THE HERO AS HE WAS

WASHINGTON THE MAN OBSCURED BY TRADITION AND INVENTION.

Absurdity of the Claims of His Human Perfection-He Had Redeeming Vices and Was a Superb Man Physically, Morally and Mentally.

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O MAN born in this land certainly has ever been so much injured by excessive praise, by ridiculous exaggeration, as George Washington.

Having been represented as an orthodox saint, as the incarnation of goody goodyism, so incessantly, a natural reaction was the result. The carping, critical public led the opposition after a time and began to sneer at and underrate his memory. There never has been such a personage, such a creature, as George Washington was portrayed. He was pre terhuman, he was absolutely perfect; common sense people would not accept him. Nevertheless, even a century after his death he is not at all understood by any great number of his compatriots. He has been so incrusted with traditions, so overladen with theories, that few glimpses of his native character struggle into light.

The bulk of Americans today seem to think that Washington was as popular at his renomination for the presidency as when first presented for the suffrages of the newborn nation. They appear so ignorant of their own history as not to know that he then met with the intensest resistance; that he only consented to stand again by the warmest persuasions of personal and political friends of all parties. During the campaign he was slandered and villified as much as almost any presidential candidate has been in later times. Within a few years he has been judged as if he were virtually one of our contemporaries. It has been repeatedly said in disparagement of him that he was an Englishman who chanced to be born in America. There were no representative Americans that saw the light here 160 years ago. They could have been then little else than geographical Americans. Washington was one of the genuine Americans of his day, one of the most advanced of his period.

Stripping aside the prejudice for and against the Father of His Country, as he well deserved to be called, we are enabled to see him as nature arrayed him, and he looks and is the better, because the truer, for it. He never needed any false adornments, any silver spangles. He was an altogether natural, human, harmonious, well balanced, most remarkable man, particularly fitted to the time. Above everything he was practical.

The ultra pious have roundly abused everybody who declined to admit that Washington was not a strict Episcopalian, a regular church attendant and communicant, a severe Sabbatarian. But the latest investigations prove just the contrary. Sunday was always the day on which he wrote private letters, prepaid his invoices, entertained company. closed land purchases, sold wheat and, while a Virginia planter, went for hunting. Nevertheless, like most conscientious persons, he respected the scruples of others in regard to the day. When trying to get some servants, he wrote, "If they be good workmen, they may be Europeans, Asians, Africans, Jews, Mohammedans, Christians of any denomination or atheists." He was in complete sympathy with the widest religious toleration. Gouverneur Morris. who was what was then held to be an infidel, was believed by Washington to agree with him in creed. He threw his influence in favor of religion, often attended the Episcopal church and kept his belief, if he had any, an inviolable secret. He was very much what thousands of the very best and most enlightened men are everywhere today, the

very reverse of a sectarian. Albeit a slaveholder-he had, it is said, 300 slaves, most of whom came to nibal when he gave up the hope of conhim through his marriage with the rich Widow Custis-he was never in favor of slavery. He was ready whenever the time was ripe to use his entire influence against it. He may not have had a high opinion of negroes, but he was always a good, kind master.

Of moderate education, he was intelligent, observing, attentive, generous, charitable, thrifty. In spite of occasional losses he was successful in business. When he died, his property was valued, exclusive of his wife's and the Mount Vernon estate, at \$530,000. He was, like the Virginian of his day, particularly social and ever enjoyed his friends. Grave and quiet in general company, he was often gay, even jovial, with a few intimates. He relished lively conversation, though taking little part in it. He often laughed, appreciated jokes, was very fond of dancing and even of amateur theatricals. He was not at all cold, formal, reserved, haughty, as represented, though not, perhaps, genial or wholly easy, which was outside of his temperament. He was always dignified, cureful of his dress-indeed in his early

life considered a dandy. As Washington was made absurd by

all manner of cheap virtues he has been charged from youth to his closing years with overfondness for women, which seems to be unfounded. No doubt he had a general liking for pretty women, but so far as evidence can be adduced he did not carry it beyond bounds. He was repeatedly censured for flagrant disloyalty to his wife, accused of having many mistresses of various grades. Criminating letters have been constantly quoted from him and them, but they have not been produced. It is highly improbable they would not have been seen had they been in existence. Having many enemies, military and political, they chose that form of slander as most likely to be believed. Those stories are still heard, with every circumstance and detail, but they are hardly credited. Washington was rather wary of the sex and is not thought to have exposed himself to suspicion or temptation.

