











FIRST IN WAR,  
FIRST IN PEACE,  
FIRST IN THE HEARTS  
OF HIS COUNTRYMEN.

WHAT'S IN A NAME.

Two Men Who Suffer from Unpleasant Conscience  
There are three sensitive spots in town whom a great many people know says the New York Recorder. One of them has names that delight the punster. The other one's name is not peculiar. He is mentioned with the other two because he has a spasmodic habit of calling himself out of his name, which is Whitfield.

AT VALLEY FORGE.

VALLEY Forge is a rough piece of ground on the banks of the Schuylkill, twenty-one miles from Philadelphia and six from the nearest large town. As more land is - of worth much. But if the Pass of Thermopylae is classic ground, Valley Forge is classic. If there is one spot on this continent more fit than any other for a final and sufficient monument to the man and to the men of the American Revolution, it is Valley Forge. I do not refer merely to the hunger, thirst and cold endured there by eleven thousand soldiers after an exhausting campaign in the field. The worst of all that misery was over in six weeks. The suffering was acute while it lasted, but it was followed soon by comparative abundance; then by the cheering news of the flight of the enemy from Philadelphia, and the swift pursuit of them by Gen. Washington. What the troops endured there would alone make the place forever interesting to posterity. But Valley Forge means more than that. It witnessed some of the most important and striking scenes in the war. It was there, too, through the constancy and tireless energy of the commander-in-chief, that the cause was won and final victory made possible. The selection of the ground was itself a piece of notable generalship, as during as it was wise. The occupation of Philadelphia by the British had filled every other town of Pennsylvania with refugees. The middle of December had passed before the army had repulsed the last demonstration of the British, and afforded the American commander breathing time to consider the question of his winter quarters. Then he said, in substance, to the troops: Since there is no town for us to retire to, let us create a town for ourselves here, close to the enemy, limiting his range, curtailing his supplies, protecting Pennsylvania and holding ourselves ready to resume the aggressive as soon as he abandons the city, in which he will be by us practically besieged. He chose Valley Forge, a deep cleft in a lofty hill, with a stream at the bottom of it emptying into the Schuylkill. There was nothing in this valley for human use except the primal forest that densely covered it and the streams of water that flowed by and through it. But Washington, himself well skilled in woodcraft, commanded soldiers most of whom had been or inhabited log-cabins. When he told them that log huts could be quickly made warm and dry, he said what they all knew to be true. He also knew precisely what was necessary for the construction of the huts, what tools were needed and what materials. His order of December 15, 1777, transformed the whole army into a cabin-building

"As an encouragement to industry and art, the general promises to reward the party in each regiment which finishes its hut in the quickest and most workmanlike manner with twelve dollars. And as there is reason to believe that boards for covering the huts may be found scarce and difficult to be got, he offers one hundred dollars to any officer or soldier who, in the opinion of three gentlemen that he shall appoint as judges, shall substitute some other covering that may be cheaper and more quickly made, and will in every respect answer the end."

The huts were fourteen feet by sixteen, and six and a half feet high. The officers' huts were ranged in a line behind those of the soldiers, and only generals were accorded the convenience of having a whole house to themselves. Gen. Washington inhabited a cabin of one room until later in the season, when a second was added for the accommodation of Mrs. Washington. He said, in another order of the day, that "the general himself will share in the hardships and partake of every inconvenience."

It does not appear that any one invented a better roofing than slabs, nor has any one recorded what company of soldiers won the twelve-dollar prize. and tact to conciliate the discordant elements.

This dispatch to the president of congress abounds in force and pathos, and shows how much better a writer its author was than any man who ever wrote for him. If I were asked to mention the finest exhibition that a commander has ever given of great qualities, both of heart and mind, I should answer: Washington at Valley Forge. One unexpected consolation that befell me at this period was the affectionate enthusiasm of Lafayette, then just recovering from his wound received at Brandywine. The young and ardent Frenchman, in his letters to his wife and family, gives the warmest expression to his love and admiration. He speaks of Washington as a man expressly "made for" the work he is doing, he alone having the patience

"Every day," wrote the marquis, "I admire more the beauty of his character and of his soul. Jealous intriguers wish to tarnish his reputation, but his name will be revered in all ages by every one who loves liberty and humanity."

