

WASHINGTON'S LAST HOURS

GEN. GEORGE WASHINGTON died December 14, 1799, at his seat, "Mount Vernon." His body was placed in the old family vault on the estate three days subsequently. For many years there were memorial services in churches on the anniversary of his death, but it passes now unnoticed—the happier anniversary—his natal day—being alone remembered. Recently I was one of a party chatting at a gentleman's house, in which there were three noted physicians and surgeons of the city. The conversation drifted to the subject of Washington's death and its causes, ultimate and immediate, the sum total of which was interesting, but rather sensational as shaped by



From a wood cut of 1841.
WASHINGTON DELIVERING HIS INAUGURAL ADDRESS FROM THE OLD CITY HALL, NEW YORK, APRIL, 1789.

the views of the gentlemen learned in medical practice, for the keynote was "Washington's death was a plain case of homicide."
"Yes. I cannot view it otherwise. Washington's death was nothing less than homicide, and were I to treat a patient as Washington was treated, I would not be surprised to be brought before a Coroner's Jury or even a Grand Jury and have a true bill of criminal malpractice made out against me. The only mitigating circumstances in my favor in the case would be unintentional wrong-doing and ignorance of my profession. I can easily imagine District Attorney Graham, with his great chest tones, outlining the case to a jury on my trial: 'Here was a man of remarkably sturdy, robust build, of massive frame, in height

"11. Calomel and tartar emetic given; 4 p. m.
"Patient at 4.30 was so weak he asked for his two wills. Destroyed one and said: 'I find I am going.'
"At 5.30 p. m. the patient said to the doctor, 'I feel myself going. You had better not take any more trouble about me, but let me go off quietly. I cannot last long.' The great, strong man was exhausted by the frequent draughts of his blood, and felt blue."
"12. Blisters applied to his legs, 8 p. m.
"From this time he appeared to breathe with less difficulty than he had done, as his secretary will state; but nothing was done to counteract the effects of the loss of so much blood, and at 10 p. m. he said: 'I am going. Have me decently buried, and do not

occurrences of the last illness of his chief, writing them on the Sunday following his death, which occurred Saturday night, December 14, between the hours of 10 and 11. He states that the General on Thursday, 12th, rode out to his farms about 10 o'clock and did not return home till past 3 o'clock. Soon after he went out the weather became very bad, rain and hail and snow falling alternately, with a cold wind. When he came in his neck appeared to be wet and snow was hanging on his hair. He went to dinner without changing his clothes. In the evening he appeared as well as usual. On Friday, the 13th, a heavy fall of snow took place, which prevented the General from riding out. Anyway, he caught a slight cold and buried himself in his study, when he wrote his last letter.
His principal physician in attendance was Dr. Cruik, an old friend and ex-army surgeon. He was assisted in his heroic treatment of the patient by Dr. Gustavus B. Brown, of Port Tobacco, Md., and Dr. Dick; so there were plenty of medical talent present in the sick room. On the last day the General made a brave struggle with death, for at 8 o'clock in the morning he got up and was dressed and sat by the fire for two hours, and at 5 o'clock in the afternoon he sat by the fire for an hour, but was too weak to talk, so what he himself thought of his treatment has not come down to us.

On Sunday, December 15, the coffin was ordered from Alexandria, the measurement of the body sent being: In length, six feet three and one-half inches exact.
Across the shoulders, one foot nine inches exact.
Across the elbows, two feet one inch exact.
Mr. Lear says he paid Dr. Dick and Dr. Brown \$40 each for their services, "which sum Dr. Cruik advised as very proper."

About 12 o'clock Saturday night the body was taken down stairs and laid out in the large room, and on Tuesday was placed in the coffin—a mahogany one, lined with lead—and on Wednesday, 18th, at 3 p. m., the interment took place, with modest military and Masonic ceremonies. On Monday "measures were taken to make provision for the refreshment of a large number of people," and after depositing the body in the vault, "all then returned to the house and partook of some refreshment, the remains of the provision were distributed among the blacks."

