

WAKEFIELD MEMORIAL

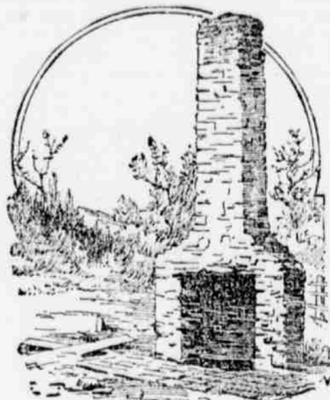
Washington's Birthplace to Be Appropriately Marked.

One of the Most Picturesque Spots on the Potomac River—A Brief History of an Ancient Virginia Estate.

[Special Washington Letter.]

Half a century more ancient than Mount Vernon, and one of the most picturesque spots on the Potomac river, is Wakefield, Westmoreland county, Va., the birthplace of George Washington. It has been a subject of general remark that Mount Vernon, the home and last resting place of Washington, has been taken care of and beautified, while Wakefield, the birthplace of the Father of His Country, has been almost totally neglected. Wakefield is situated about seventy miles down the Potomac, south of the national capital, and sixteen miles from Colonial beach, an excursion resort to which hundreds of pleasure seekers go daily on the boats to fish and sail and bathe in the salt water.

Many years ago there were plans suggested for erecting a suitable



ALL THAT REMAINS OF WASHINGTON'S BIRTHPLACE.

memorial to Washington at Wakefield, but definite action was not taken until June, 1879, when an appropriation of \$3,000 was made by congress for the erection of a suitable monument. By the provisions of the act the matter was placed in the hands of the secretary of state, who was instructed to see that the appropriation was properly expended. It was found that the \$3,000 set aside would be inadequate for the expense of preparing a suitable memorial; so, in pursuance of a request made in a personal letter from William M. Evarts, of New York, who was then secretary of state, and who had visited Wakefield and learned the necessity of immediate action in the matter, Congressman Samuel J. Randall, of Pennsylvania, then chairman of the house committee on appropriations, recommended to congress the passage of a bill appropriating the sum of \$30,000 for the purchase of the old Washington homestead, and for the erection of a monument to mark the birthplace of the greatest and best member of the Washington family. The bill was passed in February, 1881. The land was soon afterwards transferred to the federal government, and the secretary of state obtained the right of way for a road to a suitable landing place on the river, a mile away.

The first subject to occupy the attention of the authorities was the construction of a wharf to afford an approach to the estate from the river. It was found that the cost of hauling the material for the memorial six miles over the rough roads would entail enormous expense, so the only alternative was to build a wharf on the river front. Surveys were made and estimates prepared for the work, but it was not until 1884 that Gen. Casey, who has since then been made chief of engineers in the war department, conceived a plan for the construction of a permanent wharf and asked legislative authority for the development of his plan. But nothing was done towards commencing the work until 1893, after a delay of nine years. Congress then made provision for the construction of the wharf in accordance with the plans submitted by Gen. Casey. The work was begun at once and it progressed rapidly until completed in September, 1894. The structure is conceded to be the finest of its kind on the Potomac river. It is built of cast iron screw piles with a timber deck, and is 1,050 feet long and 16 feet in width, with deck head 40 by 60 feet wide, the great length of the wharf being required in order to reach a water depth of nine feet, mean low tide, so as to permit the landing of the large river boats which ply between Washington and Norfolk.

