

THE FAMILY STORY

THAT GIRL AT LAKE LINCOLN.

A YOUNG Englishman was sitting in the hall of a hotel in Chicago gnawing his mustache. He was a journalist, and a week ago no less a personage than the editor of the Chanticleer had offered to consider a series of articles from his pen if he could hit on a new idea.

He had been indulging his brains ever since. "A new idea? He must certainly find it—a new idea!"

Charlie Bartlett watched the crowd musingly. He contemplated a pretty woman coming down the staircase and the youth at the cable counter and the boy behind the book stall. Then he wiped the perspiration from his face and bought a newspaper.

Scanning the sheet he saw an advertisement that suggested possibilities, and he read it through again. It ran thus:

TEMPERANCE—Refined home for a limited number of patients of both sexes, suffering from stimulants, chloral or the morphia habit; judicious supervision; luxury and recreation; highest references. For prospectus and particulars, DR. FERGUSON, The Retreat, Lake Lincoln.

The life in such a place ought to furnish very good "copy," indeed. The "patients of both sexes" should make a peculiarly interesting study. "I think," said Charlie Bartlett to himself, "I think I may try 'Eureka'." The thing hasn't been done and I'll drop a line to the worthy doctor this afternoon."

He wrote as a "victim to alcohol." He said that he wished to place himself under a firm, restraining influence. Fearing, however, that if he went at all he would be glad to hear how many ladies and gentlemen were at present residing under Dr. Ferguson's roof.

The reply, which came by return of post, was satisfactory. The terms were very little higher than he had expected them to be, and the establishment contained twenty patients, of whom eight were ladies.

Lake Lincoln was a little over an hour's run from the city, and when the train deposited Bartlett at the platform he found that "The Retreat" was well known.

Dr. Ferguson welcomed him cordially.

"I am happy to see you, Mr. Bartlett," he said; "I guess you will not regret your step, sir. I guess if you are in earnest, sir, we shall soon have overcome the propensity complained of."

Certain interrogatories followed, for which he was partly prepared. Among other things he was asked how long he had been a victim to the habit, and remembering that his appearance did not resemble a confirmed drunkard he was careful to say that it was only for a short time.

And then the doctor rang for the colored servant to show him to the bedroom allotted to him, and warned him that he must not feel offended at his baggage being examined when it was delivered, in order that it might be seen whether any spirits were secreted in it.

"It's like the customs," he said, "that's all. One of our necessary 'customs'." He made the same joke to everybody in the first interview. Some patients laughed, and some smiled wryly. Charlie laughed, and the doctor was pretty sure that nothing was being smuggled this time.

"I am allowed to smoke, I suppose?"

"Why, certainly," said Dr. Ferguson. "You are at liberty to do whatever you choose here, sir—all but one thing, and don't you forget it. We take supper at 6, Mr. Bartlett, and afterward, if it is pleasant, summer evenings, sit in the grounds."

It might have been a "spa" hotel, he decided, as he seated himself at the table, and the suggestion grew stronger as the meal proceeded. Everybody here appeared to find the same delight in dwelling on his symptoms.

A man next him, slipping Apollinaris, turned and remarked: "No cravering to-day—this is the third day without any cravering, sir. Wonderful."

A woman opposite groaned audibly and shook her head at her neighbor with a word of significance. "Low," she said, in a whisper, "mighty low! How are you, dear?" This patient, he subsequently learned, was suffering from the deprivation of her chloral.

Gazing about him, his view was met by a girl who could scarcely have been more than five-and-twenty years of age. Her pale face was extremely interesting, and her beauty, in conjunction with her youth and the situation, made her a pathetic figure to behold. He wondered for what particular vice she was being treated, and if she would be cured. He hoped he would be introduced to her later.

The hope was fulfilled. They were made known to each other by Dr. Ferguson in the garden—"Mr. Bartlett, Miss Vancouver." She smiled graciously.

"May I," murmured Charlie, "if it isn't indiscreet?—But, perhaps I oughtn't to ask."

"What am I here for do you mean?" she said, turning her big eyes on him frankly. "Oh, my trouble is morphia—A morphia-mania, what's yours?"