Washington was not buried with the military honors due his rank, nor was the funeral attended by any representative of the Government. Seven colonels acted as pall bearers, and "the friends of the family" were his neighbors. The Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Davis read the Episcopal burial service, and the Masons performed their ceremonies, so, aside from the slight display of the Alexandria militia, the funeral was that of an unostentatious person.

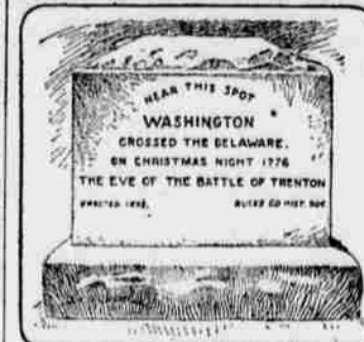
Washington's Many Pews.
It is hardly conceivable that George Washington could have remained the richest man in America had he paid rent for all the church pews accredited to him. Scarcely a village that had a church in his day but points with pride now to the Washington family pew. It is true, however, that he had much need of the invocation of spiritual grace, for when he lost control of a temper, never very mild, as he did at Trenton and other places, he was quite capable of swearing a volley of good, round oaths, says a Pittsburg paper.

By the way, is a man morally responsible for profanity, say, occasioned under stress of great excitement, such as may occur while commanding troops in battle? One of the purest and most devout men we ever knew was a Baptist deacon, who was a lieutenant-colonel in the Civil War, who always went into battle praying, and who prayed fervently when the battle was over, but who lost his religion absolutely while the battle was on, and would swear as loud and as fiercely as any trooper in Flanders. The man's sincerity could not be questioned, for most men prayed when he stopped praying and stopped praying when he prayed.

WHERE FORTUNE TURNED

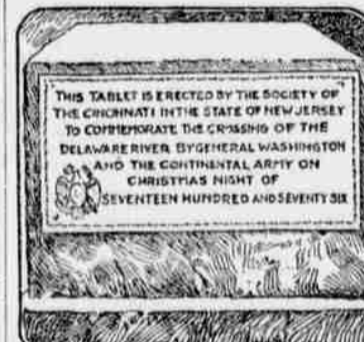
Sons of the Revolution Meet on Ground Sacred to Patriots.

On the slope of Taylorsville, from which Washington made the night dash across the Delaware to victory at Trenton, the Pennsylvania Society of the Sons of the Revolution celebrated the anniversary of two historic events—the adoption of the national flag by Congress and the British evacuation of Philadelphia. These incidents of patriotic interest occurred on June 14, 1777 and 1778, the Stars and Stripes having been the national emblem a year when the King's troops marched away from this city.
Surroundings rich in association with Revolutionary history added to the impressiveness of the simple services by which patriotic achievements were commemorated. The society was wel-



THE TABLET AT WASHINGTON'S CROSSING, TAYLORSVILLE, PA.

come on the historic ground by a committee of the Bucks County Historical Society, consisting of General W. W. H. Davis, Judge Yerkes, Thomas C. Knowles, Captain William Wynkoop, Richard R. Parry and John S. Williams. Headed by a band playing patriotic airs, the members marched across the old bridge from the Jersey landing place to a position on the Pennsylvania decline near the monument marking the spot from which the pa-



TABLET ON NEW JERSEY SIDE.

triot general directed the crossing of the troops. Flags and banners, facsimiles of the various Revolutionary standards, made a brilliant splash of color on the green where the society halted to listen to an address by General Davis.

General Davis, by relating incidents that came to him in his boyhood days direct from participants in Revolutionary strife, added a touch of realism to his story. The point at which Washington crossed the Delaware, he declared, was a central spot from which many of the most important battle grounds of the Revolution might almost be seen. The historic ground, he argued, was worthy of being set apart as a national park from the importance that centered in the Continental operations at this point.

"Here," he said, "Washington met the crisis of the struggle and the blows given the enemy at Trenton and Princeton dispelled the gloom and gave hope to the cause. These victories gained the sympathy of the civilized world, and it was no longer a serious question how the war would terminate. The day star of liberty was plainly seen. The campaign at Yorktown was the inevitable result of Trenton and Princeton, the first blows delivered after Washington abandoned his Fabian policy."

