

## GEORGE WASHINGTON

He Never Told a Lie.  
(THE SMALL BOY'S VIEW OF IT.)

He must 'a been a bully chap, that feller Washin' ton, 'cos I have often heard my pa wush he had such a son;

'Cos ma says it must 'a filled his mother's head with a lie.

'Cos she could tell the folks next door she had a little boy.

Which was the bestest boy in town; 'n' an 'er back yard fence.

Could lean her chin 'n' tell Miss Brown she didn't have no sense.

'Tbout rattle'n' children; of she had there was no reason why.

Her Johnny wushn't like her George, who never told a lie.

My! I've told lots o' whoppers; 'n' George must 'a been a gooths.

'E's never told a lie when it went better'n' the truth.

When my ma's jam is mislaid 'n' she takes me on her knee,

Pulls off her shippers, 'n' I think a lickin' won't suit me.

I don't mind a sayin' I saw little Wully there,

'Tides couldn't reach the shelf 'n' so he tuk a chair.

I guess they had no jam them days, 'n' that's the reason why.

That little boy George Washin' ton never told a lie.

Ma sent me off to Sunday school 'n' I meet Johnny Brown.

'N' we two go a-swimmin' with a lot o' boys from town.

When I get back 'n' ma asks what kep' Sunday school so long,

I tell her that the teacher made us learn a little song.

'N' ma says she'll be glad to hear 'em, 'n' I give 'em 'n' lots o' holy things. I guess in olden times,

They didn't have no Sunday school, 'n' that's the reason why.

That little boy George Washin' ton never told a lie.

I heard pa tell the story wush about the cherry tree,

'N' 'bout the little hatchet. I'll bet if it was me,

I would 'a chopped the thing clean down 'n' at the cherry tree, too.

'N' I'd 'a said that Wully done it—that's what I would do.

My pa run for office, 'n' promised if he'd win,

He'd give each one a bully job w'od help to get him in;

But when he was elected 'n' got his seat, he found,

There wushn't jobs enough to go one-tenth the way around;

'N' so he wushn't lected the next time that he run.

I guess there wush no jobs them days, or mebbe 'n' Washin' ton 'lected the next time that he run.

The Father of his Country never told a lie.

Me 'n' pa went fishin' wush 'n' didn't get a bite;

But I heard pa say that we caught sixteen the other night;

'N' when I said, "Wby, pa," his face it jes' got awful red,

'N' 'e slipped a penny in my hand, 'n' I looked up 'n' said:

"Wby, pa, I found 'twus twenty when I counted 'em again."

Well, I guess the Presidents never went a fishin' then.

Like they do sometimes nowadays, 'n' that's the reason why.

Pa says, that Mister Washin' ton never told a lie.



### CONTRASTED WITH NAPOLEON.

Washington the Greatest and Whitest Character in Modern History.

OW shall any man add aught to the praise or eulogy of George Washington? History and biography, eloquence and poetry have exalted their combined riches upon the successful leader of the American revolution, and the founder of the American republic—our first great national hero.

Every great crisis in the history of the world has found its man to control and guide it. Call this Providence, or accident, the American revolution was no exception to it. Before the first murmurs of discontent were heard in that struggle the man was being prepared for the crisis. On the banks of the Potomac and the Rappahannock, thirty years before Lexington and Bunker Hill, a truthful and manly boy was growing up, ripening into stalwart young manhood. With only the common school education of that early day, the young man was soon being educated in the broader school of nature and experience, in the great forest, under the open heavens, with his surveyor's chain and his sword, in Indian wars, defending the frontier settlements from savage incursions.

