

## STORY SIMPLY TOLD

FACTS OF WASHINGTON'S LIFE,  
FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

His Courtship and Marriage to the Beautiful Martha Custis—How They Danced the Stately Minuet, in the Days of Long Ago.

So full of grace they stately stepped,  
And courted in the minuet;  
Rare old broadswords, with silken swish,  
Brush'd 'gainst the velvet waistcoats  
rich,  
And powdered wigs with rolls and puffs,  
Kept company with high neck ruffs,  
Then cavalier and stately dame,  
Led off in dance of courtly fame,  
With steps so slow, and bows so low,  
This minuet of long ago.

Perhaps I should continue in rhyme,  
As I began, for the story I am going to  
tell you is so like a beautiful poem in  
the sweetness of character of Martha  
Washington and the perfect happiness  
the first President of our country  
knew with his charming wife. But as  
this is for little people, it should be  
long, of course with once upon a time,  
long time ago.

Well, many years ago there lived a  
very beautiful young widow, Martha  
Custis, in a palace called the "White  
House" on the banks of a little river in  
Virginia near Williamsburg. It was  
such a fine, grand house, all shaded  
with trees, that it must have been  
something like the mansion in the  
story of "Jack and the Beanstalk,"  
only this is a real, true story about the  
wife of the first President of the United  
States.

Her home was called the "White  
House" because it was pure white, and  
built nearly all of stone and marble,  
but Mrs. Custis didn't think when she  
lived there that she was going to be a  
President's wife, and that the name of  
the home of future Presidents' wives  
would be the same as her house by the  
riverside, the White House!

Here she lived with her two little  
children, a boy of 6 years old and a  
little girl of 4. Their papa was dead,  
but they had a Grandpa Dandridge,  
who loved them dearly and was very  
kind indeed to the little children and  
their mamma.

Mrs. Custis used to romp and play  
hide and seek in the big, old mansion  
with her little son and daughter, and  
then she would tell them long stories  
and talk to them of their dear, dead  
papa. At these times she would feel  
very lonely, indeed, and after his  
death she never went any place for  
three years.

But one time she was invited to dinner  
at a neighbor's house and to attend  
a ball afterwards. It was a Mr.  
Chamberlayne, a Virginia country gen-  
tleman, who was going to have the  
party, and as he had known Mrs. Custis  
since she was a little girl, he felt so  
sorry for her loneliness and begged  
her to come. At last she consented to  
go, and there she met Mr. Washington,  
who was a dear friend of Mr.  
Chamberlayne.

When they were introduced Wash-  
ington wasn't in such a hurry to go on  
to Fort Duquesne, where he had started,  
for he liked to talk to Mrs. Custis,  
and sat next her at the dinner table.  
She was never so pretty before, and  
looked like a young lady and wore her  
hair rolled back, just like in these  
times. Her cheeks were rosy and she  
wasn't very tall, but weighed, I guess,  
nearly as much as Washington, for  
he was tall and thin.

After the dinner party came the ball,  
and all the neighbors for miles around  
danced at Mr. Chamberlayne's. It was  
a grand affair and must have been al-  
most as pretty as the one Cinderella  
attended. Indeed, it was similar in  
one respect, for Martha Custis was the  
belle of the ball, and if she didn't wear  
glass slippers she had tiny embroidered  
satin ones and stepped like a fairy  
with a prince, for she danced the  
minuet with George Washington. I  
am not so sure that he moved around  
so gracefully as his pretty partner, but  
he pleased her very much, for his  
steps were slow, and his bows were  
low as the minuet went on. They  
liked each other very much, and when  
a servant brought the young soldier's  
horse to the door he didn't want to  
leave till Mrs. Custis told him he could  
visit her at her "white house."

So they were married after the war  
ended. The wedding was at her house,  
on Jan. 6, 1759, and nearly everybody  
in Virginia was invited, and the house  
was full of company for a week.

After the wedding ceremony was  
over there was a big dinner, followed  
by a ball finer than Mr. Chamber-  
layne's, and George Washington and  
his bride stepped very happily indeed  
as leaders again of the minuet down  
the great ballroom, which was on the  
top floor of the bride's beautiful house.

