

POETS SANG OF THEM

THREE HOUSES RENDERED FAMOUS BY VERSE.

Longfellow's "Wayside Inn," the Residence of Captain Floyd Ireson in Marblehead and the Birthplace of Post Laureate Tennyson.

There is more or less of romance about every house that has been the home or refuge of man. The residence and the inn—each has witnessed scenes of joy and woe or episodes of tranquil happiness and grief sustained with heroic philosophy.

In greater or less degree these conditions apply as well to the hut of the savage as to the palace of the prince; to



THE RED HORSE TAVERN.

the crossroads tavern as to a gorgeous hotel in a big city. But once in awhile a poet or a writer chances along, and his association with the place or what he says regarding it gives it a fame and vogue it otherwise would not have known.

There, for example, is the famous old Red Horse tavern, of Sudbury, Mass. It used to be a great resort in the old days of stages, but today, remarks a recent visitor, it is left to that solitude which is almost the only possession of the revolutionary and prerivolutionary hostesses. The mail coach no longer dashes up to its door to deposit its load; its hearth is crowded no more by the feet of hurried travelers; even the railroad has respected its solitude and left it far behind. Its charm remains unbroken, however, and it is a fitting symbol of the memories which cluster in its ample rooms, memories which seem realities as one reads his Longfellow and feels a sympathetic thrill at the immortal "Tales of a Wayside Inn."

It is now the residence of a farmer and can be reached from Boston, twenty miles away, by the old turnpike road which goes to Worcester, out through Cambridge, Newton, Waltham, Concord, to the western part of Sudbury. It stands, says the visitor already referred to, on the north side of the broad turn-



FLOYD IRESON'S HOME.

pike road, just at the foot of a small mountain (almost small enough to be called a hill), and fronts squarely to the south. The barn is just opposite, nestled among four or five oak trees, and for over three-quarters of a mile there is not another house in sight. While the exterior of this tavern is attractive—the large rectangular main building, two stories, with a huge attic, square, massive chimneys and an L to the right, barely joined to the main structure—it is the interior of the tavern which has the greatest charm for the visitor, both because of its intrinsic antiquity and the memories which cluster about particular rooms.

The principal entrance to the inn is by a huge oaken door in the front of the house. As the big panel swings on its creaking hinges, one can see the fluted Greek pillars of wood on the sides, and once inside those lines of Longfellow, even more appropriate now that they were fifty years ago, flash into one's mind.

A kind of old hobgoblin hall. Now somewhat fallen to decay, With weather stains upon the wall, And stairways worn and crazy doors, And creaking and uneven floors, And chimneys huge and tiled and tall.

A farmer's wife welcomes the occasional caller who makes a sentimental pilgrimage to the spot and exacts the small fee of ten cents. She is an intelligent woman, thoroughly familiar with the poetry and romance of her habitation, and, as she says, charges for her services that she may be able to contribute a few extra shillings to the support of the local church.



THE MANOR SOMERSBY.

Another spot in which lovers of poetry cannot fail to be interested is the house at Marblehead, Mass., where lived the man given unfortunate immortality by Whittier as—

Old Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart, Tarred and feathered and carried in a cart By the women of Marblehead.

According to Helen Reed, the Quaker poet's account is faulty. It was not the women, she declares, but the men who did the tarring and feathering. Ireson was punished, it will be remembered, because he had passed a ship in distress without offering help. The crew of the ship perished, and only the captain survived to tell the story of Ireson's neglect. Ireson bore his punishment without a word save at the end. "I thank you for my ride, gentlemen, but you will live to regret it."

It was afterward proved that Ireson had wanted to go to the sinking ship, but his own crew to a man refused to go in the face of the desperate gale then blowing. But true or not though the story be, the house of Skipper Ireson is a great attraction to sightseers. The incident narrated by Whittier occurred in 1808, and the house itself was probably built somewhat earlier than this. Zealous though the people of Marble-

head are to defend the good name of their women, it is true in former times they had a reputation for masculinity and for marked originality of demeanor and speech.

