

LOOMING!

COMPARE the number of advertisements in to-day's HERALD with those of any other Salt Lake paper.

VOLUME XXI.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH: SUNDAY JULY, 13, 1890—SIXTEEN PAGES.

BOOMING!

TELEPHONING with live advertisement, and not one of them of the class a man would blush to lay before his family.

NUMBER 34.

# THE SUNDAY HERALD.

## Z. C. M. I.

### GREAT CLEARANCE SALE OF SUMMER GOODS!

#### Commencing Monday, July 14, and Continuing One Week.

- Fine Assortment of Double-width Dress Goods, 25c. per yard; former price, 50c.
- Ladies' Blouses, 45c. each; regular price, 75c.
- Ladies' Blouses, \$1.00 each; regular price, \$1.50.
- Large " Single " " " 8c. " " " 15c. to 20c.
- One Lot Ladies' Jerseys at \$1.00 each; regular price, \$1.50 to \$2.00.
- Small Lot of Standard Prints, 5c. per yard.
- In addition to the above we offer a small lot Ladies' Fine Jerseys, Blouses and Shoulder Capes at less than cost, which must be seen to be appreciated.
- One Lot Standard Gingham, staple patterns, 5c per yard. Not more than 20 yards to one Customer.
- 100 Dozen Ladies' White Aprons, 17c. each; worth 25c.

### STRAW HATS! STRAW HATS!

Trimmed and Untrimmed Ladies', Misses' and Children's, 25c. to 50c.; former prices, 50c. to \$1.25.

1 Lot Ladies' Colored Silk Gloves and Mitts, 25c. per pair; regular from 50c. to \$1.00.

One Lot Ladies' Gloves, 10c. per pair; regular price, 25c. Genuine Bargains.

One Lot Ladies' Balbriggan and Gauze Vests, 33 1/2 c. each; former price, 65c. and 75c.

### PANCY PARASOLS AT GREATLY REDUCED PRICES. HAMMOCKS 75c. and \$1.25 each. BARGAINS.

Fine Line Fancy Lace Stripe Piques, 25c. per yard; regular prices, 40c. to 60c.

One Lot Fancy Printed India Linens, 12c. per yard; regular price, 25c.

### THESE ARE ALL BONA FIDE BARGAINS TO CLOSE OUT SUMMER STOCK

T. G. WEBBER, Superintendent.

#### LIFE AT CAPE MAY

##### The President's Cottage and the White House Family.

##### THE HOME OF THE WANAMAKERS

Cape May, July 9, 1890.—[Special correspondence of THE HERALD.]—I took a run from Washington to Cape May this week to get a look at Mrs. Harrison's cottage. It is alive and beautiful, but sleeping. It still has the tall hedge of exclusive newness, and the pride of modern architecture and twentieth century luxury has not yet crept through and kissed it into life. Before the war it was the greatest watering place on the Atlantic coast, and as far back as 1812 it was the resort of the giddy throng. It has one of the finest beaches in the world, and its magnificent surf still dashes its crested waves on the safe white sand. The probability is that with the President's headquarters it will have a revival, and already the hotels are filling to an extent unknown in recent years, and the orders for rooms are almost equal to the supply.

Cape May is not, however, Cape May Point. The first is a village seated on the shore with a long line of seaside hotels on the beach and the second with a white board walk about a mile long separating it from the waves. Cape May Point is out in the country. It is a flat stretch of marshy meadows lying a beautiful beach. There are not a dozen houses in sight, and a railroad station, a few stray cottages, Mrs. Harrison's house, and the house of the Wanamakers, together with several small hotels, constitute the settlement. There are plenty of building sites, and though I have no doubt that the donors of the cottage were not owners of real estate in the vicinity, still there is undoubtedly a number of lots for sale all along the shore. This is all along the Atlantic coast, and you can get a seaside home at the price of a farm any place you wish. A fine drive runs along the shore from Cape May to the President's cottage. I ran over by rail, and my open car was hauled by the fastest, noisiest little "dumkey" in all New Jersey. It took us just ten minutes to get from one place to the other, and a quarter of an hour after I left Cape May I was standing on the ground devoted to four wooden logs to "Caroline Scott Harrison." The house belongs to her, and it ought to be called Mrs. Harrison's cottage, but down there everyone speaks of it as the President's cottage; and they roll out the word President with a liking of the lips as though it made this Jersey coast the centre of the United States.

