

FIRST IN WAR AND PEACE.

WASHINGTON'S BIRTHPLACE TO BE MARKED BY A MONUMENT.

A Granite Shaft to Be Erected by the Government—Story of the Old House—Its Historic Innates.

WORK has begun on the monument to mark the birthplace of Washington, at Wakefield, Va., and the substantial completion of the work this year seems assured. A shaft of American light granite, about forty feet high, will rest upon a plinth and a die for the inscription, and these in turn upon two bases, the lower one twelve feet square, so that the total height of the structure will be fifty-one feet. That height will fully answer the requirement of being visible from the decks of vessels in the channel of the Potomac, not quite four miles distant. The successful design among the twenty-nine submitted was from the same firm, Crawford & Son, Buffalo, N. Y., that erected the memorial to Mary Washington at Fredericksburg, and the relative proportions of the latter monument are closely followed. It has been settled that the inscriptions on the monument shall be of the simplest character. The words "Birthplace of Washington," will be cut into the die stone, and the words "Erected by the United States, 1895," cut into the front of the first base. Mr. Crawford says that it will probably take him about a year to complete the construction of the monument according to the design approved by the Secretary of State.

The old homestead, about seventy miles below the National Capital, will hereafter, perhaps, become more of a resort for patriotic visitors, since, with the funds provided by Congress, a pier has been built in the river, about two miles from the monument site, and a road to the latter constructed. The improvements, with the purchase of the ground required, left only about \$11,000 for the monu-

ment itself, but that sum has been sufficient. The formal dedication of the completed structure could easily be arranged, it would seem, for the birthday anniversary of 1896.

Near the steamboat landing and close by Bridges Creek is the old Washington family vault, containing the bones of Washington's father and of Augustine Washington's first wife and of some of his ancestors. This vault will be enclosed in some suitable way. From the wharf at Bridges Creek an improved roadway will be made and enclosed by a fence on either side, leading southwestward and southward a mile and a half to the site of Washington's birthplace,

"mansion" was in truth but a very ordinary farm house, even in its primitive day. But there is little question that the hero-mother and her worthy husband lived an ideal country life there, in the midst of their prosperous plantation, attended by the usual complement of slaves, and dispensing to all comers the generous hospitality characteristic of the old Virginia families in Colonial days. The most distinctive features of the house were its immense chimneys on each end, built from the ground on the outside of the frame dwelling—so large, indeed, as to make the house look disproportionately small in comparison with them. Each wide fireplace is said to have had capacity sufficient for a cord of wood at one time. The building had but one floor and an attic under the big hip-roof, which was broken by dormer windows to admit the light. At the front was a wide porch, extending the whole width of the house. On the right side of the entrance was the parlor, and its fireplace was decorated, after the fashion of that time in the dwellings of the well-to-do, with blue Dutch tiles of quaint design. There were but three other rooms of fair size on the first floor, the largest being in the one-story extension at the back, used as a sleeping chamber by Augustine and Mary. In that comparatively humble room the greatest American was born, February, 22, 1731. There also, besides his sister Betty, who was born in June, 1733, his brother Samuel first saw the light, in November, 1734.

The house stood back about a hundred yards from the bank of Pope's Creek, about half a mile southwest from the Potomac in a straight line. The plantation was a triangular-shaped tract, bounded by the Potomac and Bridges and Popes Creeks, and comprised somewhat over 1000 acres of wood and bottom land, on which were produced large crops of tobacco for export. The trading vessels of that day being mostly of light draught, no difficulty was encountered in mooring close to shore and taking on their cargoes of tobacco direct from the fields where the weed had been produced.

When George Washington was but little over four years old the historic house was accidentally destroyed by fire. The burning happened on a windy day in April, 1735. The slaves in the yard were burning brush and other "trash," as is usual in the spring, when suddenly some sparks were carried from the burning heap to the dry shingles of the home roof. In a few moments the whole structure was wrapped in flames. Augustine Washington, the father, was absent at the time, and Mary, the mother, took command in his stead. Under her direction the family furniture and valuables were removed by the slaves to a place of safety, and then, without wasting time in idle lamentation, she set all hands to assist in making up beds and preparing supper in a cabin at the rear, which fortunately had escaped burning.

