

KEEPING A MANSION.

Mrs. Harrison's Ideas Concerning the White House.

HER CHINA AND SILVER.

The Sable Cooks Who Look After the President's Stomach.

ARTHUR AS A HOUSEKEEPER

WASHINGTON, May 31.

PROPOSE to tell you how our President's wife keeps house. She has a definite idea of her position. Said she to me today: "The President's wife is, as far as the White House is concerned, the steward of the people, and there are certain duties she should never delegate to even the trustiest servant."

The domestic economy of the Executive Mansion should be of as great and binding interest to her as the domestic economy of her own private house. While she need not take an intimate in details she should have a knowledge of the general workings of things below as well as above stairs, and above everything else when she comes into the White House she should see that an invoice of everything belonging to the dining-rooms should be made and that the same should be done when she leaves. Everything that is purchased during her stay should be entered in a book, for everything in the White House is bought with the people's money, and therefore a strict account of it should be kept.

Everyone knows that Mrs. Harrison has been the ideal housekeeper during her 14 months' stay in the White House, and her definition of her position will touch the heart of every good housewife in the land. The best of it is that in spite of countless other duties, she has taken time to put her theories into practice, and the Executive Mansion today is as clean as a ribbon from attic to cellar.

DOES IT EASILY, TOO.

There have been ridiculous stories about her spending half the day in the kitchen, directing the maids and overseeing the getting of the day's meals. It is true, if any woman understands better what a servant can do and what a mistress should do. She laughingly acknowledges that if she could, she would prepare a good dinner, but she thinks it is the duty of every girl's education to learn how to do it. But she rarely goes into her kitchen unless it is to oversee any improvements that are being made or to look into any matter that the steward tells her requires change. And yet everything goes on like a newly oiled machine.

How does she do it? First of all, she treats her servants well and they will do anything for her. It is funny to see them as they meet her. No matter who she is they look up confidently for a nod, and they always get it. Old

which has a history, for it cost a President his reelection. These are the gold knives and forks which Van Buren added, and which the people learned that the public moneys were being taken to put gold spoons in the President's pockets. East Room, it is said, that they were not gold at all, and the people were busy in their judgment. They are still used on State occasions. They are small, five-bladed and much more delicate than those commonly in use in this day.

PIECES OF HISTORIC VALUE.

Many of the larger pieces of silver date back to Madison's day, although no memoranda have been kept and it is hard to tell when things were purchased. Numberless old pieces bear the words "President's House," the state term which was formerly used. The silver is very incomplete, and as silver never wears out, the only conclusion is that the White House has had its burglaries as well as private houses. It is the privilege of stewards to condemn articles which have been in use some time, and there is no doubt among those who have thought of it, that in times past many an article has been condemned and sold which would have the incalculable value of historical association just now. Mrs. Harrison has the hope that Congress will some time make an appropriation to redeem any of these valuable things that can be traced, and she will surely have the good will of all in her attempt.

The busiest place in the whole Executive Mansion is the two rooms in the basement over which Dolly Johnson, the colored cook, presides. Dolly is a tall, fine-looking woman, and she is probably not much over 30. President Harrison secured her a short time ago from Kentucky, and from all accounts, Dolly knows how to suit the President's tastes better than the former cook, Mme. Pelouard, whose French cooking was not at all to the plain American taste. Dolly is immensely proud

of the fact that she belongs to "old Kentucky," and she always answers when anyone asks her the place of her birth, "Louisville, Kentucky," with a haughty emphasis on the "Louisville." She never fails to add "Mary Robinson, she is from Virginia," in such a tone that one can see that she does not consider Mary Robinson at all her equal in the matter of native birth.

AND THEY'RE GOOD COOKS.

Mary makes the pies, cakes the bread and fries the cutlets, and is the assistant of Mrs. Dolly Johnson, who condenses her ambitious notions into a superb dinner. Dolly and her two of them can get up a dinner that would put Phillips, Nicolini, and all the other 30,000 chefs to the test. Delmonico has more juicy meats than the best of the best, and Vanderbilt's own chef cannot put a better pastry than the "Vaginary" lady is as black as the ace of spades and she shows her white teeth on the slightest provocation. She is younger than Dolly and always transmits her with the most exalted politeness to the chief. This is the kitchen with the utmost humility, "Miss Johnson," they both wear tidy dresses of Dutch blue calico, and big white aprons that cover them from head to foot. They are a baudacious crossed on her capacious bosom in a picturesque fashion, but neither of them wear caps, at the least suggestion of liverly is unallowable at the White House. Martha Washington was probably the only mistress of that mansion who had the pleasure of seeing her relations in liverly, but woe to the mistress who would now attempt to put her maids in caps and men in knee breeches and cockades. Even that worthy gentleman, Albert Hawkins, the coachman, has to content himself with what he dolefully calls