OUR PRESIDENTS' SUMMER HOMES.  
President Harrison's last summer home was at Deer Park, in the Alleghenies, and he is one of the few Presidents who have used the mountains as a summer resort. Cleveland went once or twice to the Adirondacks, but after he was married he spent most of his leisure on his farm near Washington. Grant had a cottage at Long Branch, and during his stay there this was the most popular of all resorts. Washington spent his summers at Mount Vernon.

Jefferson rode on horseback to Monticello, and John Tyler had a cottage near Porters Mount, while Andrew Jackson used to go down to the little rocky island between Norfolk and old Point Comfort to fish. The cottage at the Soldiers' home, which was occupied by Lincoln and others of the world's greatest leaders, is now a military officer. The result is that the President has to get a cottage outside, and if he prefers Cape May, I do not know why he should not go there. The value of the cottage, it seems to me, has been over-rated. It certainly did not cost over \$10,000, and an economical builder could put it up for a much less sum. The most of the money has been spent on its interior. The exterior is too dark in its sombre drab and very dark colored trimmings to please the eye or add to the beauty of the landscape. The seashore, with its blinding sun and its clear skies, has all the effect of the tropical countries, and it needs the brightest colors to harmonize with nature. Grays and drabs are not picturesque colors when the marines stretch flatly back from the sea to the woods. The President's cottage is a square house with two story piazzas, and a high roof with dormer windows adding a third story. The very dark paint gives the house a heavy, solemn appearance. Even the roof is on the brown shade. Had that been venetian red it would have been a country hall, and is not the generous piazzas extend around the four sides of the house, and they are a thing of comfort if not beauty.

THE INTERIOR OF THE COTTAGE.  
The moment one enters the hall, however, the sombre exterior is forgotten. It is a broad hall running back some forty feet to the fireplace, which is finished with tiles and oak mantels. Perhaps the only fault to be found with the interior of the cottage is right here in the fireplace. It is pretty, but too small. It is a city fireplace in a country hall, and is not the generous fireplace for the old-fashioned blazing logs or pine knots. The hall, and indeed the whole house, is finished in natural woods, maple and oak, with the exception of the grays. Rugs are laid here and there over the polished floor, and the chairs and settees are of natural, but in good taste. The floor is covered with matting of the natural or straw color. Most of the chairs and small tables are of white rattan. A sofa and easy chairs of oak with tufted upholstery give variety and color to the summer furniture. A small upright piano is in one corner, and the white walls are relieved by pictures, engravings and water colors. Some of the water colors are Mrs. Harrison's painting, and one cluster of rare white orchids form a particularly lovely study. Across the hall are the reception room and dining room, communicating by double doors, each room opening into a hall. The dining room is similar to the parlor, having matting on the floor, and furniture of case and spindle oak. The dining room is one of the prettiest rooms. The table and sideboard are of oak, and the chairs of bent wood. A corner cupboard holds the pink and white china, glass and silver. Above the sideboard is an oak clock, and on the walls are pictures, including "Moonlight," "Duck Shooting," and a "Fishing Match." It is a homelike room as well as equipped. The kitchen, pantry, storeroom, larder and laundry are near perfection in their completeness of convenience and equipment for housekeeping. In the pantry are closets filled with table linen and plain white china.

The oak stairway is set well back in the hall at one side of the fireplace, so that it is not seen as one enters the front door. This part of Jersey is not yet too worldly to dispense with front doors, therefore, I say front door. The upper hall is already the cozy family sitting room. Necessity compels the use of the upper hall at the White House for a sitting room, and choice makes the cottage hall the most delightful room in the cottage. Long windows open on the piazzas, and here one steps out to sit or walk with the unbroken sea view ever present.

In this hall sitting room are low easy lounges, chairs, book case and writing desks, while not far away are a light work table and sewing machine.

Mr. McKee has the credit of adding some books to the shelves, among them "The Historic Places," "The Recent Origin of Man," five volumes of "United States History," "Macomb's Astronomy," and other similar light reading for the seashore. But it is doubtful if Mr. McKee's light reading will stand much show among Mrs. McKee's easy going novels. When she comes on for his share of the summer outing, as is expected shortly, he will have his first chance at his books, and will prove, by personal efforts, what it is to buckle down to heavy work at the seashore. At least, so far the ladies are disposed to wait and let Mr. McKee see "how it is himself." It need hardly be added that the novels have the start of the solid-improving-mind books contributed by Mr. McKee.