"I drink," he said laughingly. "But I'm not a very bad case, you know. I've put myself under restraint early."

"Oh!" she said. She laid her hand on his arm, as if by a sudden impulse. "You are cravering?" she whispered. "Are you burning to be at it? Tell me all."

"I should enjoy a little whisky, certainly," he admitted. "And how about yourself? You are getting over your weakness, you say?"

"Don't you believe it! I'm hopeless, that's what I am; nothing will ever cure me. He thinks I am getting on, and I'm quiet, and I deceive him, but when I'm out—"

"You will do it again?"

"Oh," she gasped, "I'd love it! I'd love it this minute—now. Haven't you ever tried it? It's beautiful! Don't

was George R. Wilbrow, and the address given was on the North Side. Charlie drew a long breath and departed.

It was an awkward road to find, but he got to it at last.

He stood on the hearth rug and felt the suppleness of his cane. Then the door opened and admitted Miss Frank Vancouver!

Both started violently; both uttered the same monosyllable at the same moment—

"You?"

"But—but, how—?" gasped Charlie. "George R. Wilbrow is my pen name," she explained. "I am a journalist. That is why I am at the 'Retreat.' I only shammed the morphia—I had to be something terrible, or I couldn't have got in. I hope you are keeping sober," she added.

"Sober!" he cried; "why, heaven above! I am a journalist! I shammed the whisky; I, too, have written a series of papers, and that's the reason—I expected to find a man, and had come to thrust him. Will you let me shake your dear little hand again, instead?"

And she did let him, and he kept on shaking it; and then, somehow or other, his arm was around her waist and she was crying on his shoulder, and—and the rest was banal.—The Sketch.

Fanny Avertisements.

Curiously worded advertisements, which are funny without intent, are common in the London papers, it would seem. An English periodical offered a prize the other day for the best collection of such announcements, and the following is the result:

"Annual sale now on. Don't go else where to be cheated—come in here." "A lady wants to sell her piano, as she is going abroad in a strong iron frame." "Furnished apartments, suitable for gentlemen with folding doors." "Wanted, a room by two gentlemen about thirty feet long and twenty feet broad." "Lost, a collie dog by a man on Saturday answering to Jim with a brass collar round his neck and a muzzle." "Wanted, by a respectable girl, her passage to New York; willing to take care of children and a good sailor." "Respectable widow wants washing for Tuesday." "For sale—A pianoforte, the property of a musician with carved legs." "Mr. Brown, furrier, begs to announce that he will make up gowns, capes, etc., for ladies out of their own skins." "A boy wanted who can open oysters with reference." "Bulldog for sale; will eat anything; very fond of children." "Wanted—An organist and a boy to blow the same." "Wanted—A boy to be partly outside and partly behind the counter." "Wanted—For the summer, a cottage for a small family with good drainage." "Lost—Near Highgate archway, an umbrella belonging to a gentleman with a bent rib and a bone handle." "Widow in comfortable circumstances wishes to marry two sons." "Wanted—Good boys for puncheon." "To be disposed of, a mail phaeton, the property of a gentleman with a movable headpiece as good as new."

The last is a copy of an inscription painted on a board which adorned a fence in Kent: "Notice: If any man's or woman's cows gets into these here otes, his or her tail will be cut off as the case may be."

Laurence Hutton's Dog.

To go back a little. Mop was the first person who was told of my engagement, and he was the first to greet the wife when she came home, a bride, to his own house. He had been made to understand, from the beginning, that she did not like dogs—in general. And he set himself out to please, and to overcome the unspoken antagonism. He had a delicate taste to play, and he played it with a delicacy and a tact which rarely have been equalled. He did not assert himself; he kept himself in the background; he said little; his approaches at first were slight and almost imperceptible, but he was always ready to do or to help in an unobtrusive way. He followed her about the house, up stairs and down stairs, and he looked and waited. Then he began to sit on the trail of her gown; to stand as close to her as was fit and proper; once in a while, to jump upon the sofa beside her, or into the easy chair behind her, winking at me from time to time in his quiet way.