Years ago Tennyson wrote of his birthplace: Here thy boyhood sung The low love language of the bird In native hazel's tassled hung.

Somersby is the name of the estate, and it is in one of the most beautiful sections of the Lincolnshire region. In that pretty "pastoral district of softly sloping hills and large ash trees" Tennyson was born in 1809, and throughout his early verse, observes an admirer, we are constantly brought with loving minuteness in contact with some one or other feature of the landscape. Now it is the manor house, portrayed for us as the "Moated Grange," now the church where his father officiated, and now the rectory, and—

The woods that belt the gray hillside, The seven elms, the poplars four That stand beside my father's door. * * * The brook that loves To purr o'er matted reeds and ribbed sand, Or dipple in the dark of rushes cove.

Considerable interest then was naturally excited in literary circles by the announcement that the Somersby estate was for sale. In the catalogue the "Moated Grange" was described as a "comfortable gentleman's residence, pleasantly placed in charming pleasure grounds, sheltered by magnificent forest trees, and overlooking beautiful shrubberies, lovely lawns and gardens, verdant meadows sloping to the winding trout stream, the River Lymn, and the pretty pastoral country in the distance," while the rectory was made the subject of a burst of fine sentiment on the part of the vendors.

All in vain, however. The property was put up at £25,000, when it advanced by many bids of £500 and one of £1,000 to £38,500, where it stopped, although the auctioneer declared that some years ago he would have got people to bid £100,000 for the property. The owner refused to part with it for the highest bid offered, and the estate was withdrawn. The reserve price, so the report ran in the mart, was £40,000.

F. X. WHITE.

THE STORY TOLD IN METAL.

A Connecticut Man's Remarkable Memorial of the War.

Mr. A. E. Brooks, of Hartford, has been collecting relics of the civil war ever since it closed, and has now completed 2,000 bullets, shells and fragments of shells, bayonets, broken guns and the like into a monument which certainly has no parallel. Singularly enough, he has succeeded in making it at once beautiful and terribly suggestive. It is five and a half feet high, the inner frame being of lumber, on which the relics are fastened in such a way as to completely conceal it and make the monument look like a solid mass of relics.

There are 1,838 bullets collected from the principal battlefields, and 124 Union and Confederate buttons. There are also revolvers, epaulets, belt plates worn by men and officers, bayonets, canteens, bowie knives used by the Louisiana rangers, exploded shells from different fields, cavalry equipment, spurs and buckles, incorporated in the design with great skill and intelligence. Every bullet, every broken remnant of shot and shell, every belt plate and epaulet could tell of inspiring scenes and events. The story of the war is told in metal. The great armies of the north and south occupy opposite sides. The national government is represented in the letters U. S., the combination being made from minie balls from Petersburg. The Confederacy, on the other hand, is represented in the letters C. S., which are composed of bullets from the southern lines. The battle selected is not on southern soil, but in the state of Pennsylvania. Gettysburg has been chosen because that represented the high tide of the Confederacy.

The centerpieces on the Federal side is a revolver which exploded in the hands of a soldier named Williams; on the Confederate side it is a Confederate canteen pierced by four bullets. The Union canteen on the other side was found near the McPherson monument at Atlanta. On one side are crossed bayonets, while the opposite is signalized by bowie knives that were carried in the belts of the Louisiana tigers. The Confederate belt plates cannot be duplicated easily. They represent the styles worn by officers and men. A couple of these belt plates are of peculiar significance, telling of blockade runners that were intercepted and deeds of daring that were wasted. Both are of British origin, one bearing the coat of arms of Great Britain and the other the head of the British lion. Both were captured before the blockade runner had penetrated the Union naval lines. The monument is surmounted by a 32-pounder shot. Such are but the most salient features of a production too unique for description.