A LOOK AT THE BED ROOMS.  
The bed rooms are simply furnished. Mrs. Harrison's room has oak furniture, and the walls are covered with paper of delicate gray and gold tints. The bath room adjoins it, and on the other side is Mrs. McKee's easy going and nursery. The former furnished in oak and the latter in ash. The guest chambers, on the opposite side of the hall, are furnished in mahogany. A suite of rooms on the third floor are prepared for Mr. and Mrs. Russell Harrison, who will pass the summer here. The billiard room, handsomely equipped, is also on this floor. Dr. Scott, Mrs. Harrison's father, and Mrs. Dimick, her niece, occupy rooms on the second floor, two out of the four guest chambers. It will be seen that the President's family will pretty fully occupy the cottage, as there will be, including the President, eight grown people and three children.

THE BABIES OF THE WHITE HOUSE.  
One hears but little of Russell Harrison's baby, perhaps because the little Marthaena is a shy little girl of two years, and her pretty mother keeps her in the background. The baby is the first of the President's children, like a fly and hair as soft and shining as the finest pale yellow fax. In years, Marthaena comes between Henry and Mary McKee, and is, perhaps, more delicate than either of them. Indeed, nobody suspects Mrs. McKee of being delicate, and the boy himself would scorn the suspicion. He has come to the seashore to live outdoors. The cottage has no attractions for Henry, except in the night hours when sleep alone conquers and overcomes his protest against indoor life. Benny now leads his nurse a far more active life than ever before. He has mastered the intricacies of the front-door latch, and of every door leading out to the beach, where he has decided to pass his days. Not only his nurse's hands and eyes are busy, but her feet also, in the chase after the irresponsible door leading out to the beach, where he has decided to pass his days. Not only his nurse's hands and eyes are busy, but her feet also, in the chase after the irresponsible door leading out to the beach, where he has decided to pass his days. Not only his nurse's hands and eyes are busy, but her feet also, in the chase after the irresponsible door leading out to the beach, where he has decided to pass his days.

will be the bathing ground. The beach just in front of the cottage is not favorable, and the bath houses are just below, near the Wanamaker cottage. Mrs. McKee and all of the family except Mrs. Harrison enjoy surf bathing. Mrs. Harrison is not inclined to try it because of the publicity which she would attract, and she would rather be seen in the bath house. Many women would find Cape May Point too quiet, and the freedom which Mrs. Harrison most enjoys, and the result, home life in the cottage is in contrast with Washington and the White House. If she could enjoy the surf bathing, like ordinary mortals, and not being a minister's wife, she would be glad to minister to the particular telegraphed to the four corners of the earth, no doubt she would avoid herself of the benefits of surf bathing. But she shares from uncalculated publicity, and it is doubtful if she does not limit her outdoor life to walks and drives. She is a woman of resources, and no place could be dull for her, so long as she has her family life, books and paintings.

IT WAS MISS ROSE ELIZABETH CLEVELAND who declared the mistress of the White House must lead an unnatural life because of certain formalities and restrictions with which she is hedged about by her position. Experience could prepare her for her position of mistress of the White House, and no example of predecessors could guide her. Each mistress of the White House must be a guide to herself and adapt herself as best she may to a position unlike any other in public life. One can readily see then how much the President's wife enjoys getting back to her natural life, informal pleasures and simple freedom. And that is the case with Mrs. McKee. The picture is set in a healthy atmosphere, and this is the main point of interest to the people who do not worry over the gift of the cottage, but are far more interested in the enjoyment of the President's family.

THE WANAMAKER COTTAGE  
is some little way further down, though a large, square, light gray cottage, and is frequently pointed out as the "Wanamaker cottage." But Mr. Wanamaker has the fancy this season for bright colors. He has had his cottage painted yellow, with a very rich, dark shade of green for the window shutters and trimmings. It is a three-story square cottage with two-story piazzas on three sides. The roof is venetian red, and there are fine lines of red with the green trimmings. Like the President's cottage, there are a great many windows. As a whole, it is pretty and effective. The "Point people" say the Wanamaker cottage was "erupted" before that it had come out in bright colors and that it "never looked so pretty before." I can readily believe it. Mr. Wanamaker has given the one picture bit of color to Cape May Point, and his lawn, though not a large sweep, is the prettiest and most carefully kept. It is a fifteen year old cottage, and of course, the "new" is off the interior, which contains beautiful old-fashioned furniture, added year by year. The halls and rooms are planned much like the President's cottage. The latter has eleven rooms, and Mr. Wanamaker's has twenty rooms.

When the President's family first attended the service Mrs. Harrison became known to the congregation, and this was last year during her visit to the postmaster-general's family. She has some several times this season, and the sexton tells me that the chapel is filling up since her arrival.