Don't Waste Your Time

By Beatrice Fairfax.

THE playtime of the year is over, girls, and now comes the time for doing good work and showing what you are made of. Make up your minds that during the coming winter you will do something to improve yourselves, mentally, physically, or both.
It is easier to work in the cool weather, one feels like achieving great things.
Brains and muscles are eager for exercise. See if you can't find something in which to interest yourself during the winter, so that by spring you will be conscious that you have decidedly "grown" in some direction or other.
If you suffer the drawbacks of a limited education, pick out some line of study and work at it with all your heart and energy.
If you can afford it, join some social or athletic club and reap the benefits of mingling with your fellow beings or developing yourself physically.
Or get together a few of you and form clubs of your own.
A walking club of young men and women to meet once a week, will afford its members a great deal of pleasure.
Or, you might start a reading club and take turns reading aloud one or two evenings each week. Spend one-half the evening reading some good history and the other half over an interesting novel.
Then you could have coffee and cake.
You could take turns meeting at each other's homes.
Make up your mind to succeed in your work as you never have before. Put your very best efforts into it.
Say to yourself, "I am going to improve myself this winter, and at the end of it I intend to be more of a woman than I ever have been before."
Don't waste a minute. Time is more precious than diamonds and rubies. All your endeavor won't bring back one lost moment; never forget that. I would advise every girl to try and do a little bit of good reading during the long winter evenings.
The public libraries are open to all, and interesting books can be picked up at the second-hand book shops for almost nothing.
If you do not care for reading, find some other diversion that will keep your mind and interest stimulated.
Get a hobby of some kind. There is nothing like a hobby to keep one interested.
Don't let the winter pass without getting some good out of it.
Take "Self Improvement" for your motto, and keep the words bright and shining before you all winter.
In the spring you will be a happy girl if you feel you have lived up to your motto.—New York Journal.

Cheer Up

By The Optimist.

CCHEER up! The world is taking your photograph. Look pleasant. Of course you have your troubles—troubles you cannot tell the policeman. A whole lot of things bother you, of course. Business worries, or domestic sorrows, it may be, or what not. You find life a rugged road, whose stones hurt your feet. Nevertheless, cheer up!
It may be your disease is selfishness—ingrown selfishness. Your life is too self-centered. You imagine your tribulations are worse than others bear. You feel sorry for yourself—the meanest sort of pity. It is a pathetic illusion. Rid yourself of that, and cheer up!
What right have you to carry a picture of your woebegone face and funeral ways about among your fellows, who have troubles of their own? If you must whine, or sulk, or scowl, take a car, and go to the woods, or to the unfrequented lanes.
Cheer up! Your ills are largely imaginary. If you were really on the brink of bankruptcy, or if there were no thoroughfare through your sorrows, you would clear your brows, set your teeth, and make the best of it.
Cheer up! You are making a hypothetical case out of your troubles, and suffering from a self-inflicted verdict. You are borrowing trouble, and paying a high rate of interest.
Cheer up! Why, man alive, in a ten-minute walk you may see a score of people worse off than you. And here you are digging your own grave, and playing palldbearer into the bargain. Man alive, you must do your work! Smile, even though it be through your tears, which speedily dry. And cheer up!—Young Folks.

Old Things Forgotten in These Progressive Days

By Jacob Bromfield.

IT is surprising to an oldish man how many things of daily use the present generation seems to have forgotten.
Here are some instances.
1. To tell the points of the compass by a watch.—Point the hour hand at the sun. Then south is halfway between the hour hand and the figure twelve of the dial.
2. To measure an angle by a watch.—Lay two straight-edged pieces of paper on the angle, crossing at the apex. Holding them by where they overlap, lay them on the face of the dial, each minute being six degrees of arc. It is easy to measure within two or three degrees in this way.
3. To start a tight screw.—Press the screwdriver firmly in place with one hand, but do not turn it. Then take hold of it sideways with flat-jawed pliers as close to the head of the screw as possible, and turn it with them. A hand vise is better than pliers. Leave just enough of the tip of the screwdriver outside the vise to fill the slot of the screw, but no more. This reduces the danger of breaking or bending a badly-tempered screwdriver to a minimum.
4. To put a pin through starched linen, rub the pin with paraffine. To push a collar button through a starched buttonhole, rub paraffine on the back of the buttonhole.—Scientific American.

