

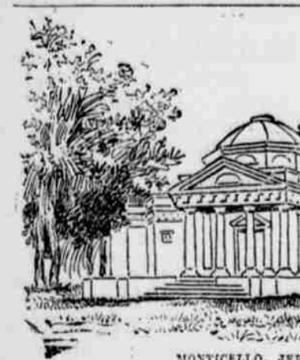
# MONTICELLO:

WHERE ONCE LIVED THOMAS JEFFERSON.

Formerly a Princely Plantation, it is falling into Picturesque Decay—Hosting Place of the Author of the "Declaration."

AFTER Mount Vernon, the home and tomb of Washington, on the banks of the Potomac, Monticello, the old family seat of Thomas Jefferson, is perhaps the most beautiful spot of historic interest in the State of Virginia. It was in the early summer time, the air was fragrant with the perfume of wild flowers, the dew was fresh in the new mown hay, sheep bells rang across the slopes sweet as an elfin chime, bees went murmuring through the apple blossoms, and the bridal wreath of a fair young day hung over the purple hills, when the writer made his pilgrimage to that classic retreat which was in former years the Mecca of the scholar and the statesman, the patriot and the soldier, for there the

entered by two graceful porticos, supported by slender doric pillars, and the building is surmounted by a miniature rotunda which floods the whole interior with light. The hall is thirty feet square, with a high ceiling and music gallery. In the center of the ceiling is an eagle in low relief surrounded by eighteen stars, the number of States in the Union in 1812. The saloon, where Jefferson entertained, is finished in inlaid satinwood and rosewood, the cornices being heavy and richly carved. A bust of Voltaire is all that remains of the splendid collection of paintings and statuary which once graced this beautiful drawing-room. The tea room contains a delicately carved white marble chimney piece, ornamented with three exquisite bas-reliefs upon a skyblue ground. The doors are mahogany, the stairways are graceful and winding, and the bedrooms all hexagonal in shape. A noble cluster of Lombardy poplars, which he transplanted from Europe, shade the lawns of the house, and there is a lovely stretch of lawn on all sides.



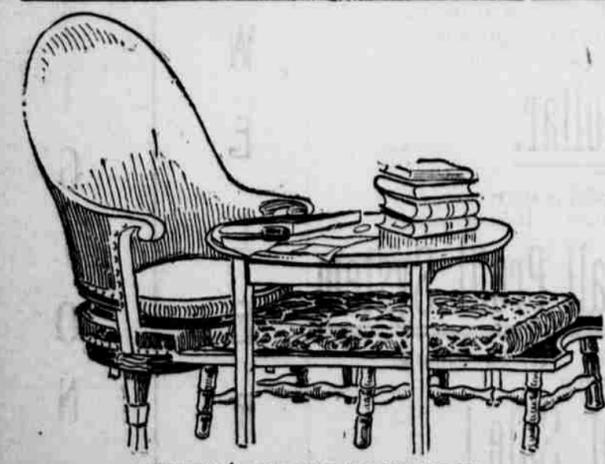
MONTICELLO, JEFFERSON'S OLD HOME.

great parent of American freedom lived and lies buried. Monticello, meaning in Italian "Little Mountain," is suggestive of the superb eminence upon which the mansion was built. The name was given and the house planned by Mr. Jefferson himself. The place commands a fine view of the Blue Ridge Mountains for 150 miles, and brings under the eye one of the



JEFFERSON'S MONUMENT AT MONTICELLO.

boldest and most beautiful horizons in the world. The surrounding country is one of panoramic beauty—the azure mountains, the landscape dotted here and there with thriving villages and cosy homesteads, and the picturesque Rivanna River that binds the base of the hills like a silver band and them meanders off among the plains—form a prospect that enchants the vision. In the valley reposes the pretty town of Charlottesville, with that fine architectural pile, the University of Virginia,



JEFFERSON'S EASY CHAIR AND STUDY TABLE.