Lafayette manifested great delight at their good luck, and they were soon seated. The lady of the house, leaving the room for a moment, Washington touched Lafayette under the table with his foot and said: "Eat in a hurry; this breakfast was not meant for us." He took the hint, and it was not long before they were again in the saddle, after expressing many thanks for the hospitality. Upon turning a bend in the road they looked back and saw Lord Howe and his staff, the expected guests, turn into the farm house.—American Historical Register.

Hay Barges Rowed by Women. The hay barges on the Swiss lakes, rowed by women standing, and the small sail-boats, with tall brown sails standing very high to catch fierce winds, are among the most picturesque of craft.—New York Recorder.

The new house, "Pine Grove," which Augustine Washington immediately built down in Stafford County, Virginia, across the River Rappahannock from Fredericksburg, was modeled closely on the plan of the Wakefield home. There the remainder of the children were born, and there Augustine died, in 1743, and was buried in the vault with his first wife, Jane Butler, at Bridges Creek.

When First a National Hero. Washington's triumphal entry into Boston was the signal victory which made him first a National hero. Up to that moment he had been a deserving Virginia gentleman put in command of some Continental forces. Now he began to be regarded as the military Moses of the whole people of the American Colonies.

Congress itself set the pace by voting, on motion of John Adams, a medal to be struck in honor of their victorious general. This was done and we have the pleasure of reproducing here a drawing of the face of the medal. The profile is said to be an excellent likeness of Washington in his prime.



CONGRESS' MEDAL TO WASHINGTON.

The innate modesty and judicial quality of the victor was well illustrated in the remark made by him on being notified of Congress' intended medal to his honor. Speaking of his men, he said:

"They were, indeed, at first a band of undisciplined husbandmen; but it is, under God, to their bravery and attention to duty that I am indebted for that success which has procured me the only reward I wish to receive, the affection and esteem of my countrymen."—Pathfinder.

As to Giants.

As a rule, giants are not long-lived. They have too many gannetts to run; being giants—that being anything over six feet six—they naturally drift into the show business and are thenceforth incarcerated in vans, close rooms, and in the dingy and effluvia-laden air of the exhibition room. Their not overresisting lungs here inhale the combined effluvia and aroma that arise from the lungs, skin and not overclean or over-well-aired clothes of their many admirers, all of which is not conducive to either health or to long life. It would seem reasonable to believe that a giant—be he seven or ten feet tall—who is well-formed, and who has every organ in a just proportion to his bulk, should live as long as a small man or as long as his heredity might otherwise permit; reasoning theoretically this would seem probable, but when we come to well analyze the subject and compare the actual facts we find that something or other always goes wrong and that owing to many an "if," we find that our giant dies early as a rule. Some one organ goes wrong and the great machine comes to a stop; or some organ does not keep pace with the rest of the increase in bulk, and he goes halting and squeaking, or either an overwork or an underwork here or there and a physiological inadequacy of some sort is the result, with a general deterioration of the whole structure and with a finally premature death. In other words, there is sure to be a failing link in the physiological scheme of these abnormal beings, which, by giving way, breaks the continuity of the chain of life, and that, independent of any of those moral delinquencies which are but too often the cause of an early breakdown. It is simply that the whole structure would not work abnormally in every detail.—National Popular Review.

Washington's Good Luck.

History tells us of the personal reconnaissance of Washington and Lafayette around Elk Landing, Md., when the British debarked at that point, from whence they marched to the Brandywine, Penn. It also states that they camped upon Chestnut Hill, Del., from which point the Upper Chesapeake is distinctly visible. They made an early start from their bivouac and went northward to strike the road leading from Elk Landing to Newark, and entered a farm house which stands about one hundred yards from the road, to try for a breakfast. They were graciously received by the lady of the house and found a table nicely set and the breakfast ready to be served. Lafayette manifested great delight at their good luck, and they were soon seated. The lady of the house, leaving the room for a moment, Washington touched Lafayette under the table with his foot and said: "Eat in a hurry; this breakfast was not meant for us." He took the hint, and it was not long before they were again in the saddle, after expressing many thanks for the hospitality. Upon turning a bend in the road they looked back and saw Lord Howe and his staff, the expected guests, turn into the farm house.—American Historical Register.

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WHAT WOMEN WEAR.

FASHION'S LATEST DECREES IN FEMINE GARMENTS.

