# THE OMAHA DAILY BEE: SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 124, 1895.

Life and Services of Lafayette in the American Revolution.

A TRUE PATRIOT AND BRAVE OFFICER

Breaking the Shackles of Royalty, the Expedition, the Cool Reception, the Succeeding Friendship and Loyalty, Sketched by Henry Estabrook.

The Union league of Detroit, Mich., celebrated the anniversary of the birth of Washington in a manner befitting the name and fame of the guiding genius of the revolution. The club honored Omaha by selecting Hon. Henry D. Estabrook as one of the orators, and his address was worthy of the subject and the occasion. "Washington's Disciple" was his text.

Mr. Estabrook's address was as follows: The mandatory but encouraging remark made to a party of the name of Ell (whether him of the bible or him with the patronimic of Perkins, I wot not), to "get there, Eli!" has been hurled at every youth in this country with the least symptom of ambition. It is a genuine Americanism, in line with "hustler," and "rustler," and other words signifying inordinate activity and uncomfortable energy. Whether a man is running for a street car or only for an office, he is admonished to "get there." It is desirable, of course, that he get there with both feet; otherwise his foothold is uncertain and his tenure as precarious as that of the old fellow Myron Reed tells about—one foot in the grave and

the other on a banana peel. The word "there" doubtless represents a geal of attainment; but it is a vague word and wonderfully illusive. Whereabouts is "there?" What do we know of the locus in quo, as the lawyers say? It may be "there is a land that is fairer than day; but we know nothing of its metes, or bounds, or lat-itude, or longitude, or, indeed, if it is on this planet or not. Like all objects of human effort, it seems to recede precisely as it is approached. The poor devil delving in a ditch hopes one day for a job which will keep him from the poor house. If he hustles he may "get there;" but he will not be satis-ded The business on performing may in fied. The business or professional man, in no danger of the poor house, nevertheless longs for leisure to indulge some dormant fancy. If he is a rustler he may "get there;" but he will not be satisfied. The rich man with both means and leisure, yearns also for fame. If he "humps" himself he may "get there," but he will not be satisfied. The famous man wishes for a title of nobility. In some countries he may achieve it; but he will not be satisfied.

Hear, then, the conclusion of the whole matter; fame, riches, title-every object of worldly ambition, is an ignis fatuur. And what is that? An incandescent

miasma Do I therefore exclaim with the preacher, "Vanity, vanity, all is vanity?" There is

not an ounce of pessimilism in my composi-tion. I mention this fact, this scientific and religious fact, not by way of exhortation or complaint, but simply because it explains a fact known of all men and utilized by great men. For there is moral quality to greatness which distinguishes it from clever

#### THE DIVINE UNREST.

Yes, the Almighty hath implanted in the human breast a divine unrest, which only finds its anodyne in ministering to others Vainly the tentacles of our being clasp the favors of this world, dragging them into self; in the very delirium of gratified vanity there comes an apocolypse of self, and the naked soul shrivels in the glance of God! Is it not, I say, divine, that the panalty of selfishness should be a nausea to self? "Shall I," asks Balzac, "shall I tell you

how to make your way in the world? You must plough through humanity like a cannon ball or glide through it like a pestilence." Dear old Balzac! prodigy of industry as you were of genius! Did you, from the pov-erty of your garret, croak dire philosophies?

THE FRIEND OF WASHINGTON that his wife be granted leave to go and regain her strength. The leave was given, conditioned that she should not return. Need his destiny. He was here to learn. To learn what? To learn first of all, and all in all, Washington by heart! To learn him God-ike integrity, of nature—his single-ness of purpose and loyalty of faith—his wisdom—his justice—his goodness—his loving kindness—his prudence in counsel—his courassure you that she did not go? A WIFE'S NOBILITY. A few years after their deliverance by Napoleon this gracious woman died at the Napoleon this gracious woman died at the old chateau, attended by her husband. Every

