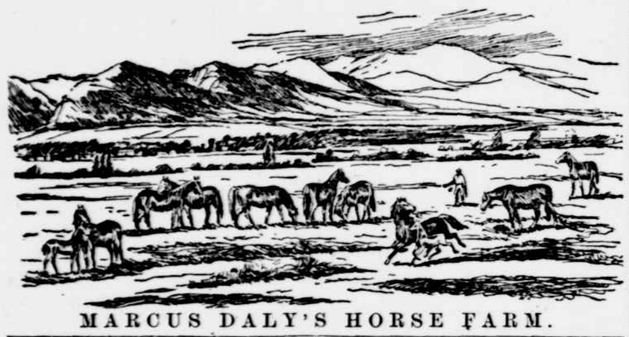


MARCUS DALY'S HORSE FARM.

THE COPPER KING.

Gossip About Marcus Daly, the Montana Millionaire.

HIS FIRST CALIFORNIA JOB.

How He Bought the Famous Allice Mine and His Anaconda Property—The Biggest Copper Mines—His Horse Farm and How He Manages It.

Special Correspondence of The Evening Star.

ANACONDA, MONT., April 20, 1893.

BY ALL ODDS THE most striking character in Montana today is Marcus Daly, the famed Anaconda millionaire, the celebrated horse owner and the chief of the copper kings of the United States. No one knows how much Daly is worth. He owns a bank or so, an electric railroad, a big hotel, something like a million dollars' worth of horses and lands, and he has, I am told, a one-fourth interest in the Anaconda copper mines, which are the biggest and best paying of any in the known universe. The army of employes who work under him is as large in number as that which Xenophon led in the famous retreat described in the Anabasis, and his pay roll runs into the tens of thousands of dollars per day. Still, he came to the United States a poor boy, and when he landed at San Francisco at the age of thirteen he had not a cent in his pocket, and he trotted up and down the bread walks for three or four days seeking a job. He looked in vain, until at about the end of the fourth day he saw an old farmer in a wagon driving through the streets. He stopped him and said, "Haven't you got something out at your place that I can do?"

"Well, I don't know, young man. What can you do?"

"I can do anything," replied young Daly.

"Can you dig taters?"

"Yes, I can," said Daly, and the man thereupon told him to get into the wagon and he took the boy home to his ranch. This was some place east of Oakland, and Daly dug potatoes for the old rancher for three weeks. He said it nearly broke his back, but he stuck to it until he got a little money, and then, boy as he was, he started for the mines. He grew up surrounded by gold and silver and he soon developed a wonderful ability as an expert miner. When the Comstock lode was discovered he was in Nevada. He had by this time become acquainted with Mackey, Flood and O'Brien and they made him the foreman of that mine. After working here for some time he drifted to Salt Lake and was engaged there by the Walker brothers, who have, you know, owned some of the most famous mines of our history. He served them as a mining expert, and it was about sixteen years ago that he was sent by them from Utah to Montana to expert the "Allice" mine.

HOW MARCUS DALY BOUGHT A MINE.

The Allice mine is one of the most famous in Montana. It has produced millions of dollars' worth of gold and silver. Its output for 1891 was nearly a million and it is still worked at a great profit. At the time that the Walker brothers thought of buying it the stock had fallen very low. They knew that it would rise at once if it was known that they wanted it and Daly was sent here to find out all about it. He came to Butte City as a miner. He was dressed in rough clothes and pretended that he was dead broke and wanted work. He went to the old Continental Hotel and pretended to look for work for a week, but failed to get it, and told the landlord that he had no money to pay his board. This seemed strange to the landlord, as all miners were well paid and as there was a great demand for extra hands. The landlord said, "Well, I will see if I can't get you a job." He then went down to the Lexington mine and got a place for Daly, and told him about it. Mr. Daly said, "I am a little particular about my work, but I will go down and look at the job." He did so and

DALY'S COUNTRY HOME.

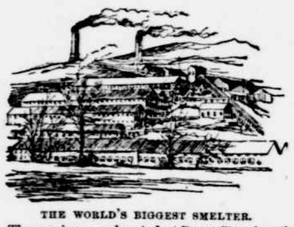
came back the same day, and said that the mine was too wet, and that as his lungs were not strong he feared to go to work in it. He then loafed around for another week, and the landlord, getting more desperate still about the payment of his board, went out and found him another job. Daly looked at it, worked in it for two days and then came back and said that the mine was not timbered properly, and that he would not work it. Now the board bill for three weeks was due, and the landlord got hot. He went up to Walkerville and got Daly a job in the Allice mine. He told the Walkerville owners that he had a man loafing around at his place for whom he wanted work long enough to pay his three weeks' board bill. They gave him the job and he came back to Daly. He swore at Daly upon his return, telling him he was too d——n particular about his work and too d——n easy about his eating. He said that he had got him another job and that he wanted him to take it and stick to it. As Daly heard him say that the work was in the Allice mine his heart must have jumped, but there was not a change in his features and he only said:

"Well, I will go and look at it."

