

England produced five new novels for every day of 1897.

In 1890, according to the census, the foreign-born of the United States were: Germans, 2,784,894; Irish, 1,871,500; English, 900,002; Scotch, 242,281.

Russia has the most rapidly increasing population of any country in the world. The growth during the last hundred years has been a fraction less than 1,000,000 annually.

Murder seems to be decreasing in France, simply from the fact that it is not a paying industry. Statistics from Paris show that for twenty-one murders the perpetrators only averaged \$16 each.

The general impression that women have only recently been employed in business houses is not correct. Miss Emeline E. Woodbury, who has just died, was for nearly fifty years the bookkeeper in a Boston business house, and she succeeded another woman who had held the same place.

The delta of the Danube is about to be drained and rescued for agricultural purposes by the Roumanian government. Nearly 750,000 acres of fertile land will be made available. The enterprise is the greatest of its kind ever undertaken, and at least five years will be required to carry it to completion.

Hear the complaint of the London Graphic thus: "Our society seems to have degenerated into what may be defined as a fortuitous concourse of pretensions atoms. Pretty women and rich men form a combination which is not rare, and a great centre of civilization as London is should be able to produce something more striking than that."

Much has been written about the usefulness of music in the treatment of disease. That it has a certain effect is undoubted, and a recent suggestion is that a pleasant-toned music box would probably prove as effective as sleeping potions with a large class of nervously deranged patients. The use of music in the nightmare or "night terrors" of children has been a subject of experiment. Cases peculiarly obstinate to all other treatment were at once benefited, and after a time apparently cured, by having pleasing airs played on an instrument during the approach and first hour or two of slumber.

The Rev. Charles A. Berry reports to his British friends that during his recent visit to this country he was most impressed by the frank, manly, reverent speech of American Christians when discussing divine things, their zeal for their own particular church, minister, and denomination, and the thorough efficiency of their Sunday-school work. He is reported to have said that, on the whole, it was well that the Olney-Pauncefoot arbitration treaty failed, for it would not have been popular or had the support of the masses. He believed it better to wait for public sentiment to gather force, so that it will resolutely back up any treaty constructed on similar lines.

Corn flour used in adulterating wheat flour is made like wheat flour, explains Farm News. The corn is crushed between rolls, and the flour is dusted out as the meal runs over a bolt. This meal is crushed and rebolted several times, until nearly all the starchy part of the grain is in the form of fine flour. This corn flour is mixed with and sold as wheat flour. Considering that corn costs the miller about one-fourth as much as wheat, there is a wide margin of profit in mixing the flours. How much mixed flour is now put on the market is not known, but the evil has grown to magnificent proportions. This matter recently came up before the National Board of Trade, at the meeting in Washington, in the form of a resolution, urging Congress to impose a tax upon the manufacturers of mixed flours, and to require that such flour shall be plainly branded "mixed flour." The New York Produce Exchange has taken an important step toward correction of the evil of mixed flour, by a very simple procedure, which we believe, if adopted by all the other inspection markets, will be more effective as to results desired than the tax regulation plan. The exchange at New York, through its flour committee, has instructed the inspector that flour containing any foreign substance shall not be graded, and that packages containing such flour shall not receive the brand of that exchange. It is to be hoped that other exchanges will act in the same manner.

WASHINGTON'S HOME AT MOUNT VERNON.

During the Civil War there was only one spot in all our now United States where soldiers of both armies could meet on common ground as friends, not foemen, as brothers and sons of one father, the "Father of His Country." That spot was Mount Vernon. A "truce of God" prevailed throughout the broad areas that contained the home and tomb of Washington.

Whether hunted by their enemy or drawn hither by the same reverent inspiration that attracts visitors to Mount Vernon from every part of the habitable globe, wearers of the blue and the gray were equally welcome. The only restriction placed upon their coming was the servants' request that they leave their arms at whatever point they entered the grounds, sometimes at the old porter's lodge, three-quarters of a mile away.

