

Wichita Daily Eagle

GEORGE L. SENEY'S HOME.

IT IS IN A BEAUTIFUL SPOT MID NEW JERSEY HILLS.

There the Railroad Financier and Methodist Philanthropist raises horses and cattle, enjoys the Delights of Domesticity and entertains his friends.

[Special Correspondence.] MENHADEN, N. J., Oct. 18.—Mr. George L. Seney is known all over the country as a speculator in railroads, as a collector of pictures and as a zealous contributor to the charities of the Methodist denomina-



MR. SENEY'S HOME.

tion, but it is not generally known that he is also an extensive farmer and a breeder of horses and cattle. No man of his day has been more successful than Mr. Seney in uniting several small railroads into one comprehensive system. In this kind of manipulation he made a great fortune, which he was enjoying in a very unostentatious way when the panic of 1884 was precipitated by the famous failure of Grant & Ward, and values of all kinds were so depressed that Mr. Seney found himself much embarrassed, and the Metropolitan bank, of which he was president, was obliged for a little while to suspend payments, and later to go into liquidation. Mr. Seney's whole business career had been passed in the employ of this bank, which he entered as paying teller in 1847, when he was 21 years old. After thirty years of service he became the president. When the crisis came he turned over all his property to his creditors, minus of it consisted of railroad securities too much depressed in value to bring decent prices. These were kept, and when there was a revival of confidence enough of them were sold to pay off all of his indebtedness, and leave him a very handsome fortune besides.

The sale of his pictures was profitable, and showed that he had been not only a large buyer of the best paintings, but that he had been a careful and shrewd collector. The pictures were sold at a time when business was dull and depressed, but they invariably brought good prices, and in nearly every instance more than he had paid. This is very unusual at a forced sale. At about the same time he sold off all his horses and cattle at his large country place in Somerset county, in New Jersey. Here great sacrifices were made, as he had not been a breeder long enough to have made any extensive reputation for his trotting horses and Adirondack cattle. His herd of cows were scattered all around the neighborhood, and the sale had the effect of very materially improving the cattle of the farmers in that part of New Jersey.



A GROUP OF HIS JERSEYS.

As soon as his affairs were mended Mr. Seney began again to collect and to breed another herd of Jerseys. At this time he has a hundred head. The group shown in the picture gives a very good idea of these symmetrical animals, which have large and generous pasturage and are stabled in buildings almost luxurious in their complete appointments. After seeing the cows I very naturally wanted to look at their product, and I was shown by the very polite Irishman who was charge of the dairy to the dairy. The cream was marvelous, and the poor people sent in cities rarely have an opportunity of seeing such. How many pounds of butter is made in a day in Mr. Seney's dairy I can't begin to say, but it is certainly a great many. The butter is unquestionably delicious, and the cream of the fragrant color upon which the cattle graze. Of course he cannot consume all of this butter in his family. The surplus is sold at fancy prices in New York.

Mr. Seney has just resumed the breeding of trotting horses, and he is doing this now in a thoroughly scientific way. Mr. Frederick P. Olcott, the president of the Central Trust company, of New York, Mr. Olcott has bought a few hundred acres from Mr. Seney, and erected a very pretty house in the colonial style of architecture on what is known in the neighborhood as Seney's new track. Mr. Seney has three young stallions, all of fashionable blood. Talma is by Epaulotte out of Angeline Medium by Happy Medium. Bellevue, another of the youngsters, is also by Epaulotte, and his dam is Annie Ellis by Frank Ellis. The third of his stallions is Adin by Anna Fide, a son of old Hambletonian. Adin's dam is Young Nell by Ashland's Patchen. Mr. Seney has two brood mares by Kentucky Prince, and one of them has a colt by Diator Chief. The horses shown in the picture are two of Mr. Seney's road horses, and they are very fast. The one on the left in the picture is Paul, by Daniel Lambert. Paul is a fast trotter, but McGarry, who is holding him in the picture and who has charge of Mr. Seney's stables,



ROADSTERS.

