

AT JACKSON'S HOME.

THE HISTORIC MANSION OF THE HERO OF NEW ORLEANS.

What the Ladies of Hermitage Are Doing to Preserve The Hermitage and Also the Cabin in Which the Warrior and Statesman Spent His Boyhood.

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Englishmen are proud of their soldiers. "Hearts of oak" they call them. The oak is a majestic tree, unmoved by storms and defying hurricanes. But the tough, sinewy, gnarled and knotted hickory is our synonym for the audacious, per-



THE OLD LOG CABIN.

istent and fiery American soldier, whose type reached perfection in Andrew Jackson.

"Old Hickory!" Superb sobriquet! Though years have drifted over his grave the principles of the statesman live and the memory of the soldier is green. And every patriot loves him for what he said at Washington and for what he did at New Orleans.

Though a Democrat of the old school Andrew Jackson belonged neither to party nor section. The nation claims him as one of its great men and famous warriors. There is now a golden opportunity for the nation to show in what reverence his memory is held and to raise its hand against the vandalism of greed which would sweep away a most precious landmark of history--The Hermitage--Jackson's old home near Nashville.

The general assembly of the state of Tennessee has assigned to the care of the Ladies' Hermitage association, of Nashville, the house and tomb of General Jackson and twenty-five surrounding acres to improve and preserve in lasting memory of the hero of New Orleans.

This property was purchased years ago by the state from the adopted son of General Jackson, with the proviso that his wife remain there during her life. Mrs. Jackson died three years ago, when the state handed over the historic mansion to The Hermitage association.

When the energetic and patriotic southern gentlemen who formed this association took possession of the noble mansion they found ruin and decay everywhere prevalent upon the estate. The little log cabin where "Old Hickory" lived for fifteen years was a complete wreck. "Its chimney was falling down and its roof was caving in." Up at the brave old mansion affairs were not much better. The roof leaked, the plaster had fallen in all the rooms, and the wall paper was discolored and peeling. Outbuildings were tottering, fences tumbling down, and the melancholy of ruin was fast settling over the entire place.

The mansion has been roofed, plastering and paper have been repaired, fences, drives and outbuildings put in shape and the log cabin fully restored, even to the kitchen fireplace, before which "Uncle Alf," the ancient negro body servant of the general, still sits, and gazing in its ruddy flames lives over the eventful past.

The Hermitage is a magnificent specimen of colonial architecture. The approach through a long avenue bordered by grand old trees is indescribably picturesque. Across its antique porticoes and massive pillars brush low, drooping boughs, and the warm sunshine touches the old house with loving fingers. The great carved door, with its resounding knocker, stands open. Enter the old fashioned hall, long and broad enough for a modern ballroom. It is papered with highly colored scenes and incidents in the life of Telemachus.

This paper was bought by General Jackson in France in 1837 and is in an excellent state of preservation. The pictures hang on the walls just as Jackson left them. There are two very fine portraits of Mrs. Jackson, by Earle, and any number of portraits of the general, the most interesting perhaps being that taken by order of the French government five days before his death. Quaint claw footed mahogany sofas and chairs are scattered about. A superb winding stairway leads to the rooms above, while on either sidestretch apartments whose hospitable dimensions speak volumes of dead and gone cheer.

In the drawing room the antique piano, with its yellow keys, the bronze and gilt candelabra, the ornate tables, the velvet hangings, the rare bric-a-brac, which would send a connoisseur wild with delight, possess the fascination of the past. In the general's bed chamber stands the four post bed on which he died.



THE HERMITAGE.

The great mansion is a vast treasure house, literally crammed with relics and souvenirs of priceless value. There is a quantity of General Jackson's personal articles of jewelry and clothing, his watch, seal, cornelian ring, topaz breastpin, gold pen and pencil, tobacco box, walking stick, slippers, flesh brush, dressing gown and a marvelous regalia of beads presented to him by Sam Houston, of Texas.

There is his library, a collection of several hundred volumes, nearly all of which contain his autograph. There is an extensive collection of snuffboxes, one of which belonged to Lafayette and was presented by himself. There is a wilderness of curios, medals, coins, pipes and swords, among the latter being the one presented Jackson by the citizens of New Orleans in commemoration of the famous battle.

any, the rosewood, the mother of pearl, the gilt and the damask of those days. There are pitchers, vases, lamps, candelabra, andirons, clocks, statuettes, servers, mirrors, candlesticks, china and silver, including the family tea service. There is a silver dish which belonged to Decatur, a letter from Jefferson, an exquisite porcelain miniature of Mrs. De Witt Clinton, presented by herself and accompanied by a letter couched in stately perisillage of that day; an armchair presented by the wife of Chief Justice Taney, George Washington's office chair, a small panel from the floor of Napoleon's room at Longwood, St. Helena, a piece of candle found in Cornwallis' hut at the surrender of Yorktown and sent to Jackson with the request that he light it on every recurring 8th of January, and a penholder made from a portion of the tree under which Washington first unsheathed his sword in defense of American liberty.