where his china is kept—there isn't a gentleman's house in the land that has so good accommodations. There it is, all the elegant ware which former mistresses of the White House gathered with so much pride, and in the face of so many grown from the Congressional Appropriation Committee which supplied the money, tucked, crammed and jammed into an unfinished closet which would hardly kennel two mastiffs, some of them being on foot. Mrs. Harrison says that of the 1,000 pieces made, at so great an expense, in the Hayes administration there are not more than 400 left.

Until President Arthur's day there was not even this closet, all the valuable china being stored in the basement, but he had it closeted out from the little library by the elevator. There are two rows of shelves about three feet deep, and there the three sets which belong to the service are kept, one-third of them being on foot. Mrs. Harrison says that of the 1,000 pieces made, at so great an expense, in the Hayes administration there are not more than 400 left.

A SCARCITY OF SILVER.

Women all over the land know how it is not to be mentioned in the same breath with gold, and they have all felt the anguish of seeing the most distinguished guest get the plated one by mistake. But who would dream that the White House should not have enough knives and forks to go around, and yet it is true. Every time 50 people sit down to a State dinner, there two thousand take their places at the tables, and the silver is used for plated forks and cut the fillet of beef with plated knives. It is a horrible thought, but there are only four dozen genuine silver knives, forks and spoons, and the President's party, by the most skillful ingenuity they cannot be made to do duty for 50 people. There is one set of knives and forks in the sideboard

There are big ranges built into the walls of either room so that Mary Robinson can put in a dozen knives of steel at the same time that she of "Louisville, Ky." bastes a ten-pound roast. The table in the big kitchen is long enough to roll out cookies for a hundred youngsters with the same appetite for sweetmeats for which Master Benjamin McKee distinguished, and is kept as white as a daily scrubbing can make it. From the second kitchen there is a dumb-waiter going up to the center hall, and at the entrance to the room there is a refrigerator which almost touches the ceiling. In it is stored the day's marketing and all of the provender but the dry groceries, which are kept in a larger room near the smaller kitchen.

HE REMEMBERED THE DAY.

"Yes; last Tuesday, when we made tridling alterations in the arrangement of the parlor furniture, I've got every view you said in a photograph, and a few choice views of you illustrating your grace and ease in critical moments, and the lamb-like docility of your countenance. It will make a good newspaper."

"My dear," said I, "how much is that story worth, right here on the domestic

STEWART McKIM and HIS DUTIES. Across the hall from the kitchen is the steward's room, a large apartment under the State dining room. It is tastefully furnished with carpet and chairs sent from the upper rooms and contains a large desk where Mr. McKim enters the marketing in books as large as it takes to enter the deposits at the Treasury. He comes in about 11 from the Center market, where everything in the way of meats and vegetables are bought for the White House, draws up a summary of the month's expenditures, which I have heard of as a size to that of an ordinary man while "Razzie Dazzie," with all the mournful intonations of that pathetic song.

The walls of the steward's room are lined with closets which can be put under lock and key, for he has charge of every valuable in the White House and has to give a pretty good account of his stewardship. Hitherto each steward has had the privilege of taking his book with him when he left, but it has been such an endless confusion when any attempt to trace up the history of silver and china has been made that Mrs. Harrison has ordered all books to be kept beyond the steward's room are the sleeping rooms and the side of the big entrance room, while at the extreme end of the hall is a billiard room where a President and his opponent frequently chalk the cue.

But the laundry—that is, what we mean by a cleaner room—cannot be imagined. It is large and light, and off one corner is a little carpeted ironing room. There is an ironing board and a large tub, and a large tub which she could put to no better use than to dry her clothes. This fireplace is still used for heating the boiler for the Monday's wash, which is done by regularly being sent to the family of an orderly citizen. It is formed of hard-baked plaster, and looks as though it would easily stand another century.

MATCHLESS LINEN CLOSET.

It is under the care of Josephine, Mrs. Harrison's chief of staff, and it is like a breath from a meadow in May, for it is kept so clean and sweet. One side is filled with bedding and towels, while on the other is a napery, and the table is covered with "U. S." in white linen, although one set of napkins has the initials in white with a faint line of red. The napkins are all a variety of the finest damask. Mrs. Harrison has added to the stock since she has been in the White House, and there is one set of dinner linen that was used at the first State dinner that is as fine and soft as silk.