does not give him a good name for amiability. He has to be watched very carefully, as he has a fondness for biting and kicking any stranger he can catch off his hind. Mr. Seney's house is large and comfortable and most charmingly located, but it was built at an unhappy period in the history of domestic architecture in this country. The neighborhood in which Mr. Seney has his country place is naturally very charming and beautiful. It is about thirty miles from New York, and is reached by a little branch of the Morris and Essex division of the Delaware and Lackawanna railroad. Bernardsville, the railway station, is some two miles away, but the roads are so superior to those anywhere else in that part of New Jersey that the distance does not seem nearly so great as it is to one accustomed to unimproved, rough roads. The country people speak of the neighborhood as Banker's Mountain. This name obtained long before Mr. Olcott went there. Before his time, however, there was a copper bank president near by, the late Mr. Andrew Y. Stout, president of the Shoe and

LEATHER SHOE, of NEW YORK, who I believe, was the pioneer of the New York colony which has located in the vicinity. This colony consists of Mr. George B. Post, the distinguished New York architect; Mr. J. Coleman Drayton, the son-in-law of Mr. William Astor; Mr. Thatcher M. Adams, the New York lawyer; Mr. Samuel Borrowe, vice president of the Equitable Life Insurance company; Dr. Purdy, son-in-law of Mrs. Andrew Y. Stout; Miss Bonding, the great-granddaughter of the president of the Continental congress, and several others, including of course Mr. Seney and Mr. Olcott.

The location of the colony is high on the hills—some 700 feet above the sea—and the scenery is magnificent. From a neighboring hill in Mr. Borrowe's place New York harbor can be seen on a clear day, and in an opposite direction, about thirty miles off, the Delaware Water Gap is in view. Nestling in the valleys and on the hillsides many little white villages are in sight, and in each one there is a house and above the trees a church spire rises and stands like a watchful sentinel on guard. Any article about Mr. Seney would be incomplete without some mention of his liberal gifts to churches, hospitals and schools. Mr. Seney's father, Robert Seney, was a Methodist clergyman, and the son of Joshua Seney, who was a Maryland member of the Continental congress and a presidential elector in the college which chose Washington and Adams to be the first president and vice president of these United States. Mr. Seney may be said to have been born in the Methodist church, and he has been a most liberal contributor to its charities. He was educated at the Wesleyan university, and he has endowed several scholarships there. He gave also \$100,000 to the Long Island Historical society.

To the Methodist General hospital, of Brooklyn, he has given \$100,000, and to the Wesleyan Female college at Macon, Ga., \$250,000. He has spent \$100,000 in benevolent objects in Brooklyn, and \$400,000 in a general way in charity in various parts of the country. This makes over a million and a half of dollars that this one man has given away, and this does not take into account his contributions of pictures to the galleries of the Metropolitan museum in Central park in New York. We all know the pleasure in giving, but few of us have had the opportunity of experiencing the reward of doing it. This one man has given several hundred thousand dollars at a time. I wonder, when in 1884 he looked grim bankruptcy in the face, whether he even for a moment regretted the large benefactions he had made in more prosperous times? I don't believe he ever did.

JNO. GILMER SPIED.

A BRIGHT GEORGIA WOMAN.

Maudie Annet Andrews (Mrs. Joseph Ohi), of the Atlanta Constitution. [Special Correspondence.] ATLANTA, Oct. 18.—The most versatile, piquant, independent woman journalist in the south is Maudie Annet Andrews (Mrs. Joseph K. Ohi), of the Atlanta Constitution. Her husband is also a journalist, a young man of broad culture and varied information, and one who will at an early day be known as one of the brightest most progressive young editors in the land. Maudie Andrews, as she is known, although a thorough newspaper woman, is very womanly in her tastes. She says: "I utterly detest the accepted idea of a bluestocking, the woman buried in books and careless of home and person. I love pretty clothes, an attractive house, plenty of pictures and flowers always—everything in fact that appeals to the eye and the mind of an artist; and I should have been a painter if my love for writing had not been the stronger bent. From my school days I always said I wanted to be a regular journalist."

Her girlhood was hampered by many crosses and deprivations, her days being spent in Washington, Ga., where, although the society is exceptionally refined and intelligent, there was little to stimulate a girl with such aspirations. Her first poem was printed in "The Augustan" (the Chronicle when she was only 16 years of age). Her next, a real creation, "The Wind and the Lily," printed first in "The Montgomery Advertiser," was widely copied. She has written many poems of profound feeling and tender grace, a great deal of which have been well received, and in verse for "Puck," Life and kindred papers, and the brightest, rarest, most entertaining letters from New York city to the Atlanta Constitution that have ever come to a southern paper. She is now on the regular staff of that paper, and is the best "all round" journalist in the south.

