



Weddings are always interesting, even to those beyond the immediate circle of friends, but what wedding could be more interesting than that of George Washington and the noble woman whose names have been household words for more than a century?

Into the best part of the old Virginia life was born on June 23, 1731, little Martha Dandridge, eldest child of Col. John Dandridge and his wife, Frances Jones. On her mother's side Martha came of a long line of scholars and divines.

The Dandridge and other estates on the Pamunkey were near enough to Williamsburg to allow their owners to enter into the social life of this place, which shared with Annapolis the honor of leading the Virginia fashions of the day. Col. Dandridge and his accomplished wife were among the prominent persons of the social circles that surrounded the court at Williamsburg during the seasons of amusement about the middle of the century.

Their eldest daughter, Martha, was then just blooming into womanhood. She was a charming girl, a little below medium stature and possessed an ele-



gant figure. Her eyes were dark and expressive of good nature, her complexion fair, her hair rich brown in color, her features regular and beautiful. Her whole face beamed with intelligence, she was sprightly and witty, and her manners were modest and extremely winning. Martha enjoyed all the advantages of a young girl of her class of life in days when classes in life were more distinctly marked than in our time.

Eldest daughter of a large family of brothers and sisters, she was capable and womanly beyond her years. By her grace of manner and cheerfulness she attracted general admiration. At 17 she was the reigning belle, and numerous suitors sought to win her heart and hand.

In the city of Williamsburg lived John Custis, a man of large wealth, and who held at one time the high office of king's counselor in the government of Virginia. His only son and heir, Daniel Parke Custis, was slow in choosing a wife. The father had earnestly desired his son to marry his beautiful cousin, Evelyn Byrd, daughter of the eccentric Col. William Byrd of Westover, on her return from England. She was a charming maiden, four years older than Daniel. Her father owned a princely estate and exercised a wide social influence. The marriage of the young people would have pleased both parents; but the young man was firm in his determination not to marry his cousin.

Some years passed and Daniel Parke Custis was more than 20 when he was smitten by the charms of Martha Dandridge. At this time Daniel Parke Custis had a delightful residence known as the White House, on the Pamunkey river in New Kent county. Around it lay his large landed estate.

A few miles from the White House stood St. Peter's Church, and there they were married on a pleasant morning in June, 1749, when the bride was 17 years of age.

At the White House and the Six Chimney house in Williamsburg Mr. and Mrs. Custis enjoyed a wedded life of about seven years. Col. Custis' heart was as generously liberal as his purse was ample and overflowing. He was popular with the burly Scotch governor, Dinwiddie. When, early in 1755, the French and Indian war had begun, the governor made Custis lieutenant of Kent county, and soon afterward commissioned him colonel of the militia of his district. He was about to call him to a seat in his council, but Col. Custis did not live to serve in that position.

Four children had blessed the union of Daniel Parke Custis with Martha Dandridge. The first two died while they were very young, within a month of each other. This affliction bore with such crushing weight on the affectionate father that his health became impaired and he had not sufficient strength to resist an attack of bilious fever in the spring of 1757. He died at about the age of 45 years, so Mrs. Custis was left a widow with two children at the age of a little more than 24 years.

Her husband had died, leaving a large and valuable estate, real and personal, of which she was appointed sole administrator.

The story of the first meeting of George Washington with Martha Dandridge is described by Mrs. Washington's grandson, George Washington Parke Custis, substantially as follows:

"It was in 1758 that Col. Washington, then 26 years old, attired in military undress and attended by his tall and martial-looking body servant, Bishop, a British soldier formerly attached to the ill-fated Gen. Braddock, one morning crossed the ferry over the Pamunkey river, at a point about 20 miles northeast of Richmond, on his way to Williamsburg, where he was to deliver important government dispatches.

"On reaching the south shore of the river Col. Washington's progress was arrested by Mr. Chamberlayne, a wealthy Virginia gentleman of the old regime, who insisted that the young hero, whose gallantry in the terrific battle in which Braddock had been killed three years before, had rendered his name a household word

throughout the colony, should become his guest for a day.