Many such passages, written in one of the log-cabins of Valley Forge, I notice in the family letters of the youthful enthusiast. In such circumstances, the American army was reconstructed, reinforced, becomingly clad, well drilled, and at last abundantly supplied, while the English were circumscribed so closely that it required two regiments to escort a foraging party. If it went more than two miles into the country, Valley Forge it was that rendered the possession of Philadelphia a trap instead of a capture. June 18, 1778, Gen. Washington received information that the British had secretly and suddenly evacuated Philadelphia. He was in such perfect readiness for the news, that within an hour, six brigades were on the march for the Delaware river. The next day, he himself joined the advance. Ten days after the first troops left their cabins in Pennsylvania, he fought the battle of Monmouth, which turned their retreat into a flight and shut them up in New York. If neither congress nor Pennsylvania shows an inclination to possess the scene of so many memorable events, then let some patriotic capitalist convert it into a summer resort, carefully restoring the old camp roads, marking all the sites and making the place an object-lesson in history.—James Parton in New York Ledger.

Letter Written by Martha Washington.  
A copy of the only letter and signature of Martha Washington is in possession of the United States Government, says Kate Field's Washington. This letter lay for more than ninety years hidden among some mummy archives at the Capitol, and was lately discovered by Walter H. French, clerk of the department of files, House of Representatives. The spelling and punctuation are carefully reproduced.

Mount Vernon, Dec. 31st, 1789.  
Sir,  
While I feel with keener anguish the late Disposition of a vine I find, I cannot be in a state to be the mournful tributes of respect and veneration which are paid to the memory of my dear deceased Husband—and as his best services and most anxious wishes were always devoted to the welfare and happiness of his country—to know that they were truly appreciated, and gratefully remembered affords no inconsiderable consolation.

With grateful acknowledgments and your most obedient & humble servant,  
MARTHA WASHINGTON.  
Fourteenth Daughters.  
A girl baby born the other day in Kokomo, Ind., is the fourteenth daughter of a fourteenth daughter of a fourteenth daughter—a record which is thought to be unprecedented.

These three cases typify a class of men whose names are a constant source of irritation to them; and, as their tormentors, they are of a class that bores every sensible person on earth.

Sources of Ivory.  
African ivory is now conceded to be the finest. The first quality of this comes from near the equator and it has been remarked with regard to this fact that the nearer the equator the smaller is the elephant, but the larger the tusks. The ivory from equatorial Africa is closer in the grain and has less tendency to become yellow by exposure than Indian ivory.

An Umbrella Case.  
Cane umbrellas are not a novelty on paper but as a successful reality they are. A Bavarian named Kroeber has realized man's dream of being provided with a cane and umbrella at the same time. The article is simple enough in its construction. The cane part is of the ordinary size. The metal handle is adjustable and works on a thread. The interior of the case contains the silk umbrella over a thin but durable frame. To make use of it the handle must be removed, the umbrella pulled out and mounted on the cane, which now serves as an umbrella stick. It is pushed through the bell and screwed fast at the top. The work of just half a minute will accomplish the change.—St. Louis Republic.

Drankness in Denmark.  
The people in Denmark have a peculiar way of dealing with drunk persons found in the streets. They summon a cab and place the drunkard inside it; then drive to the station, where he gets sober; then home, where he arrives sober and sane. The policeman never leave him till he see him safe in the family bosom. Then the cabman makes his charge, and the police surgeon makes his, and the agents make their own claim for special duty, and this bill is presented to the host of the establishment where the culprit took his last overpowering glass.

Want the Prince to Come.  
The people of Canada are anxious to have the Prince of Wales and the secretary of state for the colonies at Toronto in August, 1897, when the British association meets there, and when the new municipal buildings are to be opened. Stores are already being taken to Seattle, says Boster, the presence of the prince. The Prince of Wales spent the greater part of the summer of 1889 in Canada, and has not since then crossed the Atlantic.

Hand Transit for Twin Cities.  
The committee on transportation of the chamber of commerce of St. Paul, Minn., has been directed by the body to inquire into the desirability and practicability of a rapid transit electric line between St. Paul and Minneapolis that shall make few stops and shall run from the center of one city to the center of the other in not more than thirty minutes.