It was the opportunity he had waited for and he took his place as an ordinary miner in the Allice. He worked for three weeks, inspecting the property as he dug and mined, and at the end of this time he threw up the job and left Butte City. Six weeks later he came to the surface as manager of the property. The Walkers, at his advice, bought the mine and they put him at its head.

MILLIONS IN COPPER.

While Mr. Daly was managing this he was looking about for other mines on his own account, and he invested in a number of silver mines. I asked him yesterday whether he had ever made any money in silver mines and he replied that he had, but he did not give me the figures. Among the mines he bought was the Anaconda mine, for which he paid, I think, $30,000. It was begun as a silver mine, but after running down 120 feet the lead developed into one of the biggest copper veins on record. Up to this time not much attention was paid to copper, but Daly organized a company and went to work in this mine. The company consisted of J. B. Haggin of California, the late Senator George Hearst, Marcus Daly and one or two others, and it has materially added to the millions of these well-known millionaires. I can't give you any adequate idea of the enormous extent of these great mines. Two thousand miners are employed in the mines day and night, and within the last ten years the enormous sum of $40,000,000 has been spent by Daly in wages and in works for operating these mines. All of this money has come out of the mines and no one but the owners know how much more the mines have paid. The stock is not for sale and the Anaconda mines and smelters form a close corporation. The lumber which is used each month for operating the mine would make a board walk two feet wide from Washington to Philadelphia and 100 cords of wood are eaten up each day in the mine. Three thousand tons of ore are shipped out from the mines daily, and everything connected with them is done after the latest methods with the finest of improved machinery and on a gigantic scale.



THE WORLD'S BIGGEST SMELTER.

These mines are located at Butte City, but the ore is all brought about thirty-seven miles here to Anaconda to be smelted, and the biggest smelting works in the world are here. I went through them today. They wall the sides of the mountain, covering more than eighty acres of space with vast buildings packed full of machinery. Great brick chimneys one-third as high as the Washington monument pierce the sky as they stand on the tops of the mountains above them, and these are connected with the works by flues so large that you could drive a wagon load of hay through them without touching the walls. This is to give the proper draught. There are vast engines and great boilers and a wilderness of machinery. The fly wheels of the engines are as high as a three-story house and the power is conducted by cables of steel which run from one elevation to another up the sides of the mountain. I cannot describe the machinery except to say that the ore-producing rock, containing copper, gold and silver, is pounded into a mush with great stamps and then fluxed and refiltered, run through process after process, until at last it comes out in the shape of a metal sand, which is taken to other works and reduced to metal. I remember one room on which this sand ran over hundreds of great tables almost as big around as a small circus tent, and these were washed by a running stream of water in such a way that the refuse went off into pipes, while the copper ore remained on the tables. In other vast rooms covering acres were hundreds of grinding machines which made a noise like a sewing machine, and there were acres of settling vats and of almost every imaginable kind of machinery.

THE ATMOSPHERE.

I drove from here to the smelting works and walked through vast rooms filled with fumes of sulphur, which make you feel as though a bushel of matches were being burned under your nose, and saw the roasting of this copper in great iron coffee pots five times as big as the largest hogshead you have ever seen, and watched the reddish-golden metal pour out in streams and run off in cakes the size of a center table or in blocks like those in which pig iron is cast. A great many of these processes are secret and electricity is now being used to separate the gold and silver from the copper. The amount of gold and silver in this Anaconda copper is such that it is believed that it will eventually bear the cost of refining and the copper will be pure profit. It takes about 2,000 men to work this smelter, and the wages paid them are from $2.50 upward per day. Everything is done on the strictest business methods, but Daly's treatment of his men is such that he never has a strike, and they stand up for him through thick and thin. It is this fact that makes him such a great power among the people in Montana. He has thousands of employes, and his friends are legion. I visited the smelter at noon, and a curious sight was that of the men cooking beefsteak on hot shovels which they rested on the kettles of molten copper.

HOW MARCUS DALY LOOKS.

I met Mr. Daly during my stay here and had an hour's chat with him. He looks a good deal like Proctor Knott of Kentucky, save that his hair and mustache are gray rather than white and his head is slightly larger that Knott's. He is a blue-eyed, rosy-faced Irishman of about fifty-five years of age. He dresses simply and there are no frills or furbelows about him. He is full of vigor, and when I rode with him from Butte to Anaconda the other day on the train he wore a soft hat, a rough chinchilla overcoat, a pair of pantaloons which were decidedly without the creases of the New York dude and his shoes were covered with a pair of rubbers spattered with the mud of Butte City. I found him a good talker and full of plain, practical, everyday common sense. He has a bit of a brogue, but his laugh is a hearty one, and he evidently enjoys life. Marcus Daly is married and he has a very handsome wife and delightful family. His car, which cost $40,000, has bed rooms, parlors, kitchens and bath rooms and is used by the family when they travel. As for Marcus Daly himself he rides in any kind of a car, and the family live here in Anaconda in the simplest kind of style. This hotel cost something like $200,000 and is kept up at a big cost. It is owned by Daly, but his rooms in it are as plainly furnished as those of many of his employes' parlors, and his habits are simple in the extreme. He rises at about 6:30 in the morning, takes a cup of coffee and a beefsteak and is at work before many of his employes are up. He works fast, deciding quickly on everything and showing great executive ability. I am told that Mr. Daly controls $25,000,000 worth of property in Montana and it is said that the Anaconda property would bring $35,000,000 any day. His monthly pay roll for labor here in Anaconda alone is more than $160,000 and he pays $50,000 a month for the coal he uses.