"Washington urged the importance of his dispatches as a necessity for declining the invitation, but he consented to remain to dinner after Mr. Chamberlayne had promised to introduce him to a young, rich and attractive widow at that time sheltered by his roof.

"Washington passed the day very agreeably with the widow, and when evening came Bishop, his servant, had the horses ready at the gate, his master having declared in the morning that he would travel at night to make up for the time passed at Mr. Chamberlayne's. But the master came not, even after the sun had set, when his host persuaded him without much effort to remain all night, and Bishop was obliged to return the horses to the stable.

"Indeed, the next day was well advanced before the enamored colonel resumed his journey to Williamsburg. Having dispatched his business there as quickly as possible, Col. Washington returned to the White House, and within a few days their engagement was announced."

The successful wooer departed for months of arduous service in the field. But one letter of their correspondence at that period has been preserved. It was written by Washington in July, 1757, and was as follows:

"We have begun our march for the Ohio. A courier is starting for Williamsburg and I embrace the opportunity to send a few words to one whose life is now inseparable from mine. Since that happy hour when we made our pledges to each other, my thoughts have been continually going to you as to another self. That all-powerful Providence may keep us both in safety is the prayer of your ever faithful and ever affectionate friend.

"G. Washington."

Washington had hastened back to camp at Fort Cumberland and soon the march was begun toward the forks of the Ohio, which resulted in the capture of Fort Duquesne late in November. Having decided, if the campaign should prove successful, to retire from the army, he settled his public accounts and resigned his commission in the last week of December, 1758. On his way from Mt. Vernon to Williamsburg to take his seat for the first time in the Virginia assembly, Col. Washington spent a day or two at the White House. There the day was set for his marriage with Mrs. Custis. It was fixed for January 6, 1759, according to the modern calendar.

On that day a large company assembled at the little church of St. Peter's to witness the marriage of Col. Dandridge's widowed daughter Rev. Mr. Messum, robed in full canonicals, performed the ceremony. The assemblage of friends and neighbors of the bride was one of the most brilliant ever seen in a Virginia church.

What did the bride wear? Her costume was truly magnificent. She wore a white quilted satin petticoat, with an overskirt of heavy white corded silk, interwoven with silver threads, high-heeled shoes of white satin, with diamond buckles, rich point lace ruffles, and pearl ornaments in her hair. She was attended by three bridesmaids.

Washington was clothed in a suit of blue cloth coat lined with red silk and ornamented with silver trimmings. His waistcoat was of white embroidered satin, his shoes and knee buckles were gold, his hair was powdered, and by his side hung a straight dress sword.

On leaving the church the bride and her attendants rode to the White House in a coach drawn by six horses.



guided by liveried black postillions; while Col. Washington, upon his magnificent horse, richly caparisoned, attended by a brilliant group of gay and cultured gentlemen, rode by the side of his beautiful bride.

The fairest of Virginia's daughters in brocades, laces and jewels; the cavaliers in the elegant costume of the period, the brilliant apartments, the board glittering with massive plate and loaded with the best which Virginia's farms, woods and streams could afford and with costly wines from the old world—this is a glimpse of the entertainment at the White House.

The adopted son of Washington, George Washington Parke Custis, said: "I have heard much of that marriage from the lips of old servants who participated in the gay scene. There was one named Cully, whose enthusiasm would kindle whenever the subject was touched upon."

"Great times, sir, great times," said Cully, his eyes sparkling with delight at the recollection.

"I shall never see de like again. Mo' horses and car'ges and fine ladies and gentlemen dan when missus was married afo'."