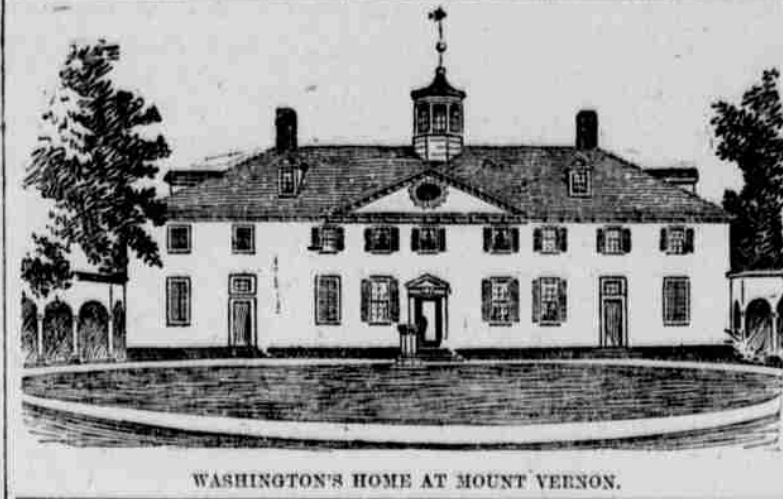
At Washington's tomb unarméd pickets of the South and North frequently met during the years of the "great conflict." Sacred, however, as this home of peace is, it is to the women of the United States, and to them alone, that we owe the purchase and preservation of Washington's home, and only their loving care has made possible the past and present restoration of this fine old type of the colonial mansion of a century and a half ago. The high privilege and real happiness of visiting this house and grounds, with all their varied and tangible memorials so intimately associated with the life and character of the immortal Washington, the American people owe to the Mount Vernon Ladies' Association of the United States. Of the early struggles and patient labors of successive members of this association much might be said. Organized in 1858, under the regency of Miss Ann Pamela Cunningham, it obtained by purchase some 200 of the thousands of acres owned by the late Colonel John Augustine Washington, last private owner of Mount Vernon, who found himself unable to maintain the estate. To his credit be it said, Colonel Washington did not sell the land on which rests the tomb of General Washington and his family. The tomb, or the two acres containing it, were deeded as a gift to the association. Later donations from Jay Gould and others have increased the real estate of the association to 237 1/2 acres.

The restoration, equipment and keeping of the respective rooms of the mansion have been intrusted to the noble women of the different States represented in the Board of Vice-Regents. These vice-regents are representative women of most of the leading States, appointed by the regent, their names being submitted by her to the Board of Vice-Regents for confirmation or rejection, after the manner of Presidential appointments. There are thirty-three vice-regents now in office. These ladies have wrested what they affectionately style "this, our beloved home," from decay and almost from annihilation. Not only the mansion and tomb—with its family vault and two sarcophagi inclosing the remains of "the General" and his "consort"—receive their anxious care, but the work of the association extends to all the outbuildings and every distinctive feature of the grounds that has any connection with the period of Washington's occupancy.

The annual reports presented and read at the yearly meetings of the

Stuarts, Dieks, Masons, Carlyles and other friends of Washington and the Curtises, with their hair-powder, face-patches and silk stockings, and even their outdoor life, with outriders and fine equipages.

In the report mentioned, and in conversation with the writer, Mr. Rogers explained how, in response to the request of the committee, he made a thorough examination of the cellar, first floor hall, second floor hall, the antique staircase that greets the visitor's eye as he enters the main door, also the side walls of the halls, doors, cornice, columns (supporting the girder sustaining the upper floors of the mansion), windows, etc. After carefully removing each layer of a small section of the paint on the side-wall panels, the original color was revealed. This proved to be a delicate



WASHINGTON'S HOME AT MOUNT VERNON.

French gray, almost a robin-egg blue. This color had originally been applied to the side walls and ceilings and panels of the stair skirting. This delicate tint was in entire harmony with the then prevailing hues as seen in the garments and appointments of persons of colonial distinction. The present coating of paint is a deep yellow-brown, grained and hideous enough to any one possessed of artistic tastes. It doubtless antedates the period of control by the association. While carefully preserving any portion of the woodwork and carving from dilapidation, and repainting when the same was needed, it has only been recently that from six to ten layers of paint have been removed to ascertain what was the early colonial tint. Mr. Rogers' examination also extended to the doors, trim, door heads, choir rail, washboard, windows, stair-skirting batons, cornice, etc. These proved to have originally been painted ivory white, china gloss finish on the hall side.

The present cornice and cross girder, supported by two columns on either side of the hall through which the visitor approaches the staircase leading to the second floor, all are regarded by Mr. Rogers as of modern construction and entirely incongruous with the rest of the work. Rebecca Robinson, once a slave of John Augustine Washington, told the writer the history of the origin and construction of these columns in the hall. She states that many years ago the cross-beam supporting the entire upper part of the house badly sagged. Then an arch was raised to remedy this defect. This arch was regarded as ineffectual, and in 1884 it was removed and a new



WASHINGTON'S TOMB AT MOUNT VERNON.

