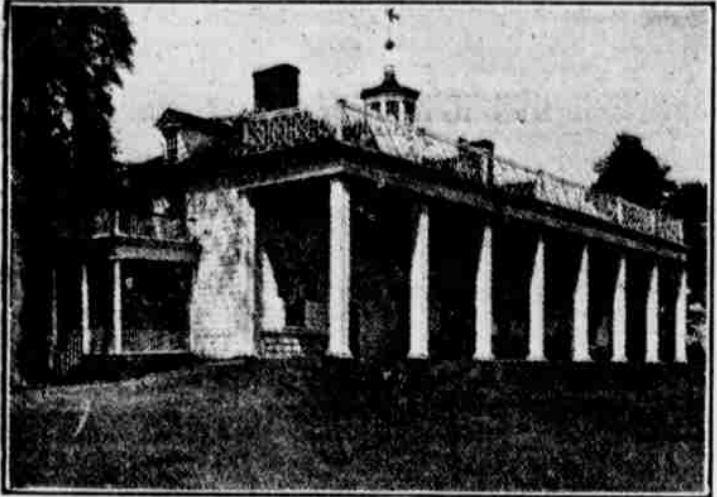


MOUNT VERNON'S HISTORY RETOLD

A HISTORY of the Ladies' Mount Vernon Association, and of that famous estate which is visited each year by over 50,000 Americans, has been prepared for the Legislature of Virginia by Judge James B. Sener of Fredericksburg, who has long been identified with questions of historical research in connection with the Old Dominion. It has been a labor of love on his part, and only 500 copies of his monograph have been printed. Mount Vernon, it will be recalled, was named by Lawrence Washington, George Washington's half-brother, in honor of Admiral Vernon of the British navy, under whom he served in the war against Spain. George Washington inherited the estate from his brother in 1753, when twenty-one years old. The mansion had been built ten years before, at a probable cost of



Mount Vernon.

\$10,000. The barn on the place was built later out of brick, said to have been brought from England. The chain of title to this famous estate shows that it had always been in the possession of the Washingtons, descending by will or inheritance from the grant of Lord Culpeper, 1670, to the time it was sold to the Ladies' Mount Vernon Association, on April 6, 1858. John Washington, the great-grandfather of George Washington, died in January, 1677. In his will he left this place to his son Lawrence, who at his death bequeathed to his son Augustine, father of the General. Augustine Washington, in the division of his estate, left it by will to his oldest son, Major Lawrence Washington, who married Anne, the oldest daughter of William Fairfax of Fairfax County, Va. Major Lawrence improved the estate, and built the middle portion—four rooms of the present mansion. His portrait hangs there in the room assigned to West Virginia. Between Lawrence Washington and his half-brother George, there was a remarkable attachment and congeniality of tastes, notwithstanding the disparity of fourteen years in their ages. Major Lawrence Washington was an accomplished gentleman, and one of the far-seeing business men of his day,

its bounds until it embraced 10,000 acres, and had a river frontage of ten miles. The natural yield of the soil of this plantation was never first class; indeed, it is surprising that so good a farmer and judge of productive lands could have reconciled himself to cultivate them to the extent he did, as lands in the Shenandoah Valley were vastly more productive than those on the Potomac River. But George Washington seems never to have faltered in his love for his Mount Vernon home, although he was aware that no profit came from its cultivation.

The clause of his will referring to Mount Vernon is in the following words: "To my nephew, Bushrod Washington, and his heirs (partly in consideration of an intimation to his deceased father, while we were bachelors, and he had kindly undertaken to superintend my estate during my military services in the war with Great Britain and France, that if I fell therein, Mount Vernon should become his property), I give and bequeath all that part thereof which is comprehended within certain limits, and containing upward of 4000 acres, with the man-

sion house and all other buildings and improvements thereon." The mansion at Mount Vernon is of wood, painted to resemble stone. Along its front is a broad piazza twenty-five feet in height, with square pillars. The restored building is now divided among the States for preservation. Massachusetts has the library room, Georgia has Mrs. Washington's sitting-room. The main hall is assigned to Alabama. South Carolina has the dining-room. Ohio has Miss Custis' music room. Illinois has the west parlor, and New York has the banquet hall. The room on the second floor in which Washington died is assigned to Virginia, and is immediately under the room on the third floor in which Mrs. Washington died. This last room is at the end of the house, looking down the river, and is assigned to Wisconsin. The two rooms just across the main hall are assigned to North Carolina and Connecticut, respectively. Connecticut's overlooking the river. Maine has a small room just back of the North Carolina room. There are in all nearly thirty buildings on the Mount Vernon property, including the mansion, office, kitchen, butler's house, carpenter shop, spinning house, smoke house, wagon shed, summer house, spring house, milk

The Wife of Lafayette

America, though revering the name of Lafayette, has perhaps known too little of the noble woman who became his wife before her fifteenth birthday, the groom himself being but sixteen years old.