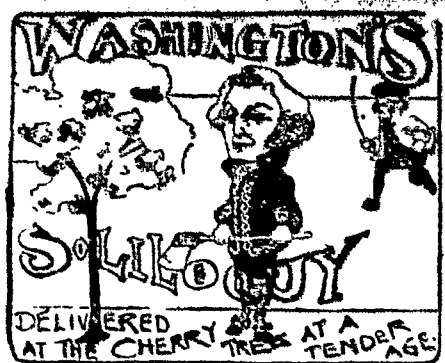
"And Washington looked something like a man, a proper man, hey, Cully?"

"Neber see'd he like, sir! Neber de likes of him, tho' I've seen many in my day. He was so tall, so straight, so handsome, an' he set a horse and rid wid such an air. Oh, he was so grand!"

"And your mistress," I said, inquiringly. Cully raised both hands and eyes toward the sky and said:

"Oh, she was so beautiful an' so good."

So beautiful and so good—the best tribute which any woman of any land could receive.



To chop, or not to chop: that is the question:

Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer

The quips and cranks of future generations

Upon my hatchet, or, with fell intention

Fell down this tree; to fall, to topple o'er.

Which latter if I do, I fear my father

Will give me of those thousand natural shocks

That flesh is heir to—that's no consummation

Deoutedly to be wished! But then, my plan is something:

If I hew down this tree, I'll be discovered;

And then I'll say that with my little hatchet

I did 't all, and thus the future ages

Will link veracity forever with me.

But then the dread of something after death!

Some scurrilous scribbler to make jest of me,

And "modern research" claim it's all a fraud!

Some—aye a thousand! every February

Shall find a new twist given to the story;

Some new import'ence. Who would fardels bear?

And thus the native hue of resolution

Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought;

I'll chop it though it blast me! Fare you well

Thou sprig whose fruit is destined nevermore

To swing upon the branch; your hour is come!

I give you conduct to another world; And as I hew and hack, may cynic Fortune

Look kindly on my toil. Gadzooks! Here goes.

(He cuts down the cherry tree.)



WASHINGTON'S FIRST MISSION.

Like all Virgilians, I was disturbed during this time by the news of the insolvency of the French on the frontier, and began to feel that my brother's money, put into the Ohio Company, was in peril, for we were like to be soon cooped up by a line of forts, and our trade in peltries was already almost at an end, and about to pass into the hands of the French.

About that time, or before, there had been much effort to secure the Six Nations of Indians as allies. One of their chiefs, Tanacharison, known as the Half-King, because of holding a subsidiary rule among the Indians, advised a fort to be built by us near the Forks of the Ohio, on the east bank, and Gist, the trader, set out on this errand. A Capt. Trent was charged to carry our king's message to the French outposts; but having arrived at Logstown, 150 miles from his destination, and hearing of the defeat of our allies, the Miamis, by the French, he lost heart and came back to report. The Ohio Company at this time complained to the Governor of the attacks on their traders, and this gentleman, being concerned both for his own pocket and for his Majesty's property, resolved to send some one of more spirit to bear the king's message ordering the French to retire and to cease to molest our fur traders about the Ohio.

It was unfortunate that Gov. Robert Dinwiddie, who was now eager to defend his interests in the Ohio Company, had lost the prudent counsel of its late head, my brother Lawrence. He would have made a better envoy than I, for at the age of twenty-one a man is too young to influence the Indians, on account of a certain reverence they have for age in council. I was ignorant of what was intended when I received orders to repair to Williamsburg. To my surprise, and I may say to my pleasure, I learned that I was to go to Logstown. I was there to meet our allies, the Indians, and secure from them an escort and guides, and so push on and find the French commander. I was to deliver to him my summons, and wait an answer during one week, and then to return. I was also to keep my eyes open as to all matters of military concern.

Whatever distrust I had in regard to my powers as an envoy, I said nothing, for in case of an order a soldier has no alternative but to obey. Had I been in the Governor's place I should have sent an older man.—The Century.

AT THE BIG FLOUR MILLS.

Baking of Bread Regularly Carried on to Test Quality Before Shipment.