#### ON FOREIGN SHORES.

The Experiences of our Uncle in the Old World.

LIVERPOOL, June 20, 1890.—[Special correspondence of THE HERALD.]—Since my last to you, wherein I spoke of the great ovation that I received from the people of Lovestoft, I have visited the cities of Ely and Peterborough, and viewed the antiquities of their cathedrals, and have conversed with the bishops. By the way, there is not much of a similarity between them and our bishops, especially some of our rustic and rural bishops.

At Little Downham, Cambridgeshire, on invitation of Charles Stacey, Esq., and lady, I met a number of ladies and gentlemen in the parlors of a Mr. Harman, amongst whom was Mr. Cook, a wealthy farmer. He is the father of five blind sons of most rare accomplishments, the oldest of which is editor of a magazine, in circulation amongst the blind of Great Britain. They write, print and issue their magazine, are very industrious, and are very gentlemanly. Amongst their immense accomplishments, they are excellent musicians. This was a very interesting study to me.

The next thing that I must give a word about is a visit on Derby Day, in company with my friend, Mr. Frederick Starling, he being a prominent official of the Royal hospital for incurables. On his invitation I preferred West Hill, Putney Heath, where this institution is located, than to take a trip to the Derby races. I think I was right, for the words of the poet faced me, viz: "There came before me in that vision I saw, full many a form of woman and of man; And as they passed, I had my eye afar For none was straight or fair; I looked again At those of his white wand that led me; when Each shape had changed to one of heavenly grace; The wand was Love; I had not seen till then God's sign impressed on every human face." Now, of all the sights that I have seen in my sojourn on this mundane sphere, this is the study of studies which engaged my attention. Imagine the afflicted pronounced incurable by physicians from every hospital in this land, being taken in, cared for like ladies and gentlemen the balance of their lives, with every appliance of locomotive power and comfort furnished them, with attendants, etc. Well, I cannot describe the patience of benevolence, the study, the industry, the labor, the many attentions that the directors and officers of the institution bestowed upon these afflicted ones, which continue upon them during their life time.

Next came Westminster Abbey. I stood upon the tomb stone where to the day, twenty years ago, I saw the great Charles Dickens buried. I visited St. Paul's cathedral, in which I saw the Iron Duke of Wellington buried in November, 1832. But enough of London, the city of the world's wonders. Next I wrote about her. It would require volumes to do justice to her, her institutions, museums, galleries, hospitals, law and civil courts, and her thousands of places of study, attraction, amusement, etc. So far to the city of five millions.

I find myself in Birmingham, amongst the Brummagem Buttons—the hardware city of Great Britain, which claims to be the best governed city in the world, and that it is there can be no doubt. For proof of this see Harper's Monthly of June, 1890. In it there is much get up and dust. The mechanics are paid well, and as a rule they know how to spend their wages to advantage. I saw less intemperance in it than any place I have visited for its size. I once more lifted up my voice in the chapel built for the latter-day saints many years since.

What a change in every respect has come over all these cities and towns. New streets, once the bowling green, now play a small second fiddle amongst streets here. Bazaars, markets, etc., have made immense strides. New Street railway station is more than double the size of years past. It claimed to be one of the largest in the world.

I must not notice Stafford, the town of plates and dishes, or say a word about its potteries, nor tarry in Crewe, or lay over in Earsan, nor speed on to Liverpool, the cosmopolitan shipping port of the world. I met a number of our Utah friends who are at this season coming and going, on almost every Gullion steamship which sails. Job says: "As iron sharpeneth iron, so does the countenance of a man his friend;" if you don't believe this, come over here and try it. How pleased I was to grasp the hand of my friend, George Teasdale and others. On the 17th ult., forty-eight Utah excursionists arrived at Glasgow, some of which came up to Liverpool. Amongst them was our old townsmen P. Pugsley, Spicer, Poulton, Meredith, Mrs. Hayward and portions of their families. They all felt that they had struck a friendly bonanza when they set foot inside old 42, Lillington. On the afternoon of the 20th, in company with Walter Hooper, of Bear Lake, we steamed down the Mersey river about sixteen miles, to meet the Wisconsin, which we afterwards found had on board sixteen Utah prospectors. Perhaps they were not glad to receive a welcome to these lands; Oh! no; rather they landed and passed the custom officers, with their grips and arrived at 42 about 11 p. m., fourteen remaining on the British Isles, one sent to Scandinavia and one to the German and Swiss land.

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