This match, according to the French custom, was arranged by relatives, but it proved to be one of the most ideally happy marriages known to history. When "the inspired boy" ran away from France and crossed the ocean to aid our struggling young country his child-wife did not reproach him either in word or deed for what her friends declared to be gross neglect, but upheld him in the course that he pursued, believing it to be proper and right. It was to her that he confided his hopes and predictions in regard to this country, and to whom he wrote:

"The happiness of America is intimately connected with all of mankind. She will become the safe and respected asylum of virtue, integrity, toleration and tranquil happiness."

When the darkest clouds had gathered over France, and Lafayette was banished to a foreign country and imprisoned, his wife refused to be divorced from him, though the wives of many of the exiled aristocrats did so for the purpose of self-protection. She fearlessly gloried in the name she bore. She began every petition to the Government with the words, "La femme Lafayette." Her husband alludes to this fact in a letter written to a friend soon after her death, and adds:

"Indulgent as she was with respect to calumny and petty hatred, never did she allow, even at the foot of the scaffold, a reflection upon me to pass without protesting against it."

Knowing that her husband would wish their son to be sent to America, she parted bravely from the bright boy of fourteen, whom she confided to the care of General Washington. Wish-



MME. LAFAYETTE.

ing to join the Marquis, even in prison, the news that she would be permitted to share that lonesome abode with him filled her soul with infinite happiness.

In prison the sunshine of her presence alleviated the sufferings of the noble captive, and she noted joyfully the signs of improvement which her coming had made in his health. With him inclosed within those narrow walls and behind those iron-bound doors, she was far happier than she would have been separated from him, though possessing the freedom and luxury of a palace.

BUST OF WASHINGTON



This bust has been presented to the United States Government by certain French families, whose ancestors fought under Washington in the American Revolution.

The proportional increase in the population of the cities was less during the last ten years than previously.

So Many Years Ago

Great-grandma liked to tell us how, so many years ago, when she was but a little child, just like ourselves, you know. She saw the Continentals pass, one sunny summer day, upon their march to Pompton, some forty miles away. And how George Washington and aides, in faded buff and blue, stopped at her home for luncheon. It's really, truly true.

Said she: "My brother Ben and I were shy as we could be. But both of us were pleased to hear the general praise the tea. And when the table had been cleared, we went at mother's call. To meet the famous patriot, who stood so straight and tall. I curtsied as the fashion was, with both my cheeks aflame. He took my hand, and said I was a 'dainty little dame.'"



"Then Ben's turn came. The general bent down and took his hand. 'In truth,' said he, 'my little man, you'd make a soldier grand!' But Ben could only smile and stare, so very strange it seemed. That this was General Washington, of whom so oft he'd dreamed—The man who was so patient, so skilful, and so brave. That all the people looked to him their grandpa's cause to save."

As grandma ceased, we heard the tall old clock ticking slow. As if it said, "I, too, was there, so many years ago. I saw that noble soldier who made the country free. Remember, then, his glorious deeds when you look up at me. While time shall last, in this our land, his fame shall bring us glow. I, too, behold George Washington, so many years ago."

—H. A. Ogden, in St. Nicholas.



That Hatched Story.



G. W.—"Father, I'm caught with the goods on me, and I scorn to squeal!"—New York American.

Washington's Birthday

Washington's Birthday was made a legal holiday by vote of the Massachusetts Legislature April 15, 1856, therefore February 22, 1857, was first a legal holiday. For many years previous Mrs. Harrison Gray Otis held a reception at her home on February 22, to which all the people of the city of Boston were invited. Her house was open to the public on that day, and before and after the day because a legal holiday all the military companies of Boston would parade past her house on the 22d. Probably the first occasion of Washington's Birthday being recognized was February 12, 1781. That was by the French troops at Newport, R. I. As the 11th fell on Sunday the celebration was held on the 12th. This was according to the old style of reckoning.



Map of Washington's First Journey, 1753.

Black Adventure

IN COLOMBIAN GOLD FIELD.