Growing still apace, the manly young Virginian is soon the leading spirit and military commander of all that Potomac region, and his skill, endurance and courage in those campaigns swell the measure of his fame. Then with the peace, the young commander lays aside the sword, marries and settles upon his inherited country seat at Mt. Vernon, and like his ancestors is now a rich landed proprietor, a Virginia farmer and planter and country gentleman. No he might have remained to the end, had not the voice of patriotism called him to take part with his neigh-



EARLY PORTRAIT OF WASHINGTON.

here and the oppressed people of the colonies against the tyranny of the mother country. Washington sat with Jefferson and Richard Henry Lee and Mason and Pendleton, colleagues to that first continental congress at Philadelphia. The guns of Lexington crack, and their far echoes reach the patriot congress at Philadelphia. They waked the colonies to action. It had been debate and petition and remonstrance before—it was war, war

for liberty now. Twenty thousand patriot colonists had closed in upon the retreating British in Boston. Who should this leader be? The hour found the man, and out there stepped from the Virginia delegation and advanced to the bar of the house to accept his great trust, this modest frontier colonel, legislator and planter—all, imposing and commanding in appearance, his fine form made athletic and sinewy by long, manly exercise; his judgment ripened by experience in war and peace—the very ideal picture of the hero which the crisis demanded, George Washington, the MAN.

Aside from all questions of success or



MT. VERNON, THE HOME OF WASHINGTON.

failure, as we look at the man, what was it that made Washington great? It is clear that it was not the possession of great or brilliant intellectual faculties. Not in congress or convention, nor as speaker, writer, or even soldier, were these displayed. Other men have excelled him in all these ways, but in a word, it was character; it was a word, it was moral greatness. It was that nice adjustment of the moral and intellectual faculties, that perfect blending of parts, that lofty sense of duty in the performance of every trust, that apostolic truth, that stainless honor, that incorruptible integrity, that faultless courage and unshaken endurance—all these and none, that made up that consummate piece of manhood which flowered out in that eighteenth century of time and which is now evermore the priceless possession and glory of history. This is the supreme greatness of Washington.

Washington belongs not with the conquerors—with Alexander, Caesar, Napoleon, but with the great unselfish patriots—with Timoleon, with Cincinnatus, with Hampden and William of Orange. It is useless to compare him with Napoleon. It were better to contrast them. The great Corsican and the great Virginian were entirely dissimilar. They belonged to different races and were cast in different molds. The physical men were wide apart in appearance. Washington was tall, straight and commanding, with the blue eyes of the Anglo-Saxon. Napoleon was short and corpulent, with the sallow complexion and dark piercing eyes of the Latin race. Washington was slow, retiring and dignified; deliberate and calm in speech and action. Napoleon was quick and restless of movement, impetuous of speech and sometimes undignified in manner. But in moral greatness, compared with Washington, he was a dwarf. The one is the embodiment of human intellect and will, devoted, in the main, to selfless ambition; the other is the noblest combination of the moral and intellectual

facilities, inspired by justice and patriotism and guided by duty. The one is a fiery, portentous meteor, seen through the lurid smoke of battle, amid dissolving governments and toppling thrones and quenched at last in utter darkness. The other is an orderly planet in its appointed sphere, a grand and quiescent luminary, shining ever on with undiminished luster, lighting the world with liberty, in the serene, eternal heavens.

### GEORGE AT SCHOOL.

Got a Solid Knowledge of Mathematics, but Never Learned to Spell.

As a matter of fact little is known about George Washington's schooldays. His first teacher was named Hobby, and he was sexton as well as pedagogue of the Virginia parish in which the Washington family settled. Hobby was not a man of wide information or of deep culture. It is to be inferred that he knew how to write legibly and to teach the art skillfully, for the one pupil of his school who was destined to be illustrious wrote a clear plain hand. But judging from the letters and other writings of the immortal George that are now ex-



THE CHARLES ST. MEMMIS CREATOR.

tant, the teacher knew very little about orthography. At least he taught young George very little, for his spelling would drive a modern schoolmaster to drink. Possibly it was his pupil's inability or lack of desire to learn to spell that brought about the lack of cordiality that is said to have existed between them, though it is stated on excellent authority that in a very short time after entering Hobby's school the pupil knew as much if not more than the master.