She had a fine wedding dress of  
white flowered satin, with gold threads  
in it, and slippers with jeweled  
buckles.

For three months Gen. and Mrs.  
Washington lived at her home, then  
they moved to Mount Vernon, on the  
Potomac river. This was Washington's  
home, for he was rich, too, and owned  
the largest house in Virginia.

George Washington always loved his  
wife's two children, and afterward her  
grandchildren as much as if they were  
his own. When Washington died, De-  
cember, 1799, Congress was going to  
erect a monument to him at Washing-  
ton, and asked Mrs. Washington's con-  
sent to have the body removed. In re-  
ply she said: "Taught by the great ex-  
ample which I have so long had before  
me, never to oppose my private wishes  
to the public will, I must consent to  
the request made by Congress."

But the monument was not erected,  
and two years later she died and was  
buried beside him at Mount Vernon,  
where every year visitors read this on  
her tomb:

"Martha, consort of Washington,  
died May 21, 1801, aged 71 years."  
—Amy M. Bradshaw in Boston Herald.

## IN HISTORIC CAMBRIDGE

Where General Washington First Took Supreme Command of  
the Continental Army.

On Sunday, July 2, 1775, an illus-  
trious stranger, mounted on a noble  
steed, and accompanied by several  
mounted attendants, rode into Cam-  
bridge. He was a tall, well formed  
man, of distinguished mien, and wore  
the cocked hat, the blue and buff uni-  
form and insignia of a major-general of  
the Continental army.

It was soon noised about town that  
this stranger, Gen. George Washing-  
ton, the newly appointed commander-  
in-chief of the patriot army, had ar-  
rived, and, furthermore, that next day,  
on the west side of the training field,  
in what is now known as Old Cam-  
bridge, he would formally assume com-  
mand of the troops. As may be sup-  
posed, the news spread like wildfire,  
and the excitement was intense.

Up to this time the American forces  
were practically without a head, but  
now it was instinctively felt that a  
brilliant and trusted leader had arisen,  
who was to be their civil and political  
savior. And the event fully proved that  
the quiet entrance of this noted Vir-  
ginian into the place was not only an  
event of great local importance, but  
one of the most momentous and far-  
reaching incidents in the world's polit-  
ical history.

On the morning—Monday, July 3—  
Washington formally took command of  
the American army. It goes without  
saying that it was a day of deepest im-  
port to this country. For on that day  
George Washington, intrusted by the  
Continental Congress with the chief  
command of the American army, and  
thus made the foremost man of the  
revolution, entered upon the active  
duties of his office, and was received  
with enthusiasm by the little band of  
heroes assembled at Cambridge. As  
he entered the confines of the camp,  
the shouts of the multitude and the  
thunder of artillery gave note to the  
enemy, beleaguered in Boston, of his  
arrival. His military reputation had

conditions of the wants of the country  
and of the army. The necessity of ap-  
pointing a commander-in-chief and the  
qualities requisite in that high office  
were dwelt upon, and then the speaker  
concluded by putting in nomination  
George Washington of Virginia.

"As soon as his name was men-  
tioned, Washington rose and withdrew  
from the hall. For a moment he was  
overpowered with a sense of the re-  
sponsibility which was about to be put  
upon him, and to his friend Patrick  
Henry he said, with tears in his eyes:  
'I fear that this day will mark the  
downfall of my reputation.' On the  
15th of June the nomination was unani-  
mously confirmed by Congress, and  
the man who had saved the wreck of  
Braddock's army was called to build a  
nation."