When Secretary Evarts sent his letter to Congressman Randall, chairman of the committee on appropriations, in 1880, he also submitted a plan which he had conceived for the erection of a memorial at Wakefield. Only the hearthstone and chimney of the original house in which Washington was born now remain on the spot. It was Mr. Evarts' idea to erect in their place a handsome modern structure built of granite, with tiled roof and bronze tablet, bearing a suitable inscription. The building was to have bronze doors and windows, with screens so arranged as to permit the entrance of light, making the interior visible from without. Such a building, Mr. Evarts then be-

lieved, would require no care or attention and would be practically imperishable. Col. J. M. Wilson, commissioner of public buildings and grounds, who had immediate charge of the work of building the wharf, has a plan for a memorial which is entirely different from that proposed by Mr. Evarts fourteen years ago. Secretary of State Gresham, who was delegated with authority for the execution of the work, has not yet given the matter much consideration. He is, however, disposed to consider Col. Wilson's plan with favor. After paying for the construction of the wharf there was left, out of the original appropriation of \$30,000, only \$24,712 which could be expended on the memorial proper. This sum is deemed insufficient to construct the granite vault, and Mr. Evarts' plan will, therefore, not be adopted. Col. Wilson's plan is to erect over the spot where the old house stood a simple rugged shaft bearing an appropriate inscription. The shaft is to be a granite column, and of sufficient height to be visible from the excursion boats on the river. The work is now fairly under way. Surveyors are at work to ascertain how high the shaft will need to be in order to be easily seen from all points on the river, which is nine miles wide; so it is reasonable to presume that within a short time there will be a handsome monument erected at Wakefield to suitably mark the birthplace of the Father of His Country.

It will probably be interesting to give right here a brief history of this old estate and the manner in which the Washingtons were identified with it. The only object which in any way now discloses to visitors the identity of Wakefield is a memorial stone on the site of the dwelling, which states that "here, on the 11th day of February, 1792, George Washington was born." It was a beautiful June day in 1815 when Mr. Custis, with three other gentlemen, sailed from Alexandria in his own little vessel, with this memorial stone wrapped in an American flag; and, landing at a convenient place, bore it to the destined spot. They gathered a few bricks from the ruins of one of the chimneys and constructed a rude pedestal, on which they laid the stone and commended it to the care of the American people.

The first of the Washington family in America was John Washington, who settled in Westmoreland county in 1657. He was prosperous, and acquired a large landed estate. His eldest son, Lawrence, succeeded him, marrying a Miss Warner, of Gloucester county. Among his children was Augustine, who, at the age of twenty-one, married Miss Jane Butler, a neighbor's daughter, who bore him twosons, Augustine, Jr., and Lawrence, who became the half brothers of George. In 1728 their mother died. Two years later their father married Mary Ball, and the first born of this union was George, the afterwards great patriot, soldier and statesman.

Washington, when president in 1792, wrote a genealogical table of the Washington family. In it is the following: "Jane, wife of Augustine, died November 24, 1728, and was buried in the family vault at Bridge's Creek. Augustine then married Mary Ball, March 6, 1730." The Washingtons for three generations were buried in that vault at Bridge's Creek. Mary Ball's father was a well-to-do planter on the Rappahannock. Her mother died in 1728. Mary's older brother, Joseph Ball, was a lawyer, settled in London,



THE FAMILY VAULT.

and after the death of their mother she joined this brother and his family in London. About the same time Augustine Washington also went over to England. He married Mary Ball in England in the year 1730, and for a wedding tour recrossed the Atlantic and went to the old homestead in Westmoreland county, Va.

The dwelling to which Augustine Washington took his second wife was very modest, yet it ranked among the best at that time. It had four rooms and a spacious attic, with the usual big chimneys at each end. On the river front was a piazza. Here in this model home Mary Ball Washington gave birth to the son who made his name immortal. This Virginia manor about which clustered so much of the interesting history of the Washington family was doomed to destruction. One morning in April, 1755, while the servants were burning some brush in the garden, the dry shingles on the low roof of the house caught fire from a spark and the flames spread so rapidly that nothing could be done to check their progress, and the whole structure was destroyed. Only the old chimneys remained standing.

THE FARMING WORLD.

AN EXCELLENT DEVICE.

Designed for Dairymen Who Wish to Cool Milk in the Well.