Ladies' Association show admirable results in their care of the place and in the accumulation of articles of use in, or identified with, the General's family life.

During the gatherings of the Board last year, Mrs. Charles Curtis Harrison, of Philadelphia (Vice-Regent for Pennsylvania), invited Architect T. Mallon Rogers, of Philadelphia, architect of the restoration of Independence Hall, to come to Mount Vernon and confer with the Mansion Committee. The result of this conference is fully outlined in a written report made by Mr. Rogers, embodying details of a projected restoration to be undertaken this fall. This work will involve and effect a more complete transformation in the general aspect of the interior than any yet attempted. The restored second floor of Independence Hall has proved a revelation of Colonial beauty and simplicity. This restoration of the paneled halls and antique stairway of Mount Vernon will vividly recall the faces and costumes of the Carys, Fairfaxes, Lees, Piercys, Dulans, Johnstons, Craigs, Hunters, Dades, Manags, Fitzhughs, Wests,

iron beam inserted, braced from the cellar, and these columns erected accordingly. They were never a part of the interior construction in Washington's time, and their removal will greatly add to the exact restoration of the first floor hall. Other details in necessary repairs to the cellar, and features of the staircase not in harmony with other portions, in varnish or color, form matter of no great public interest. An examination of the walls was made, starting from the stairway to the second floor, and after a removal of three layers of a small section of wall paper the fact was revealed that the original mortar was a colonial buff. In some places it would seem to have been white-washed, and in other places a rough finish of buff mortar is found under the paper. Research will be made to ascertain whether the walls were originally of a buff mortar finish or papered after the fashion of one of the layers removed. It seems more than likely that, when commenced, this transformation of the halls and main staircase will ultimately lead to a new restoration of rooms given over to the care of vice-regents

from various States. To be sure, they are, for the most part, neat and fresh enough, but recent investigation has shown that they are not to-day as they were in Washington's time. Thus the "river room," or guest room, on the second floor, was originally gray, with white window sash; the mantel was originally painted white, then painted, at some later date, in imitation of gray stone. This should be restored to its original color, white. The chairboard and washboard should be gray.

The woodwork in the Maryland room, the bed chamber of charming "Nolly Custis," afterward Mrs. Laurence Lewis, was originally the same gray as the walls of the first floor hall. The mantel was originally white, then painted black (two treatments) and again painted white over the black. This should be burned off and repainted white, the window sash white, chair rail, trim and washboard gray.

In General Washington's room the mantel, now black, was white in its original coloring. The trim of the room was gray and the washboard stained and varnished, and, at a later day, painted black, the chair rail and trim gray and window sash white.

The above points were brought by Mr. Rogers to the attention of the



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committee after an examination made by him at their request. As the great purpose of the association is to keep the mansion and its surroundings forever open to the public, the projected restoration will be made by degrees, so as to interfere as little as possible with the freedom of visitors. F. W. PARSONS.

WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY.

The People Began to Celebrate It as Far Back as 1783.

We may reckon February 22 as one of our oldest holidays, for though no Legislature had at that time set it apart as a legal holiday, the regular celebration of Washington's birthday began in 1783. On February 22 of that year a party of gentlemen met in a tavern in New York. One of them had written an ode on Washington, another brought a list of tracts, still others had prepared speeches. There was great feasting, patriotic toasts were drunk, and before the company went singing home they agreed to meet together on every coming February 22 in honor of their country's chief. Other little knots of friends followed their example, and before long the celebration became general. Though not publicly recognized, wherever there were a score of more of houses the people gladly devoted at least a few hours of the day to jollity and good cheer.

The celebration of the day gradually grew in importance till in the beginning of this century. Every theatre on that day brought out some new play and made itself gay with flags and transparencies. Taverns spread their best cheer. There were balls and bonfires, barbecues and cannonading, bell ringing, feasting and toasts. A glance over the Gazette and Advertiser of that period shows that it was quite the end of March before they ceased to publish accounts of the festivities which had taken place in every city and town in the land.

Washington was born before the adoption in England of the Gregorian Calendar, and was, therefore, born on February 11, old style. For a long time some of his most ardent admirers persisted in celebrating this day rather than the 22d. We find as late as 1796 certain counties in which men of the old school were unwilling to adopt the new calendar, at least so far as concerned the birthday of the Father of their Country.

Dolls' Hair.

The hair on the head of most of the dolls in this country is made from the hair of the Angora goat.