DALY'S FAMOUS HORSE FARM.

Marcus Daly has some of the fastest horses in the world, and he has a horse farm not far from here which contains about $1,000,000 worth of horses, and which includes 4,000 acres. He is building a big frame house on this now, which will have about twenty-nine rooms, and he says he expects to retire here when he gets tired of work. He has ideas of his own with regard to his horses, and I had an interesting conversation with him today about them. I asked him if he expected to make money out of his horses or if his racing stock was not merely one of the luxuries of a millionaire. He replied:

"Of course I expect to make money out of them. No one in Montana goes into luxuries of that kind for the fun of the thing, and if I really thought I could not make a profit out of

SNAPPER GARRISON AND TAMMANY.

my stables I would sell them tomorrow. I have a theory that the state of Montana will produce the best horses of the world and I am testing it. The climate here is cold in the winter, but the air is pure and it increases the lung power of the horses. I am told that the boys here at ten years require suits of clothing as large as those worn by a twelve-year-old boy of the east. The air expands their lungs and they grow big chests, and the same is so of horses. As to the coldness of the climate and the charge that colts will not grow here in the winter, if this is true, I expect to overcome it by good stabling and good food. Our grass here is better than that of California or Kentucky, and it makes better bones and better feet. I am buying the very best of stock and so far my stables are doing very well.

BUSINESS IN BREEDING.

"How are they managed?"

"My farm is run on the same business principles as are the mines and smelters. Everything is systematized and kept in book shape. Every saddle and bridle is charged, and if a halter strap is broken it has to be brought back before a new one can be given out. I know to a cent what everything costs, and I keep two sets of books, one of my racing and the other of my breeding stables. I have weekly reports, and I know just exactly on what horses I am making and on what I am losing."

A FORTUNE IN HORSE RACING.

"How did your stables pay last year?" I asked.

"Fairly well," was the reply. "They netted me something like $127,000 and they cost about $72,000. I paid $10,000 for Tammany when I bought him as a yearling. He won $78,000 last year and he will probably win at least $50,000 this season. He is now three years old, and I will take him off the track after this season and breed him. To show you how I run the stables: When I bought Tammany I of course charged the racing stables with him. All the expense of keeping him has been charged to him, as well as every other item that he has cost. I also charge against him 6 per cent on the amount invested in him, and the difference between the cost and the amount he brings gives me the profit I make out of him. When I take him over to the breeding stables I will charge the breeding stables $50,000 for him and will credit that amount to the racing stables. A regular record will be kept of his colts, and he ought to produce thirty or forty a year, which at eleven months old will be worth $1,000 apiece, and in some cases will bring as high as $10,000 each. I will only keep the best colts of any of my breeding and I regularly weed out the culls. Each of these colts will be charged in turn and the two stables will be kept entirely separate, so you see I can tell to a 'T' just where I am making or losing."

DALY ON HORSE TRAINERS.

Marcus Daly has the best horse trainers in the United States. Every one knows of Matthew Byrnes, who is at the head of his stables here, and who gets, I am told, something between $10,000 and $15,000 a year. The jockey who has charge of Tammany is Snapper Garrison, who is said to receive $10,000 a year, and I got a picture today of Snapper Garrison on Tammany which was recently made for Mr. Daly. Mr. Daly said:

"I think good horse trainers are born, not made. They must have an intuitive knowledge of the horse and a good trainer is a rare man. We never allow our horses to be abused or sworn at on the farm. Of course it is different in a race; then the jockeys sometimes cut the life almost out of them."

THE RACER VERSUS THE TROTTER.

"How about the trotter, Mr. Daly? You have a number of fine trotting horses."

"No, not now," was the reply. "I am closing out my trotting stock as fast as possible. I don't believe that trotting is legitimate sport. It is the result of mechanical training and mechanical breeding. I prefer to devote myself to running stock and I believe that there is more money in it. The earning capacity of a running horse is much greater."

"How about the record? Has it reached its lowest limit?"

"No, I believe not. I expect to see a mile trotted in two minutes before I die."

"How about the racing record? Will that be lowered?"

"That is hard to say," said Marcus Daly. "It is true a phenomenal horse may come which will cut it down below 1.35, the record now held by Salvator. There is a limit to the physical possibility of a horse and 1.35 is very fast time."

ENGLISH HORSES CAN'T BEAT US.