Washington, pere, died in 1743, when Washington, filia, was but 11 years old. He then went to live with his half-brother Augustine and attended a school kept by a man named Williams. There he studied no language but the English, and, the story goes, devoted little attention to that, confining himself principally to mathematics. This stood him in good stead when he became a surveyor.

### Uses of the Cycle.

In the "Cycle Notes" of the Scientific American we find, in one week, three new uses of the nineteenth century



### UNLESS HE HAD AFFIDAVITS,

George Washington Would Not Be Above Suspicion.

In France it is used for the distribution of telegrams; the riders have an allowance for the use of the machines. In some Belgian cities the fire department uses tricycles for home-carts, with good results. On Long Island, New York, an entomologist carries a reservoir of insecticide attached to the handle-bars of his bicycle, and a knapsack spraying machine on his shoulders. He has thus a quick and efficient means of scattering the poison which kills insects injurious to vegetation.



If Washington in "splitting wood" or "boxing with a friend," Had got a blow by chance that should His optic features bend; Did he, in all truth, state the way He got his bold black eyes, His fame would not rebound to-day As one that could not lie!

## THE ONE RIGHT ROAD

REV. DR. TALMAGE POINTS IT OUT TO LIFE'S TRAVELERS.

Be Safe, Plain, Pleasant, Broad, Smooth, and with a Glorious Terminus at Last.

### Sermon at the Capital.

Rev. Dr. Talmage's sermon in Washington last Sunday was a picture of the road that many have traveled and others are trying to get on and is no more appropriate for the capital of the nation than that which he has chosen was Isaiah xxxv. 8, 10. "And an highway shall be there, and a way, and it shall be called the way of holiness. The unclean shall not pass over it, but it shall be for the; the wayfaring men, though fools, shall not err therein. No lion shall there, nor any ravenous beast shall go up thereon, it shall not be found there, but the redeemed shall walk there, and the ransomed of the Lord shall return and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads. They shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away."

There are hundreds of people in this house who want to find the right road. You sometimes see a person halting at cross roads, and you can tell by his looks that he wishes to ask a question as to what direction he has chosen was Isaiah xxxv. 8, 10. "And an highway shall be there, and a way, and it shall be called the way of holiness. The unclean shall not pass over it, but it shall be for the; the wayfaring men, though fools, shall not err therein. No lion shall there, nor any ravenous beast shall go up thereon, it shall not be found there, but the redeemed shall walk there, and the ransomed of the Lord shall return and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads. They shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away."

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### The King's Highway.

First, this road of the text is the king's highway. In the diligence you dash over the Bernard pass of the Alps, mile after mile, and there is not so much as a pebble to jar the wheels. You go over bridges which cross chasms that make you hold your breath, under projecting rock, along by dangerous precipices, through tunnels adrip with the meltings of the glaciers, and perhaps for the first time learn the majesty of a road built and supported by governmental authority. Well, my Lord and King decided to build a highway from earth to heaven. It should span all the chasms of human wretchedness. It should tunnel all the mountaintops of earthly difficulty. It should be wide enough and strong enough to hold so many of them should ever be born, as should be blasted out of the "Rock of Ages," and cemented with the blood of the cross, and be lifted amid the shouting of angels and the exclamation of devils. The King sent his Son to build that road. He put head and hand and heart to it, and after the road was completed waded his blistered hand over the way, crying, "It is finished!" Napoleon paid 15,000,000 francs for the building of the Simplon road that his cannon might go over for the devastation of Italy, but our King at a greater expense has built a road for a different purpose that the banners of heavenly dominion might come down over it. Being a king's highway, of course it is well built. Bridges splendidly arched and abutments have given way and crushed the passengers who attempted to cross them. But Christ the King would build no such thing as that. The work done, he mounts the chariot of his love and multitudes mount with him, and he drives on and up the steep of heaven amid the plaudits of gazing worlds! The work is done—well done—gloriously done—magnificently done.