WE ARE GREAT FISHERMEN.

The Supply of Rods Doesn't Keep Up With the Needs of Anglers. The manufacturers of fishing rods are in a state of mind over the fact that the stock of Calcutta bamboo poles from which the rods are made has given out, and it is impossible to secure another stock of these poles until next July, which is the best time for this country. It shows that the anglers are increasing faster than the rod dealers ever imagined they would, and the dealers are totally unprepared to meet their demands. The Japanese bamboo is almost as tough as the Calcutta variety, but the joints are so close together that it is difficult to cut it up to any advantage. The section of the Japanese is perfect, but it is really weak and cannot be used as a substitute for the Calcutta tip. It is not generally known that America makes the best fishing rods in the world.

HER LITTLE CAMERA.

How Humorist Fielding's Better Half Stole a March on Him.

VIEWS FROM THE HEARTH RUG.

Faithful Reproductions of Antics Performed on Moving Day.

THE EFFECT OF TACKS, BILLS, ETC

"I've seen these recent interviews illustrated with the complicity of the instantaneous photographic camera?" asked my wife.

"Yes," I replied, in that cheerful tone with which I always endeavor to make home happy.

"Have you marked the studied grace of the victim?" she continued.

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JINGLING BEAUTIES.

Uncle Sam Wants Fresh Designs for His Dollars and Dimes.

A CONTEST THROWN OPEN TO ALL.

Director Leech's Criticisms of the Hard Money Now Agoing.

THE SCHOOL MARM AND THE INDIAN

Now is the time for artists all over the country to get out their tools and see what they can do at making designs for the new United States coins that will soon be issued.

Within a few days the bill that has already passed the House will be approved by the Senate—only the prolonged silver discussion has delayed it—giving authority to the Director of the Mint, with the approval of the Secretary of the Treasury, to change the patterns of Uncle Sam's coins as may seem to them desirable.

As quickly as this shall have been made a law, Director Leech will advertise for designs, and the contest will be thrown open to all, amateurs and professionals, with awards of not less than \$500 for each one secured.

Up to the present time the law has not permitted any alteration in the coins of the nation, save by special act of Congress in each case. But the passage of the bill referred to will give the Director of the Mint, with the Secretary's approval, power to make changes according to his discretion once in 25 years. Thus it will be rendered possible to steadily improve the beauty of American coins, which, or the most part, are today very bad, artistically speaking.

A NEW SILVER DOLLAR.

"We are going to have something entirely new for the silver dollar," said Director Leech to me when he visited him in Washington last week. "Designs on coins ought always to mean something; but I should like to know how the Philadelphia school-marm's head signifies Liberty. We shall drop her and put in a new one, and very different—may be a head of Washington; but that remains to be determined, and leeway will be given to the artists who contend, the best way to get a carpet under a piano. I shall be glad to see the designs, and I don't see how the piano was very much in the way and that they stuck to the floor real hard. He replied that he supposed "my foolish idea" was to remove the piano, and leave the remainder of the instrument in the air, but he did not believe it would work. Afterwards he consented to lift one end of the piano while I pulled the carpet along. He is a little fellow, but he is a very good fellow, because I couldn't get the carpet under the piano unless he did. He was holding up the piano at that moment and did not look so much as if he were a school-marm, but when he did say "I prefer to see the camera rather than by the photograph."

MADE HIS EXIT.

At last, after many trials, we got the carpet down and the furniture rearranged. But I was not satisfied. I did not like the parlor as well that way as I had before. There seemed to be a bad room in it. I therefore suggested moving the furniture back to the original positions. Howlingly, even instantaneously, he put some things in the way, and I saw the camera was expended upon my favorite kitten. Her attitude and her extravagant proportions as shown in the picture are the fault of the artist, and not of the camera. As to the portraits of my husband, they are good enough for him; not one bit more than the other.

THE BARBERS DON'T LIKE IT.

A Curious Effort of the Coming Pastors. The barbers and hairdressers at Obermerg are to their cost finding out the truth of the saying that "one man's meat is another man's poison"; for, while every body else in the village is rejoicing at the forthcoming performances, the "artists" in hair are certainly not doing very little business. The fact that wig, together with all other unnecessary fluff, are prohibited on the stage where the pastors play, has been a great deal to the detriment of the actors, who have had to grow for a considerable time before the performances, in which every male actor appears with long flowing hair and a wig, and the fact that the theatrical authorities all the hairdressers have taken to another trade.