act of her life had been a token of her love, but it was reserved for this last illness to reveal age in action-his deep respect of self, combined with a divine unselfishness-his majesty of patience in defeat-his almost It's height, and depth, and amazing plenti-tude. Her death was the transfiguration, the spotheosis of love. Poor La Fayette could only sit at her bedaide, and with streaming eyes and breaking heart listen to the gushmelancholy jey in victory. To learn Wash-ington was to learn what God meant when he made us in his image; it was to know man, the architype. Here was a provincial ing ecstacy of her affection. He assured her that she was loved and valued. "Nay," she farmer whose prids of manhood, compared with the insolence of a king, soared into the said, with wan coquetry, "I care not to be valued if I am only loved. Ab, my husband, empyrcan, and yet who thought so little of the habiliments of power that all he asked of fortune or of fate were the tranquility of there was a period when, after one of your returns from America, I felt myself so forci-bly attracted to you that I thought I should Mount Vernon and the obscurity of his home. What dignity could such greatness borrow from a title? To imagine Washington as a was possessed with the fear of annoying you, marquis was to imagine him with a ring in and tried to moderate my feelings." "What gratitude I owe to God," she would repeat, his nose. To know him as a man was to "that such passionate feelings should have been a duty." Again, in her delirium she had said: "If you do not find yourself sufficiently loved, lay the fault on God; He hath not given me more faculties than that I love congress was made a citizen of America! CITIZEN AND PATRIOT.

ou, Christianly, humanly, passionately." I have chosen these sentences from a let-It is not my intention to catalogue his services to this country, either as a soldier on our battlefields, or as a diplomat at the ter of La Fayette, written in holy confidence to a friend. It seems almost sacrilege that it should ever have been published. And yet, not so. Ferhaps in years to come some sublimated Zola, searching for realism, not court of France. We leach our children to cherish those services in grateful and lasting memory. But there were two episodes of the war which so clearly reveal the character of this more than patriot that no estimate of in the muckheaps of humanity, but in the hearts of God's children, will stumble on to it, and learn how real, how true, how beautiful is human love, when man is a moral him would be complete without at least referring to them. hero and woman his good angel!

After the treachery of Arnold and his desertion to the enemy it transpired that the American forces, under La Fayette, found themselves confronting the English forces, But it is not of La Fayette in the private, or home relationships of life that I am here to speak; it is of La Fayette as a moral force in the history of the world—the apparitor of law—the evangel of liberty—the minister of Ged(s will commanded by the traiter. One day a nuncio from the latter, under a flag of truce. of God's will. PATRICK HENRY'S CHALLENGE.

When Patrick Henry, in the Virginia house

of burgesses, fulminated against King George III., all Europe smiled at the gasconade of ficer would be courteously received, but that a provincial crator. His voice scarce vi-brated beyond the room in which his chalneer would be courteously received, but that under no circumstances would he so much as open a letter from Mr. Arnold. "Mr. Arnold" was furious, of course, and Ameri-cans were threatened with condign punishlenge was so proudly uttered. But when once on the plains of Lexington our cannon spoke-then spoke an orator with a volce ment. But when news of the incident reached the ears of Washington he wrote to La Fayette: "Your conduct upon every occasion meets my approbation, but in none which rang, until, like a sounding-board, the vaulted sky rang back again! It reverberated in the palaces of kings; it echoed from the abyss of human wretchedness. Fellow more than in refusing to hold a correspondcitizens, within the palace that very hour nce with Arnold." there was born a Fear; within the blackness of the abyss there was conceived a Hope. into Virginia to hold Cornwallis in check, the latter thought he had "the boy," as he What did it portend? What did it not portend? It meant that just as the Decalogue issued from the thunders of Sinal, so out of the thunders of the revolution should proceed the constitution of the United States. both God-given, thunder-voiced, one in the name of Morals, the other in the name of

Liberty! There was about the palace of the king of France, at the outbreak of the American revolution, a young nobleman of 19, the mar-quis de La Fayette, whose Christian names are too numerous to mention. He was out of the select coterie chosen by Marie Antoinette .o perform amateur theatricals in her boudoir, and do quadrilles in costume. He had been educated to smile affably, and was a post-graduate in the art of bowing. His alma mater was a dancing school. Three sixteen, he had married the daughter of a grac

duke, two years younger than himself. have often wondered if human nature was so anomalous in France that children just en-tering their teens could, with safety to the state or with dignity to the home, assume the relationship or marriage-that sublime

duality as mysterious as the Trinity and only less sacred. But the language of France A stranger among strangers then, How art thou since renowned, the Great, the Good. Familiar as the day in all the homes of contained no such word as "home" until, in modern times, the people of France apprcpriated the English word, in full reprisal, it seems to me, for our depredations on their language. As for marriage among the nobilmen. The winged years, that winnow praise and blame, ity, is was then, as it is today, a matter of Blow convention, the conveyance of heriditaments. the merger of estates, with love as a "con-tingent remainder." The court of France was utterly debauched. Arrogance had ceased to be arrogance, for the word implies

flame The self-renewing splendors of thy fame. If so be, at first, in the exuberance of youth, or the ennul of inaction, La Fayette took up liberty as a plaything or diversion, it had now become the passion of his life. Like

the man, but if thereby any design or men, there spoke STORIES OF ARTEMUS WARD vised Statutes, is a friend of mine-i'll ask him and it won't cost you a cent." James P. Gilmore's Personal Recollections of the Genial Showman.

greatly.

pocket?

much as I love it."