And at last he was successful. One dreary winter, when he suffered terribly from inflammatory rheumatism, he found his mistress making a bed for him by the kitchen fire, getting up in the middle of the night to go down to look after him, when he uttered in pain the cries he could not help. And when a bottle of very rare old brandy, kept by me for some extraordinary occasion of festivity, was missing, I was told that it had been used in rubbing Mop! St. Nicholas.

No Proof of His Powers.

"Ethel!"

"Yes, papa."

"I believe you told me once that young Litewait claimed to be a hypnotist."

"Oh, he is one, papa. I know he is."

"He's proved it to your satisfaction, has he?"

"Yes, papa."

"Was he trying to demonstrate it when I saw him kissing you in the conservatory?"

The beautiful girl blushed.

"Yes, papa."

"You considered that satisfactory proof, did you?"

"Yes, papa."

"And you're sure it was hypnotism?"

"Perfectly certain, papa."

"You wouldn't try to deceive your poor old father in a matter of that sort, would you?"

"No, indeed, papa."

The old man shook his head doubtfully.

"I think it would have looked more like a genuine case of hypnotism if he had kissed your mother or me," he said. "However, we'll not discuss that. I have made up my mind, though, that all hypnotists must keep away from here."

"Why, papa?"

"My observation convinces me that you are too good a subject to make it possible for any of them to demonstrate any real hypnosis power to your satisfaction. As you young Litewait, you may say to him, 'I feel certain that I can hypnotize you perfectly, that he would never do that bit him.'"

Men, as a rule, do not lie, but their wives ask too many questions.

A DAY TO REMEMBER.

FEB. 22, WHEN WASHINGTON WAS BORN.

Something of America's Greatest General and First President—Sketch of His Illustrious Career—His Last Illness and Death.

Great Man's Life.

Though the story has been often told before and volumes have been written concerning George Washington's career, it is a tale which neither time can wither nor custom stale. At this season the country is celebrating once more the anniversary of his birth and recalling to mind his great deeds. It is, therefore, interesting to tell over again the facts which have given him the fame which he enjoys.

George Washington was born in Westmoreland County, Va., Feb. 22, 1732. He does not seem to have shown any intellectual brilliance when a boy and his teaching was of rather an intermittent sort. The only thing for which he showed much aptitude was in mathematics, and this talent he turned to the acquirement of surveying. He did a good deal of this when a young man, both on State lands and on the extensive domain of Lord Fairfax, a relative of his.

Washington likewise showed proficiency in military matters, and at the age of 19 was appointed adjutant of the provincial troops with the rank of major. His first real experience of war happened in a campaign "against the French in 1754. He performed prodigies of valor and won great admiration from the colonists and Indians alike. Writing in a letter of one of these engagements he says: "I had four bullets through my coat and four horses shot under me, yet I escaped unhurt, though death was leveling my companions on every side."

In 1759 Washington married Mrs. Martha Custis, resigned his commission in the army and settled on his estate at Mt. Vernon, which had reverted to him upon the death of his elder brother, Lawrence. He began the life of a country gentleman like so many others round him, engaged in raising cows and horses and supervising the cultivation of his acres. He was elected to the Virginia House of Burgesses, was a vestryman of the parish church and altogether lived a most humdrum and respectable life. Doubtless he expected thus to end his days, living quietly, obscurely, at peace with the world, and far from the affairs of state.

But fortune had other things in store for Washington, and at the age of 43 he was called upon to begin a career which should not only make his own name immortal, but be pregnant with far-reaching consequences. To follow that career in detail would be to do no less than write the whole story of the revolutionary war, so intimately was Washington concerned in its every event. He was an extremely conservative man and was much averse to any idea of separation from England, but when the die was once cast, when he knew that retreat was inevitable, he threw himself heart and soul into the cause of the colonies, bound to make them win or perish in the attempt. His task was a hard one. America, a new country, its wealth wholly undeveloped, was pitted

THE LITTLE HATCHET.