She is as ready to write an article on a beautiful charity as she is to tell of physical culture. She is as quick and unerring in a critique on the latest book as she is happy and graceful in her account of a luncheon. She writes of dress, morals, morals, housekeeping, street tramps, society, and all that is so warmly interesting about and worth reading about, all with a definiteness and clearness and a fearlessness peculiarly her own. She is sometimes daring, discussing with freedom topics not often touched upon, but she always interests her subject with absorbing interest, and stamps it with her originality. Her poem "The Jester," printed in "The Century," made a decided impression by its grace and old-time flavor. It was as pungent and sweet as a bunch of treasured lavender or the scented grass so beloved of the creek housewives.

Mrs. Andrews' last husband, Mr. Ohi and his wife—how shall I put it—remained one in their perfect harmony of lives and occupations ("two hardworking breadwinners," as they call themselves) of the happy union of the lovely, lamented Elizabeth Putnam and her talented husband, Arlo Bates. Mrs. Ohi is a fascinating, handsome young woman, with a full, beautiful figure, a quick step, an alert manner and very soft, loving eyes. She is, I firmly believe, only trying her "practitioner hand" now on the paper-hazard word, demanded by a daily paper. She has done fine work, but there is a certain amount of work to do to high to expect high results. She says: "My time is too absorbed in this sort of writing. I wish I could have time to wait for inspiration, for I do believe in it, and my view of any kind of art is almost religious. Art is a God given blessing, and it should be treated sacredly. I hate to hear a writer confess that he does his work only for money. No one can do any sort of art just for that and succeed. The desire for success is itself an inspiration, but love is the highest inspiration for all things, and love must lie at the root of all labor to give character and strength."

MIL B. COLQUITT.

Not Enough for Her Money. Customer—I want a two-cent stamp. Druggist—Certainly, ma'am. Anything else? Customer—No. Please be sure and send the stamp home in time for the mail. Druggist—Very well, ma'am. Shall I send the boy to lick the stamp? Customer—No. That will not be necessary. How much? Druggist (with a sigh)—Two cents. Customer (paying him)—It does seem as though we treat to have cheaper postage! Good morning.—Harper's Bazar.

Then the Class Sailed. Here is an actual fact occurring at Phillips academy but a few days ago. Professor (giving lecture upon the rhinoceros)—I must beg you to give me your undivided attention, gentlemen! It is absolutely impossible that you can form a true idea of this hideous animal unless you keep your eyes fixed on me.

A DANDY CRUSTACEAN.

ALL ITS TIME SPENT IN OUTGROWING ITS OLD CLOTHES.

The Life of a Shedder Crab—How He Increases and Wins the Favor of Fishermen and Epicures—Where He is Caught, and Fish Are His Enemies.

The shedder crab is known to fishermen equally well as an excellent bait and to the merchant as a costly article of merchandise. The rest of mankind is not so well acquainted with him, yet he is a very interesting fellow. All kinds of fish show a high appreciation of his fine qualities, which give a long way toward proving that fish know more than we are disposed to give them credit for. Nor is the crab at all ignorant of the active demand, for as soon as he reaches the shedder stage he seeks the strictest seclusion which his surroundings grant. The crab is the Beau Brummel of crustaceans, and indeed no living creature gives so much time and attention to his wearing apparel. Compared with him in this regard the extreme dandy leads a careless and easy life. If he were a member of the human family his tailor's bill would consume his entire earnings, and all of the most round ridiculous, but it is seriously said, for the metamorphoses of the crab are extraordinary. From the time he leaves the egg till he arrives at maturity he passes through more and more frequent transformations than probably any other member of the animal kingdom. In his infancy he is so unlike himself that for centuries he was mistaken for a nondescript, and it was not much more than fifty years ago that his identity was even suspected.