THIS row we are having with Colombia," said a man who has been around some "re-minds me of a story told by Captain Greenleaf, of the Government service, and when I saw something the other day in the papers about the Colombian forces landing on the Isla de los Pinos in the Gulf of Darien, it began to get warm. I met the captain three years ago doing secret service work on the Pacific Coast, and as an incident to the Nome gold excitement he told of his experience on this island in the Gulf of Darien.

"He said he had been down there several years previously on a trading ship, and they had put in at the island. No trading was allowed, however, as the island was a Government reservation used as a prison or a hospital, or something of the kind, but visitors were allowed ashore, and they could hunt over the island if they wished. The captain and a companion, availing themselves of the privilege, went into the interior for the day and rambled around through the forests. During the afternoon they came to a small stream, along whose banks were low cliffs with many huge stones loosened and lying about over the ground. These stones were rough looking at a little distance, but a closer inspection showed them to be of a peculiarly bright quartz where pieces had been broken off, exposing new surface. Evidently, however, the place had not been visited in a long time, and the stones had never been disturbed.

"The captain and his companion each carried away a piece of stone weighing two or three pounds, as souvenirs. They excited no particular comment on shipboard, and the other man one day threw his piece overboard with a lot of rubbish. When they reached San Francisco several months later the captain rescued his piece from a corner where it was almost hidden in the dust and took it along with him.

"Just at that time it was the fad along the coast for men to wear watch chains made of small pieces of quartz linked together, and the captain concluded to have his Darien quartz made up if it was worth it. The jeweler told him it was, and to come back in four or five days. He did so, and the jeweler showed great anxiety to know where the quartz had come from. The captain became suspicious and would not tell. When the jeweler was convinced that he could not learn where the quartz came from he informed the captain if he had any more of that kind he was a rich man. The captain said he knew where there were tons and tons of it—whole chunks and cliffs, in fact. The jeweler almost had a fit, and told him that one or two of the small pieces had been assayed and showed a value of \$240,000 to the ton.

"Naturally enough the captain was pretty well agitated himself by this time, and hurrying away to some friends he told them the story. They maintained the greatest secrecy, but at once began efforts to get at the field in the island. They tried to secure concessions without betraying their secret, but the Colombian Government would not permit them to take any part of the island, and they would not say what they were after, because they knew they would get none of it if they did, and at the time he told me the story they were still waiting their chance to get in with such rights that even Bogota boudlers couldn't work a desolating graft upon them and their gold field."

KILLED A GRAY WOLF.

The skin of the only gray wolf killed in Vermont in the last fifty years was brought into the village this week by David Dike, a farmer, who killed the animal in a patch of woods near his barn after a severe fight, in which Mr. Dike and a dog were badly used up. Mr. Dike had just gone into the house from the barn, where he had been milking, when his attention was attracted by his shepherd dog, which was loudly barking in front of the hen house. Taking a lantern he went out to investigate, and saw the animal had cornered a gray animal about his own size. Both were bristling with fear and rage and each eager to attack the other. The farmer had no gun, but he ran into the woodshed and procured a broom, with which he struck at the marauder. Thereupon the wolf, for such it turned out to be, dashed for the woods, with the dog after it, and came to a stand near the foot of a maple tree.

By this time the wolf was frothing at the mouth and snarling and snapping at the shepherd every time he came within range. Once or twice he nipped the dog and drew blood. Mr. Dike encouraged the shepherd, and then boldly worked around to the rear of the maple.

This was too much for the wolf, and in sheer desperation he sprang at the farmer, who dealt him a telling blow with the broom. At the same time the dog tackled the animal in the rear and got a good hold on his neck. The next instant a three-cornered fight was on. The wolf tackled the farmer and dog by turns, snapping and scratching at first one and then the other. In the meantime the dog and the broom got in some lively work, and at the end of ten minutes honors were about even.

The wolf could easily have escaped, but he evidently preferred to fight it out, and it was nearly twenty minutes before he was vanquished. When the wolf was dead Mr. Dike found he was scratched in several places and the dog was wounded in spots from the tip of his nose to the end of his tail. The

skin is much the worse for wear, but will be mounted.—Starksboro (Vt.) Correspondence New York World.

PIERCE ALPINE EAGLES.

The maritime Alps of Eastern France have long been noted as being the haunt of the most ferocious and powerful bird of eagles in existence. Children innumerable have been carried off by them, and they even attack adults on occasions, sometimes with dire results.