half a mile farther. Ten miles to the north, in the range of hills, is Montpelier, President Madison's home, and three miles southward is Indian Camp, once an estate of President Monroe. Truly, this is an ideal site for a home, and must have been in those days a beautiful retreat for a man like Jefferson after the turmoil of public life. There he gathered around him men of science and political fame who fashioned our Government and to whom this generation owes its present greatness. The residence betrays a fine sense of taste as well as a practical idea of those comforts which render home life so delightful in the South, and possesses an architectural beauty which pleases the eye even in its decay. The main pavilion, which has a wing on either side, is

entered by two graceful porticos, supported by slender doric pillars, and the building is surmounted by a miniature rotunda which floods the whole interior with light. The hall is thirty feet square, with a high ceiling and music gallery. In the center of the ceiling is an eagle in low relief surrounded by eighteen stars, the number of States in the Union in 1812. The saloon, where Jefferson entertained, is finished in inlaid satinwood and rosewood, the cornices being heavy and richly carved. A bust of Voltaire is all that remains of the splendid collection of paintings and statuary which once graced this beautiful drawing-room. The tea room contains a delicately carved white marble chimney piece, ornamented with three exquisite bas-reliefs upon a skyblue ground. The doors are mahogany, the stairways are graceful and winding, and the bedrooms all hexagonal in shape. A noble cluster of Lombardy poplars, which he transplanted from Europe, shade the lawns of the house, and there is a lovely stretch of lawn on all sides.

The family graveyard reminds one of a beautiful old flower garden which has been abandoned. As that exquisite line of Goldsmith's beautifully phrases it: The country blooms—a garden and a grave.

The tomb of Jefferson is a simple obelisk of rough granite, to the left of which rests his wife, to the right his youngest daughter, and at the head of these three graves are the remains of his eldest daughter, his favorite child,

Martha Randolph, who survived him: His wife died ten years after their marriage, and upon her tomb is a romantic Greek inscription, which translated reads: And though spirits in a future state be oblivious of the past, he will even there remember his lonely companion.

The epitaph upon Jefferson's tomb, which he dictated for himself in his last hours, is a splendid epitome of his life, and withal modest enough:

Here was Buried  
THOMAS JEFFERSON,  
Author of the Declaration of Independence, of the Statute of Virginia for Religious Freedom, and Father of the University of Virginia.

It is a memorable coincidence in the country's history that Adams and Jefferson both died at the same hour, the same day, and that day the Fourth of July—the anniversary of America's independence, which we secured through the efforts of their patriotism and statesmanship.

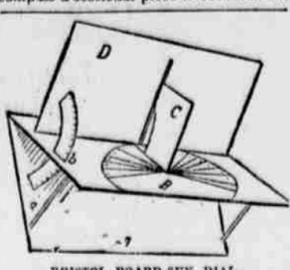
That interest incident to association seemed to still linger over the place, but the hand of time has made its cruel impress there, and what was once a beautiful home surrounded by a princely plantation is now but a simple country seat.—Chicago Times.

**The Composition of Roc's.**  
Chemists have discovered that there are nearly seventy kinds of elementary matter existing in and on the earth. There are doubtless many undiscovered elements. When it is remembered that chemistry as an exact science is but little over a hundred years old, we must not chide it for not having entirely completed its investigations. The idea

which have been advanced to the effect that there is only one kind of matter, and that all so-called elements are only forms of this original element, are purely hypotheses, which yet await proof. Of all these forms of matter there are less than twenty which are of interest from an agricultural point of view. These important elements will be briefly described. The order in which they are mentioned show approximately the relative abundance in which they exist; but it must be remembered that it is not always possible to state definitely that this or that element occurs in the greater quantity. The classification, therefore, may not be strictly correct, but is at least apparently so. Below they are placed in two classes, viz., metalloids and metals.—American Farmer.