PEARE.

me if I was agoin to carry both of my red

flannel night caps. "Yes, I've been to Stratford onto the Avon

the birthplace of Shakespeare. Mr. S. is now no more. He's been dead over three hundred

(306) years. The people of his native town are justly proud of him. They cherish his mem'ry, and them as sell picturs of his birth-place, etc., make it profitible cherishin it.

Almost everybody buys a pictur to put into

Shakespeare is sposed to have fell down on the ice and hurt hisself when a boy (this

spot cannot be bought-the town authorities say it shall never be taken from Stratford) I wondered if three hundred years hence pic-

turs of my birthplace will be in demand? Will the people of my native town be proud

Will the people of my harve town be proud of ms in three hundred years? I guess they won't short of that time, because they say the fat man weighing 1,000 pounds which I exhibited there was stuffed out with pillers

and cushions, which he said one very hot day in July, 'O, bother, I can't stand this,' and commenced pullin the pillers out from under

"As I stood gazing at the spot where

ARTEMUS ONCE CHARGED WITH ROBBERY

Foundation of His Great Moral Show-Artemus' Response to a Teast-Fame as an Author-Where He Got the Word-"Secesh."

(Copyrighted, 1995, by S. S. McClure.) "Artemus Wand," the genial showman, was not a mere Yahkee humorist. His genius was thoroughly cosmopolitan and he himself a "rolling stone," But though everywhere a know what freedom meant, what free men a "rolling stone." But though everywhere a were, and how, to men like these, "liberty or stranger, he was everywhere at home. In death" was the dread alternative. La Fay-ette renounced his marquisate, and by act of a common school education, and, being early thrown upon his own resources, he, at the age of 14, entered the Clarion printing office at Showegan of carn his livelihood.

Having learned to set type fairly well his restless spirit soon set him in motion, and he roamed about from one country printing office to another till he was 16, when he found blinself stranded in Boston. However, hav-ing already made himself a first class type-setter, he had no difficulty in securing em-ployment in the office of the Carpet Bag, a pioyment in the office of the Carpet Bag, a comic journal conducted by Shillaber, the famous "Mra. Partington," who was then very busy in keeping back the waters of the Atlantic ocean. Here "Artemus Ward," born Charles Farrar Browne, was in his elenuncio from the latter, under a flag of truce, sought an audience with La Fayette, and handed him a letter. Learning from whom the letter was sent. La Fayette returned it to the messenger unopened, stating that a communication from sent able for "Mrs. Partington" and the remark-able boy "Ike," who wondered much what rare bird had strayed into their nest. to the messenger unopened, stating that a communication from any other British of-

But in vain they wondered, for Artemus arefully concealed himself, and hearing Horace Greeley's "Go west, young man." he before long took flight again, not alighting till he had renched Toledo, O. Here he re-mained but a short time, when he removed to Cleveland, where he took quarters in the composing room of the Plain Dealer, an able. widely circulated journal and a great power in that portion of Ohio. bution to Punch.

FOUNDATION OF A. WARD'S GREAT MORAL SHOW. Again, when La Fayette was sent south Here "Artemus Ward" was born, and grew to maturity under the fostering care of this influential newspaper. At first he was em-

called him, where he might not escape, and so boasted in one of his reports. But it came to pass that "the boy" maneuvered him into a cul de sac. HONOR RESERVED FOR WASHINGTON. ployed at typesetting, writing only short things to fill up some vacant column of the journal. But these short things, attracting the attention of the editor-in-chief, he was promoted to the editorial staff, where he soon There seems to be little doubt that, in con-junction with the French fleet, a battle with promoted to the entorial staff, where he soon opened the menagers of "Artemus Ward, Showman," into which he introduced from time to time "three moral Bares, a Kan-garoo (a amoosing little Raskal-"twould make you larf yerself to deth to see the little cuss jump up and squeal); wax figgers of G. he enemy could have been fought and won, and the French officers, faval and military, also a man who knew a great deal about everything." vehemently urged that having cornered the Englishman in Yorktown it was due to "She was packing my things at the time, and the only answer she made was to ask