WASHINGTON.

In the upright little sappling lives the mighty mountain pine. Straighter than an Indian chieftain with its long, unswerving line. Lifting high its sturdy branches, rooted in its rocky bed. Landmark to the valleys under, shelter for the weary head.



In the boy so true and fearless lives our hero good and grand. Through the days of stormy trouble shelter to his native land. For the uncut twig, believe me, ever grows as it began. And the child of noble nature makes the noble-hearted man. —Youth's Companion.

Children's Column



words of Hamlet—"to die—to sleep—to stay."

When the days became warmer and the spring flowers appeared in evidence that there was again honey in the land for vagrant butterflies, the screen was pushed up, and the solitary Jonathan flew joyously forth. He has never been seen since.—Atlanta Journal.

Intelligent Gossip.

It must have been in the 40s that my great uncle, Charles N—, was graduated from college and begun to teach school. Communication was not so rapid then as now, and the exchange of ideas was accomplished with more difficulty. The country was not overrun with teachers' manuals and guides, and there were few educational works. It was only by gathering together and exchanging ideas that teachers were able to progress. To facilitate this several would in the summer time travel from place to place, holding what they called "institutes," to which all who taught in the neighboring country would flock to receive or disseminate new ideas, and to discuss methods of study.

My uncle and a friend of his had started on a tour of this kind, and on Saturday arrived at a town where they were to hold an "institute" the following Monday.

Sunday afternoon they took a stroll in the outskirts of the town, on the banks of a stream, and were engaged in deep conversation when my uncle's friend espied a flock of geese approaching in a solemn procession. Moved by a sudden impulse, he took off his hat, made a low bow and, addressing the geese, said: "Allow me to introduce to you my friend, Mr. N—, who will hold an institute in this town tomorrow. I cordially invite you to be present." The geese appeared to listen attentively to the young man's words, and when he had finished they waddled gravely away.

The incident passed quickly from their minds, the next afternoon arrived, and the friends repaired to the church where they were to expound their educational views to those who were assembled for instruction and profit. The day was beautiful and sunny and everything beamed propitiously on my uncle as he arose from his seat behind the pulpit to address the dignified gathering. Hardly had he opened his mouth to speak when something in the wide-open door attracted his attention. There stood the old gander, leader of the flock they had seen the day before, and behind him were all the geese! Having completed his survey, to my uncle's horror and chagrin, he waddled slowly up the middle aisle, followed by the rest.

Was ever a young man in a more painfully embarrassing situation? At this moment he received a tug on his coat tail and plainly heard the partially suppressed amusement of his friend and the whispered exclamation, "They've come!" My uncle grew redder and hotter as the geese approached in front and the tugs on his coat tail continued behind. He could only stammer and stammer, each moment becoming more painfully aware of the awkwardness of his position.

At last, with the timely assistance of the congregation, the unwelcome intruders were expelled amid quackings, confusion and uproar. It is almost unnecessary to add that the fount of my uncle's eloquence was checked for the time being, and consequently his disquisition on the education of the young was not as edifying as it might have been under ordinary circumstances.

This did not end the matter, however. My uncle's friend for many years after, at every dinner when he was called upon for a speech, managed to re-count this incident. If my uncle was there it only added to the general enjoyment.

Tiring of this in the course of years, Uncle Charles once arose, after his friend had related the story, and said: "There was one point to which sufficient attention has not been called, namely, why did the geese understand so perfectly all that my friend said?" —Atlanta Journal.

The Wild Horses of Arizona.

"There must be 20,000 head of wild horses in northern Arizona," said Will S. Barnes, one of the largest cattle owners in Navajo county, recently. "They are the worst nuisances that can be imagined. It has reached the point where we cannot safely turn out a riding horse to graze. We have to keep our saddle animals and round-up horses stabled all winter or bring them down to Phoenix for pasturage. The wild stock not only eat the food that ought to go to the cattle, but they run cattle off the range. They have chased off all the cattle from the west end of the Hash Knife range, one of the best grass districts in northeastern Arizona. It is useless to put out salt for the stock, for the wild horses chase away the cattle that come near it. At this season of the year they are fat and have shining hides. They sweep over the country in great bands, gathering up any stray animals they may come across. A horse is as good as lost that joins them."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Got Off Easy.

First Reprobate—Well, old man, did you get home all right last night? Second Reprobate—Yes; but my wife wouldn't speak to me. First Reprobate—Lucky beggar! Mine did!—Punch.