The sketch herewith shows a simple and successfully creamery that any farmer can with little expense construct. The first thing required is a well of good size in diameter and of cool water. I made the experiment early last spring by hanging the cans in the well, and was so well satisfied with the results I made the needed arrangement for hoisting and lowering the cans by means of a crank which can be attached to each roller. Three cans are all that are needed in my creamery, each one holding a milking,

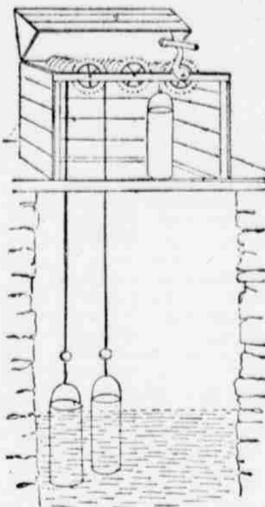


FIG. 1.

which allows thirty-six hours for each setting. The cans should have covers to keep out dirt and insects, but not be airtight, and can be made to hold a larger quantity where more cows are kept, but should be about three times the height of the diameter, with the case between the curb floor and the space roller to allow the can to pass freely through. The sketch is so simple it seems unnecessary to explain its construction. One point to be kept in mind is to see that the cans are not set too deep in rainy weather, as the water may rise and overturn the milk. Snaps are used on the ends of the rope to attach the can, as seen in Fig. 1. The cover of the case is so made that when closed it slants back to shed rain. The front piece (see Fig. 2) is detachable and sets in so that when closed it can be locked with a padlock. All who have seen it think highly of it, as it is a creamery without the use

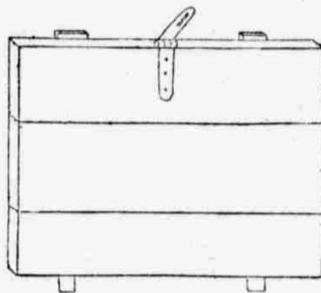


FIG. 2.

of ice, which is expensive to have and a great deal of work to use. On one occasion in market I met a man who has used a creamery for many years, and who thought it would pay him to dig a well purposely instead of using ice. Setting of milk in wells is so common that this device ought to be generally used by farmers.—M. J. Malbett, in American Agriculturist.

MUSHROOM CULTURE.

No Other Garden Crop Pays Such Satisfactory Profits.

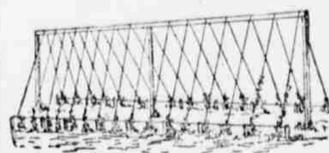
Will you tell us how to grow mushrooms and whether or not they are profitable to grow? asks a correspondent. One of the most profitable crops for the outlay that can be grown; the market is sure, because the supply never equals the demand. Mushrooms can be grown in any dark room or cellar where the temperature can be kept at from 59 to 79 degrees. From some old pasture procure good rich soil and store it away. To every bushel of this soil add two bushels of fresh horse manure. Of this well-mixed compound prepare a bed, say four feet wide. Put down a thin layer and pound it down hard, and go on until you have a bed 12 to 18 inches thick. It soon becomes pretty hot, but let the heat recede until it is only 85 or 90 degrees. Then make holes, say a foot apart, and put in the spawn, two or three pieces as large as a walnut in each hole. Cover the holes and press the soil solid and smooth. Let the bed remain in this condition about 12 days; then cover the bed with 2 inches of fresh loam, and over this place 4 or 5 inches of hay or straw, and the work is done. If the temperature is right in six or eight weeks you may expect mushrooms. The beds will continue bearing from 30 to 35 days. After the first crop is gathered, spread over the bed an inch of fresh soil, moisten with warm water and cover with hay as before. The main conditions in mushroom growing are proper and uniform temperature and very rich soil. One pound of spawn is sufficient for a bed 2 by 6 feet.—Farmer's Voice.

RAISING LIMA BEANS.

A Profitable Crop and an Ornament to the Farm Garden.