When our immortal Washington was just a little lad he got a little hatchet for a plaything from his dad, and, filled with youthful enterprise to test its powers, he went out into the garden and cut down a cherry tree. When his too thoughtless papa saw the mischief that was done, "Who spoiled my favorite cherry tree?" he sternly asked his son; the little fellow hung his head, then bravely made reply, "I did it with my hatchet, pop! I cannot tell a lie." "Come to my arms, my noble son," the father cried with joy; "I'd rather have no cherry trees than one untruthful boy;" and so our little chopper, being sharper than his axe, escaped the whipping he deserved by sticking to the facts. This is the hatchet story, but the reason why it stays alone in all its glory must be a minister amaze. It surely isn't possible that just one ancient youth is all we have to illustrate the beauty of the Truth! Where are the girls—where are the men—

country and reverence its first great leader.

WHERE HE ONCE LIVED.

Historic Log Cabin in the Northern Neck of Virginia.

About the year 1750 Lord Fairfax, then proprietor of the large territory styled the Northern Neck of Virginia, decided to secure George Washington's services in



CABIN ONCE OCCUPIED BY WASHINGTON.

surveying his vast domain beyond the Blue Ridge. Washington was delighted with this proposition, and in March, 1748, just a month from the day he was 16 years old, he left Mount Vernon, accompanied by George Fairfax, a kinsman of his employer, and in due time arrived upon the field of action.

While engaged in making this survey, Washington's party's headquarters were at the log cabin, a picture of which accompanies this article. Save for the ravages of time and the more or less frequent attacks of the relic hunter, the house stands to-day virtually as it did when Washington was there nearly a hundred and fifty years ago. About twelve feet square, it was originally divided into two rooms, one in the upper and the other in the lower story. The upper room, which was at one time plastered, was reached by a flight of rough steps that led up from the ground on the outside of the building, and served the young surveyors as a repository for their instruments, while the apartment beneath was used as an office and bedroom.

MARTHA WASHINGTON.

Sterling and Brilliant Characteristics of the Patriot's Helpmate.

MARTHA WASHINGTON belonged to the Virginia school of aristocracy, where she was in her girlhood a colonial belle, to whom the chivalrous Virginians paid devoted homage. She was the daughter of one gentleman of fortune, Col. John Dandridge, and the widow of another, Col. Daniel Parke Custis, owner of the White House, Kent County, Va., where she married George Washington, in 1759, and brought him a reputation for beauty, wealth and virtue. Her fame went everywhere, and people at Mount Vernon remarked that Mrs. Washington must be as good a commander as her husband to manage successfully an army of servants.



MARTHA WASHINGTON.

tradespeople and guests. Such was the hospitality of those days that no visitor was ever permitted to leave after sunset. The hunt, cards and dancing were the amusements of the times. Everybody kept open house. It is interesting to know that Mrs. Custis, the bride, wore upon her marriage with Col. Washington a

DOOMED BY HIS DEEDS.

GRANT ATTERBURY WAS A FIEND INCARNATE.

People of Monitric County Lynched Him Because They Feared He Would Escape Legal Punishment—Halt Long Defied Arrest—His Record.

Certain of His Guilt.

Not until the people of Sullivan had made certain that Grant Atterbury was guilty of the crime which he was charged did they resolve to make his life the forfeit. The crime for which Atterbury suffered death was a terrible one. Though Atterbury asserted his innocence while being dragged to death, he had formidable witnesses against him. One was the victim of his atrocious crime. Bloodhounds completed the links necessary to fasten the guilt on the perpetrator.

From a former acquaintance of both the Atterburys, Grant and Edward, it is learned that both boys were pretty tough lads. The family lived in Shelby County. The father married a second wife about 1886 and the boys, fearing the loss of a portion of their inheritance, are supposed to have plotted for some means of getting rid of the father.

One morning in November, 1891, the old man was found dead in the road, shot. Suspicion rested on the two sons and they were confined in the Shelbyville jail. Threats against their lives caused their removal to the Monitric County jail. Circumstantial evidence led to the fact that Edward as the father's murderer. Grant was acquitted, while Edward became insane. Grant was always considered a terror in Shelby County, the officers fearing to apprehend him. He was afterward arrested in Shelby County on a charge of burglary, but escaped. He was traced to St. Louis and captured, but escaped from the officer. From St. Louis he drifted to Sullivan, and became involved in trouble with his sister-in-law. The father changed considerably after Grant had been arrested for lawlessness on several occasions, and many thought that he was the real murderer of his father.