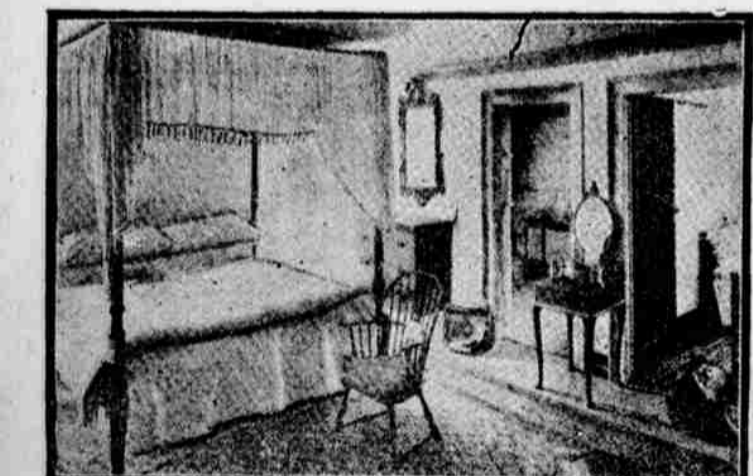
A Tribute to Burglars

By E. H. Lacon Watson.

THERE are, of course, burglars and burglars. You may urge a lack of chivalry, a greed of gain, a base provision for personal safety, a hesitation to attack houses that contain men or small dogs or babies, or even night-lights, in some of these gentry.
But no doubt it was much the same with the highwaymen of old. Not all of them graced their manly calling as we could have wished; not all were models of politeness and affability, taking a kiss as sufficient payment from the fair damsel, walking a minute at the crossroads with the high-born lady of fashion, invariably respectful of age and sex. Was it not my Lord Bathurst who had boasted that he would never stand and deliver to a single gentleman of the road, and did he not find himself once confronted with the customary horse-pistol at his carriage window?
"It seems that one highwayman is sufficient after all," said his assailant, contemptuously handling the peer's gold watch.
"Ruffian!" replied the Intrepid Bathurst, "you know well enough I would never hand these over were it not for your friend just behind your shoulder."
The fellow turned his head to look for his imaginary colleague and was promptly shot dead by the ingenious nobleman.

UP TO DATE RECRUITING.