### A Clean Road.

Still further, this road spoken of is a clean road. Many a fine road has become miry and foul because it has not been properly cared for, but my text says the unclean shall not walk on this one. Room on either side to throw away your sins. Indeed, if you want to carry them along, you are not on the right road. That bridge will break, those overhanging rocks will fall, the night will come down, leaving you at the mercy of the mountain bandits, and at the very next turn of the road you will perish. But if you are really on this clean road of which I have been speaking, then you will stop ever and anon to wash in the water that stands in the basin of the eternal rock.

### A Pleasant Road.

Still further, the road spoken of is a pleasant road. God gives a bond of indemnity against all evil to every man that reads it. "All things work together for good to those who love God." No weapon formed against them can prosper. That is the bond, signed, sealed and delivered by the president of the whole universe. What is the use of your fretting, O child of God, about food? "Behold the fowls of the air, for they sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns. Yet your Heavenly Father feedeth them." And will he take care of the sparrow, will he take care of the raven, will he take care of the hawk and let you die? What is the use of your fretting about clothes? "Consider the lilies of the field. Shall he not much more clothe you, O ye of little faith?" What is the use of worrying for fear something will happen to your home? "He blesteth the habitation of the just." What is the use of your fretting lest you will be overcome of temptations? "God is faithful, who will not suffer you to be tempted above that ye are able, but will with the temptation also make a way to escape that ye may be able to bear it." Oh, this King's highway! Trees of life on either side, bending over until their branches interlock and drop midway their fruit and shade. Houses of entertainment on either side the road for poor pil-

grims. Tables spread with a feast of good things, and walls adorned with apples of gold in pictures of silver. I start out on this King's highway, and I find a harper, and I say, "What is your name?" The harper makes no response, but leaves me to guess, as with his eyes toward heaven and his hand upon the trembling strings this tune comes rippling on the air: "Whom shall I fear? The Lord is the strength of my life. Of whom shall I be afraid?"

### A Plain Road.

Still further, the road spoken of is a plain road. "The wayfaring men, though fools, shall not err therein"—that is, if a man is three-fourths an idiot, he can find this road just as well as if he were a philosopher. The imbecile boy, the laughing stock of the street, and followed by a mob hooting at him, has only just to knock once at the gate of heaven, and it swings open, while there has been many a man who could lecture about pneumatics and chemistry and tell the story of Faraday's theory of electrical polarization and yet has been shut out of heaven. There has been many a man who stood in an observatory and swept the heavens with his telescope and yet has not been able to see the saving star. Many a man has been familiar with all the higher branches of mathematics and yet could not do the simple sum, "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" Many a man has been a fine reader of tragedies and poems and yet could not "read his title clear to mansions in the skies."

Many a man has botanized the continent and yet not known the Rose of Sharon, and the Lily of the Valley. But if one shall come in the right spirit, asking the way to heaven, he will find it a plain way. The pardon is plain. The peace is plain. Everything is plain. He who tries to get on the road to heaven through the New Testament teaching will get on beautifully. He who goes through philosophical discussion will not get on at all. Christ says, "Come to me and I will take all your sin away, and I will take all your troubles away." Now, what is the use of my discussing it any more? Is not that plain? If you wanted to go to some city, and I pointed you out a highway thoroughly laid out, would I be wise in detaining you by a geological discussion about the gravel you will pass over, or a physiological discussion about the muscles you will have to bring into play? No. After this Bible has pointed you the way to heaven, it is wise for me to detain you with any discussion about the nature of the human will, or whether the atonement is limited or unlimited? There is the road—go on it. It is a plain way. This is a faithful saying and worthy of all acceptance that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners. And that is in you and that is in me. Any little child here can understand this as well as I can. "Unless you become as a little child you cannot see the kingdom of God." If you are saved, it will not be as a philosopher; it will be as a little child. "Of such is the kingdom of heaven." Unless you get the spirit of little children you will never come out at their glorious destiny.