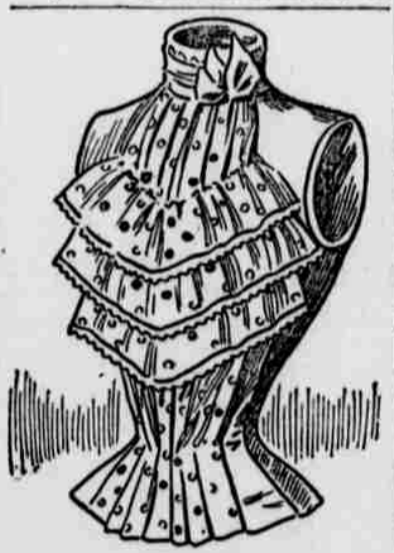
Comfortable and Handsome Creations in Vests—A Picturesque Example of the Styles in Headgear.

THE vest is one of the features of the season and will be more extensively worn than heretofore, if that were possible. Vests with a half low collar and lapels slightly rounded out, with double points and pockets, which are, however, of no use, are the approved models. Many ladies find vests and waistcoats inconvenient in one respect. Worn under a blazer or jacket without shirt waist or blouse, the contact of the sleeve of the outside garment is decidedly unpleasant. To remedy this sleeves of soft silk are sewed in the armholes of the jacket. They have simple bands at the wrists, closed with a button, or the hand may slip through. The former is, however, more comfortable, as the sleeve stays in place and does not draw up when the coat or jacket is put on.



NOVEL THROATLETS.

Waistcoats that button up to the throat are extremely stylish and are much better liked by some ladies than those with rolling collar. They certainly save a great deal of bother, for



SILK VEST.

than set on at the hips, at last year. Some are double-breasted, flaring away a few inches below the throat to disclose a trig chemise or a bit of the waistcoat. The gown skirts are only moderately full, from three and a half to four yards, but flare well at the foot, fit trimly around the waist, with a little fullness—oftener laid in plaits than gathered—at the back.

THE COMING SKIRT. A fashion that is coming into favor but slowly, and which is tolerated only on account of its newness, is a skirt of alternate ruffles of the material and wide bands of velvet put on flat. This style gives a woman the effect of having been modeled after a wide-hooped cask, and is almost certain to spoil the best figure ever owned by lovely woman. It makes a plain girl hideous and gives a pretty one a sort of misfit appearance not at all to be desired.

AGAIN THE PICTURESQUE IN MILLINERY.

Here is more of the picturesque in millinery. It is of a light wood tone in felt, with a curved brim studded with jet crescents, the crown being of black velvet of the beefeater de-

scription, also studded with the jet, while a bird stands together with ostrich feather tips at one side.

The historian Froude has but a small opinion of men of letters. He is credited with saying that he believed the ablest men in his country were lawyers, engineers, men of science, doctors, statesmen, anything but authors.

There are no more cross-matched sleeves seen in the best imported stocks. The fancy was too absurd and uncommon to receive favor for any length of time. Indeed, it was never popular with other than a few extremists, and these never set the fashions for the conservative many.

GRAY GOWNS.

For young girls, light gray tailor-gowns are in great favor; and with gray ostrich-feather boas or the full shoulder capes of chinchilla, and a touch of color at the throat, they are, according to Demorest, vastly becoming. The coats of these tailor gowns are of medium length and the skirts are oftener cut in one with the waist

Too Late.

Joy stood upon my threshold mild and fair,
With lilies in her hair.
I bade her enter as she turned to go,
And she said, "No."
Fortune once halted at my ruined porch,
And lit it with her torch:
I asked her fondly, "Have you come to stay?"
She answered "Nay."
Fame robed in spotless white before me came;
I longed her kiss to claim:
I told her how her presence I revered.
She disappeared!
Love came at last—how pure, how sweet!
With roses at her feet.
I begged her all her bounty to bestow—
She answered, "No."
Since then joy, fortune, love and fame
Have come my soul to claim;
I see them smiling everywhere,
But do not care.
—From Francis Saltus' "Dreams After Sunset."

HUMOROUS.

A well rendered article—Lard. A charity bawl—"Say, boss, gimme a dime to get something to eat."

Mrs. Sniffwell—"Why, Bridget, you have been eating onions! Bridget—Sure mum, you're a moind reader.

"But what earthly use is it to discover the North Pole? I can't see." "It will save further expeditions."

"Did you give your daughter away when she was married?" "Throw her away, sir. Literally threw her away."

Squidlig—How did Van Braam get such a reputation as a lady killer? McSwilligen—He sleighs the fair sex.