Phonograph and Stereopticon Used to Get Labor for Queensland Plantations.
Thousands of natives of Polynesia are needed to work on the sugar and other plantations of Queensland. These plantations are in the low coast regions; and as the climate is tropical white labor is not successful.
For many years sailing vessels have been visiting the islands to recruit Kanakas for the Queensland plantations. The trade gave rise to abuses which have been suppressed by law, but the natives are not so eager to emigrate as formerly and it is hard work to fill the vessels.
A sea captain in the Kanaka trade has introduced a new method of making emigration attractive. Before he sailed from Queensland a year ago he visited a number of the plantations where South Sea Islanders are employed.
He had a camera and a phonograph. Going from one plantation to another he photographed groups of natives and also took individual pictures of well-known fellows from the New Hebrides, Solomon and other groups.
Then he brought the phonograph into service. The best known natives who had a large acquaintance in the islands were induced to talk into the instrument and tell their friends the kind of life they led in Australia and how they were getting along on the plantations.
These photographed letters were obtained from Kanakas who formerly lived in about a dozen of the islands which the recruiting vessels are in the habit of visiting. Then the ingenious shipmaster had his photographs turned into lantern slides and off he sailed for the islands well equipped to astonish the natives.
According to a Queensland newspaper the scheme has been a great success. The captain had an ample supply of lantern slides showing emigrants from each of the islands he visited.
Everybody was on hand to see the show and the natives were beside themselves with delight when they saw the well-known visages of their friends and acquaintances thrown upon the screen. But the greatest wonder was when each picture actually talked to the crowd in the very tones and accents which many of the auditors connected with the man upon whose face they were gazing.
The man sent them greetings from his plantation home 1,000 miles away. He told them he was doing well, that he liked the life and that Queensland was a good place to come to. He talked about the country, the money he earned and the good treatment he received.
Pictures were shown of the huts occupied by the emigrants, the fields they worked in and groups of laborers whose sleek appearance and smiling faces seemed to show that they were enjoying life.
The result is that the stereopticon and phonograph have proved to be valuable recruiting agents. Even the natives who have had the worst misgivings about emigration become enthusiastic converts to the idea when they see their friends actually before them and hear their well-known voices.
The captain had no difficulty in making up a load and other captains engaged in the Kanaka trade say they are going to employ the same expedition.
Pelican Island.
In that long, narrow lagoon on the east coast of Florida known as Indian River, there is a muddy islet three or four acres in extent. Originally it doubtless did not differ from hundreds of similar neighboring islets; but, for some reason past finding out, this islet, and this alone, forms the nesting resort, the home, of all the pelicans of the Indian River, if not, indeed, of the east coast of Florida. The brown pelican, unlike its white cousin, nests normally in low trees and bushes; and there is evidence that when the original pelican colonists landed on the islet which now bears their name, it was well grown with black and red mangroves in which the birds placed their scaffolding of sticks. Exceptionally low temperature and high water—perhaps also excessive use by the birds, which sometimes build as many as seven nests in a single mangrove—have killed tree after tree, until at present only three serviceable trees remain. Still the birds come back, the impelling motive which prompts them to return to this particular spot being evidently stronger than that which induced them to nest in trees.—Century.



THE BED IN WHICH WASHINGTON DIED.

six feet three and one-half inches, weighing over 200 pounds, only sixty-eight years old, without an hereditary disease, coming of a long-lived family of farmers; in every way large, powerful and healthy."
"No, not perfectly healthy," interrupted some one. "He lost his teeth early; had a troublesome abscess in his jaw bone and was subject to lumbago and rheumatism."
"Well, generally in perfect health; who caught a cold by being out in a sleetstorm in which no alarming symptoms were developed, and only evinced itself by hoarseness and difficulty of breathing through his nostrils. You all know what kind of a 'cold' I have in mind. The deceased's private secretary, who will give you a clear understanding of what happened in his knowledge and presence, will state that Washington on retiring to bed appeared to be in perfect health, excepting the cold and hoarseness, which he, the deceased, considered trifling, and which he made light of, as he would never take anything to carry off a cold, always observing, 'Let it go as it came.' In the morning he was no better, being 'stopped up' and his throat sore. His family was surprised and worried, and here is where the doctor began his nefarious malpractice, as I will show by intelligent teachers of the practice of medicine.

let my body be put into the vault in less than two days after I am dead. Do you understand me?" he asked the secretary, who replied he did, and the great man uttered his last words: "Tis well," and died a few minutes afterwards.
"About ten minutes before he expired his breathing became much easier, but he was exhausted, his vitality, his life's blood gone, and he was a victim of phlebotomy. He bled to death; and then the District Attorney would expatiate on the horrors of the case and ask for a verdict in accord with the evidence he would produce, and so forth, until I seem to be now awakening from a horrid nightmare while I think of it. How a man in the vigor of his manhood, with every possibility of his living a score of years more at end—dying a violent death—by the criminal ignorance of his physicians least, had been hurried to his untimely after a single day's illness."
The doctor ceased speaking, but no one dissented from his opinion, and shortly we separated. Whether the others ever again thought of the imaginary homicide case the doctor had drawn, it made quite an impression on me, and "Washington died a victim of malpractice," runs in my head yet.
General Washington's private secretary, Tobias Lear, made notes of the