A postman named Gustave Silva, who carried the mails on foot between the villages of Sospel and Puget Théniers, was set upon while crossing the pass by three large birds and frightfully injured. He managed to drive off his winged assailants with the aid of his alpenstocks, and eventually reached his destination with his bag of letters. But his case was from the first regarded as hopeless by the local doctors, and after lingering in indescribable agony for six days he succumbed to his wounds.

Meanwhile two young French tourists, Messrs. Joseph Monard and Antoine Neyssel, went up into the mountains to try to kill the birds that had done the damage, and were savagely attacked in their turn. Both men were armed, but the sudden onslaught of the huge winged creatures completely unnerved them, and after firing only one shot they tried to escape by running.

The birds, however, struck them down ere they had gone many yards, and they would have doubtless been both torn to pieces where they lay but for the opportune arrival of a party of shepherds.

These succeeded in rescuing Mr. Neyssel alive, but terribly injured, he having sustained no fewer than ten severe wounds in the head and back, besides innumerable minor lacerations and abrasions.

His companion, Mr. Monard, was killed outright early in the fray, and his body, when recovered, presented a most shocking spectacle. Mr. Neyssel recovered after six weeks in bed, but is disfigured for life.—Stray Stories.

DEAD MAN STEERS A SHIP.

A sailing schooner, the Ariette, recently sighted a masterless derelict about 100 miles southwest of Queen Charlotte's Islands. Although at first it was thought there was no one on board a figure was at length made out crouching at a kneeling position at the wheel. The captain of the Ariette accordingly hailed them when within distance and proffered them assistance. Receiving no answer, however, and noticing that the steersman never shifted his position, he lowered a boat and with some of his crew boarded the derelict. He found that the man was quite dead and had apparently been so for some time, but his rigid hands still grasped the wheel and guided the vessel on its course. He had evidently been deserted by his crew in a storm, and as a last forlorn hope had lashed himself to the wheel. Some food was found close to him, and also two or three bottles of medicine, showing apparently that he was ill when his long watch began.

The ship was almost waterlogged, but from papers which the captain of the Ariette managed to recover it was found that the name of the dead skipper, who had steered his vessel, was Henry Saunders, aged forty, who was a master mariner, of St. John, N. B. The name of the schooner was the General Siglin, bound from San Francisco to Alaska. She had on board the complement of six sailors and five passengers. The body of Captain Saunders was duly buried according to the rites observed at sea.—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

A FIGHT WITH TWO EAGLES.

Charles Read, a sheepman, of Redwood Valley, is now under a doctor's care as a result of a single-handed fight with two large bald eagles. Read had missed sheep and lambs from his pasture and set traps for coyotes. Yesterday he discovered a large bald eagle in one trap. The eagle appeared exhausted by its struggles and was lying down. Read released the spring and instantly the eagle attacked him. Its mate, who was watching near, joined in the fight. With their heavy wings they beat him to the ground, tearing his flesh with their talons and beaks.

Read secured his pistol, and while protecting his face he managed to get the barrel of his pistol against one of the birds and fired. The other was frightened away by the report. The wounded one set its talons in his right thigh and held on with a death grip. When Read recovered from his exhaustion he was unable to remove them. He dragged himself to his cabin, and was brought to this city, where the talons were cut out. The eagle measured nine feet from tip to tip.—Ukiah (Cal.) Special to the New York Sun.

WON THE VICTORIA CROSS.

In a recent issue of your paper, writes a correspondent to the New York Sun, it was stated that but one chaplain in the British Army had ever received the Victoria Cross. If you examine the records you will find that during General Kitchener's campaign in Northern Africa Father Collins was awarded the cross for an act of heroism.

It seems that the British soldiers became confused and were firing upon each other, when Father Collins rushed into the zone of fire, and, raising his hands, called upon them to stop in God's name. He is still a chaplain. I was told this by a chaplain from the British Army, Father Rockliff, who went through the Boer war and was acquainted with Father Collins.

Europe loses 86,502 lives a year by accidents, and 86,000 die from similar causes in the United States.

HORTICULTURE HINTS

WINTER PRUNING UNDESIRABLE.

In pruning it is very important that the healing process should start soon after the wound is made; otherwise the cambium will be killed back quite a distance from the exposed surface and healing will be greatly retarded. For this reason winter pruning should be avoided, particularly in frosty weather. In the early fall or late spring the cambium is active, and wounds made at this time start to heal at once and there is little or no drying back of the cambium.—W. W. Hutt, in Connecticut Farmer.

SOIL FOR THE FRUIT FARM.