A great point was made against his connubial fidelity because there is reason to think that his wife was a bit jealous. Jealous wives, it is well known, have in all ages been oftener jealous without cause than with cause. Martha Washington has been nearly as much idealized as her husband. She was in no sense extraordinary. She was below the medium size, very sociable, stubborn, hot tempered, overfond, rather pretty, without any excess of good sense, independent of the rules of spelling, perfectly well bred, polite and kind. When only 16, he was while staying at Lord Fairfax's sentimentally interested in Mary Cary. He became enamored of Mary Phillipse, aged 25, a daughter of Frederick Phillipse, one of the largest landed proprietors of the New York colony, but she declined his proposals. He is declared by some to have been in love with one of the friends of his wife. He corresponded with her and Sally Carlyle, another Fairfax daughter, but they were only correspondents and of the platonic kind. It is evident, however, from all the revealed circumstances of his early life that he was never in danger of dying a bachelor.

So much has been written of Washington's campaigns that very little truth has been told of him as a man. While not a military strategist-nor did he assume to be---the Revolution was not conducted by strategy. The great problem was to keep an army in the field, and this Washington did. The British could and did repeatedly beat the continental army, though they could not beat their commander. So long as he was in the field he could get together all the fighting spirit there was. He was a natural soldier, having inherited the disposition from his Indian fighting great-grandfather and his elder brother Lawrence. He was noted for fearlessness under all circumstances and an outspoken scorn of aught like cowardice. Indeed he had no comprehension of it. He was far from faultless. He could and did swear roundly on occasion and had a violent temper, commonly under control, which now and then burst all bounds. He had the greatest self discipline. He seemed calm and passionless, but his intimates knew him as he was. He was in no peril from spoiling by goodness. Not only was he one of the first great Americans, but one of the stanchest of stant talk of his leaning toward mon-JUNIUS HENRI BROWNE.

Washington at Forty-three. George Washington was 48 when he drew his sword under the historic elm at Cambridge as "captain general and commander in chief" of the colonial man named Drayton. On a certain date forces. He was just the age of Julius the pair had set out from Columbus, Cæsar when he took command of the army in Gaul, of Napoleon when he made the mistake of his life and started in to conquer Russia, and he was ten years older than Alexander was when he wept because there were no more worlds to conquer. Charlemagne was just his age when he overcame Wittikind, the Saxon chief, and made all Germany Christian, and the "captain general of the continentals" was just as old as was Constantine when he determined to make bimself master of the world. He was as old as Sesostris, the pharach, when he conquered the Hittites and persecuted the children of Israel; as Hanquering Rome and left Italy to defend Carthage against Scipio.

Washington's Room.

Silent we stand beside the open door, And all the room beyond is bathed in light-The golden sunlight than didst hall of yore, The smile that kissed away the tears of night And in its touch God's daily promise bore
A benediction that put care to flight

And gave thee strength to face the world-aye, That lit thy pathway, guiding thee aright.

How many dawns thou didst to care awake, Each dawn attended with new hopes and

Porever faithful didst thy burden take, Praying that peace might tiess the unburn

And for thy country and thy kindred's sake Toiled with a patience that all earth re-

How many nights thy heart did well nigh break To know thy motherland was drenched with dridge had gone, the hostler had gone

And it was here then didnt at last find rest-The work was done, the time had come to

The high, the humble, prosperous, oppressed, One in their sorrow o'er thy couch did weep. Our ceaseless gratitude by tengues professed. But is our hearts there lieth still more deep

A leve which with our deeds we would attest To prove us worthy of the treat we keep. —Buth Lewrence in "Colonial Versea."

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MARY AND JEAN.

How oft at dusk did Burns along The banks of Ayr appear, A melancholy child of song, Musing amid a mournful throng Of recollections dear?
The kindly after years had healed
The wound within his breast.

The wound within his breast.

Fair Jean's devoted love revealed

That happiness which death concealed

When Mary went to rest.

He fondly scanned his bairns at play

About the cottage door,
Toiled stoutly onward day by day,
Obedient to honor's sway,
Which bound him evermore.
And yet mayhap in some lone place

And yet mayhap in some lone place
Where Ayr's clear waters roll
His dreams at eve recalled the grace
Of sainted Highland Mary's face—
The mistress of his soul.
He loved, and who that loves today
Shail grudge the pensive hour
When, clad in sorrow's mantle gray,
He paused beside Ayr's quiet way
To woo oblivion's power?
What dreams were his of pleasures deep
That he might never know!
Perhaps, though years his secret keep.