With great dignity he accepted the  
appointment, refused all compensa-  
tions beyond his actual expenses, set  
out with an escort by way of New  
York, and reached Cambridge fifteen  
days after the battle of Bunker Hill.  
When Washington arrived in Cam-  
bridge one of the first things that oc-  
cupied his attention was the selection  
of a building suitable for his headquar-  
ters. After inspecting several of the  
most commodious and available ones  
in that immediate vicinity, his choice  
fell upon a large, square mansion on  
the Watertown road, built in 1759 by  
Col. John Vassell, an unswerving Loy-  
alist—a "Tory," as his class was op-  
probriously termed—who had just fled  
to England. Here, in the future home  
of Longfellow, the illustrious soldier  
established his headquarters, and con-  
tinued it as his military home for the  
ensuing eight months, during the re-  
mainder of the siege of Boston. Wash-  
ington's office and Longfellow's study  
were in the room on the first floor to  
the right of the door (as you face the  
house); the officers' room and library  
being back of it, and the drawing room

Benjamin Franklin of Boston, printer,  
philosopher and poet, statesman and  
diplomat, who "plucked the lightning  
from the clouds and the scepter from  
tyrants."—Boston Globe.

AS A POLISH POET SAW HIM.

Interesting First Impression of Gen.  
George Washington.

The Century recently contained an  
historical "find" in the unpublished  
diary of a friend of Kosciusko, the  
Polish poet Niemcewicz, who visited  
General Washington at Mount Vernon  
in June, 1798, as confirmed by the gen-  
eral's diary. The impressions of the  
first President and his conversations  
give unique value and interest to the  
paper. The visitor thus records his  
first meeting with the general and his  
wife, the narrator's "lie" referring to  
his effort to conceal the fact that Kos-  
ciusko had left America to head a  
Polish organization:

"Mr. Peters' house is at the extreme  
point of the city, quite near George-  
town. We arrived there between 6  
and 7 o'clock. One can guess how my  
heart was beating. I was to see the  
man for whom since my youth I had  
had great respect. I caught sight of  
him through the window and recog-  
nized him at once. About a dozen peo-  
ple were coming toward us. I saw  
only him. I was presented to him by  
Mr. Law. He held out his hand to me  
and clasped mine. We went into the  
parlor. I sat down beside him; I was  
moved, dumb and could not look at  
him enough. It is a majestic face,  
in which dignity is united with gen-  
tleness. The portraits that we have  
of him in Europe are not like him at  
all. He is nearly 6 feet high and very  
strongly built; he has an aquiline nose,  
blue eyes; his mouth and particularly  
his lower jaw, are large.

"He wore a tall coat, black stock-

# SISTERS OF CHARITY

RELY ON PE-RU-NA TO FIGHT  
CATARRH, COUGHS, COLDS AND GRIP.



SISTER BEATRIX.

A letter recently received by Dr. Hartman from Sister Beatrix, 410 W. 30th street,  
New York, reads as follows:

Dr. S. B. Hartman, Columbus, Ohio:  
Dear Sir:—"I cannot say too much in praise of Peruna. Eight bottles  
of it cured me of catarrh of the lungs of four years standing, and I would  
not have been without it for anything. It helped several Sisters of Coughs  
and colds and I have yet to find one case of catarrh that it does not cure."  
SISTER BEATRIX.

### Interesting Letters from Catholic Institutions.

In every country of the civilized world  
the Sisters of Charity are known. Not only  
do they minister to the spiritual and intellectual  
needs of the charges com-  
mitted to their care, but  
they also minister to their  
body needs. With so  
many children to take care  
of and to protect from climate and disease,  
these wise and prudent sisters have found  
Peruna a never-failing safeguard.

Dr. Hartman receives many letters from  
Catholic Sisters from all over the United  
States. A recommendation recently received  
from a Catholic institution in Detroit, Mich.,  
reads as follows:

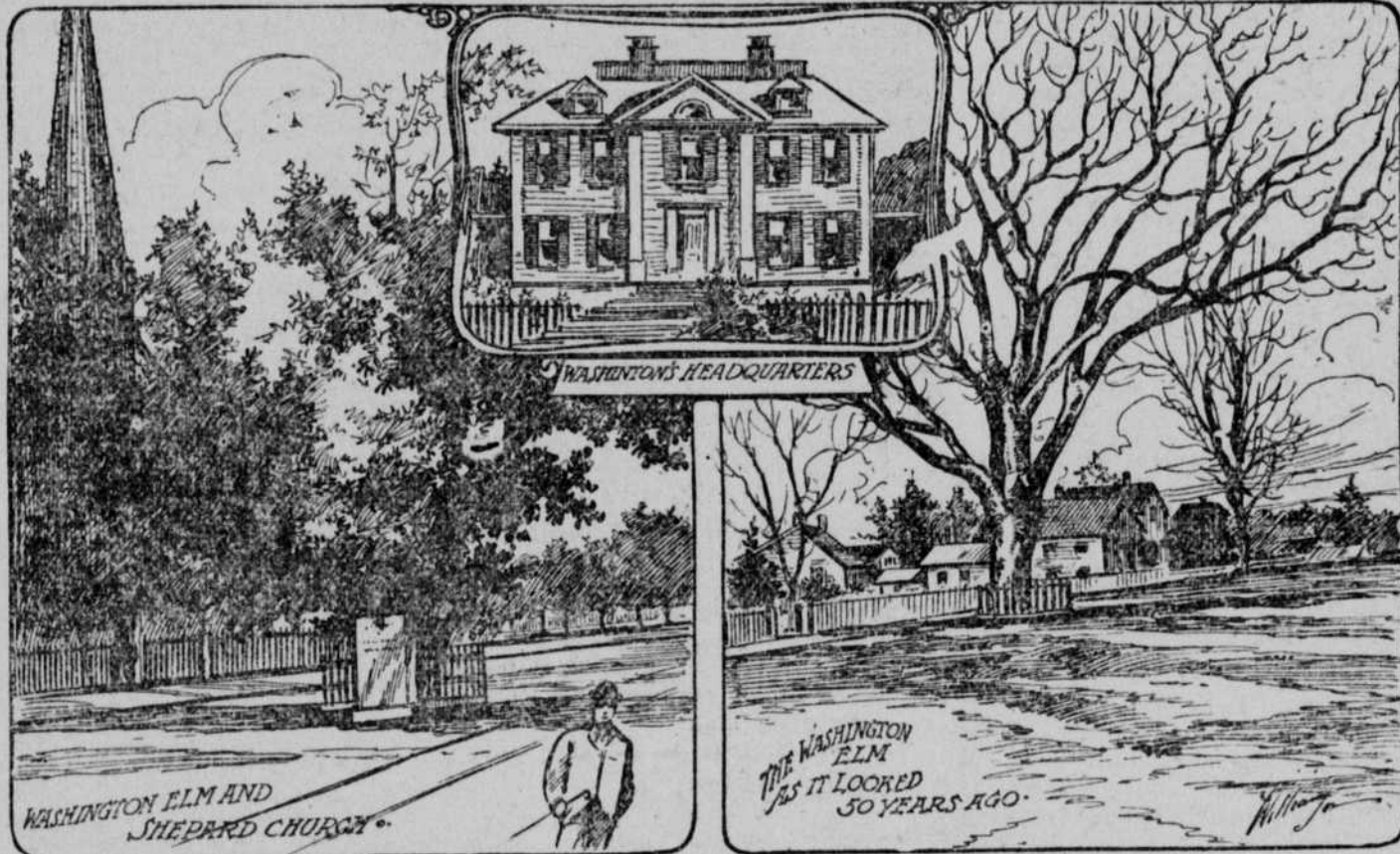
Dr. S. B. Hartman, Columbus, Ohio:  
Dear Sir:—"The young girl who used

the Peruna was suffering from laryngi-  
tis, and loss of voice. The result of the  
treatment was most satisfactory. She  
found great relief, and after farther use  
of the medicine we hope to be able to  
say she is entirely cured."—Sisters of  
Charity.

This young girl was under the care of the  
Sisters of Charity and used Peruna for  
catarrh of the throat, with good results as  
the above letter testifies.

From a Catholic institution in Cen-  
tral Ohio comes the following recom-  
mendation from the Sister Superior.