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

"WASHINGTON FOR GOD" LAST SUNDAY'S SUBJECT.

Golden Text: "Beginning at Jerusalem"— Luke xxiv, 47: The spread of Christian Grace should begin at the Nation's Capital.

HERE I lie," and the driver, and we all instantly and excitedly rose to catch the first glimpse of Jerusalem, so long the joy of the whole earth. That city, circled with a temple and palace and radiant, whether looked up at from the valley of Jehoshaphat or gazed at from adjoining hills, was the capital of a great nation. Clouds of incense had hovered over it. Chariots of kings had rolled through it. Battering-rams of enemies had thundered against it. There Isaiah prophesied, and Jeremiah lamented, and David reigned, and Paul preached, and Christ was crucified. Most interesting city ever built since masonry rung its first trowel, or plumb-line measured its first wall, or royalty swung its first scepter. What Jerusalem was to the Jewish kingdom, Washington is to our own country—the capital, the place to which all the tribes come up, the great national heart whose throbs send life or death through the body politic, clear out to the geographical extremities.

What the resurrected Christ said in my text to his disciples, when he ordered them to start on the work of gospelization, "beginning at Jerusalem," it seems to me God says now, in his Providence, to tens of thousands of Christians in this city. Start for the evangelization of America, "beginning at Washington." America is going to be taken for God. If you do not believe it, take your hat now and leave, and give room to some man or woman who does believe it. As surely as God lives, and he is able to do as he says he will, this country will be evangelized from the mouth of the Potomac to the mouth of the Oregon, from the Highlands of the Nevadans to the Golden Horn, from Baffin's Bay to the Gulf of Mexico, and Christ will walk every lake, whether bestormed or placid, and be transfigured on every mountain, and the night skies, whether they hover over groves of magnolia or over Alaskan glaciers, shall be filled with angelic overture of "Glory to God and good-will to men."

Again and again does the old Book announce that all the earth shall see the salvation of God, and as the greater includes the lesser, that takes America gloriously in. Can you not see that if America is not taken for God by his consecrated people, it will be taken for Apollyon! The forces engaged on both sides are so tremendous that it cannot be a drawn battle. It is coming, the Armageddon! Either the American Sabbath will perish and this nation be handed over to Herods, and Hildebrands, and Diocletians, and Neroes of baleful power, and alcoholism will reign, or our Sabbaths will take on more sanctity, and the newspapers will become apocalyptic wings of benediction, and penitentiaries will be abandoned for lack of occupants, and holiness and happiness, twin son and daughter of heaven, shall walk through the land, and Christ reign over this nation either in person or by agency so glorious that the whole country will be one clear, resounding echo of heaven. It will be one or the other. By the throne of him who liveth forever and ever, I declare it will be the latter. If the Lord will help me, as he always does—blessed be his glorious name!—I will show you how a mighty work of grace begun at Washington would have a tendency to bring the whole continent to God, and before this century closes.

Into complete accord, is to have a war with some foreign nation, in which both sections, marching side by side, would forget everything but the foe to be overcome. Well, if you wait for such a foreign conflict, you will wait until all this generation is dead, and perhaps wait forever. The war that will make the sections forget past controversies is a war against unrighteousness, such as a universal religious awakening would declare. What we want is a battle for souls, in which about forty million "thermers" and southerners shall be on the same side, and shoulder to shoulder. In no other city on the continent can such a war be declared so appropriately for all the other great cities are either northern or southern. This is neither, or, rather, it is both.