Perhaps, though years his secret keep, Thinking of her who fell asleep, He deemed 'twas better so.

—Frank Putnam in Chicago Times-Herald.

THE INN AT BIRNLEY.

BY CHARLES B. LEWIS.

In every city and town in the land you will find a mill, store or factory which seems to be hoodcoed. The location is apparently all right, but whoever buys, leases or rents makes a failure. When George Walters of the town of Birnley decided to build an inn and become a landlord, he selected what was called the best location in the corporation. He was a man liked by all, had a fair amount of money, and everybody wished him luck and predicted that he would do well. It was strange what a turn of luck came to the man. He had been successful in everything, but on the day he broke ground for the new enterprise he fell over some timbers and broke his leg. Before the framework was up a workman had been killed. While the building was being completed a painter fell from a ladder and was fatally injured. The inn was opened with a housewarming. Some of the guests drank too heavily, a quarrel occurred, and the postmaster of the town was stabbed to death. The people advised Walters to get out of it. He looked upon it merely as a run of ill luck and remained until his wife died of typhoid fever. Then he sold the inn to a stranger named Grafton and moved

away. Grafton had a wife and three children, and he had not been in the house a month when two of the children were drowned in the river near by. Fifteen days later the tavern stables were burned to the ground. The man realized that the place was hoodooed and got out of it, and it was taken by another stranger named Eldridge. This owner made a low place of it, but for six months nothing happened to create much gossip. Then Eldridge was killed in a quarral over cards, and that was the last of the Red Rose inn as an inn. It was offered for sale at almost any price, but the story of its ill luck had gone abroad, and no one would take it. It was finally put to use as a warehouse, but after a fire, which destroyed a portion of the structure, it was left an unoccupied ruin.

It had stood thus for a year or so, an eyesore to the town and a wonder to all strangers, when a man named Cummings came along and made certain inquiries, which at once revived all the gossip. He had a sister married to a O., to drive to a town in Illinois. They had their own carriage, and that they passed through the town of Birnley was proved by the fact that the sister mailed him a letter with the postmark on it. After that letter nothing further was heard from her, though the husband had been seen in one of the territories alone. I was only a boy then, and I cannot remember all the details. I recollect, however, of Cummings explaining that it was not a happy marriage, that the woman had a large amount of money with her and that he was sure the husband had made away with her at some point on the journey.

No one in Birnley recollected the arrival of the couple or anything connected with them-no one but me. It so happened that I was able to furnish infermation. They arrived at 8 o'clock one evening while there was a circus in town. I had helped the hostler to put out the team and had seen the man and woman at supper. Just at daylight-I having remained with the hostler all night after we had taken in the circuswe were called upon to bring around the team. I saw only the man get into the carriage. I was sure the woman did not depart. When I spoke to the hostler, he took no interest in the matter. When I asked Mr. Eldridge, the second landlord, about it, he replied that of course she went with her husband, though he was stumbling about and half asleep, and I am sure he did not see her. Eland I was the only one who could give any details. I remembered and described the two people and the horses and carriage, and Cummings had no doubt that they stopped at the inn. From Birnley he proceeded on his journey west, seek ing to pick up the trail. He got trace of the man a desen times, but the woman had not been seen. After three or four weeks he came back to Birnley with the firm belief that the wife had been murdered there.

There was a river flowing through the town and a millpond below. The first move made was to drag this pend. The work was thoroughly done, and, though all anticipated that a skeleton would be found, nothing of that nature was discovered. There was found, however, a satchel containing female apparel. This had been weighted with bricks and was lying at the bottom of the pend. When the mtchel was found. Cummings felt re he was on the right ; track, and the rear yard of the inn was explored. Men dug into the ground in 50 different spots, but after a long THE PHONOR day's work it became centain that access W. gib St.,

body had been buried there. The barns had never been rebuilt after the fire. Cummings hired a dozen men and had the debris removed, but still the search was unsuccessful. He had previously gone over the house, which was little better than a ruin, but now he entered upon a closer investigation. The windows had been broken, doors carried away, and the leaky roof had let in the storms until the floors were rotten. Now and then half a dozen boys entered the house and clambered about, but as a rule it was avoided as an uncanny place. Up to this time no one had hinted at a ghost or strange things, but that

was to come. Mr. Cummings, a constable and myafter supper to make a thorough search. What the brother expected to find he did not say, but he made up his mind that his sister never left Birnley alive. My persistency in declaring that she did not go away with her husband and the fact that the husband left at such an unusual hour probably gave Cummings the idea that she had been made away with during the night.