This delicious and wholesome bean is one of the pleasures and profits of the garden. Any good garden soil will grow them, and the varieties are multiplying. When I select my seed for the next season I always do it when picking the green crop. Whenever I find an early, well-formed and well-filled pod I mark it by tying a string loosely around its stem and let it hang for ripening.

I always plant in rows three feet apart, and for my family of seven I plant 2 rows 20 feet long or 4 rows ten feet long. This gives us an abundance of green picking and quite a number of messes of the dry beans. I make the ground nice, fine and smooth. Then I draw a line and stick the bean edge-wise eye down, 4 inches apart in the row, with my thumb and forefinger, and then sift along the row some finely pulverized stable manure. When the beans are up sufficiently high I cultivate carefully until they start their runners, then I go to the lumber yard and get three light posts 2x2 and two strips of, inch plank 2 inches wide. If my rows are 20 feet long, I put one post equidistant between the rows at each end, and one in the middle. Then I put the strips of board edge-wise on these posts as high up on them as I can conveniently reach. These strips form a ridge pole above and between the rows. I then split some short stakes about 15 inches long out of a piece of board or straight splitting stove wood, and drive them directly in the rows of beans in a slanting position about 3 feet apart in the rows. Then using ordinary wool twine I run a string along these stakes, looping it on them so as to keep it from slipping; and from this string I pass strings over the ridge board to each bean hill, and the work is done; only I then carefully loosen up the soil, pull the earth from the center



TRELLIS FOR LIMA BEANS.

well up to the rows, and then let them run along the strings till they reach the top, which is the signal for pinching the runners off. The cost and trouble is small, and the string and poles can be used for several seasons. Besides, when a little care is taken to do the work neatly, the growing beans are an ornament in the garden. I raise all pole beans the same way.—American Agriculturist.

How to Market String Beans.

String beans should be gathered as soon as the bean is about to form in the pod, before it is hardly perceptible. Do not allow them to remain on the vines until coarse. It is also advisable to see that they go into packages cool and dry, and when expedient to spread them out for a short time do so. When ready they should be packed in about the same packages as peas, only this rule should be observed, especially in putting up wax beans, the beans should be nicely and evenly placed in layers on the bottom, sides and top of packages. This gives them an attractive appearance which adds very materially to their sale. Pack full and keep out all specked or rusty beans.—Farmers' Review.

Effect of Food on Butter.

Carefully studied experiments in feeding dairy cattle show that the kind of food the cows consume has a pronounced effect on the hardness of the butter. So far as the experiments have gone it appears (1) That gluten meal tends to produce a much softer quality of butter than cornmeal or cottonseed meal, and, other things being equal, tends to lessen the churnability of the butter fat. (2) That silage produces a much softer butter than does good hay, but it is also favorable to the flavor and texture of the butter product. (3) That cottonseed meal tends to produce an unusually hard quality of butter, and that cottonseed meal and gluten meal might be used together with excellent results.—Farmers' Review.

Ventilation in the Cow Stable.

No feature in dairying is more important than ventilation. Do not stable cows where their food is stored. The best stable floor is made of concrete and should be washed often. The stable should be light with plenty of windows, the cattle facing each other. On the roof should be a ventilator that can never be closed. Ventilation by windows should be regulated daily. On entering the stable in the morning open the doors and blow out the impure air the first thing.—O. B. Hadwen, in Farm and Home.

What a Texas Man Thinks.

Good roads encourage neighborliness. They are a most potent agency in removing the barriers of prejudice which a generation of misguided persons have erected between town and country.—W. L. Moore, Pilot Point, Tex.

WHEN trees can be protected as easily as they may be by weaving faths and standing them about the tree, nobody should ever complain of damage done by rabbits in winter.

WELL-FED HORSES.

Among the Persians the Animals Fare Sumptuously.