The general's state coach is preserved as well as his carriage, made of a portion of the old ship construction. In cupboards and closets are stored away many rare old bits of faded finery and coquetry. There is the full set of pearls and topaz presented by New Orleans women to Mrs. Jackson. There is a beautiful pink brocade worn by Jackson's niece at the court of Berlin, and the wedding gown of the wife of Jackson's adopted son, a Miss Yorke, a Philadelphia belle. This dainty combination of lace and satin has been worn as a wedding gown by brides of three successive generations.

"All houses wherein men have lived and died are haunted," says Longfellow, and The Hermitage is no exception. It is peopled, to the imaginative visitor, with a company of illustrious shadows, among which perhaps the phantom of gentle Rachel Jackson moves with the most tender and melancholy interest, seeming indissolubly blended with every nook and corner of the home to which she was devoted, and from which her destiny decreed she should not wander.

The story of Rachel Jackson's life is like a romance. She was a wonderfully beautiful woman, and her portraits linn a face of winsome and innocent expression. The throat is full, the lips sweet, the brow rounded, and the eyes are large and limpid. A cap of soft lace crowns the dark curls which fall over the shoulders.



JACKSON'S COACH.

Mrs. Jackson possessed a lovely disposition and deep personal piety. In her youth she contracted an unfortunate alliance with one her inferior in every respect, and from whom she was divorced. The love of General Jackson for his amiable and interesting wife amounted to idolatry, and during his momentous career he never escaped from the influence she left behind her. He wore her miniature on his heart till his death, and, no matter what his cares or pleasures, at the close of each busy day the president retired to a quiet room to commune with the portrait and the Bible of his dead wife.

Mrs. Jackson cared very little for the honors of this world and longed for nothing so much as the hour when her husband would finish with politics, for he assured her that when that time arrived he would become a Christian. When Jackson was elected president his wife said to those about her: "For Mr. Jackson's sake I am glad, for my own I never wished it. I would rather be a doerkeeper in the house of my God than to dwell in that palace in Washington."

It was while making preparations for her departure from the dearly loved Hermitage and the little chapel built by her husband for her own especial use that this gentle soul received the rude shock which caused her death. She was like a mother to every servant on the estate, and wishing to leave all comfortable for the winter made a trip into Nashville to buy supplies and clothing for those who were dependent on her. Wary from her shopping she went into the parlor of a hotel to rest while waiting for the family coach to carry her back to The Hermitage.

Suddenly she heard her name spoken in an adjoining room and her character basely and cruelly calumniated. For some time she sat there, pale and cold, listening to accusations against herself which had been freely circulated during the campaign, but which her chivalric husband had carefully kept from her knowledge. The popular tradition adds that she was seized with spasmodic disease of the heart, from which a few nights later she died.

The grief of Jackson was agonizing, and from that hour he seemed to live to avenge her wrongs. Probably during no other administration of the government has personal feeling entered so largely into official appointments as in the offices filled by Andrew Jackson. Did he have the slightest suspicion that a man had neglected to espouse the cause of his beloved wife he lost no time in removing him. Upon her tomb he caused her virtues to be enumerated and her good deeds recited, ending the glowing tribute with these touching and eloquent words: "A being so gentle and so virtuous slander might wound, but could not dishonor. Even death, when he bore her from the arms of her husband, could but transport her to the bosom of her God." EDITH SESSIONS TUPPER.

The Effort of New York Organ Builders. What the New York organ builders tell me most emphatically is that organs are now made in this country from an art standpoint rather than a trade standpoint. They have given up trying to make little Gothic cathedrals of the organ cases. "Spend you money on the works," they tell their customers, "the plain case is the handsomest case." Most modern American organs have little or no woodwork above the feet of the front pipes.--Cor. New York Times.

Lost. Once lost, it is difficult to restore the hair. Therefore be warned in time, lest you become bald. Skookum root hair grower stops falling hair. Sold by druggists. 12-15 1m

MADE HIM DESPERATE.

The Bad, Precious 'Tittle Sing Was Too Much for Him.

She had a shrill young voice that pervaded the whole car, and when she spoke to the infantile doting at her side she slumped over into baby talk that made all the other passengers get their teeth and clench the plush backs of the seats in front. The car was full, and the fond young guardian of infancy and innocence occupied the first seat. Back to back with that was the seat that faced the stove, and on this undesirable spot sat a thin old man, with three satchels and chin whiskers.

"There was a hill for a few miles, and the passengers began to relax their muscles and breathe freer when the fusillade suddenly began again. "Sleepy, 'tittle dirli? Oh, so sleepy?" No response. "Wasoo mamma's wittle yam? Mamma's wittle yammy yam? Look up here! Look up here! Oh, you bad. Wasoo oomook's daingly bad?" Three slaps.