If you do not derive prompt and satis-  
factory results from the use of Peruna,  
write at once to Dr. Hartman, giving a  
full statement of your case, and he will be  
pleased to give you his valuable advice  
gratis. Address Dr. Hartman, President of The  
Hartman Sanitarium, Columbus, Ohio.



preceded him, and excited great ex-  
pectations. They were not disappointed.  
His personal appearance, notwith-  
standing the dust of travel, was calcu-  
lated to captivate the public eye, and  
as he rode through the camp, amid a  
throng of officers, he was the admira-  
tion of the soldiery and of a curious  
throng collected from the surrounding  
country. Happy was the countryman  
who could get a full view of him and  
to carry home an account of it to his  
neighbors. His excellency was on  
horseback, of course, and was accom-  
panied by several military gentlemen.  
It was not difficult to distinguish him  
from all others, for his personal ap-  
pearance was truly noble and majes-  
tic. He was in the prime and vigor  
of middle life, having, on the 22d of  
February, reached the age of 43.

And then, on the broad highway—  
now Garden street—not far from and  
in sight of embryonic Harvard college,  
in the grateful shade of a majestic  
elm, the "father of his country" drew  
his sword and performed the simple  
ceremony of taking command of the  
patriot army, an army whose Action  
minutes at Concord bridge April 19  
had "fired the shot heard round the  
world"; whose few brigades of raw  
militia on June 17 had met the veteran  
troops of England on Bunker Hill and  
demonstrated their prowess, winning  
a moral, if not a military, victory; and  
which newly organized and persistent  
army, after a wasting, disheartening  
war of seven years' duration, firmly  
established upon this continent a re-  
public of freedom that was destined to  
become one of the greatest as well as  
the best nations on the face of the  
globe. The incident marked the com-  
mencement of Washington's career in  
the service of his country. How glori-  
ously was the promise given by his  
bearing redeemed!

To go back a little: On the very day  
that the important British fortress,  
Fort Ticonderoga, surrendered to Col.  
Ethan Allen, the Colonial Congress,  
which had adjourned in the previous  
autumn, reassembled at Philadelphia.  
Washington was there, and John Adams  
and Samuel Adams, Benjamin  
Franklin and Patrick Henry; Thomas  
Jefferson came soon afterward. "A  
last appeal was addressed to the King  
of England; and the infatuated mon-  
arch was plainly told that the colonists  
had chosen war in preference to vol-  
untary slavery. Early in the session  
John Adams made a powerful address,  
in the course of which he sketched the

on the other side of the front door.  
Here, in December, the general was  
joined by his wife, Martha Washing-  
ton, who remained there until after the  
British evacuation of Boston.

More than a century and a quarter  
has passed since the dramatic scene of  
July 3, 1775, was enacted beneath the  
historic elm in ancient Newetowne, but  
the tree, alive, but showing the decrep-  
itude of age, still exists.

The "Washington elm" is aptly  
framed in historic environments. On  
one side of it is the elegant Shepard  
Memorial church, completed in 1872,  
which is the religious home of one of  
Cambridge's earliest denominational  
societies (Congregationalist), among  
whose modern distinguished members  
were the late Hon. Charles Theodore  
Russell (its senior deacon) and fam-  
ily, including his son, the late Gov.  
William E. Russell. On its other flank  
is Cambridge Common, with its elabo-  
rate soldiers' monument, erected to  
honor the memory of 4,588 Cambridge  
men who served and the 938 who per-  
ished in the civil war.

A neat circular iron fence protects  
the elm from vandal hands, and at-  
tached to the fence is a granite tablet  
bearing this inscription, written by the  
poet Longfellow:

"Beneath this tree Washington first  
took command of the American army,  
July 3, 1775."

Although Washington, on taking  
command of the army, found his du-  
ties manifold, intricate, appalling and  
overwhelming, he was strengthened  
and encouraged then and thereafter  
by the loyal, efficient support of the  
civil and military leaders of New Eng-  
land.

This in Massachusetts alone was a  
tower of strength, for, besides Benja-  
min Lincoln of Hingham, the first sec-  
retary of the war department, and  
Henry Knox of Boston, the founder  
and chief of the artillery service of the  
Continental army, the successor of  
Gen. Lincoln as secretary of war and  
founder of the celebrated Society of  
the Cincinnati, he had the moral and  
practical support of four great civil  
Bay State leaders—Samuel Adams of  
the sturdy old Puritan stock of Bos-  
ton; John Hancock of Boston, presi-  
dent of the Continental Congress of  
1776, first signer of the Declaration of  
Independence and afterward governor  
of the commonwealth; John Adams of  
Quincy, second president of the United  
States and one of the most active  
members of the Congress of 1776, and

ings, satin waistcoat, and breeches of  
the same color.