I here told Mr. Daly that I had visited the stables of North, the nitrate king, in England last summer and I asked him what he thought of the horses which North had sent to the Chicago derby.

"I don't believe that they will be able to do anything," was his reply. "They are not acclimated and English horses can do little in America for the first year. The tracks are hard for them and they cannot do themselves justice. North has some horses which are good in England, but if I am not mistaken they would be considered second-rate in America. England can make a better strain of blood than we can and we go there for our thoroughbreds, but we can breed better horses here, put new life into them by feeding and take them back and beat them on their own track."

$57,000 ON THE BROOKLYN SUBURBAN.

"Speaking of business again, Mr. Daly, do you ever bet on your horses?"

"Yes, I do," was the reply, "but I don't put my winnings and losings down to the profit or loss of my stables. I invest in bets upon my horses just as I would on stock which I thought was going up. I back them for what I think they are worth and I made $57,000 on the Brooklyn suburban last year, but this matter goes into my private expense account and it is not set down against the horses."

FRANK G. CARPENTER.

A COCKLEBUR IN HIS THROAT.

An Indian Boy Who Met With a Curious Mishap While Driving Cattle.

An Indian territory "cocklebur" is a little thing, but creates a great deal of disturbance when lodged in one's throat. Henry Roebuck of South Canadian, I. T., carried one about in this manner for exactly a week before getting rid of it. During that week he did not get ten minutes' solid sleep. Every movement of his mouth gave him excruciating pain, and what food he ate would scarcely have kept a kitten alive. Dr. William C. Glasgow, the St. Louis throat specialist, succeeded in getting the cocklebur out of young Roebuck's larynx, but only after many unsuccessful attempts and spending upward of three-quarters of an hour in the operation.

"The bur hurt worse than the operation," whispered Henry to a *Globe-Democrat* reporter, "but I'm getting along pretty well now."

Young Roebuck and his father occupied a room on the third floor of the Missouri Medical College. The patient is a boy of eighteen years, tall and thin, and his father, a sun-browned rancher, is thinner yet. "He got the bur stuck in his larynx a week ago Monday," explained the elder Roebuck, "while we were driving cattle. He was running after 'em to beat the wind, for they were pointing wrong. The dog we had didn't seem to know exactly what to do, and as he was chasing along Henry began to holler at the cattle. He was plunging through a lot of the bur bushes at the time and as he opened his mouth for about the third holler one of the measly things flew into his throat. Of course, he sort of gasped, and that pulled the thing down deeper. The more he gulped and coughed the deeper the bur got. By the time we got home where we had something to pull it out with, it was out of sight completely. Well, sir, I do believe that the last seven days have made the worst week of my life. I've been with him ever since it happened and haven't got as much sleep as he has. You see, I had to watch him so. Every time he'd fall asleep he'd breathe through his mouth and begin to strangle. I'd have to wake him up right off and make him breathe through his nose. I've had a terrible time finding anybody that could get that plagued bur out."

The "cockle" is a prickly bur two-thirds of an inch in length, longer than it is through and tapering towards the ends. It is soaked red with blood, and a few of its "quills" have been broken by the operation.

A Good Obituary.

From the Detroit Free Press.

The writing editor of a certain Cleveland newspaper is a man who is ordinarily as impervious to compliments as a stone wall is to bird shot. The other day, however, he was forced to blush at praise. A well-known man in that town had by some means been reported dead, and the editor, having known him well, set about preparing an obituary editorial worthy of the occasion. When it was all done and he had a proof of it before him in walked the man himself.

The editor was surprised.

"I just heard," said the visitor, "that a rumor was abroad to the effect that I had gone over, and I came in to prove to you that it was not correct."

"We heard about it," said the editor, "and I just fixed you up a little something here as a token of our esteem," and he handed over the proof.

The man read it through carefully and with evident gratification.

"By jove, old fellow," he said fervently, taking the editor's hand, "after reading that editorial I'm almost sorry the rumor isn't true."

Then the editor blushed.

Gondoliers at the Fair.

From the Chicago Herald.

The uniform of the gondoliers will be the dress worn four centuries ago, and the boats will, of course, be black, since an ancient edict allows no other color. The men's trousers will be knickerbockers, tied at the knee with cord and tassel and striped in red and white. The jacket will be red, with gold fringe and a many-colored belt, and a large medallion over the breast. The cap will be a fez with a feather, the whole comprising a most brilliant outfit. Those who drive the single craft and those on the big ducal barges will be dressed alike, and all cabins will be decorated in silk and satin.

OFFICES GO BEGGING.

Places in Uncle Sam's Gift Which Few Will Accept.

SOME ARE DANGEROUS,

While Others Are Poorly Paid—Duty Aboard the Phantom Ship Not Desired—Cholera Doctors and Moonshine Detectives Scarce—Vacant Post Offices—Unsought Consular Posts.

OFFICES THAT GO begging! It would hardly be supposed that there were any such, judging from the swarm of place hunters that has besieged Washington for the last two months. In fact, however, there are many salaried positions in the government's gift which it is hard to get men to accept. Some of them involve great danger, while others are too poorly paid to be desirable.