"Oh, you bad, precious 'tittle sing. Mamma's Daisy Dumkles, her ownie totty trots. Kissum me! Do you hear? Kissum me!"

There were beads of perspiration on the face of the man with the chin whiskers, and when the conductor opened the car door he gave a convulsive shiver that knocked down the coal shovel.

"Conductor," he whispered, "you haven't come too soon." "Why?" "I'm a desperate man."

"Too hot?" asked the conductor soothingly, opening the stove door.

"Hot? Man, it's that woman and baby back of me. It's the baby twaddle. I tell you I can't stand it. I've raised nine young ones myself out in Iowa, and I didn't raise 'em on that. Git the woman anything she wants. Git her a house and lot. I'll chip in, but keep her quiet. If you don't, conductor, I'll brain that baby with that taller sample case. Hear? I'm desperate!"

The conductor didn't reply. He leaned over to the young woman and said: "Madam, you must send that dog to the baggage car."--Detroit Free Press.

Missed the Fun. The Boston Transcript tells of a funny incident at a funeral. A patent medicine wagon stopped at the entrance to the cemetery during the interment, of which were such signs as these: "Use Binks' Sarsaparilla." "Stop That Graveyard Cough with Wilkinson's Balsam." "Try Furness' Pills Before It Is Too Late."

Presently the crowd were all wending their way out of the cemetery, and as the chief mourner, the dead old man's son, passed the patent medicine wagon an indescribable expression passed over his face, while a tear rolled down his cheek.

"What are you thinkin of, John?" a relative whispered to him. "I was thinkin," answered John, wiping the tear away, "how he would 'a' enjoyed that!"

Nervous headaches promptly cured by Bromo-Seltzer--10c a bottle.

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For every one who has blood trouble, no matter what shape or how long standing, provide the blood with vital oxygen, has been found to be a cure impossible. S. S. S. goes to the root of the disease, and removes the cause, by expelling the poison from the body, and at the same time is a tonic to the whole system, so that your case may be, there is hope.

Cured me of a most malignant form of chronic blood trouble, for which I had used various other remedies without effect. My weight increased, and health improved in every way. I consider S. S. S. the best tonic I ever used.

S. A. WRIGHT, Midway, Ga. Treatise on blood, skin and contagious blood diseases mailed free. SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Atlanta, Ga.

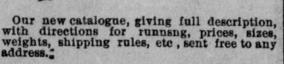
NOTICE OF SALE OF BONDS.

PURSUANT TO A RESOLUTION OF THE board of directors of Modesto Irrigation district, duly given and made on the 15th day of December, 1892, and hereby given that said board of directors will sell to the highest and best bidder the bonds of said irrigation district to the amount of one hundred and forty thousand dollars (\$140,000), bearing interest at the rate of 6 per cent per annum, payable semi-annually, on the 1st day of January and July of each year, the presentation of the interest coupons at the office of the treasurer of said district.

Said bonds are issued by the board of directors of Modesto Irrigation district, in accordance with and by the authority of an act of the legislature of the state of California, entitled "An act to provide for the organization and government of irrigation districts, and to provide for the acquisition of water and other property, and for the distribution of water thereby for irrigation purposes," approved March 7, 1887. Said bonds will be sold for cash, and for not less than 90 per centum of the face value thereof.

Sealed proposals and bids for the purchase of said bonds will be received by the said board of directors at their office in the city of Modesto, Co. county of Stanislaus, state of California, and may be addressed to or left with C. S. Abbott, the secretary of said board, at Modesto, Cal., at any time until the date of this notice and until 2:30 o'clock p. m. on the 21st day of January, A. D. 1893, at which time and place said bonds will be each of the denomination of \$500, and will be negotiable in form and will comply in all respects to the requirements of said act.

Bids must be sealed and addressed to the secretary of said board, and indorsed: "Proposals for Modesto Irrigation District Bonds." Done by order of the board of directors of Modesto Irrigation district, December 15, 1892. C. S. ABBOTT, Secretary. 12-24 25t



Santa Ana Incubator Co., SANTA ANA, Cal.

Dr. Wong Fay, Having made a study of disease and the healing art from early years, has opened the Benevolent Dispensary at No. 227 South Main street, where by conscientious practice he hopes to merit the patronage of the discriminating public.

His stock of drugs is selected with extreme care, regardless of cost, and imported direct from China for his own use. His object is to relieve suffering rather than to acquire fame and amass wealth. All advice will be carefully given and free, but a small charge, sufficient to cover cost, will be made for medicines furnished. 12 No. 227 South Main Street. 2

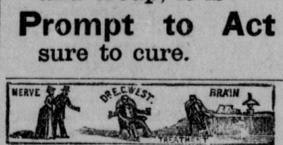
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In colds, bronchitis, la grippe, and croup, it is Prompt to Act sure to cure.