"It is surprising to note the difference that exists between the various brands of flour," said O. D. Hutchinson, the representative of one of the big mills of Minneapolis, Minn. "It all depends on how the flour is milled and on the kind of wheat from which it is made. Flour made from hard spring wheat will give from twenty to forty more loaves of bread per barrel than that made from the soft winter wheat. It contains a larger percentage of gluten and absorbs more water. The mills are exceedingly careful about the kind of flour they send out, and the testing department is one of the most important branches.

"After the flour is ground comes the crucial test. A sample is taken and made up into bread. We have four bakings a day, and from twenty to thirty loaves are baked each time, each one representing a sample of flour. After the test has been made the bread is turned over to the Associated Charities.

"You may have noticed that the color of flour is no longer a marble white, but a creamy white. This comes from the fact that the rich portion of the grain, right under the woody coating, is ground into the flour. What is left can hardly be called bran, for it is only the coarsest part of the outer fibre."—Milwaukee Sentinel.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

Publishers want original matter, but they draw the line at that kind of selling.

There is no faith equal to that of the man who advertises for the return of a lost umbrella.

After a young man's mustache becomes heavier than his eyebrows his knowledge of the world begins to decrease.

If a man makes no enemies he has but few friends.

Expert testimony depends on who employs the expert.

His satanic majesty doesn't waste any of his time on the hypocrite.

A phenomenon is a man who loses a bunch of keys.

Cobwebs are useful in advertising a store that doesn't advertise.

The man who holds his head too high overlooks a lot of life's good things.

With the dawn of the millennium the sword will be beaten into the corkscrew.

A popular man is one who does not say smart things at the expense of his friends.

A man isn't necessarily a high liver just because he occupies the attic room in a boarding house.

Being president never made a man insane, but being kept out of the presidential chair has made many a man mad.

It is just as easy to praise a neighbor as it is to find fault with him, but people seem to derive less satisfaction from it.

A Check Swindle.

"You will notice," said a city detective the other day, "that nearly all merchants, instead of simply indorsing a check, prefix 'for deposit' with a rubber stamp and give the name of the bank. Cleveland merchants have learned this after an experience that cost one of them \$600. 'A man walked into a jewelry store and selected a \$125 watch, left a check for \$600, drawn on an out-of-town bank, with the instructions that the watch be regulated and that he would come after it and his change a week later. On returning he was informed that the check was no good.

"Well, that's strange," he said. "It's the second time the bank has done that thing to me. But here's the money for your watch," and he counted out \$125 in currency and started for the door. 'Oh, yes,' he said, turning around, 'you had better give me that check. It was willingly handed over to him. On the back was the jeweler's simple indorsement. With this the man went into a bank, got it cashed and was never heard of afterward.'—Cleveland Leader.

Water Under the Prairies.

East of Colorado Springs, Col., is a great prairie, 10 feet under the surface of which have been discovered subterranean streams which traverse the territory like a cobweb. The waters are formed from the seepage from the divide at Palmer lake. Pumping stations are now being built and thousands of acres will be developed by irrigation into garden spots of great value.

Great Factories in Mexico.

Mexico is bidding for industries and she is getting them on a large scale. Great factories are being erected in every part of the republic and their products are being protected by the laws of the country. Hundreds of thousands of people who were once idle have learned to work in the mills and factories which have been started.

Success for Sons of Wealth.

Much credit is given the self-made man, but one of the dangers is that he is apt to pay too much compliment to his own achievements. It is much more creditable for the son of a wealthy man to succeed than it is for the son of a poor man under ordinary circumstances.

Women are no more vain of their looks than men of their ability.

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This offer is made by the Parisienne ED. PINAUD, who desires to convince the public by actual test of the superiority of ED. PINAUD'S toilet preparations over those of all other manufacturers; that is to say, to give to that part of the public who are under the impression that ED. PINAUD'S Hair Tonics and Perfumes are too high priced an opportunity to test them. Cut out this ad., enclose rec. in silver or stamps, to cover cost of packing and mailing, include name and address, and send to:

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