of New Hampshire's daughters, and so it happens, as he says, that he's still "an old, old bach." "In all my travels," he concluded, "the Boers were the best people I. all the world to the Yankee man, and the Japanese a close second."—Manchester (N. H.) Union.

WHAT THE CHARACTERS MEAN

Cabalistic Marks on the Inside of Shoes Have a Meaning.

"People often ask me the meaning of the apparently crazy hieroglyphs and figures that are stamped on the inner side of the uppers of ready-made shoes nowadays," said a shoe dealer the other day. "As every shoe manufacturer has a secret stamp code of its own, and there is, therefore, no possibility of the general public learning more than that such codes exist, I may as well tell you that the vanity of customers—shall I say, of women customers particularly—is at the bottom of these queer stamped characters and figures. You'd be surprised to know, for instance, how many women there are who imagine that they wear a No. 3 shoe, when in reality the size is a couple of figures larger. A shoe salesman who understands his business can tell precisely the number of the shoe a woman customer wears at a glance. But, as often as not, a woman whose foot is a No. 5 calls for a couple of sizes smaller, and the mysterious stamped hieroglyph scheme was devised for the purpose of encouraging her in the belief that her foot is a couple of sizes smaller than it really measures in shoe leather.

"When a woman calls for a No. 3 to fit a No. 5 foot no salesman of this period who cares for his job is going to tell her that she requires a No. 5. He simply brings out a shoe of the style she wants that he feels confident will fit her comfortably and lets it go at that. A woman rarely thinks to inquire if the shoe is really of the size she asked for, for she takes it for granted that the salesman has given her what she requested. But when a woman does ask that question it is the salesman's business to unobtrusively reply in the affirmative—and I don't think these little necessary white lies are stored up against men in business. The woman customer might examine the hieroglyphs inside the uppers for a week with a double-reflecting telescope without finding out differently, and, even if she had the key to the puzzle, it would only make her feel badly, so what would be the use? There are tricks in all trades but ours."—Chicago Chronicle.

A Return Shot.

A young man and a young woman are leaving over the front gate. They are lovers. It is moonlight. He is loth to leave, as the parting is the last. He is about to go away. She is reluctant to see him depart. They swing on the gate.

"I'll never forget you," he says, "and if death should claim me, my last thought will be of you."

"I'll be true to you," she sobs, "I'll never see anybody else or love them as long as I live."

They parted. Six years later he returns. His sweetheart of former years has married. They meet at a party. She has changed greatly; between the dances the recognition takes place.

"Let me see," she mused, with her fan beating a tattoo on her pretty hand "was it you or your brother who was my old sweetheart?"

"Really, I don't know," he says. "Probably my father."

The dressmaker's apprentice gets very small wages—yet she seems to make a living.

Money talks, but a little scare is apt to shut it up tight.

SOME FACTS ABOUT BANANAS.

Why Red Bananas Have Disappeared—Modern Phases of the Trade.

Red bananas are so scarce nowadays as to be practically a rarity; the prevailing banana is yellow. Twenty years and more ago the red was the prevailing banana and the yellow the rare one. The change from red to yellow is due to commercial reasons; the yellow is more profitable.

The yellow banana requires less care and time in cultivation, and so costs less in that stage. It sticks to the stem better than the red banana, and so stands handling better. There are one-third more yellow bananas to the bunch than red. With all these marked advantages in its favor the yellow banana has practically driven the red banana out.

With this scarcity red bananas now bring fancy prices; it may be ten times as much as yellow bananas. With yellow bananas at \$1 or \$1.50, a red bunch would be worth from \$6 to \$11, and there would be fewer in a bunch. Red bananas sell nowadays in the fruit stores as high as 20 cents each. The comparatively few bunches imported are taken by dealers in fine and fancy fruits as novelties, the rarity, in large measure, determining the price. It might be asked why, with red bananas at such prices, more are not cultivated; to which the answer is that if more were raised the price would go down again, and there would be no profit in raising them for the general demand, in competition with the more economically produced, more prolific, and better shipping yellow bananas. The red banana appears to be now in its scarcity like some other kinds of comparatively rare fruits, or, say, like game. Some people prefer the flavor of the red banana, some prefer that of the yellow; it is probable that the great majority would have no choice; and the far lower price at which the yellow banana can be offered to the individual consumer settles the question.

Bananas were never before so cheap as they have been in very recent years. Formerly a luxury that was rather costly than otherwise, the banana is now a cheap luxury; very good bananas can now be bought commonly in the streets in the season at a cent apiece, or 10 cents a dozen, such as formerly cost two or three times as much. Formerly bananas were brought to this country in sailing vessels, in sleek fast schooners which, with any sort of favoring conditions, made quick trips; with adverse weather, if long continued, the cargoes rotted. Now bananas are brought by steam, in fast steamers built especially for the fruit trade. These steamers may, of course, be held up by storms; but they are not likely to be; commonly they land cargoes here in a specified time, and in the best and most suitable condition for handling and marketing to the best advantage and with the least possible waste, and with advantage as to evenness of supply. The great bulk of the banana trade in this country is now controlled by a company which banana importers have organized.

The bananas eaten in this country come from Costa Rica, British and Spanish Honduras, Colombia, Jamaica and Cuba; that is, from countries around the southern part of the Gulf of Mexico and around the Caribbean Sea. The bulk of the fruit from the Gulf countries goes to New Orleans for distribution, that from the other countries coming to Atlantic ports. For many years bananas have had a more or less wide distribution from the ports of receipt; but they were never before so widely distributed, nor sold so cheaply at interior points, as now. Bananas are now sold, not as rarities, but more or less commonly, in all parts of the country; practically everywhere; the eastern part of the country being supplied from Atlantic ports, and the Mississippi valley and the western half from New Orleans. Costa Rica bananas are now shipped from New Orleans over pretty much all the western country, to the Pacific coast.

Indian Scouting

"An artillery officer of our army," said Representative Cooper to a group of listeners about him, recorded by the Washington Post, "was remarking to me the other day on the failure of the British in South Africa to send out scouting parties in advance of their troops. He regards that as responsible for some of the disastrous skirmishes against the Boers.

"I was interested," added Mr. Cooper, "in his statement to me that our American armies could never have been caught so easily in Boer traps. It seems that our commanding officers follow practically the same plans for scouting that the Indians have taught them. The Indians, he tells me, when marching in hostile country, first send one warrior, sometimes on horseback, occasionally on foot, far ahead. Some distance behind him are two or three Indians, and still farther behind a larger body, and so on. He regards this method of scouting as the finest in the world."

Chairman Cooper then described in vivid fashion the way Indians observe the presence of the enemy. The outstretched palm, elevated over the eyes, without any glance backward, is the signal of danger, which the Indians in the rear are quick to observe and pass along till it reaches the marching warriors. If the advance rider is suddenly surprised, he whisks his pony round and round two or three times, keeping his face as much as possible toward the foe, and then suddenly dashes away at a gallop toward the friendly warriors. That signal, too, is taken up by those who are riding in the rear, and quickly communicated to the main body.

Municipal Lodging Houses.

Manchester, England, has opened lodging houses under the control of the city to accommodate 300 men.