All Sorts of Congresses. London is to entertain various international congresses during the next few years, and the latest visitors announced are the dermatologists, who will hold their meeting in the English capital in 1893. Dr. Hutchinson will be president.

The Ruling Passion. "Yes, brethren," says the clergyman who is preaching the funeral sermon, "our deceased brother was cut down in a single night—torn from the arm of his loving wife, who is thus left a disconsolate widow at the early age of twenty-four years."

"Twenty-two, if you please," sobs the widow in the front pew, emerging from her handkerchief for an instant.—London Tit-Bits.

In 1838 a beautiful locket, forming a small padlock, was found in digging a grave in a churchyard at Devizes, Wiltshire, England. This was a charm, and being valuable was buried with the owner.

In Advance. Russell Sage has for some years been in the habit of giving five dollars once a year to a friend of his boyhood days. This year, when the pensioner made his annual visit, Mr. Sage was unable to find five dollars in his roll of bills and was on the point of putting his old friend off when the latter exclaimed: "But I am in more desperate need of money than ever before, Mr. Sage. Why not give me one of those ten dollar bills?" "Well, I never thought of that," replied Mr. Sage in a matter of fact way; "here, you take this ten dollars and give me a receipt for two years."—Argonaut.



Too Prosaic. Bill—There's a deal of poetry about the moon after all. Tom—There ain't no poetry in nothing when it gits down to its last quarter.—Life.

He Loved Children. After she had seated herself in the ferry-boat little Willie broke away from her and began rolling around in the dust and dirt before us all. "Ah, madam," whispered the old gentleman, "do not try to stop little Willie. I love to see the child have fun."

"Yes, indeed," he went on as Willie turned a double somersault; "it carries me back to the early days. I tell you, ma'am, there is nothing like youth."

"That is true, sir," she said sweetly. "It recalls to me, madam, the old farm, where I once romped, a care free mortal all the livelong day."

"Willie is such a good boy," she ventured as William yelled "Rats!" three times and threw up his hat. The old gentleman suddenly let out a roar that echoed over the river.

"Wow-w!" he gasped, howling with pain. "Mercy, me!" exclaimed the woman, staring. "Why don't you teach your boy some manners? He has just stuck a pin in my leg!"

"But he is only a harmless child, sir." "Wow-w!" "And his conduct carries you back to the early days." "Wow-w!" "And youth fades so quickly, sir."

"Wow-w, ma'am—wow-w, I say!" "And it reminds you of the days down on the old farm." "That will do, ma'am," he gasped, rising and glaring at us all. "I see, ma'am, that I am in the presence of a spoiled child—your sweet William. You expect we should all sing and dance, but you are mistaken, ma'am—mistaken to the utmost. I predict, ma'am, that your boy will grow up a burglar and a horse thief, and if he doesn't break his mother's heart before he is twenty-one my name is mud, ma'am, mud, I say!"

And he flung himself out the door. Then mamma took little Willie to her and did exactly what all mothers would under the circumstances. She called William her darling boy and kissed him on the dirty nose.—New York Herald.

Other Material at Hand. Colonel Gilkerson's wife and daughter returned yesterday from their first summer at the seashore. The colonel was at the depot with the family carriage to meet them, and after the first effusive greetings were over he turned his eyes indulgently on the tall, beautiful girl and said: "Well, Angeline, how did ye like it?" "Oh, popper," she exclaimed, "it was just heavenly! I never enjoyed anything so much."

"Hem!" observed the old man reflectively, "did ye get to 'love old ocean and its roar' an all that sort o' business?" "Oh, no, indeed! I didn't have any time to love that."—Detroit Tribune.

His Fatal Mistake. Whyte—Why, old man, what's the matter with you? I never saw you look so discommodatedly sooty in my life. Browne—Matter enough, dear boy. I bet five dollars on the races last week, and the horse I backed got lost.

Whyte—Five dollars? Well, what of that? The loss of five dollars didn't break you, did it, old man? Browne—No; that didn't break me, of course. The trouble was, I tried to get square.—Somerville Journal.