# Old Sol's Timepiece.

A French writer gives in La Nature a description of an easy method of constructing two simple and serviceable forms of sun dials. The one shown in the first illustration is made by taking a piece of Bristol board, about the size of a playing card, and, with a penknife, making an incision so as to obtain two planes, A and B (Fig. 1), united together as if by a hinge. By means of a compass a sectional piece is cut from the

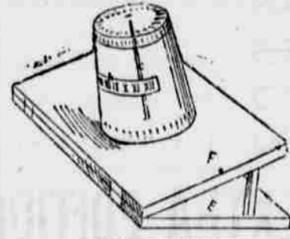


BRISTOL BOARD SUN DIAL.

lower plane. The slit, (b), made in plane B, at the same distance from the edge as the line, (a), will serve to allow it to pass through this plane. In the center of the latter draw a straight line at right angles with the hinge or joint, and along this line glue a piece of cardboard, C. Finally, a fourth piece, D, provided with a slit and glued to the posterior edge of the plane, B, will serve to keep the piece, C, at right angles with the latter. Divide the small arc into degrees.

The sun dial will then be finished, but before gluing the three pieces of which it is constructed, care must be taken to draw upon the plane, B, a circumference around the point that is to be occupied by the base of C and to divide it into sectors of fifteen degrees. To this effect apply a leg of the compasses upon a line at right angles with the intersection of the planes, A and B, and lay off a radius on each side, and then divide the arcs thus obtained twice into two parts. It remains to place our instrument in the meridian. To this effect we may use a watch, and, so to speak, set our sun dial.

The only difficulty with this instrument is that it will become injured by rain. By using a tumbler, a dial may be made that will not be ruined by storms. As seen from the illustration, Fig. 2, a piece of thick cardboard, having a small aperture in the center closed with a cork, is attached to the bottom of the glass, but before doing this, fix in the interior of the glass a band of paper (b), upon which the hours have been marked. Then fix a knitting



TUMBLER SUN DIAL.

needle (c) in the axis of the glass by passing it through small apertures made in advance in the cardboard and cork. Fix the glass with cement to a board (f) that will be traversed by the needle. We shall thus obtain the instrument shown, which it will then suffice to set, as it was shown in the first case.

# She Remembers Washington's Death.

Mrs. Christina Bordner has just celebrated her 103d birthday in Lewistown, Ill., at the home of her aged son. Mrs. Bordner, whose maiden name was Christina Loeb, was born on one of the German frontier settlements of Pennsylvania, October 26, 1789. She was ten



MRS. BORDNER.

years old when Washington died, and the Chicago Herald says she distinctly remembers the sorrow of the people on that occasion. Her husband, Peter Bordner, died in 1881, when he was but ten months from being 100 years old. Thirteen children were born to them, of whom ten are living, and their descendants, including twenty-four great-children, now number 333 persons.

# By Easy Stages.



—Life.

# PENNSYLVANIA PICKINGS.

SOME IMPORTANT HAPPENINGS!

Of Interest to Dwellers in the Keystone State.

## BETTERS TO BE INDICTED.

LANCASTER JUDGE INSTRUCTS A GRAND JURY TO RETURN ELECTION RISK-TAKERS. Judge McMullen, in his charge to the grand jury at Lancaster, referred to an offense against the law to which little attention has heretofore been paid—betting on elections. He instructed the grand inquest to present for indictment all such persons known to them who made wagers on the recent election, as thousands of dollars were won and lost in this county on the Presidential election. The charge created quite a sensation and many bettors are alarmed. They fear that the grand jury may indict them.

## A DRUG CLERK'S AWFUL ERROR.

THE WRONG MEDICINE GIVEN TO A YOUNG WOMAN KILLS HER. Mrs. Peter Bowman, of Salt Hill, Huntingdon county, called at Morrison's drug store in Newton for a small quantity of Epsom salts. The clerk in mistake gave her acetate of magnesia. Mrs. Bowman died in great agony. She was only 21 years of age, and had been married but three months. The clerk who made the fatal mistake is almost crazed with grief, and his friends are constantly on the watch lest he should commit suicide.

## THE STATE PRINTING.

Superintendent of Printing Grier, in his annual report shows that the cost of the State printing and binding the past year, amounted to \$178,992.16, and the cost of paper and supplies used was \$63,291.49. The number of reports, documents, etc., printed was 236,480, the cost of which was \$131,733.51. The number of copies of pamphlets printed was 39,000.