For example, just now the treasury finds it almost impossible to secure available men for revenue agents in the mountains of Tennessee. A number of those officers have been murdered recently in that region by moonshiners. Three of them were shot from an ambush and killed only the other day. The occupation in which they met their death is the most hazardous known. During three consecutive years twenty-five of these seekers after illicit stills were slain and forty-nine wounded. No wonder that it is difficult to fill their places at $6 a day and expenses. To do the duty well requires sense and discretion as well as courage. One fool agent in five minutes can get the internal revenue bureau into an embarrassment that will take a year to get out of, besides entailing great expenses.

ON A LIGHT-SHIP.

The treasury finds it hard to get and retain officers on board of the New South Shoal lightship, which is stationed twenty-eight miles south of Nantucket. Here, in a region of almost eternal storms, the vessel rides at anchor. Like the storied phantom ship, she is perpetually buffeted by the waves, though never destined to get anywhere. From time to time she breaks adrift and is blown out into the ocean. During three consecutive months of last year she was absent on two such involuntary cruises—once for thirteen days and the other time for eight days. Usually on such occasions she is towed back by a steamer that is sent to look for her; sometimes she manages to get back under sail. Besides rations and clothing, the captain or keeper gets $83 a month, the engineer $80, the assistant engineer $65 and the assistant keeper $50. In spite of such good pay, it is rarely that a man can be persuaded to spend a second winter on this lightship, which is the last landmark, so to speak, seen by transatlantic voyagers on their way to Europe.

The marine hospital service, which belongs to the treasury, is having trouble in finding physicians to send abroad for service as inspectors of vessels at European ports during the approaching summer. These officers, who will examine all ships bound for the United States, are required to have had experience of cholera. Furthermore, they must know the language spoken in the place to which they are dispatched and must possess some acquaintance with the country. For example, the medical agent at Liverpool ought to be familiar with the slums of London in order that he may be on his guard against persons coming from danger spots.

Few available persons are willing to accept commissions from the treasury to represent the United States government on the seal islands in Bering sea. Those isles are 1,500 miles from Sitka and 3,000 miles from San Francisco. After the steamer leaves in October they are shut off from communication with the rest of the world until the following June.

ON MOUNT WASHINGTON OR PIKE'S PEAK.

For like reasons few men care to serve as observers for the weather bureau on top of Mount Washington. Officers at this station must live through the winter in an iceberg, chained and anchored to rocks amid the clouds—for into such a shape is their cabin shelter transformed by frost and the accumulation of snow. For months together they are cut off from all the rest of mankind. The conditions on Pike's Peak are quite similar. Prof. Harrington recently excused himself for having kept a disreputable person in charge there on the ground that he could not get any more desirable individual to accept the job. When the weather bureau was absorbed by the Department of Agriculture its observers were classified under the civil service law. Thus their pay became from $1,200 to $1,600 a year. Previously they received only the remuneration of sergeants in the army—$34 a month, with rations and clothing.

During the recent pleuro-pneumonia excitement the agents sent out by the Department of Agriculture to inspect cattle and slaughter diseased animals, whether the owners were willing or not, found their occupation a very hazardous one. They were frequently received with pitchforks, brickbats and bulldogs. Some of them were badly hurt. Consequently it was hard to procure veterinary physicians to do this work for salaries of $1,000 to $1,600 per annum.

For the small wages paid the Navy Department has difficulty in retaining the experts employed to handle high explosives at the Newport torpedo station. These men manufacture dynamite by mixing nitro-glycerine with infusorial earth. They turn in ordinary lathes chunks of nitro-glycerine, which is the most dangerous of all known explosives, into shapes for loading shells. Also they chop it up with chisels. While undergoing these operations the stuff is kept saturated with water. If by an accident it got a little dry it would blow the factory to pieces.

SMALL POST OFFICES.

It is in the Post Office Department that offices go begging by wholesale. There are thousands of fourth-class post offices which it is hard to get anybody to accept. People are constantly sending in requests to the effect that a postmaster shall be appointed at this or that out-of-the-way spot, but no one will take the place. There are ninety-seven resignations of postmasters now on file from the state of Washington alone, and there are applicants for only a few of these positions. Hundreds of post offices have to be discontinued every year, because nobody will take charge of them. There are 10,000 post offices which pay to the incumbents less than $20 a year. Whenever there is a change of administration at Washington, resignations of postmasters pour in. Many of them notify the Postmaster General that they have sold out to somebody else. Most small post offices are in country stores, and the proprietors dispose of the mail privileges, together with the good will and fixtures. Of course, such a bargain is not recognized by the department, but the purchaser is likely to be appointed if the neighbors indorse his application. A fourth-class postmaster gets no salary, but receives a percentage on his sales of stamps. He is entitled to 100 per cent on the first $50 worth of stamps per annum, 60 per cent on the the next $100 worth, 50 per cent on the next $200 worth and 40 per cent on all stamps sold over and above.