On entering we mounted to the second story and entered the room the couple had occupied that night. We were standing still and gazing about when there suddenly came a sound as of a woman sobbing. I bolted at once, but the constable followed at my heels, and when Cummings joined us below he sound we had heard, and after discussour fears, and together the four of us went up to the room. It was not yet dark outdoors, but very gloomy up there. The justice walked about, knocking and rapping with his cane, and perhaps ten covery can be made on any of the minutes had passed when we heard a bonds. noise as of slippered feet crossing the neglected suing the first bondsmen the outlook for people buying a house and floor, followed by gurgling and sobbing. Journal would be howling about that. just began to think they are settled." floor, followed by gurgling and sobbing. Journal would be howling about that. The sounds were so real and at the same According to the Journal, there was made for the stairs at once. When we had got safely down, Cummings said may say and feel that Holcomb was the noises had been produced by the wind and wanted to go back, but no one would go with him. It was agreed to keep the affair a secret and inspect the house next morning, and after break-fast our number was increased to six. Hellow the Journal believes there The two others were merchants of the was no settlement in fact, that paper town, and they had a hearty laugh at the way we had been driven out.

At half past 8 o'clock in the morning we gathered in that room. Most of the plaster was off, the floor was sinking and cobwebs hung from the corners. Queerly enough, access was had to the garret above through this, the best room in the house. There was the scuttle in down, and I wondered that I had never what ought to be done. The governor had just remarked that he would like to take a lock up there in the garret when there came a wailing, gurgling, sobbing sound which lasted for at least 15 seconds. Every one of us had the same ides

checked the retreat, and there was a long minute of silence. Then there was heard what might have been called a death rattle-a queer sound to make the flesh creep. After it had died away

Cummings said: "Gentlemen, murder has been done in this house. Let no one go away. We will get a ladder and take a look into

the garret." The constable fetched a ladder, and Cummings was first through the scuttle. The garret was 40 feet long by 20 wide, with the end windows broken out and daylight and sunshine streaming in. There were loose boards over the joists, and the garret was the roosting place of scores of pigeons. For two or three minutes nothing was to be seen. Then Cummings, who had made his way to the west end of the garret, beckoned to us and pointed to an object lying on the laths between the two end joists. It was a bundle of black mold and bones -the skeleton of the missing woman. She had been murdered in the room below and carried up there, and one might have looked into the garret a hundred times without discovering the body. It had been there so long that there was only dust and bones to be gathered up and taken down for identification and burial. The murderer had stripped the body of all clothing, but on one finger had been left a ring, which the brother had given her as a bridal present. There was not the shadow of a doubt as to who the victim was, and so great was the popular excitement over the ghastly noises and the dreadful find that 100 men turned to and pulled the ruins apart and made a big bonfire of the last board. Steps were at once taken to apprehend the murderer, and his trail was followed for many months, but to this day his crime is unpurished.

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PEOPLE ARE GETTING TIRED.

Fifty Subscribers Quit the State Journal in One Day at York. Holcomb says that Bartley was not

short during his first term. The settlement showed that he was not short. The supreme court decided that the governor should count bank certificates as cash. The senate appointed a committee to examine Bartley's new bond. That was a republican committee. The new bond was found to be all right. When an officer is short after serving a second term, it has always been the practice to sue on the bonds for both terms. This is done so the bond will not outlaw while the Mr. Cummings, a constable and my-self entered the old inn one evening bond. Often in the settlement of the first term the officer in fact is short in his acounts, but the bondsmen furnish money temporarily for the settlement. This was the case in the with which to make settlement. That kind of trickery does not, under the law release the first bondsmen. Some one may have furnished Bartley with many says: Some one may have furnished Bartley I suppose you folks have heard with money or bank certificates to about the new railroad shooting make settlement at the end of his first term. There is no way for the governor to tell whose money it was. It showed up all right, but the evibrath to find out what they are godence in the trial showing that an ing to do with the road men. They officer in fact was short during his dont't look for any of them to be first term and the shorage covered up fired, but they look to have to do more by a cash settlement and the cash at work for les pay. The rumor is out once returned to the men who furni- now that they are going to take was pale and trembling. It was a queer shed the same to fool a county board shed the same to fool a county board every thing from Laramie, and make or governor, does not and should not the men run from Cheyenne to ing it for a spell the constable went for release the man who practiced the Rawlins, but most everyone thinks a Mr. Hastings, who was a justice of fraud on the public. There is no way they can't do it, because the men can't the peace. Hastings arrived to ridicule of ascertaining whether or not there stand it to run that far. I'll tell you, the peace. Hastings arrived to ridicule of ascertaining whether or not there was a fraud until the evidence is in everyone looks blue, especially those on the trial in which the second bondsmen are sued. The State Journal knows these facts, yet wants to Jonathan yesterday if old Burt came