### A Safe Road.

Still further, this road to heaven is a safe road. Sometimes the traveler in those ancient highways would think himself perfectly secure, not knowing there was a lion by the way, burying his head deep between his paws, and then, when the right moment came, under the fearful spring the man's life was gone, and there was a mangled carcass by the roadside. But, says my text, "No lion shall be there." I wish I could make you feel your entire security. I tell you plainly that one minute after a man has become a child of God he is as safe as though he had been 10,000 years in heaven. He may slip, he may slide, he may stumble, but he cannot be destroyed; kept by the power of God, through faith, unto complete salvation, everlastingly safe. The severest trial to which you can subject a Christian man is to kill him, and that is glory. In other words, the worst thing that can happen a child of God is heaven. The body is only the old slippers that he throws aside just before putting on the sandals of light. His soul, you cannot hurt it. No fires can consume it; no floods can drown it; no devils can capture it.

### Firm and unmoved are they.

Who rest their souls on God; Fixed as the ground where David stood, Or where the ark abode.

His soul is safe. His reputation is safe. Everything is safe. "But," you say, "will his store burn up?" Why, then it will be only a change of investments from earthly to heavenly securities. "But," you say, "suppose his name goes down under the hoof of scorn and contempt?" The name will be so much brighter in glory. "Suppose his physical health fails?" God will pour into him the floods of everlasting health, and it will not make any difference. Earthly subtraction is heavenly addition. The tears of earth are the crystals of heaven. As they take rags and tatters and put them through the paper mill, and they come out beautiful white sheets of paper, so often the rags of earthly destitution, under the cylinders of death, come out a white scroll upon which shall be written eternal emancipation. There was one passage of Scripture the force of which I never understood until one day at Chamouni, with Mont Blanc on one side and Montanvert on the other. I opened my Bible and read, "As the mountains are around about Jerusalem, so the Lord is around about them that fear him." The surroundings were an omnipotent commentary.

### Though troubles assail and dangers affront.

Though friends should all fail and foes all unite, Yet one thing secures us, whatever be tide, The Scripture assures us the Lord will provide.

A Pleasant Road.

Still further, the road spoken of is a pleasant road. God gives a bond of indemnity against all evil to every man that reads it. "All things work together for good to those who love God." No weapon formed against them can prosper. That is the bond, signed, sealed and delivered by the president of the whole universe. What is the use of your fretting, O child of God, about food? "Behold the fowls of the air, for they sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns. Yet your Heavenly Father feedeth them." And will he take care of the sparrow, will he take care of the raven, will he take care of the hawk and let you die? What is the use of your fretting about clothes? "Consider the lilies of the field. Shall he not much more clothe you, O ye of little faith?" What is the use of worrying for fear something will happen to your home? "He blesteth the habitation of the just." What is the use of your fretting lest you will be overcome of temptations? "God is faithful, who will not suffer you to be tempted above that ye are able, but will with the temptation also make a way to escape that ye may be able to bear it." Oh, this King's highway! Trees of life on either side, bending over until their branches interlock and drop midway their fruit and shade. Houses of entertainment on either side the road for poor pil-

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### I go a little farther on the same road

and meet a trumpeter with a music for a tired pilgrim? And, wiping his lips and taking a long breath, he puts his mouth to the trumpet and pours forth this strain: "They shall hunger no more, neither shall they thirst any more, neither shall the sunlight on them, nor any heat, for the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall lead them to living fountains of water, and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes." I go a little distance farther on the same road, and I meet a maiden of Israel. She has no harp, but she has cymbals. They look as if they had rusted from sea spray, and I say to the maiden of Israel: "Have you no song for a tired pilgrim?" And, like the clang of victors' shields, the cymbals clap as Miriam begins to discourse: "Sing ye to the Lord, for he hath triumphed gloriously. The horse and the rider hath he thrown into the sea." And then I see a white-robed group. They come bounding toward me, and I say, "Who are they? The happiest, and the brightest, and the fairest in all heaven—who are they?" And the answer comes, "These are they who came out of great tribulations and had their robes washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb."