## A NOVEL ELECTION WAGER PAID.

As the result of a wager on the Presidential election, Gilbert Greenburg, ex-president of the State Firemen's Association, and present chief of the Huntingdon fire department, waded the Juniata river at Juniata, in the presence of 2,000 people, while a lively discourse was played by the city band. The water was cold and deep.

## WORK OF THE VILE CIGARETTE.

Two weeks ago a Geneva college (Beaver Falls) student named George Elbow was taken to his home in Philadelphia ill with typhoid fever. He died at his home and the announcement of the fact at the college was coupled with the statement of his physicians that his death was indirectly due to excessive cigarette smoking.

## A BLOCK DESTROYED.

A fire occurred at Pottstown in the store of Joseph Manly, caused by the explosion of a coal-oil lamp. The block containing the Manly general store, Hileman's office, Matthews' music store, Weeks Bros' cigar store and factory were burned to the ground. The loss on the Manly store is about \$14,000. Matthew's loss is \$2,000. Dr. Hileman's loss will reach \$1,500. They are partially insured.

## THEY PLAYED WITH FIRE.

Two young children of Mr. and Mrs. Taylor Crobin, of Hollidaysburg, were playing with fire during their parents' absence from the house. One child was burned to a cinder by the flames, but the other may probably live.

## KILLED IN A COLLISION.

Daniel Calkins, a brakeman on the Buffalo, Rochester and Pittsburgh railroad, was almost instantly killed at Hutchins, in a rear-end collision between an Erie and a Buffalo, Rochester and Pittsburgh train. He was 37 years old and leaves a wife.

## A BUNCO MAN IS OPERATING IN WESTMORELAND COUNTY VERY SUCCESSFULLY.

He represents himself as a relative of his victims and tells them that another relative in a distant State has died and left them a large sum of money. He then borrows enough money to get them their share.

## WILLIAM WESLEY, AGED 90, AND HIS WIFE, MARY, AGED 90, WERE BURNED TO DEATH AT THEIR FARM HOUSE NEAR SELIN'S GROVE. IT IS SUPPOSED THAT THE FIRE WAS CAUSED BY THE EXPLOSION OF A COAL OIL LAMP.

## SLEEPS WITH HER EYES OPEN.

Richard Risley of Port Jefferson, L. I., is a hard-working layman. He has a rather pretty daughter, who for the past year, according to the New York World, has been puzzling the doctors in consequence of a peculiar affliction which has attacked her eyes. Miss Risley is about 17 years old. A year ago, while walking on the beach near her home with her mother, she suddenly exclaimed that something had entered her eye. She pressed her hands over her eyes and a moment later fell in a fit. The young woman was carried home in a partially unconscious condition. When finally she was restored to consciousness it was discovered that her eyes had a strained look as though some inward pressure was forcing them out of their sockets. She complained of no pain, but her eyes continued to protrude more and more until it would seem that must fall out. The eyes are now so much protruded that the lids cannot close over them, so that the sufferer sleeps at night with her eyes wide open. Her sense of sight is gone while she sleeps, this having been demonstrated by experiments. The peculiar trouble which has attacked her eyes also appears to be sapping the young woman's health. She has become pale and emaciated, and has the appearance of a person suffering from consumption. Her condition has thus far defied the skill of the doctors, who admit that they are unable to explain the cause.

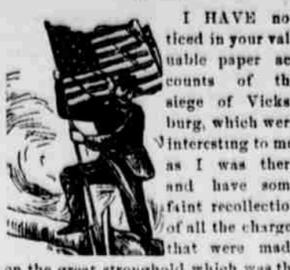
## THERE IS ONE SORT OF IGNORANCE THAT BECOMES WOMEN: IGNORANCE OF MEN.

SHE—I can sympathize with you. I was married once myself. He—But you weren't married to a woman—

# SOLDIERS' COLUMN

AT VICKSBURG.

A West Virginia Comrade Describes the Great Charge.



I HAVE noticed in your valuable paper accounts of the siege of Vicksburg, which were interesting to me, as I was there and have some faint recollection of all the charges that were made on the great stronghold which was the key to the Mississippi.