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JAPANESE PILE CURE

A new and Complete Treatment, consisting of Suppositories, Ointment in Capsules, also in Box and Pills; a Positive Cure for External, Internal, Blind or Bleeding Itching, Chronic, Recent or Hereditary Piles. This remedy has never been known to fail. \$1 per box, 6 for \$5; sent by mail. Why suffer from this terrible disease when a written guarantee is positively given with 6 boxes. To refund the money if not cured. Send stamp for free sample. Guarantees issued by C. F. FRIEDMAN, druggist, sole agent, 229 N. Main street, Los Angeles, Cal.

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DR. WONG HIM, Chinese Physician and Surgeon, has resided at Los Angeles eighteen (18) years. His reputation as a thorough physician has been fully established and appreciated by many. His large practice is sufficient proof of his ability and honesty. The doctor graduated in the foremost colleges, also practiced in the largest hospitals of Canton, China. The doctor speaks Spanish fluently. Office: 639 Upper Main street.

Hundreds of testimonials are on file at the doctor's office which he has received from his numerous patients of different nationalities, which he has cured of all manner of diseases to which the human body is heir--from the smallest ailment to the most complicated of cases. P. O. box 564, Sixth St., Los Angeles. 11-16 3m

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Corner of Commercial, San Francisco, Cal. Established in 1850. Special treatment of Sexual and Seminal Diseases, such as Gonorrhoea, Gleet, Stricture, Syphilis, etc. All its forms, Seminal weakness, Impotence, and Lost Manhood permanently cured. The sick and afflicted should not fail to call upon him. The Doctor has traveled extensively in Europe and inspected thoroughly the various hospitals there, obtaining a great deal of valuable information, which he is competent to impart to those in need of his services. The Doctor cures where others fail. Try him. DR. GIBBON will make no charge unless he effects a cure. Fees at a distance CURED AT HOME. All communications strictly confidential. All letters answered in plain envelopes. Call or write. Address DR. J. F. GIBBON, Box 1, 1957, San Francisco, Cal. Mention Los Angeles HERALD 12-17 12m

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Will cut Dry or Green Bones, Meat, Gristle and all. Great CURE FOR RHEUMATISM will double the number of eggs--will make them more fertile--will carry the hens safely through the molting period and put them in condition to lay when eggs command the highest price and will develop your chicks faster than any other food. Feed Green Bones and use Creosote to kill the lice, and you will make \$100 per cent more profit. Send for Catalogue and prices. PETALUMA INCUBATOR CO., PETALUMA, CAL.

CASTORIA for Infants and Children.

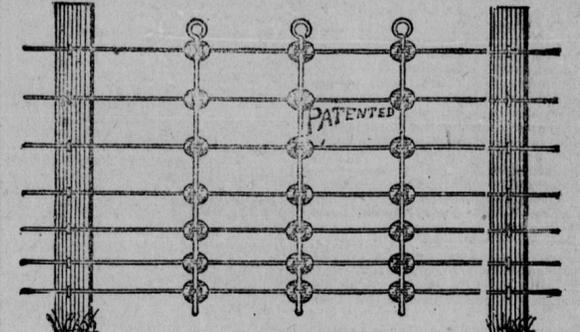
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For several years I have recommended your 'Castoria,' and shall always continue to do so as it has invariably produced beneficial results." EDWIN F. PARDNER, M. D., "The Winthrop," 13th Street and 7th Ave., New York City.

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Sample of fence 60 feet between posts, also farm gate, on exhibition opposite new postoffice, South Main street, Los Angeles. Farm rights, machines and supplies for using and constructing this fence for sale at a very low price by

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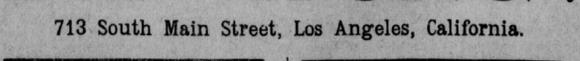


To every subscriber of the DAILY AND WEEKLY HERALD during 1893, who pays in advance, a package of seed of the new forage plant, Jerusalem corn, will be sent if requested. This plant, an illustration of which appears above, can be cut from eight to ten times a year. It is far superior to alfalfa, and even a space of ground of 50x150 feet will grow enough to support a cow. This corn plant needs no irrigation if planted from February to May, and is positively the best fodder known in the United States. Further information will be given concerning this valuable premium, but every mail subscriber, both new and old, can take advantage of this liberal offer. Certificates from farmers, both in Europe and the United States, are on file in the HERALD office, showing that extensive experiments have proved the great value of this cereal. For cows, horses, hogs and chickens, Jerusalem corn has proved a most pronounced success, and the farmer who plants it will find the producing capacity of his pasture almost doubled. Now is the time to subscribe or renew your subscriptions. The following are the rates:

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