Too Late. Kodakfend—Say, Biggs, I would like to come up and take your house. It would make a charming picture. Biggs—You are a little late in asking or you might. Kodakfend—What, has some one else taken it? Biggs—Yes, the sheriff.—Chicago Inter Ocean.



Not Difficult. Cholly—Clever woman, that. She is really short and squat, but by means of her train and carriage she makes you forget it. Dick—I don't see anything clever about that. With a carriage and a train one can carry anything off.—Harper's Bazar.

PEOPLE'S PARTY NOMINEES. ANDREW J. KERR, REGULAR

PEOPLE'S PARTY NOMINEE FOR COUNCILMAN FIFTH WARD, 10-20 St.—10-20 end td

REPUBLICAN NOMINEES. JABEZ BANBURY, Regular Republican nominee for COUNTY TREASURER, Election Tuesday, November 8, 1892.

POLITICAL. J. J. MAHONEY, CANDIDATE FOR SUPERINTENDENT OF STREETS, Subject to the decision of the Democratic City Convention.

POLITICAL ANNOUNCEMENTS. CAPT. A. F. MACKAY, CANDIDATE FOR MAYOR, Subject to the decision of the Democratic City Convention.

W. M. H. WORKMAN, CANDIDATE FOR MAYOR, Subject to the decision of the Democratic City Convention.

D. R. J. H. BRYANT, CANDIDATE FOR MAYOR, Subject to the decision of the Democratic City Convention.

JOHN L. O'BRYAN, CANDIDATE FOR MAYOR, Subject to the decision of the Democratic City Convention.

I. N. COCHRAN, CANDIDATE FOR COUNCILMAN NINTH WARD, Subject to the decision of the Democratic City Convention.

J. H. DOCKWEILER, CANDIDATE FOR CITY ENGINEER, Subject to the decision of the Democratic City Convention.

CLARENCE A. MILLE, CANDIDATE FOR CITY ATTORNEY, Subject to the decision of the Democratic City Convention.

M. D. JOHNSON, (Present Incumbent), CANDIDATE FOR CITY TREASURER, Subject to the decision of the Republican City Convention.

J. A. KELLY, CANDIDATE FOR CITY CLERK, Subject to the decision of the Republican City Convention.

JAMES E. FRICK, CANDIDATE FOR SUPERINTENDENT OF STREETS, Subject to the decision of the Democratic City Convention.

W. M. GARLAND, Auditor Pacific Railway Co. (cable), CANDIDATE FOR CITY AUDITOR, Subject to the decision of the Republican City Convention.

F. R. WILLIS, CANDIDATE FOR CITY ATTORNEY, Subject to the decision of the Republican City Convention.

HUGH MULHOLLAND, CANDIDATE FOR COUNCILMAN SECOND WARD, Subject to the decision of the Democratic City Convention.

JOHN CHANSLOR, (Of Anderson & Chanslor), Candidate for COUNCILMAN—FOURTH WARD, Subject to the decision of the Democratic City Convention.

GEORGE D. FERRELL, CANDIDATE FOR COUNCILMAN SIXTH WARD, Subject to the decision of the Democratic City Convention.

J. T. BEARDEN, CANDIDATE FOR COUNCILMAN SIXTH WARD, Subject to the decision of the Democratic City Convention.

HENRY BARTNING, CANDIDATE FOR COUNCILMAN—SIXTH WARD, Subject to the decision of the Democratic City Convention.

CHARLES MCFARLAND, (Incumbent), CANDIDATE FOR CITY ATTORNEY, Subject to the decision of the Republican City Convention.

WILLIAM CRAWFORD, CANDIDATE FOR CITY ATTORNEY, Subject to the decision of the Democratic City Convention.

CHARLES W. SEAMANS, CANDIDATE FOR COUNCILMAN (Second Ward), Subject to the decision of the Republican City Convention.