The regiment to which I belonged was one of the five that composed the First Brigade, Second Division, Fifteenth Corps. I will not mention the march from Young's Point, La., to Grand Gulf, which is at the mouth of the Big Black River, then around to the rear of Vicksburg.

We arrived in sight of the city the morning of the 19th of May, 1863, where we could see the rebel forts and the long lines of rifle-pits. We were halted in a ravine, and there began to rest our weary bones from the long and protracted marches and hard fighting.

About 11 o'clock a. m., while we were resting, our brave Colonel called us into line and made a short speech. He told us that we would be called upon to charge on the fort, (pointing in the direction of a monster fort that we could see by going up a small bluff). He also told us to get dinner and eat heartily, and have our canteens filled with water, saying that at 2 o'clock p. m. there would be a siege-gun fired, which would be the signal for the charge.

He told us that our regiment bore a good name, and he wanted us to maintain that name; that he asked no man to go any farther than he did; which was enough for us, for well we knew he would go as far as the bravest. We prepared dinner, which was a short job, as it took but a few minutes to prepare coffee and hardtack, and it seemed that the Colonel's speech and the sight of that big fort took our appetites. The reader can imagine the suspense that we were in during those long three hours from 11 a. m. to 2 p. m., for well did we know that ere the sun went down many of us would answer the last roll-call.

I will here state that one answered the last roll call while sitting eating his dinner, and where we thought everyone was out of danger. It must have been 50 feet from where we were sitting to the top of the bluff that protected us from the view of the enemy, but a stray minie ball came whistling through the tree tops far above us and struck a limb, which glanced it downward, and it struck a poor comrade in the head, knocking the brains out in his cap. He gasped and was gone. Well, 2 o'clock is here, the big gun is fired, and the sound goes echoing through the air. "Fall in!" is the command from Col. James H. Dayton, and each one of us falls into his place; the line is formed, the command, "Forward, march!" is given; onward we move until we come in sight of the Johnnies; they begin to shoot. Then comes the command to "Double quick—charge," and away we go toward the fort. What sights meet our eyes. God forbid that I may ever behold such again. The air was full of deadly missiles, grape and canister, solid shot and shell, railroad iron, minie balls, buckshot, and I know not what else. A portion of the ground that we charged over was obstructed with fallen trees, tops toward us, beside canebreaks, so the reader can imagine what progress we made. But on we went. I could look in no direction without seeing comrades falling, some turning somersaults, with gun clutched tight in their hand, holding on with the last death grip.

The fort that we were charging stood on a high bluff, some 50 or 60 yards from the edge of the bluff, with rifle-pits on the right and left of it. To this bluff we went, and up it and on to the outside of the fort. There we found a deep ditch with cane-stalks placed in the ground, sharpened and pointing outward. The points would take us about the bowels. There we were compelled to stop. The reader can just imagine how any of us escaped, while close enough to the rebel works to see each other's eyes.

As soon as the officers in command learned that we could go no farther we were ordered to fall back under cover of this bluff to a point 50 or 60 yards from the fort. We fell back but left a great number of the boys in blue lying on this 50 or 60 yards of ground. I think that I am safe in saying that I could have walked on dead bodies from the edge of this bluff to the ditch outside the fort. Our brave Maj. Goodspeed lost his life, as did both of our Color-Sergeants. The flags went down; were picked up; again they went down; again they went up, until all of the Color Bearers were killed and all but one of the Color Guards, but those dear old flags came out of that slaughter-pen in safety, but covered with blood, and are now at Charleston, the capitol of this State. Although tattered and torn, they are dear to those who followed them through those trying times. I have a small piece of one of them now in my humble home which is all stained

ed with the blood spilt at the above place.