Certainly my father's stable was a sight for sore eyes. A series of rectangular holes in the wall of the courtyard formed the mangers, to which the horses were secured by head ropes; the heels of each animal were also fastened by ropes of black camel's hair to a big iron pin driven into the ground behind it. Each of them was covered by a light woolen sheet, and they were all eating away as though for dear life, it being early summer, when, as my father informed me, all horses are fattened on grass for a couple of months, and do little or no work.

There was a great heap of freshly-cut green barley, and a boy was busily occupied in cutting this into pieces some three inches long by means of a sort of saw-edged sickle. As soon as a horse had emptied its manger it would look around at the head groom, who was seated on a brick platform in the middle of the stable yard, and neigh; then the head groom would address it by its name, and say affectionately: "Yes, my soul, you shall be attended to immediately;" then he would call to a second boy, who would fill the animal's manger with the freshly-cut green barley grass.

"This goes on all day and all night, Madge," said my father, with a laugh; "none of these animals get any grain, and they couldn't grind it if they did, for their teeth are temporarily blunted by the perpetual munching of the green barley stalks. Each horse will eat a mule load of it in the twenty-four hours, and they are all as fat as pigs, as you shall see. Now is the horse's annual holiday," and then, by my father's orders, the beautiful creatures were stripped one after the other, and I confess that I had never seen horses so fat or with such shiny coats before. But not one of them stopped eating for an instant, and the long tails never ceased switching and twirling and brushing off the flies in a scientific manner. They never cut horses' tails in Persia, they would consider it cruel; and the long tails, most of which almost touch the ground, certainly add to the animals' appearance.—Behind an Eastern Veil—Dr. Willis.

POKER IN ALASKA.

An Experience That Makes a New Yorker Want to Return to Juneau.

"A select little poker party was on in Juneau the night before I left," said a man who has just returned from Alaska, "and the game sweetened up in good shape in a few rounds. Poker is the same in Alaska as it is in New York or Florida, only perhaps it's oftener. In the course of the game a jack pot assumed ample proportions, and a noted local player opened it with a bang. One after another laid down, and only one man stayed in to fight it out. He drew one card to fill a straight flush while the opener stood pat. The opener pushed out a little stack of chips after the draw. His opponent threw down a bob-tail flush exclaiming:

"If I had caught my man I would have seen you and raised you clear to the ceiling."

"Well, here's your man," said the opener handing him the desired ace of spades, "and now go ahead with your bluffing."

"The other player looked at the opener in amazement. The straight flush man, for that was his hand, bet a stack of reds. The opener saw him and raised at the same time remarking:

"Take back your chips old man. I don't want to rob you."

"Rob me! Well, I guess not. You can't do it without a gun. I've got a royal flush and nothing beats that but a six-shooter."

"The opener looked dazed and then throwing down an ace full on kings he said:

"Dashyty-blank-blank. Of course you have. I'm the oyster and I've been opened in shape."

"My friend Mr. Goodplayer had to set 'em up for the rest of the evening. Wasn't that a soft target? I'm going back to Juneau sometime."—N. Y. Sun.

Knew Her Business.

"It do seem funny to me," complained the Georgia mother, "that you will stick to that Si Lovin'good, that ain't got nothin' on earth but that there little ten-acre farm that everybody knows is wore out, when you got a chance to marry that there rich man from the north. What is the matter with you, Polly, anyway? Throwin' away a rich man for a common, ornery cracker! What excuse you got?"

The maiden smiled a wan smile. "Polly wants a cracker," was all she deigned to say.—Cincinnati Tribune.

An Awful Liar.

Mother—Why are you so anxious to marry my daughter, sir?
Applicant—Partly because of my desire to have you for my mother-in-law, madam.
His request was granted.—Texas Siftings.

A Clear Case.

He—You can tell a woman's character even by arrangement of the tidies on the chairs in her parlor.
She—But suppose there are no tidies?
He—Then she is considerate.—Detroit Free Press.