Even the Department of State has paid offices in its gift which nobody actually can be induced to take. Among these are consular agencies in such out-of-the-way parts of the world as Algiers, the Barbary States and Turkey in Asia. The incumbents are remunerated by fees. Because Americans will not accept these places they are held by natives of those countries. They are usually merchants who are willing to occupy the positions for the sake of the prestige which gives them influence and protection. It often happens that one man will thus act as representative of half a dozen nations. Over his store are flung to the breezes perhaps the flags of Russia, France, Germany, England and the United States, while as many national coats-of-arms are displayed above his door. Thus sheltered, he is not likely to be interfered with, and visitors from abroad naturally go to his shop to buy. The consular agency at Esmeralda in Ecuador is at present vacant, because there is nobody who wants it. It is difficult to get persons to serve as vice consuls, because they get no pay, except when the consul is absent. Native storekeepers act in such capacities commonly. The regulation now is that they must get their remuneration out of the consul's salary; but until very recently Congress made a regular annual appropriation for the payment of "consular officers not citizens of the United States."

A FEW ABANDONED RESERVATIONS.

Among the 13,000 places in the gift of the Department of the Interior there are only a few which go begging. These are the situations of custodians of abandoned military reservations. Many such reservations, formerly used for military posts, have been given up by the War Department. The Indians having become tractable and the country settled, there is no further use for the posts. Under such circumstances the reservations are turned over to the Interior Department to be surveyed and sold. Congress has provided a small amount of money for taking care of them in the interval, but it is not nearly enough to go round. Custodians are needed to see that dishonest persons do not walk away with the buildings piecemeal. This is a common form of theft where lumber is scarce, and the doors and windows, particularly of a deserted house, quickly disappear. However, the reservations frequently remain unguarded, because men are unwilling to accept appointments which have no pay or rations attached to them. They are permitted to reside in the buildings, and in some instances they do so, keeping an eye on things for the sake of obtaining the privilege of cultivating the area of tillable and well-watered land which is usually included within the limits of such government property.

It is somewhat hard to find suitable officers of the army and navy to occupy the positions of military and naval attaches to the United States legations in foreign countries. To satisfactorily fulfill the duties of these posts plenty of money is an essential requisite. A man attached in such a capacity to the embassy at Paris or at London needs a private fortune to keep up with the social requirements of the situation. He must move in the most richly gilded swim and must meet all sorts of unusual expenses. It is expected of him that he shall live like a gentleman of rank and wealth, because the attaches at the legations of other nations are rich and noble. A clear understanding of these facts would lessen the number of applications for these positions which are sent in by young officers to the Departments of War and Navy at Washington. They desire the appointments for the sake of the agreeableness of the duties and the social prestige belonging to them, not realizing that they could not keep up appearances decently on their pay alone.

SMALL SALARY FOR MUCH KNOWLEDGE.

There are places in several of the departments here which commonly remain vacant for a long time after the incumbents have died or resigned, because persons competent to fill them cannot easily be found. Occasionally one reads in the Washington newspapers an advertisement issued by the civil service commission announcing that on a certain day a competitive examination will be held for the purpose of filling a situation which requires familiarity with plane and spherical trigonometry, differential calculus, the science of calculating the center of gravity of heavy ordnance, three or four European languages, typewriting and stenography. The fortunate candidate is promised an appointment at $900 or $1,000 a year.

In the Nautical Almanac office there are men who are employed to calculate parallaxes, the declination and right ascension of all stars at all hours, and all sorts of other such astronomical puzzles. They are paid from $700 to $900 per annum. There is a situation at the Army Medical Museum which requires a thorough knowledge of both Chinese and Japanese. It was kept open for a long while before anybody could be found to fill it. The salary of the incumbent has recently been raised from $1,000 to $1,200. If such posts were created specifically for experts it would be necessary to attach respectable wages to them. But for economical reasons the government prefers to rate them simply as clerkships. They are used as traps for highly skilled individuals who may chance to be compelled by want of money to drop into them. Once having done so it is difficult for them to get out. When they die or resign the traps are baited for fresh victims.

A study of the present office-seeking epidemic affords fresh evidence of the surprising anxiety which men commonly exhibit to secure places under the government at any sacrifice. They will abandon occupations which yield good incomes in order to get hold of positions in Uncle Sam's gift which afford only starvation wages. Even the prospect of death does not deter them. The treasury has no trouble in employing capable agents to go to yellow fever ports. The place at plague-stricken Panama was vacant for a while not long ago, but it has been filled by a man who is willing to vegetate in that wretched spot and take his chances of surviving for a salary of $2,200 a year.

CASSAVA FOR GLUCOSE.

A Valuable Tropical Plant to Be Introduced to This Country.

The cassava plant is to be introduced into Florida and California. Experts in such matters assert that it will take the place of Indian corn as a source of starch for the manufacture of glucose. In tropical South America, where it is native to the soil, it is utilized to a great extent for food. Long ago it was transplanted to the East Indies for the sake of its fleshy roots, which furnish the product called tapioca.