We were ordered to hold our ground at all hazards after falling back under cover of the bluff; for we expected the Johnnies to come out of those works and charge on us. Our officers ordered us to reserve our fire until the Johnnies got to the point of our bayonets, then fire. We waited in suspense, watching for them to emerge from their holes; but they did not come. Our officers then picked out the best marksmen, and ordered them to keep up a brisk fire whenever they could see a Johnny's head above the breastworks. I exchanged many shots while this duel was going on, which lasted until night spread her dark mantle over us. Then the order came to fall back, each one having orders not to speak above a whisper. I can never forget that silent march to the rear, each one stepping carefully, lest he step on the dead body of his comrade, who had made his last charge and answer to his last roll-call. The reason for this still march to the rear was the fear of the Johnnies opening upon us by guess, which would doubtless have killed many of us, as they were well acquainted with the ground. As it was there was not a shot fired, and we reached the spot where we started from at 2 p. m.

There the Colonel gave his company Orderlies orders to call the roll, and a sad roll call it was. That morning 400 answered to roll-call; that night 200 answered to their names—200 out of 400 had been killed or wounded. That night, as we were falling back over that battle-ground, poor fellows would call for help where they had been lying, unable to get away, since 2 p. m.

During the night the rebels gathered our dead and placed them side by side on the edge of the bluff near the fort, with their heads toward us. We could see the blue from where we had fallen back. I never could tell why they put them there, unless to aggravate us. It was a sad sight. Those who fell in this charge lay from May 19 until the 23rd before they were put under the earth. On that day a flag of truce went up, that the dead might be buried. I was on the detail to do that work, and what a task! Those poor comrades were lying in every conceivable shape, some with their guns still grasped in their hands, with eyes glaring wide open. It seemed that they would be looking at me, no difference which side of them I would get on. They were all turned black and badly swollen, with corruption running out of their mouths. I can scarcely write without wetting this paper with tears.—WILLIAM EDMONDS in National Tribune.

## TAKEN TOO LITERALLY.

How a Girl Very Likely Lost a Proposal of Marriage.

"You cannot always take your own medicine or even be measured by your own standards," said a woman recently who prided herself upon being exact and systematic in all things, and who could enjoy a joke, even at her own expense. "I was at a reception not so many years ago," she said rather demurely, "and was playing upon the piano to entertain a small group of friends when a man who had shown me considerable attention suddenly interrupted me by asking: 'If you were very much interested in a young woman, what considerations would prevent you from asking her to marry you?'"

"Well, I, of course, was somewhat taken aback, not being in the mood for a scene right then and there, turned around and answered, 'Well, I never should propose to a woman I have met only at receptions and in company. I should make it a point to call upon her at all sorts of unexpected times, to see how she looked at home in the morning, whether she went about in an old wrapper with disheveled hair and slipshod, whether she helped her mother, or lolled about reading novels until noon. A man makes a great mistake when he takes it for granted that the woman he admires possesses all the domestic virtues in the calendar, and is always attractive and amiable.' In fact," she added, "I gave him a long lecture on the subject, for which he thanked me."

"I may add that I never met the man again. Next morning, contrary to my usual custom, I slept until nearly noon, coming down to a 12 o'clock breakfast. 'Mr. H—' had already called three times."

## Origin of Table Utensils.

A French writer attempts to trace table utensils—most of them of recent introduction—to their origin. The Romans took their meals lying upon very low couches, and it was not until about the time of Charlemagne that a stand was used, around which guests were seated on cushions, while the table made its appearance in the middle ages, and with it came benches with backs. The Greeks and Romans ate from a kind of porringer, yet during a portion of the middle ages slices of bread cut round took the place of plates. The spoon is very ancient, and many fine specimens are in existence that were used by the Egyptians in the seventeenth century B. C. The knife—though very old—had not come into common use as a table utensil in the tenth century. The fork was absolutely unknown to the Greeks and Romans, appeared only as a curiosity in the middle ages, and was first used upon the table by Henry III. Drinking cups—in the middle ages, made from metal, more or less precious—naturally date from the remotest antiquity. The use of glasses, from Venice, began to be general in the fifteenth century. The salt cellar appeared at a very early date, and occupied the place of honor at the banquets of the Greeks and Romans, many of them being of gold and silver. The castor is probably not older than the sixteenth century.

## Snow Maggots.

On the icy peaks of the Himalayas, says an imaginative writer, there is a "snow maggot," resembling the silkworm in appearance, and weighing nearly a pound. It is excellent to eat, but too much of it will make one bleed at the nose.