The coal man who is disposed to be proud and haughty should think of the ice man in the summer and be humble.

"I see that Johnson in his lecture relates a fight between Clay and Randolph." "Yes, he calls it a scrap of history."

Very often a man discovers that there is a good deal of the porcupine about the people he thinks it his duty to sit upon.

Highbec—There goes a man who takes things as he finds them. Robbins—A philosopher? Highbec—No, a ragpicker.

Billy—How did you feel when Cholly softly kissed you? Belle—Oh, down in the mouth. And the audience got up and left.

Miss Smilax—My! what a bouncing baby that is! Baby's brother—So it oughter be, mum. Its just swallowed a ingy rubber ball.

The shades of night were falling fast
As through the ivy streets there passed
A young man of the town.
The shades of night were far outclassed,
They never fell one half so fast
As he, when he fell down.

Sam (coming in hurriedly)—Say, Tom, can you change 85? Tom—Change nothing. I'm so hard up I can't change my shirt.

There is nothing more truly insinuating and deferential than the waggle of a little dog's tail in the presence of a big dog with a bone.

This much is to be said in favor of the tattooed man: While a great many men have designs upon others, his are all upon himself.

Crusty Boarder (to waiter)—What have you got for breakfast? Hope it isn't oatmeal and milk and mackerel. Waiter—No sir; only oatmeal.

First Girl—Cholly is a nice boy, only he has so much to say. Second Girl—No, that's just where his weak point lies. He thinks he has."

Item Gatherer—Was the bride supported by her father? Friend—Great Scott! No. The bride's mother has taken care of the family for years.

"Did you hear anything good at the concert last night? She—Yes, indeed; I overheard one lady giving another a capital recipe for angel food cake.

"Doctor, have you a remedy for a troublesome cough?" "When does it annoy you most?" "When the man has it comes home. He's in the flat above.

"I hear your musical recital last night was a great success. Lucky dog!" "H'mph! Five persons in the house. Lucky dog? Yes, Regular bench show."

Minister—No, Willie, you will never get ahead by telling stories. Willie—I won't? Why, I told a story about Johnnie Jones, wat's bigger'n me, an' you bet he put a head on me.

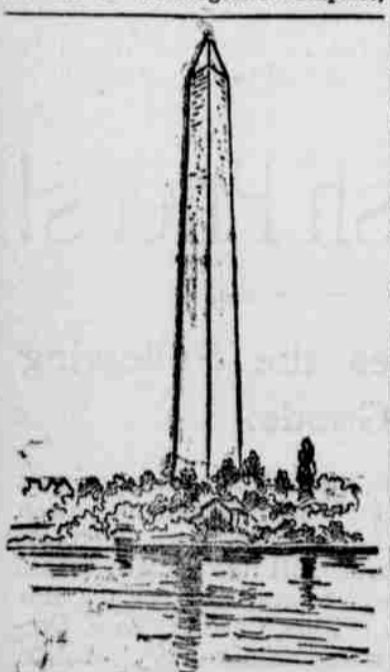
"There is no doubt," said Mr. Dolan, "about there bein' wan great advantage in bein' born in this country?" "An' phwat's that?" inquired Mrs. Dolan. "It saves yez the price of a steamship ticket over."

Mr. Whoopla—Suppose, Dullie, I were to rob you of a kiss, what would you do?

Miss Poppinjay—How can I tell, Mr. Whoopla, what is going to happen before it occurs. Do you think that I am a clairvoyant?



"WAKEFIELD", WASHINGTON'S BIRTHPLACE.



WASHINGTON MONUMENT AT THE NATIONAL CAPITAL.

Wakefield House, on the bank of Pope's Creek, a wide arm of the Potomac.

Nothing now remains of this house but the foundation walls, flush with the ground. The landscape surrounding the site is not particularly attractive at present, but with proper grading, planting and improvement it could doubtless be transformed into a handsome park. It is like any common fallow field—covered with grass and weeds, and here and there dotted with clumps of wild fig bushes, ragged pine trees, hemlocks and shapely cedars. On the spot where the old Wakefield House stood, a flat-sided freestone slab was placed in filial devotion in the year 1816 by George Washington Parke Curtis, Washington's adopted son, bearing this inscription:

HERE,
On the 22d February, 1731,
GEORGE WASHINGTON
WAS BORN.
As late as 1874 the site was still in