The cassava is a straggling, crooked-growing shrub, which attains a height of six to eight feet. The roots are bitter and contain a poisonous substance, which is said to produce hydrocyanic acid. By rasping the roots to a pulp, placing them in coarse bags and subjecting them to heavy pressure, this poisonous juice is expelled. It has been used by the South American Indians for poisoning their arrows.

What remains of the poison in the pulp after it has been pressed is got rid of by baking the pulp on heated iron plates. It is then broken into small pieces and stored for use. So volatile is the poisonous principle that, when the fresh root has been cut into slices and exposed for a few hours to the direct rays of the sun, cattle eat it with perfect safety. The Indians also partake of it after roasting it in hot ashes without any previous preparation.

The starch is separated and prepared by beating on iron plates. Thus treated the grains burst and agglomerate in gum-like masses. This is called tapioca. Brazilian arrowroot is the starch deposited from the expressed juice when the latter is allowed to settle. It is known as cassava flour or "mandioca meal." An intoxicating beverage termed "piwarrie" is made by chewing the dried cassava pulp and placing the masticated material in a vessel to ferment, after which it is boiled for use.

A forthcoming report of the Department of Agriculture states that the boiling process dispels the poisonous properties of the plant. The boiled juice forms the basis of a West Indian dish called pepperpot. It is highly antiseptic, and meat which has been boiled in it is preserved for a much longer time than is practicable by any other culinary process. In South America a sauce called "arube" is made by boiling down the fresh juice before the starch is precipitated. This is concentrated to a yellowish paste and seasoned with peppers. It is kept in stone jars and used as a relish with fish. "Tucupi sauce" is prepared from the juice after the starch has been separated, boiled and seasoned with peppers and small fishes. It is used in a liquid form and tastes like an essence of anchovies.

At the Scented Court.

The prescat craze for sweet scents, like all the other elegances, dates back to the days of courtly luxury in France. Mme. de Pompadour spent $100,000 for this part of her toilet each year, and the court of Louis XV was known as the "scented court." Hostesses of the grand entertainments informed their guests what particular perfume was to be employed for scenting the rooms, that no other odors might be used by the guests. And at court a different perfume was prescribed for every day in the week. In the meantime the gospel of soap and water was unknown to the finest ladies, and the gorgeous palace of Versailles did not contain a single bath room until one was arranged for the use Marie Antoinette.

Those Long Frock Coats.

From Life.

"Why, Weginald, dear boy, what is the matter?"

"Oh, Awthur! I'm in the most terrible distwess. Here the 'Proper Thing' says fwock coats are to be made longer this spring. If I don't follow the style at once my wepuitation as the best dwess man at our club is gone forever, and if my new coat is made any longer I'll walk on it and twip over it, and vulgar people will laugh and say unkind things, and—and—" (collapses completely).

THE LATE GEN. BEALE

Some Interesting Incidents in His Eventful and Gallant Career.

THE DECATUR MANSION,

In Which He Died, Has a Historic Interest—Distinguished People Who Have Made It Their Residence—Some Reflections on the Changes That Time is Constantly Making.

ON THE 24TH OF March, 1820, the body of Commodore Stephen Decatur, the naval hero of that age, was carried out of the old mansion at the corner of Jackson place and H street to its resting place in the Congressional cemetery, and from there it was removed to Philadelphia, where, under a monumental tomb, it lies buried. The pallbearers who officiated on that occasion, so long ago, were Commodore Tingey, Commodore McDonough, Commodore Porter, Commodore Rogers, Capt. Ballard, Lieut. McPherson of the navy and Gen. Jacob Brown and Gen. Jesup of the army.

Seventy-three years afterward the body of another naval hero was borne across the threshold of the same historic mansion to its last resting place. Edward Fitzgerald Beale, the hero of another generation, will fill a page in American history second to none of the naval heroes who have preceded him. His achievements are recorded in the remarkable events occurring in the Mexican war and in the early history of California. His life was full of adventure, in which heroism and remarkable endurance are mingled. To save his comrades, under the command of Gen. Kearney, who were surrounded by the Mexicans and reduced to the last extremity, he volunteered with Kit Carson to penetrate the Mexican lines and carry intelligence of the condition of Kearney's command to the fleet, under Commodore Stockton at San Diego, and obtain relief. Such an achievement, accomplished by much suffering and danger, is almost without parallel in our history. Succeeding that feat of courage and endurance his ride from San Diego to Washington alone, as bearer of dispatches, and though detained at the City of Mexico and at Vera Cruz several days he made that remarkable journey in forty-seven days. These events in his life are part of the history of the country and are recalled by his death at this time.

SUCCESSFUL IN HIS MILITARY CAREER.

Gen. Beale was successful in his military career, limited as it was to subduing the Indians in the newly conquered territory of New Mexico and California, and in civil life as surveyor general of California and superintendent of Indian affairs and as United States minister to Austria he maintained the honor and dignity of his country. He performed those duties to the entire satisfaction of the government. Gen. Beale was essentially a Washingtonian. He was born here, most of his life was spent here and here he died. The memory of him and his boyhood will be cherished by the few who remain. Even in that early period of his life he gave evidence of the pluck and endurance which made him a hero to his companions.