his wesklt, and heavin em at the audience. I never saw a man lose flesh so fast in my life. The audience said I was a pretty man to come chiselin my own townsmen in that Washington, General Taylor, John Bunyan, Washington he saw and realized the enormity, the horror of African slavery. "Whatever may be the complexion of the killing Dr. Parkman; besides several mis-WHV. I said, 'Don't be angry, feller citi way. I said, Don't be angry, letter chi-zens. I exhibited him simply as a work of art. I simply wished to show you that a man could grow fat without the aid of cod liver oil.' But they wouldn't listen to me. enslaved," he writes to Mr. Adams, "does cellanyus wax statoos of celebrated pirates not, in my opinion, change the complexion of the crime, which is blacker than the face of celd by none." you. One tabule gives relief. the crime, which is blacker than the face of any African." With a view to the ultimate extinction of this anomaly in our government he founded an African colony on the island of Cayenne, hoping to educate the negro into a sense of freedom and individuality. But the task seemed hopeless. And, indeed, with the surrender of Coriwall's, he felt that his mis-tion in the world had been accompliabled. It They are a low, and grovelin set of people, who excite a feelin of loathing in every breast where lofty emotions and original ideas have a bidin place." THE HUMORIST'S UNTIMELY DEATH. But Mn. Browle's scjourn in England was cut short by his continued ill health. It surrender of Cornwand, he her accomplished. It was in this belief that he wrote to the French minister, Vergennes: "My great affair is settled. • • • Humanity has gained its cause and liberty will never be without a ref-the plain Derviand in 1885 1 made the ac-valation of the ditures of that jour-nal, who had been the associate and friend of "A. Ward" at this period. He described to me his appearance when he first came to the Plain Densir office. He was, he said, cut short by his continued ill health. It rapidly declined, and he set out to return to this country, but death overtook him before he could get upon shipboard, and he breathed his last at Scuthampton, England, on the 6th of March, 1867, at the early age of 32. By his will, after providing for his mother and for a young man he had underthe Plain Dealer office. He was, he said, long and lank, with flowing hair, loosely fitting coat, and trousers too short in the legs and bagging at the knees. His humor How purblind is man, who cannot see beyond his eyelashes, nor prophesy from day to day what a day will bring forth! His affairs were not settled. His great affair was yet to be. However great had been La Fayette's taken to educate, he left all his property to found an asylum for printers and their or-phan children. His affection for his widowed was irrepressible, always bubbling over, and he kept all about him in a constant state of merriment. He could see only the indicrons side of a subject-was a wag, and in that mother was peculiarly beautiful. She sur-vived him several years, and whenever she spoke of him after his death, it was his long and faithful love of her that she dwelt upon, career in America (and no American will at-tempt to dwarf it), it was but an apprenticeship, a novitiate in the cause of liberty which all too soon was to rage tumultuous in the heart of France. For I repeat it: "He was here to learn." Our war with England was not simply a political insurrection; it was an I'ne a genius. ARTEMUS WARD'S RESPONSE TO A and faithful love of her that she dwelt upon, and not upon the brilliant qualities that had made him world-famous. They now lie to-gether, side by side, in the grass-grown cemetery at South Waterford, Me., with a simple monument over their heads, on which is the single word "Browne." This is all that now marks the last resting place of the CAMOLE JUNIPER is being used by thousands of ladies monthly. It is the married hady's friend if irregular from any cause. It is safe pills as every bottle isscaled and never folds, guarantee with every bottle, sure to a day. This medicine is far superior to pills as every bottle isscaled and never loses its strength. Sold by all leading or grazes. Price, \$2.00 per bottle. If your draggist does not have it send \$2.00 and we will forward you a bottle by express TOAST. He soon took on more becoming raiment and wherever he went he became a universal favorite. Soon after his promotion to the insurrection of ideas. When, therefore, La Fayette returned to France, it was not as an effigy of liberty, but as I berty's incondiary. His soul, like a torch, had been lighted at that star which first editorial staff he was called upon at a Ben Franklin festival to respond to a toast to the that now marks the last resting-place of the press. He rose to his feet, hung his head for a few moments in silence, and then sat greatest of American humorists. In his short life he created one of the most origbeckoned him away, and like-a torch he flung DR. down, having said nothing. In his own ac it among the dry and sapless institutions of his country. The confiagration, the holocaust, inal and amusing characters in all literature ount of the fest'val in the next day's Plain Those who knew him well are of the opinion Dealer his speech was reported by a blank the nameless crackling which ensued, we call pace of nearly half a column. He made a fortnight's visit every year to that had he lived his fame would valed that of Rabelaiz or Cervantes. would have ri-The French Revolution. T I could not, if I would, portray the his mother, in Maine, and when about to go off on one of these vacations he employed venemous writhings of this infernal orgasm Carlyle has done it in a vertigo of words. the gentleman to whom I have referred to perform his duties in his abzence. After G What I would impress upon you is the fact that except for La Fayette this revolution never would have been. He it was who in-ALC: NO carefully instructing him as to his work, he drew from his pocket a place of tow string spired it, ruled it, was ruled by it, emerged from it to confront the sordid splendor of Napoleon with the glory of Washington, surabout a foot and a half long, saying that was the amount of copy he would be expected to furnish per day, and he left it on his desk as a reminder of the quantity. SEARLES vived it-tyranny, anarchy, despotiam-sur-vived it all, and then died, like Mozes, in & SEARLES. "A. Ward's" absurd descriptions of h's imaginary menagerie, his keen witticisms, sight of the promised land. France, I salute you! In the name of La Fayette, whom you sent to us; in the name of shrewd sayings and irresistible plays of hu-mor, secured him a wide reputation, and Chronic, Washington, whom we returned to you, Amer-ica joins with you, O! sister of liberty, in after several years' connection with the Plain Dealer he was invited to remove to New York Nervous, that shout which yet shall engirdle the earth: "The king is dead! Long live the republic!" City and become a regular contributor to Vanity Fair, a shirt-lived but exceedingly Private WHAT LIARS THEY ARE! brilliant comic journal, then edited by that accomplished scholar and thorough gentle-Diseases.