### The Terminus.

I pursue this subject only one step farther. What is the terminus? I do not care how fine a road you put me on, I want to know where it comes out. My text declares it, "The redeemed of the Lord come to Zion." You know what Zion was. That was the king's palace. It was a mountain fastness. It was impregnable. And so heaven is the fastness of the universe. No howitzer has long enough range to shell those towers. Let all the batteries of earth and hell blast away. They cannot break in those gates. Gilester was taken, Bevastopol was taken, Babylon fell, but those walls of heaven shall never surrender either to human or satanic besiegement. The Lord God Almighty is the defense of it. Great capital of the universe! Terminus of the King's highway!

Dr. Dick said that, among other things, he thought in heaven we would study chemistry and geometry and conic sections. Kouthey thought that in heaven he would have the pleasure of seeing Chaucer and Shakespeare. Now, Dr. Dick may have his mathematics for all eternity, and Kouthey his Shakespeare. Give me Christ and my old friends—that is all the heaven I want. Christ and his people that I knew on earth—that is heaven enough for me. Oh, garden of light, whose leaves never wither, and whose fruits never fall! Oh, banquet of God, whose sweetness never palls the taste and whose guests are kings forever! Oh, city of light, whose walls are salvation, and whose gates are praise! Oh, palace of rest, where God is the monarch and everlasting ages the length of his reign! Oh, song louder than the surf beat of many waters, yet soft as the whisper of cherubim!

### Oh, glorious heaven!

When the last wound is healed, when the last heartbeat is ended, when the last tear of earthly sorrow is wiped away, and when the redeemed of the Lord shall come to Zion, then let all the harpers take down their harps, and all the trumpeters take down their trumpets, and all across heaven let there be chorus of morning stars, chorus of white-robed victors, chorus of martyrs from under the throne, chorus of ages, chorus of worlds, and there is but one song sung, and but one name spoken, and but one throne honored—that of Jesus only.

### Mother-Wit.

A pretty long list might be made of men who have owed their advancement in life to a smart answer given at the right moment.

One of Napoleon's veterans, who survived his muster many years, was wont to recount with great glee how he had once picked up the Emperor's cocked hat at a review, when the latter, not noticing that he was a private, said carelessly, "Thank you, captain." "In what regiment, sir?" instantly asked the ready-witted soldier.

Napoleon, perceiving his mistake, answered with a smile, "In my Guard, for I see you know how to be prompt."

The newly made officer received his commission the next morning. A somewhat similar anecdote is related of Marshal Suvoroff, who, when receiving a dispatch from the hands of a Russian sergeant who had greatly distinguished himself on the Danube, attempted to confuse the messenger by a series of whimsical questions, but found him fully equal to the occasion.

"How many fish are there in the sea?" asked Suvoroff.

"All that are not caught yet," was the answer.

"How far is it to the moon?"

"Two of your excellency's forced marches."

"What would you do if you saw your men giving way in battle?"

"I'd tell them that there was a wagon-load of whisky just behind the enemy's line."

### Buffed at all points,

the marshal ended with "What's the difference between your colonel and myself?"

"My colonel cannot make me a lieutenant, but your excellency has only to say the word."

"I say it now then," answered Suvoroff—"and a right good officer you'll be."

### A New and Light Metal.

The metal glitium, hitherto a chemical rarity, is likely to come forward as a useful material, especially in electrical work. It is only twice as heavy as water, and is, therefore, even lighter than aluminum. It is a good deal less extensible than iron and has an electric conductivity greater than that of copper. It is more durable than iron. At its present price, \$17.83 per pound, it is one-tenth the price of platinum, weight for weight, and one-one hundred and sixtieth the price volume for volume.