His introduction to Gen. Jackson was characteristic of the boy and the President. Ned Beale, as he was to us then, was fighting a pitched battle, in a retired place then, in the grounds of the President's house with a local pugilist and getting the better of him, when Gen. Jackson appeared on the spot and stopped the fight. We all knew him and ran, but Ned remained and the old hero helped him on with his jacket, asked who he was and said: "I am Jackson; if you ever want anything come to me." Years after he did go and told the general he was the boy who was fighting and reminded him of his promise, and the President, tearing a piece of paper from a letter before him, wrote on it to the Secretary of the Navy to "give this boy a midshipman's warrant." Col. Benton, in a speech in the Senate, relates the incident of Beale's volunteering to get relief for Kearney's army and speaks of him as a youth born within sight of the Capitol and the descendant of two heroes, who had received medals and thanks of Congress for their services to the country. He tells the story of the achievement of Beale and Kit Carson most graphically.

HIS HISTORIC MANSION.

The historic mansion where these two naval heroes died is one of the landmarks of Washington, and remains amid the modern surroundings a dignified reminder of the past. It has had many distinguished occupants, Edward Livingston, when Secretary of State; Sir Charles Vaughan, British minister; Mr. Clay, when Secretary of State; Mr. Dallas, Mr. Van Buren, Mr. King of Alabama, Jas. Orr, when Speaker of the House of Representatives; Judah P. Benjamin, when Senator, and others.

Gen. Beale told me of an incident which reads almost like a page from some romance. After he had purchased the house and it was being repaired a lady called one day and asked to be allowed to go to the parlor on the second floor, and he escorted her through the bricks and mortar and other building materials the halls were filled with, and on reaching it she burst into tears and said: "In this room I was married, and in this house I have passed some of the happiest days of my life, and I came here with the desire and intention of purchasing it. I am Mrs. Dr. Barton, and as Cora Livingston I was married where we now stand, while my father was Secretary of State."

Mr. Josiah Quincy, in his memoirs of Washington, speaks of the Cora Livingston of that day as the belle of the period, and years after, when he met her as Mrs. Dr. Barton, time had robbed her of some of her attractions, and observing his surprise, she said: "Oh, you want to see the Cora Livingston you knew years ago. Come, I will show you the one you remember," and taking him into the parlor pointed to a full-length portrait taken in that early day. She asked permission of Gen. Beale to visit the old house again when completed and promised to come the ensuing winter, but during the fall she died. It is to be hoped that the spirit of improvement, that iconoclast, will stay his hand and leave the historic mansion to the more gentle touch of time.

CHANGES IN BALTIMORE.

I spent some few days in Baltimore recently, and there the destructive element of improvement has been busy. Barnum's Hotel, famed throughout the world, has been obliterated and a very large building, one of the many erected in other cities by the Equitable Insurance Company, fills its place. How many memories cluster around that spot, the good dinners, suppers, wines and above all the odors of the "Gloria" and "Umbrella" brandies, which for so many years satisfied the most fastidious palate, still linger in the memory of the few who remain. Guy's, whose canvas backs and terrapin are delightful reminders of that period, now gone forever, has been swept away and the huge post office rears its granite walls where all lovers of the good things of this life were wont to congregate. The mansions of Reverdy Johnson and Robt. Gilmor are being demolished to make room for a new court house. The debris which fills Monument Square in front of those grand old mansions must recall the appearance of that same locality, when in 1834 5 the Maryland Bank mob had possession of Mr. Johnson's house and burned in the square every article of furniture it contained, and began the destruction of the house, when stopped by the military. The residences of John B. Morris and John Glen shared the same fate. The Bank of Maryland failed and these gentlemen were on the board of directors and Mr. Johnson was the counsel of the bank. The failure caused a great excitement, and it found vent in the destruction of the residences and property of these gentlemen, while the two directors in active business and who had really depleted the bank escaped in the excitement.

WHERE ARTISTS WERE NURTURED.

On the spot where the Baltimore Museum stood the Baltimore and Ohio railroad offices occupy a building covering half the block on Calvert street. The Baltimore Museum was a sort of nursery for histrionic talent, where Jack Owens, Charley Burke, Joe Jefferson, Jim Gallaher, Mary Gannon, Mary Devlin, Edwin Booth's first wife, and others whose fame spread abroad were nurtured. The old place has long since yielded to the demands of business, and Joe Jefferson alone remains of all who made that old play house famous. The company when the old museum was demolished scattered. Jack Owens, Joe Jefferson and Charley Burke starred it, and I saw Mary Gannon at Wallack's some years afterward, and in the scene in the Crimea, with Lester Wallack in the play of "Ours," as *Mary Nutley* the memory of her lingers with me yet.

Westward the star of empire and improvement takes its way, and in Baltimore