The soil for the fruit farm should be free from rocks, easily worked and well drained. For growing trees, the subsoil down to the water level should be of a porous nature. The ideal location is high, to lessen the danger from frost, and level, to lessen the work of cultivating and loss of soil from washing. By all means have the berry plantations on ground that is nearly or quite level. The orchards may be on level ground or any slope but south or west. A south slope is all right for grapes and early vegetables.

HOW TO MAKE HOT BEDS.

Dig out the earth from a pit of the size proposed and eighteen inches deep. Fill with horse manure for six inches; this should be warm with ferment. Over this for six inches spread manure that is now hot with fermentation and add a layer of earth of an inch or more. Then a layer of heated horse manure and on that six or eight inches of good rich garden mold. Fork this over two or three times. Fit the cold frame over it, the slope to be south. Let it be a day or more till the earth becomes well warmed. Mark off the rows and put in the tomatoes, lettuce, peppers and egg plants. Cover at night, if it is cold, with straw matting. Open for three hours if the weather is pleasant, for ventilation, but be careful not to let cold wind blow in. The temperature in a hot bed should not be lower than seventy-five degrees. If the plants are yet lowish, they need more air. The object in putting in the manure so carefully in layers is to secure a regular and prolonged warmth.—Ella Hess, in The Epitome.

CARE FOR THE TREES.

The storms of winter are likely to make trouble with trees in orchards and elsewhere, so it is a good plan to have a supply of grafting wax on hand to dress the wounds to limbs which may result. Have also a narrow blade, but sharp saw, so that the injured tree limb may be cut off and leave a smooth surface to be covered with the healing wax. A good wax is made by melting slowly in an iron kettle four pounds of resin, two pounds of first-class tallow and one pound of beeswax. When melted and thoroughly mixed turn the mass into a kettle of cold water. When cool the mass may be pulled and stretched in the same manner that candy is manipulated; oil the hands with sweet oil, so that the mass will not stick to them. In applying during the cold weather the wax will be hard unless kept in rather warm water and applied quickly with the hand. The formula as given is for grafting wax, to be used under ordinary conditions, but an additional half pound of tallow should be used for the wax to be used during winter weather. The wounds of the trees thus protected will heal over nicely and the tree not be injured so greatly as it would if the wounds were left exposed.—Indianapolis News.

NEW PINK ROSE.

The new pink rose, Ideal, which originated in Philadelphia, is being watched with great interest by rose growers throughout the country. It is a free and continuous bloomer, producing large, clear pink flowers about



the color of Bridesmaid, but a more rounded flower like La France. It is delightfully fragrant and said to be a good keeper. At the fall exhibition of the Pennsylvania Horticultural Society it received the first prize as the best pink rose in its class and also a certificate of merit.—Gardening.

None on Hand.

One of the old herb doctors who flourished in New England years ago was never disposed to admit his lack of any remedy. One day, says Lippincott's Magazine, a chaffing acquaintance said to him: "See here, doc, have you got any diploma?" "Wal, no, I ain't got none on hand just now, but I'm goin' to dig some as soon as the ground thaws out in the spring."



WASHINGTON AND LAFAYETTE AT MOUNT VERNON.

as was his father before him. He died at Mount Vernon in 1752, aged thirty-four years, and his remains rest in the great vault behind those of George Washington.

Lawrence Washington's widow married Col. George Lee, uncle of Arthur and Richard Henry Lee, patriots of the Revolution. George Washington was unable, however, to give supervision to Mount Vernon until after the fall of Fort Duquesne and the expulsion of the French from the Ohio region, as his military duties engrossed most of his time; but after his marriage, January 6, 1759, he resided there and gave the closest attention to the improvement of his estate, and all his landed interests in the Shenandoah region and the Ohio Valley. He made Mount Vernon one of the best cultivated and most highly improved plantations in Virginia, and added largely to

house, shelter house in deer park, two houses for servants' quarters, three green houses, a laundry, a coach house, two lodge houses at the north gate, a pavilion on the wharf for passengers, three cabins for employes, two lodges at the west gate and a barn. Mount Vernon was the home of George and Martha Washington for more than forty of the sixty-six years of the General's life. The bodies of both are side by side in the new tomb, a plain structure of brick, to which they were removed from the old tomb in 1831. Washington's sarcophagus is on the right; his wife's bears the simple inscription: "Martha, consort of Washington, aged 71." Within the new tomb are the remains of many of the Washington, Curtis and related families. Near the tomb is a monument to Bushrod Washington.—New York Post.