DEMOCRATIC NOMINEES. J. DE BARTH SHORB, REGULAR DEMOCRATIC NOMINEE FOR COUNTY TREASURER.

HENRY B. BELT, REGULAR DEMOCRATIC NOMINEE FOR RECORDER.

W. B. SUARBOROUGH, REGULAR DEMOCRATIC NOMINEE FOR PUBLIC ADMINISTRATOR.

H. C. DILLON, REGULAR DEMOCRATIC AND PEOPLE'S PARTY NOMINEE FOR DISTRICT ATTORNEY.

DE. R. C. GUIRADO, REGULAR DEMOCRATIC NOMINEE FOR CORONER.

E. L. SIEWEKE, REGULAR DEMOCRATIC NOMINEE FOR CONSTABLE.

ALLEN P. RICHARDSON, REGULAR DEMOCRATIC AND PEOPLE'S PARTY NOMINEE FOR TOWNSHIP JUSTICE.

JAMES HANLEY, REGULAR DEMOCRATIC NOMINEE FOR SUPERVISOR FIFTH DISTRICT.

M. T. COLLINS, REGULAR DEMOCRATIC NOMINEE FOR SUPERVISOR SECOND DISTRICT.

GENERAL JOHN E. MATHews, REGULAR DEMOCRATIC NOMINEE FOR SEVENTH SENATORIAL DISTRICT.

M. F. SNYDER, REGULAR DEMOCRATIC NOMINEE FOR ASSEMBLYMAN, Seventy-fifth Assembly District.

FRANK G. FINLAYSON, REGULAR DEMOCRATIC NOMINEE FOR ASSEMBLYMAN, Seventy-third Assembly District.

MARTIN C. MARSH, REGULAR DEMOCRATIC NOMINEE FOR SHERIFF.

WILLIAM B. CULLEN, REGULAR DEMOCRATIC NOMINEE FOR COUNTY CLERK.

COL. E. E. HEWITT, REGULAR DEMOCRATIC NOMINEE FOR COUNTY TAX COLLECTOR.

F. B. COLVER, REGULAR DEMOCRATIC NOMINEE FOR AUDITOR.

FRANK M. KELSEY, Regular Republican nominee for PUBLIC ADMINISTRATOR, Election Tuesday, November 8, 1892.

A. W. FRANKLIN, Regular Republican nominee for SUPERVISOR (Second Supervisorial District), Election Tuesday, November 8, 1892.

ROBT. N. BULLA, Republican nominee for ASSEMBLYMAN, 75TH DISTRICT, Election, November 8, 1892.

ARTHUR GRAY, Regular Republican nominee for COUNTY RECORDER, Election Tuesday, November 8, 1892.

DEMOCRATIC CITY CONVENTION.

HEADQUARTERS DEMOCRATIC CITY CENTRAL COMMITTEE.

Los Angeles, Cal., October 15, 1892. In accordance with a resolution passed by the said committee on the 10th day of October, 1892, a Democratic City Convention is hereby called to meet at Turnverein hall, in the city of Los Angeles, on Tuesday, October 25th, 1892, at 10 o'clock a. m., for the purpose of nominating a full and complete municipal ticket to be voted for at the coming municipal election to be held in the city of Los Angeles on the 5th day of December, 1892.

The following is the apportionment of delegates to the various precincts, the names of judges, inspectors and clerks, and places of meeting for the Democratic voters of the various wards and precincts of said city:

Table with columns: Ward, Precincts, Delegates. Ward 1: Precincts 1-5, Delegates 5-9. Ward 2: Precincts 1-5, Delegates 5-9. Ward 3: Precincts 1-5, Delegates 5-9. Ward 4: Precincts 1-5, Delegates 5-9. Ward 5: Precincts 1-5, Delegates 5-9.

Inspector, J. H. Crawford. Judge, J. F. Don-hue. Clerk, N. G. Bleeker. Polling place: 506 South Spring street.

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