can read them now without being struck with the strong hold they took upon the



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erty of your garret, croak dire philosophies? Thank God your religiou was better than your creed, for your self-devoted life has made you a way in the world higher than that of Napoleon the cannon ball, or Robes-pierre the pestilence; you are, while lan-guige lasts, Shakespeare of France! Men will, of course, make way for a can-non ball, but what pleasure does the cannon ball have in that? It is of the the

ball have in that? It is of iron, without sensibility. If it have a feeling it is a feeling of pride, which is harder than iron and sand times more cruel. Men will succumb to a pestilence; but what joy does the pestilence take in that? Its crown is a wreath of snakes, its breath the vapor of graves, its laugh the gibber of a corpse. LIFE WORK OF ONE MAN.

My countrymen, I have preached my ser-tion in advance. To take it out of the abstract of ethics into the concrete of experi-ence, I propose to illustrate it by the lifework of one man; not a genius, in the sense of that mental bias we call genius, but a sane-man, as Washington was sane; a good man, as Washington was good; a man who born to every extrinsic advantage for which we wordlings moll-title, riches, social caste -- flung all his birth-rights to the winds, and age of mankind, and from heaven the ap-proval of Jehovah. History has enshrined him, humanity may not for has then reconquered from the world the homname and for whose sake he yielded the title of "Noble" for that of "Man." bartered the coronet of a marquis for the toga of a citi-

Washington; not for the effusive affection ing above the cradle of men's hopes. He shown by the young affeer for his chieftain but because his impetuous devotion penetrated that wonderful reserve which has baffled history, and led even so redoubted a patriot as Mr. Ingerioll to say: "Washington has become a steel engraving." This correspondence shows him to have

been a friend; loyal, Edithful, familiar, play-ful and tender as a father. My friends, it is difficult for youth to worship an abstraction ship than the intimate friendship between him and two boys—most remarkable boys, with the brains to appreciate brains, the courage which demands courage, fracts which feed on a heart's emotions; I mean young Hamilton and La Fayette. LA FAYETTE AND HAMILTON