"He began by questioning me about  
Gen. Kosciusko. I was extremely em-  
barrassed and confused. The first  
word I said to this great man was a  
lie. That was what this mysterious  
departure brought me to. He put to  
me the following questions:

"How long are you in this coun-  
try?"

"Eight months."

"How do you like it?"

"I am happy sir, to see in America  
those blessings which I was so ardent-  
ly wishing for in my own country. To  
you, sir, are the Americans indebted  
for them."

"He bowed with a modest air, and  
said to me:

"I wished always to your country  
well, and that with all my heart."

"He uttered these last words with  
much feeling.

"We spoke with Mrs. Washington  
of the small likeness that there is  
between the general and his portraits.  
She asked Mrs. Peters at last to play  
the piano, which she did, and played  
the eternal 'Battle of Prague' (a fa-  
vorite piece of music in America) very  
well. Tea was served. I found an  
opportunity to be beside the general.  
He praised an address that the town  
of Norfolk had given to the President.

"I was delighted to see the good  
father in good humor. He turned to-  
ward me and asked me if I had trav-  
eled much in the United States. I  
replied that I had not been farther  
than New York, that I was surprised  
at the progress with such a new  
country had made in culture and popu-  
lation.

"There are the Eastern states," he  
said to me, "that are the most ad-  
vanced in culture and population."

"They were," said I, "the first in  
which the Europeans settled."

"On the contrary," he replied, "the  
first settlement was in Virginia, and  
then in New England. But it is the  
division into townships which is so fa-  
vorable to the maintenance or order,  
police and public establishments. The  
population there is very industrious;  
every farmer, even the poorest, lives  
in independence."

"The company rose to depart. . . .  
The general conducted us; in leaving  
he said to me:

"I shall be very happy to see you at  
Mount Vernon; I shall be there in a  
few days; I hope you will come."

## THE NORTHWESTERN LIFE and SAVINGS COMPANY of DES MOINES, IOWA.

All policies required by law to be secured with the State Auditor of Iowa. Invest-  
ment of funds limited by charter to loans on First Mortgages on Farms and on Iowa policies.

FEATURES:  
A Limited Expense Fund.  
Compulsory distribution of the earnings among 11's Policyholders.

SECURITIES ON DEPOSIT WITH STATE AUDITOR.	
DEC. 31, '96,	\$27,447.00
DEC. 31, '97,	\$36,720.00
DEC. 31, '98,	\$119,612.00
DEC. 31, '99,	\$277,238.00
DEC. 31, 1900,	\$372,020.00
DEC. 31, 1901,	\$695,879.35
DEC. 31, 1902,	\$1,122,801.82
TOTAL ADMITTED ASSETS,	
<b>\$1,380,164.74</b>	

AGENTS WANTED—Reliable, energetic and experienced agents can trouble their commission  
earnings by selling our ten-year endowment investment policies. Address or apply to  
THE HOME OFFICE, Fourth Floor, Observatory Bldg., Des Moines, Iowa.

OFFICERS.  
D. F. WITTER, President. C. M. KEELER, Asst. Secretary.  
ARTHUR REYNOLDS, Vice-President. E. H. IRWIN, Actuary.  
G. W. MARQUARDT, Treasurer. W. L. EATON, General Attorney.  
C. C. CROWELL, Secretary. CRAYKE PRIESTLY, M.D., Med. Director.

## Bromo-Seltzer

Promptly cures all  
**Headaches**

IT TAKES THE ACHES  
out of muscles and joints. Heals old sores.  
Takes inflammation out of burns and bruises.  
Stops any pain that a perfect liniment can stop.

**MEXICAN MUSTANG LINIMENT**  
for injuries or aches of MAN or BEAST.