TOOK HIS BREATH AWAY.

"Will you please favor me with your views on the subject of rearranging the parlor furniture, and putting down the new carpet to-day?"

READING HIS TITLE CLEAR.

How Daniel Webster Changed the Favorite Tune of a Good Old Farmer. In a stranger way he got into a Franklin, N. H., any Saturday evening he heard a story about how Daniel Webster won the everlasting gratitude of an old farmer by his religious and musical views. His favorite tune was the doxology, and whether at home or away, at work or musing by the fireside, he could be heard singing:

DICKENS IN BYRON'S CHAIR.

One of the striking features of a Work That is Interesting England. In Mr. Kitton's "Dickens by Pen and Pencil," which is attracting a great deal of attention in England just now, Mr. Leonard Gathorneau has a remarkable drawing showing Charles Dickens in one of Lord Byron's chairs. Here is a reproduction of the drawing:

DEATH OF JAMES NASMYTH AND HOW HE MADE HIS NAME FAMOUS.

Mr. James Nasmyth, inventor of the steam hammer, died recently at Southport, Kensington, London. His death was described simply to old age. He was born at Edinburgh, in 1808. The Nasmyth family is of great antiquity, having held property in Tweeddale since the thirteenth century. Mr. Nasmyth's father, Alexander Nasmyth, was a well-known landscape painter.

THE INDIAN AND LIBERTY.

The Indian must be wiped out. It is a well-executed head, artistically speaking; but the law says that the designs on the face of the penny must be changed. As far as we see an Indian typifies Liberty—unless it is Liberty very badly abused, with an overdose of bad whisky thrown in. We don't care for the Indian, and we don't care for the eagle on the other side, it must go. We want an eagle in place of it that is of the heroic type and doesn't look like a turkey-buzzard.

THE DISCOVERY OF THE BODY.

reached the rising ground I turned to gaze at the sea. The blackness was no longer there, but in its place were long streamers of pale phosphorescent light. The rocks were all aflame, the waves captured in a dazzling green fire, every bit of seaweed on the shore as it was touched by the bright glow of life, with a sad, solemn brightness. I had seen the phosphorescence before, and knew its cause, but it stirred me nevertheless, stirred, fascinated and depressed me. I was chained to the spot, starting at the loom, quivering green tongues of fireless flames that stretched from the shore toward the far off horizon. The phosphorescent breath of the pasting, restless, uneasy ocean, grinding under its perpetual misery of uttering "Hush! Hush! Hush!" I was unexpectedly startled from my reverie; above the wind and roar of waters I heard a human shriek of pain; a quick, sharp, shrill shriek of pain, of agony, of fear; a shriek like that I have heard more than once on the battle-field. For a moment my heart stood still; but I am the lord of nature, and I regained my self-possession. It was a woman's shriek that had aroused me, and I listened, hoping to hear a repetition of the sound, that I might discover from what direction it came. The wind now, the grass shuddered, the ocean roared; but the cry of distress was not repeated. It was the night and the place for a murder, were there rogues to be stimulated into shedding blood. This thought seized my own lips. If I was called, it was not my duty to alarm

CHAPTER I. NARRATIVE OF EARL BRANDT. In the summer of 18— I hired a little cottage at an out-of-the-way place called "Eglantine Hill." This is a narrow spit of sand plugged into the measureless ocean; a sandy, stony, inhospitable stretch of land, with masses of rock shouldering its way through the dry soil and rank grass; the huge, wave-cast ocean on one side, an inlet of the ocean on the other.

I had a patient at the hotel, a charming, but nervous and sickly middle-aged woman. In the summer of 18— I hired a little cottage at an out-of-the-way place called "Eglantine Hill." This is a narrow spit of sand plugged into the measureless ocean; a sandy, stony, inhospitable stretch of land, with masses of rock shouldering its way through the dry soil and rank grass; the huge, wave-cast ocean on one side, an inlet of the ocean on the other.

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THE INDIAN AND LIBERTY.

The Indian must be wiped out. It is a well-executed head, artistically speaking; but the law says that the designs on the face of the penny must be changed. As far as we see an Indian typifies Liberty—unless it is Liberty very badly abused, with an overdose of bad whisky thrown in. We don't care for the Indian, and we don't care for the eagle on the other side, it must go. We want an eagle in place of it that is of the heroic type and doesn't look like a turkey-buzzard.

THE DISCOVERY OF THE BODY.

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