HOW HE LOOKS. The female crab carries her eggs, thousands, probably hundreds of thousands, in a number, in a great semi-spherical bunch under her belly until they are hatched. From that time the young crab has to look out for himself, and that he is moderately successful in this regard is attested by his presence in vast numbers along our shores from Maine to Texas. The young crab, when the egg he looks somewhat like an impossible combination of those omnipresent products of New Jersey, the flea and the mosquito, or, to speak more definitely, he has a flat, irregular shaped body, with a long proboscis, a longer tail, long swimming appendages, and a pair of large, fan-like branches at the ends, and proportionally enormous eyes, not attached to stalks as in later life, but fixed flat upon the head. All of these peculiarities are compressed within a minute fraction of an inch. In this stage he swims around mostly on the surface of the water, and for a long time called zoea, for want of a better name and position in the animal kingdom. Like the nicknames of human infants, it has stuck to him, and his infancy is still called the zoea stage.

But this is not all. In his early youth he was the victim of another zoological mistake. Having shed his skin a few times he has increased in size, his eyes have appeared on stalks, legs like those of shrimps have been developed, and nippers have been added to the pair of front legs, but his family likeness is still unrecognizable, and he was therefore regarded as a distinct solitary genus, and therefore called megalops. HIS RAPID GROWTH. This, in which the tail and proboscis have nearly if not entirely disappeared, is even now called the megalops stage. After more shedding of his skin and further growth he finally appears as a miniature crab about an eighth of an inch long. Being ready to begin business as a crab he abandons swimming as a profession and takes to the bottom, goes foraging along the shores, or attaches himself on floating seaweed.

The crab literally grows by shedding. As fast as his garments become too small for him he casts them off and appears in a larger suit. He is familiar to salt water fishermen in all sizes, from that of a tack head to a silver dollar, but how often he sheds his shell is an interesting question. It may be shed, very frequently, for even after he has reached the edible size he sheds once a month. Men who make a business of hunting him say that his time of shedding is the fall of the moon. After he sheds his full growth he ceases to shed, and indications are he has reached a ripe old age, as specimens have been taken with full grown barnacles and oysters attached to their shells, showing that they had been wandering about the deep for some years at least.

When a crab is about to shed his shell he seeks shallow water, and settles himself in the roots of the grasses or under bunches of sedge, so as to be as much as possible out of the way of the fish, which, as before intimated, are very fond of him at that stage, and know when and where to look for him. The striped bass and other large fish take along the margins of bays, rivers and creeks are there, looking for shedder and soft crabs. Sharks are also very fond of them. One day the writer saw a shark at least ten feet long carefully searching a mud flat in Barnegat Bay for crabs. There was very little water on the flat, and the shark and mud flat of the big fish were both several inches above water.

HOW HE SHEDS. Fishermen have coined a number of expressive names for the different stages through which the crab passes in shedding his shell. A "comer" is a crab in the first stage, when a new shell is a mere filament of this membrane under the old. In the "shedder" stage the new skin is a thick, soft, elastic envelope to which the old shell has ceased to adhere, and from which it separates readily, even on the claws and feet. When ready to shed the old shell separates nearly all round the body at the base of the legs, and the crab withdraws itself.

The shells of the claws and legs are not broken or cracked, but the new skin "is so soft and yielding, and the muscles in such a flaccid condition, that the limbs are drawn through the small openings at the joints and extend a safe distance beyond, some fluid may be seen through a opening much smaller than the sack itself." When he is ready it takes the crab only about five minutes to get out of his old shell. Then he is the "soft shell" crab, so suitable for frying and so dear to the palate of the epicure. It is not generally known that the shedder is even superior as an edible to the soft shell. He is then in his finest condition, having fattened himself to the highest point for the purposes of subsistence while his new shell is too tender to admit locomotion or the catching and eating of prey. After bolting his old shell is easily removed, even from his legs, and his internal anatomy, and he is fit to be eaten as he stands or fried in batter.—New York Times.

Talent a Blessing. Feed Mother—My boy is overflowing with talent. He writes such prose or poetry with the greatest ease, and he is also an artist. His pictures are beautiful, and so full of thought and sentiment they would be sure to attract attention anywhere. Business Man—You have my warmest congratulations, my dear madam. Your boy can easily make fame and fortune. Food Merchant—As a writer or an artist? Business Man—As a soap manufacturer.—Street & Smith's Good News.

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As Though in a Dream. Stewart Anderson, aged 35, got up from the supper table at Mason City, Ia., and unconscious of surroundings, without hat, shoes or vest, wandered about forty miles from home, and when he came to himself was lying beside a haystack. He is a man of good intellect. He says that everything he did during the eleven hours his mind was deranged seemed like a dream.—Cor. St. Paul Pioneer Press.

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