#### LA FAYETTE AND HAMILTON.

As for La Fayette's romance, that one ex-atted passion which survived all vicissitudes and hung. like an aureola, above the clouds of every battle-it is a theme for song and story! From field and camp, from forum and from prison, La Fayette found time and

story! From held and camp, from form and from prison, La Fayette found time and means to write to the mistress of his hear work. And she, the child wife, fairest gentlest, loveliest of womanking became through the splendor of her hero's love, the visest, bravest, noblest, best. The reign of allence and separation; the wife imprisoned in Paris, the husband in Olmutz. What woman "attainted" of unbie blood did not change her name, or suffer a mock divores to escape. If might be, the geabel of Di finilotine? Not so the wife of La Fayette! If the she musch ar death should be worthy the wife of such a husband. Her mother, size allence and separation; deve was loosed from this of base a husband. Her mother, size over the aged grandmother, frail, pitifu-victims to the nurdereus knife, were gate alle was saved. Yes, freedom, sulligh, Gedb wife of such a husband. The boon was to obment of her husband. The boon was fusite, end in the grarious assurance that in was in the the name of charily and love asted, begged, implored, to share the the mothille twilight, with trags for e iothing ragged, and prison fare for food, while monts with second yrears rolled into years which seened to rollow the the grarious assurance that mather forever. And her, they lived in a mothille twilight, with trags for e iothing and prison fare for food, while monts witho at the forever. And her, they lived in a mothile twilight, with trags for e iothing and prison fare for food, while monts without at the forever. And her, they lived in a mothile twilight, with trags for e into the second. The the such as their lead. The base weak whence, the the armies of second years rolled into years which second to roll yrear to has just left the armies of second. The the the the the twith second. The twith the grave of body while monts without and prison fare for food, while monts without and prison fare for food, while monts without and prison fare for food, while monts without and prison fare for food while worth without any attempt at uniformity in and pr seemed years rolled into years which seemed sternities. Her health could not withstand this strain. La Fayette, too nobly proud to ask one favor for himself, petitioned humbly

that a southern planter could not have been more oblivious of a negro's entity than were the French noblesse of the existence of mere people. "The state!" cried Louis XIV, "I am the state-L'etat, c'est mol!" people.

### A FAVORED YOUTH.

The fortune of this youth was among the largest in Europe. He was accordingly fawned upon by courtiers and humored by the king. If he was thought to be erratic it was only because he had so little to say, whereas society expected him to prattle. He evinced moreover, a predilection for his wife. Except for these slight abberrations he appeared to as sane, and almost as insane, as nobility in general.

What unsuspected chord in the bosom of this supine aristocrat thrilled in unison with our cannon's rear? What did his soul behold in the glare of this first powder flash? God knows! But surely the highest use of his-tory is to register the onward sweep of that "power which makes for righteous-ness," and in the knowledge of its trend conform our efforts to a divine intent. Thus, and thus only, may we perceive how man-kind is urged forward and forever upward by an exorable will, whose special agency is some special man. This belief is not mystic-ism; it is all that redeems us from insanity. What happened, then, to La Fayette? What abanesed him, in the twistellerset? changed him in the twinkling of an eye? What was it that with strange compelling influence led wise men from the east to or Noble" for that of "Man," bartered the coronet of a marquis for the toga of a citi-zen, giving to the word citizen, indeed, a significance and glory-America, whose Washington clasped him to his heart of hearts, and called him son-surely, my coun-trymen, America will recall him thus for-ever joined: Washington and La Fayette. trymen, America will recall him thus for-ever joined: Washington and La Fayette. How can I extract, condense, and fuse into the limits of this response the combined essence of his life and soul-a life crowded from youth to age with heroisms, adventures and romance; a soul, luminous and goirous with its love of right! I have felt as though I must bring here and read to you the en-tire correspondence between La Fayette and Washington; not for the effusive affection

STARTING FOR AMERICA.

STARTING FOR AMERICA. Accordingly, in April of the year 1777, La Payotto set sail for America in a vessel pur-chased and equipped by himself expressly for the journey. His resolution 'and been taken against the protest of all his friends (save only of her, the best of friends) and in spite of the interdiction of his monarch. To cir-a cunvent the officers of the latter he dis-guised himself as a courier, sleeping in sta-f bles from town to fown until he reached the stacoust. But Louis XVI was not to be Connect the officer of the latter he dis-dence of the intensety human nature of George Washington in all those qualities which maks for comradery and good fellow billed. He made it known to the American ship than the intimate friendship between bill the state of the intenset of the second the s

thought that the quixatic services of the youthful marquis might prove more embar-rassing than useful. Washington moreover shared the same opinion. He, poor man, had sawn enough of foreign adventurers. So that upon his arrival La Fayette was gra-clouely received and as graciously ignored. It was under these discussions and when his cherished plans had little hopes of realiza-tion, that he addressed to congress this