Mrs. Roxy Atterbury was living alone with her children in Sullivan, mourning the absence of her husband, who had been sent to the Kankakee insane asylum. Hers was a sad and tragic story, for her husband's insanity followed, after the murder of his father, a year before. Husband and wife believed that Grant Atterbury had killed his own father. Both gave evidence against him, and Grant evinced a fierce hatred to the family. This was said to be the motive which prompted him to commit the assault on his defenseless sister-in-law when the town was asleep.

It was at 2 o'clock in the morning of Jan. 24 that Grant Atterbury stole into a companion into the house. He was a powerful man, whose strength was aided by a furious passion, which had made him the dread and terror of Sullivan. His hatred of his sister-in-law gave him additional strength, and he stifled her cries before any of the children were aroused. The companion, now supposed to be Grant Atterbury's wife, dressed in men's clothes, is said to have helped him.

Postmaster Edson M. Atterbury's cousin, placed bloodhounds upon the trail. They dashed down the staircase, out doors, across lots direct to the home of Grant Atterbury. As the dogs tried to leap the gate Atterbury advanced with a revolver and said he would shoot the man or dog that dared to enter his premises. Edson and his friends returned to the city, convinced that Atterbury had committed the assault on his sister-in-law and they immediately swore out a warrant for his arrest.

Within a few hours after Atterbury was placed in jail a secret notice was sent to fifty men to meet at the postoffice at midnight. Nothing was said of the purport of the meeting, but everyone knew desperate work was on hand. From every quarter of the city came the volunteer avengers, many of them bringing enough rope to hang a regiment. They had no means of getting into the jail. They broke into a blacksmith's shop and carried away a number of slugs, hammers and while the policeman on the beat turned the other way.

The mob was only brought to a standstill by the sheriff, who declared he would shoot the first man who made one step nearer. There was a rush, but the ominous click of the revolver made every man desist. Several of the masks fell off and the sheriff began to call out the names of the men. The stormers became dispirited and slunk away muttering threats that they would accomplish their purpose in another manner.

Atterbury was then removed to the Logan County jail, where he proved an unruly prisoner. He demanded the services of an attorney. He wanted a preliminary hearing in Logan County, but when told that he would have to be taken to Sullivan he consented, declaring that he would be able to prove his innocence. One day came for his removal he lost some of his courage and begged to be kept in the Logan County jail. This could not be done, and he was taken secretly to Sullivan.

The long wait for vengeance seemed only to whet the appetite of the lynchers. They were resolved to carry out the plan without the aid of a shouting mob. They wanted Atterbury's life, and they started to get it in such a cool, quiet way that the officers of the law felt secure until the blow fell. There were only thirty of them. Grim and silent the little band entered the jail yard and began their attack. Sheriff Lansden and a deputy rushed to the head of the stairs with drawn revolvers, but before they had time to think the lynchers were in, and they themselves were sent sprawling down the stairway. It only required a few minutes to break down every barrier. One man knew the exact location of Atterbury's cell. The first man who entered was knocked down by the doomed prisoner. He had no chance against so many foes. A sledge hammer flew through the air and knocked the wooden weapon out of his hand. Then the avengers fell upon him.

The man fought like a wolf at bay. With his elbow he jabbed one lyncher in the face and knocked another on down. His despair lent him the strength of a madman, but his opponents were too much for him. His hands were bound and a rope was slipped under his arms. Then he was dragged into the street amid the shouts of triumph of the crowd outside, and within a moment was gasping out his life from the end of a rope, attached to a tree in the public square.

Within a year the fame of Illinois as a law-abiding State was stained by another lynching, by which two men lost their lives for a crime similar to that for which Atterbury suffered. This double lynching occurred at Danville, one of the most prosperous cities of eastern Illinois. Sullivan is about sixty miles southwest of Danville. The citizens of Danville attacked the jail early in the morning of May 25, 1895, and dragged John W. Hays, Jr., and William Royce from their cells. The two men had assaulted Miss Laura Barnett a few days before, and had treated her with such brutality that she was not expected to recover



GEORGE WASHINGTON.

From the painting by Gilbert Stuart.