With every city, town, and neighborhood of this country, and now I give the word to north and south, and east and west. Hear and see it, all people—this call to a forward movement, this call to repentance and faith, this call to a continental awakening! \* \* \* From where the seaweed is tossed on the beach by the stormy Atlantic, to the sands laved by the quiet Pacific, this country will be Emanuel's land, the work beginning at Washington, if we have the faith and holy push, and the consecration requisite. First of all, we ministers must get right. That was a startling utterance of Mr. Swinwick's, when he said, "It is a delightful thing to fall into hell from under the pulpit, but oh! how dreadful a thing to drop thither out of the pulpit." That was an all-suggestive thing that Paul wrote to the Corinthians: "Least that by any means, when I have preached to others, I myself should be a castaway." That was an inspiring motto with which Whitfield sealed all his letters: "We seek the stars." Lord God! Wake up all our pulpits, and then it will be as when Vespers preached and it was said that men fell before the Word like slaked lime. Let us all, laymen and clergymen, do the work. What Washington wants most of all is an old-fashioned revival of religion, but on a vaster scale, so that the world will be compelled to say, as of old, "We never saw it on this fashion!" But remember there is a human side as well as a Divine side to a revival. Those of us brought up in the country know what is called "a raising," the neighbors gathered together to lift the heavy frame for a new house, after the timbers are ready to be put into their places. It is dangerous work, and there are many accidents. The neighbors had gathered for such a raising, and the beams had all been fitted to their places except one, and that very heavy. That one, on the long pikes of the men, had almost reached its place, when something went wrong, and the men could hold it no higher. But if it did not go in its place it would fall back upon the men who were lifting it. It had already begun to settle back. The boss carpenter shouted, "Lift, men, or die! All together! Yo—heave!" With mightier push they tried to send the beam to its place, but failed. Still they held on, all the time their strength lessening. The wives, and mothers, and daughters stood in horror looking on. Then the boss-carpenter shouted to the women, "Come and help!" They came, and womanly arms became the arms of giants, for they were lifting to save the lives of husbands, and fathers and sons, as well as their own. Then the boss-carpenter mounted one of the beams and shouted, "Yo! Altogether! Lift or die! Yo—heave!" And with a united effort that almost burst the blood-vessels, the great beam went to its place, and a wild hurra was heard. That is the way it seems to me, in the churches, Temples of righteousness are to be raised, but there is a halt, a stop, a catch somewhere. A few lifts lifting all they can, but we want more hands at this raising, and more hearts. More Christian men to help, ay, more Christian women to re-enforce. If the work fail, it means the death of many souls. All together! Men and women of God! Lift or die! The topstone must come to its place, lifting shouting with you, "Come and help!" God is ready to do his part; are we ready to do our part? There is work not only for the knee of prayer, but for the shoulder of up-heaving.

And now I would like to see this hour that which I have never seen, but hope to see—a whole audience saved under one flash of the Eternal Spirit. Before you go out of any of these doors, enter the door of Mercy. Father and mother, come in and bring your children with you. Newly-married folks, consecrate your lifetime to God, and be married for eternity as well as time. Young men, you will want God before you get through this world, and you want him now. Young woman, without God this is a hard world for women. One and all, wherever you sit or stand, I lift my voice so that you can hear it, out in the corridors and on the street, and say, in the words of the Mediterranean ship captain, "Call upon thy God, if so be that God will think upon us, that we perish not."

How to Be a Christian.  
Dr. Theodore L. Cuyler struck the keynote of the Christian life when he said:  
There is more pulp than pluck in a great deal of what passes for piety. It is an audacious attempt to get a free ride to heaven in a drawing room car, with plenty of select company and good fare on the road.

"Will Dr. A. be in his pulpit to-day?" Will the music be up to the mark? Is it likely to clear off? Then I'll try to go to church to-day." With such a sociology on Sabbath morning, how much grace is there likely to be left for the wear and tear of the week.

"I will strengthen thee," says God; "yea, I will help thee; yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness." Can there be a more glorious promise? Can there be one more absolutely sure to the needs of human nature? Long centuries since it was found out that it is not in man who waltzing "to direct his steps," and the intervening age have only furnished additional proof that it is human weakness and human perversity which stand in the way of human happiness.



MARTHA WASHINGTON.  
unfeigned thanks for the personal respect and evidences of condolence expressed by congress, and yourself, I remain, very respectfully,  
sir,  
Your most obedient & humble servant,  
MARTHA WASHINGTON.

VALLEY FORGE TO-DAY.  
hoet. Every man had his place and duty. From the major-generals to the drummers, all the tools were fairly divided; each regiment had its ground assigned it; the streets and intervals were marked out, and when the work was done the valley was alive with log-builders.