France." "Sir," replied La Fayette, "It is to learn, and soit to to be, that I am here." There speke, not simply the modesty of

mann)

Drawing the Long Bow and Posze with "Old Billy" the Boozer,

There were four of them around a table in a Broadway cafe, says the New York Advertiser, and the man from California. who had done little talking but had been thinking hard up to this point, said:

"At Ogden, Utah, my train had to wait an hour for another train. It was nearly midnight, and although there was considerable snow on the ground I started out to

see something of the town. A porter at the depot told me that there was a saloon opposite a red light that could be seen up the street. I had walked about a block when I value heard the patter of feet behind me, and on heard the patter of feet behind me, and on turning I saw what I supposed was a white dog. When I called the animal would not come forward. After walking on a little distance I heard the patter of the feet again. I turned quickly and saw that the animal was a shrep. It followed me to the saloon door and wanted to go in. I slammed the door and asked the bartender: ""What's this sheep following me about

"What's this sheep following me about for?

"Oh, that's old Billy,' he said. "Then one of a half dozen men who were standing about the stove went to the door and let 'old Billy' in. One of the others said: 'I guess he wants a drink.' "A cocktail was set down on the floor, and the sheep sloped it out of the glass and the sheep sloped it out of the sloped slope the sheep sipped it out of the glass and one, b bleated for more. Well, I stoed there for half an hour buying cocktails for that sheep. and when he had drank the fifth one he shambled over to a billiard table, crawled came WHERE HE GOT THE WORD "SECESH."

One day, I think it was late in 1862, he came into my office looking utterly woe-begone, as if he had lost his every friend, shambled over to a billiard table, crawled under it and went to sleep. I found out from the men that 'old Billy' was in the habit of getting fullewery night, and always raised a big rumpus in the morning if he consida't get a bracer. He had been a pet of some fellow and the boys had taught him to drick."

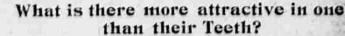
to drink." The other three men got up and bade the Californian gool night, and as they were battoming up their costs at the front door one of them saids the state any hought for stealing?" Suspecting some fractical joke. I answered guardedly: "Non hot a inwyer, Artenua, and I know very little of the criminal code, "What d-d llars these Galifornians are!" and I know very little of the criminal code

man, Charles Godfrey Leland (Hans Breit We cure Catarrh, all diseases of the A CONTRIBUTOR TO VANITY FAIR. Nose, Throat, Chest, Stomach, Liver, Blood, Skin and Kidney Diseases, Fe-This gave Artemus Ward a more extended audience, and a national reputation. His sayings were soon in the mouths of every male Weaknesses, Lost Manhood, and

northern man, and they did very much to sus-tain a sentiment of loyalty to the union. His ALL PRIVATE DISEASES OF MEN. WEAK MEN ARE VICTIME TO HERVOUS Debility or Exhaustion, Wasting Weakness, In voluntary Losses, with Early Decay in young and middle aged; lack of vim, vigor and weakneed prematurely in approaching old age. All yelld readily to sur new treatment for loss of vital power. Carl or or address with stamp for cir-culars, free book and receipts. satire was keen, but very genial, and beneath it all was a stratum of shrewd American common sense that appealed alike to political friends and chemies. I know of nothing that so well depicts the troublous times of the early years of the civil war as his skitches

Dr. Searles and Searles,

in Vanity Fair. As mere plotures of the war period they have a permanent historical value. Nowhere else are so clearly shown the confused and jarring notions of the aver BEAUTIFI



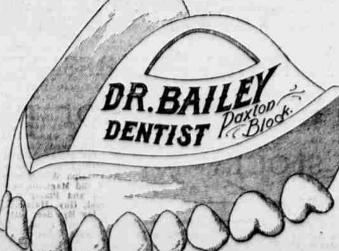
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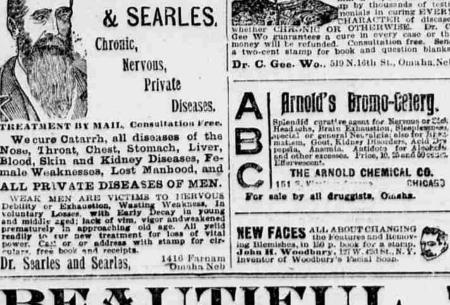
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