time so uncanny that the four of us in fact no settlement of the accounts of Bartley's first term. The Journal negligent. If he was, then the first bondsmen have had no settlement which releases them. If that be true, the Journal should insist on a recovery on the first bond. Let Governor is forced to the belief that the first bondsmen are liable. If the Bryan followers should object, criticise, and put everything in President McKinley's way in the present crisis, they would not be patriotic citizens. Re-publicans criticise, jeer, try to confuse the public when the state officers are trying to recover state money. If the governor and attorney-general are not the ceiling, with the trapdoor shut pursuing the right course, suggest taken notice of it before. Cummings wanted cash in settlement, the new treasurer wanted cash in settlement but the supreme court said bank certificates were good enough. The governor demanded that the funds be invested in state warrants but the su-premee court ordered otherwise. Had is considered. about it. It sounded as if a hand had the republicans carried the state and clutched a woman's throat and choked republican officers sought to recover the life out of her.

There was a move for the stairs, and every one's face was as pale as death, but Cummings made a gesture which the track? Republicans in York county are getting awful tired of the goods. way the Journal and Joe Johnson are doing. That paper ought to take the hint when fifty subscribers in York The Wells Shoe Store quit in one week .- York Teller.

> For the Industrial Department. Hastings college has an industrial department that was organized last

year for the purpose of assisting young men and women to secure a liberal education. The young men and women in this department are doing as much work as is necessary to secure their board. Last year this institution gardened about twenty acres, which enabled them to assist about forty students. They expect to do twice as much this year and Congressman Sutherland has secured and forwarded 500 packages of seed for their use.

No Prosperity in Wyoming.

The following is an extract from a letter from the wife of a railroad man employed on the U. P. in Wyoming It would seem to indicate that the great wave had not yet reached the employes of that great corporation. As all know the re-organization committee have isued \$100,000,000 of "water stock," over and above the cash capitalization. A dividend must

who have property here. The whole town is down in the mouth. I told confuse all the people so that no re-covery can be made on any of the bonds. Had the attorney-general of town and I would help do it. Nice



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We present the following list of questations. Each question contains the surrance of some will known American General. The letters used to spell the name in each question are some will known American General. The letters used to spell the name in each question are an example of the function of the question is "Custes" Again, take number VI. "The alengt Ringling him." The general and this question is "Custes." We leave the rest for year to solve. A change for deception, there is but one name in a question.

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**The locate and leaved deception of cream. The second and the property of cream. The second and the second and the solution is "Custes." We leave the rest for year to solve. Rechange for deception, there is but one name in a question.

"The logust creditated every spire of green."

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The burns I deemed slight, proved fals)."

Far across the argust fichis, these the calm lights."

The object of the strictions, fit his courage falsed."

The closel filled his syes, hearly blinding him."

YII. "Down the long street they marched to the sound of fit and found."

YIII. "Down the long street they marched to the sound of fit and found."

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YIII. "Standard."

YIII.

The alread filled his eyes, invary bilinding him."

X. "She inved the vari, yet her manner was distant."

Reseguizing that many have neither time nor upportunity in search history for the nature of American Generals, or form only animals. It is of twelve name, in which appears every name in above quotations; in Carleil, McCiclino, Milles Country, Thomas, Barushis, Romerans, Longsteen, Lor, Pubeth, Sariy, Beach.

Any prevent such that five names of American Generals from this list with the names of the quotations in which names appears, with 18 weeks of the first or the same of the country of the quotations in which names appears, with the name of the quotations in which names appears, with the name of the quotations in which names appears, with the name of the quotations in which names appears, with the name of the quotation of the quotation of the country of the quotation of the quotation of the country of the quotation of the

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