

GLIMPSES OF GOTHAM LIFE

Showy Horseflesh Entrenched in Public Favor in New York.

TREASURES IN GOLD AND SILVER PLATE

Great Stores of Precious Metal in Family Mansions—Fashionable Pets—Discretions of the Smart Set.

NEW YORK, July 17.—There is no reason to believe that with the rise of the motor carriage society will lose one iota of its affection for the showy, high-spirited, swift-traveling horse.

There is not a better instance of the grip horseflesh on the New York affections than the establishment of Mr. John T. Williams. This rich man has a taste for fine roadsters to drive in his dozen and one vehicles and has collected exactly twenty-four matched bays and houses them quite as sumptuously in his Stamford stable as does Emperor William.

There is a string of some twenty-five, is owned by the Vigout brothers, who are the smartest gentlemen jockeys of the Long Island horse-loving set.

One of these young men, Harry Vingt, is a remarkable rider. He has carried his horses about quite as much as Foxhall Keene playing polo matches in England and India and even Australia.

The chief aim, however, of the wealthy New Yorker is to own some conspicuously fine pair of carriage horses and for a carriage pair the decision always wavers on Fifth avenue and Bellevue avenue, between the steeds of Hooker Hammersley and Mrs. Ogden Mills' victrola horses.

Absolutely nobody disputes, however, the superiority of Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt's single brougham horse over all others. Her favorite is always a huge buckskin, invariably harnessed to a claret-colored carriage, lined with claret red silk inside, showing red running gear, and her own coachman, Charles, and the groom in claret liveries.

Among the noblest string of hunters, for she is a perfectly fearless amazon in the saddle. Mrs. Regis Post owns the most faultless pair of Arab, sired by General Grant's famous Arab, and Miss Virginia Couderc and Miss Lila Sloan are the two most skillful four-in-hand drivers of the feminine persuasion.

When Mrs. Bradley-Martin left New York last spring it required a corps of skilled men, working five days, to pack for shipment or storage the glass and china alone of this wealthy lady, while a set of men were busy for a couple of days storing in strong boxes her silver and gold plate.

The second most beautiful gift service is a complete tea set of reposse gold owned by Mrs. Chester Griswold, and Mrs. William Astor's set of six slender gold rose vases for ornamenting a banquet table comes third on the list.

So far, among the young brides, sumptuous as have been their wedding gifts, nothing has surpassed the great candleabra to which Mrs. Lordillard fell heir at her wedding, from the elaborately wrought silver trunks, from which branched eighteen arms, to hold thirty-six candles between the pair, rose exactly to the level of the bride's own head, and the workmanship on these noble towers of light was estimated as costing far more than the material of the candleabra had the silver been absolutely without alloy.

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often to be doubted and has made him famous and coveted in society. Another mainly noble-minded dog is owned by Mrs. Thorne. His taste is for music and he showing glimpses of those nooks about the country house or lawn, or tiny views of the place you most admire. This the giver has mounted in pass-partout, under glass, and sends to her hostess when the visit is over.

AN OCTOPUS DINES.

Sea Monster Observed in the Act of Catching and Eating its Dinner.

Never before has it fallen to my lot to see the terrible monster we encountered on the last passage from San Francisco toward Nainaimo in the bark Willcocks of Honolulu, says a correspondent of the San Francisco Call.

We know that the octopus grew to an immense size, as Banks and Solander, who accompanied Captain Cook in his first voyage around the world, found the dead carcass of one floating on the water to the westward of Cape Horn.

It was supposed to be twenty by thirty feet, the body only, the tentacles having extended to its actual existence. But I did not believe that anything similar to the terrible "devil fish" described by Victor Hugo was really in existence until I had ocular demonstration of the fact on this passage.

I will now quote our log book in relation to the monster we saw Saturday, May 13, latitude 35 degrees 30 minutes north, longitude 138 degrees 40 minutes west. Light breeze from north by east, dry, cloudy weather; smooth sea, except for the usual slight undulating swell from the northwest.

Ship under full sail, braced sharp upon the starboard tack, sailing five knots, and scarcely making a ripple on the water. At 2:30 p. m. my attention was called by the quartermaster, Frank Bastos of San Diego, Cal., to a terrible commotion in the water about three points forward of the lee beam.

Its eyes were large, of a greenish tint and somewhat protruding; its mouth, however, was not so very large, and it appeared to be shaped like a parrot's bill; its tentacles were tapering, and like its body, of a grayish color, covered with spots. It appeared to be a young specimen, the power of changing the color of these spots, in a very extraordinary manner as fast as the eye could detect the changes; they varied from a very rich crimson to a dark, dull brown, these changes, no doubt, indicating the high state of excitement under which the creature was laboring.

Suddenly the octopus discharged a huge jet of a dark-colored fluid into the eyes of the sunfish, and then rushing forward with the rapidity of an arrow it encircled its prey with the long tentacles, and in another moment the victor and the vanquished had disappeared beneath the surface of the water.

In a few moments more we had sailed right over the scene and found the water was colored almost black for a space of fully 200 feet in diameter, and we noticed an odor slightly resembling iodine rising from the water; our patient log line of snow-white twine, which we were towing, was colored almost black, and it has not yet assumed its white freshness, although it has towed in the water fully 800 miles since the above episode.

About twenty minutes after we had passed over this spot we saw the huge creature again on the surface enjoying itself in a very leisurely manner, rolling the body of the unfortunate sunfish over and over and biting off large mouthfuls with its cruel-looking beak.

I knew before that these huge octopods and their relatives, the decapods, were not absent from the coast of California, the United States National Museum in Washington a paper mache cast of one of the latter, which was found stranded on the north shore of Trinity Bay, Newfoundland, on the 23d day of September, 1877. The total length of this specimen, including tentacles, was only 10 feet, and it is not difficult to infer that it had not become of age when it was wrecked.

CALIFORNIA'S FROG RANCHES. Where Croakers Flourish and Wax Fat for Market.

In California there is said to be more women who are engaged in masculine occupations than in any other section of the United States, relates Collier's Weekly.

There is a little station about twenty miles from San Francisco, that a frog ranch is located, named after the first owner of the land roundabout. The Stege ranch extends from the bay shore up to the ridge of the Coast range of mountains, which encloses the valley of the Stege river.

On Breezy Pinnacles. About once in five years the mode of fancy work changes and changes, and out on the breezy pinnacles of high degree are mildly busy and enthusiastic over some novelties in handiwork. They are not embroidering centerpieces, tea cloths and doilies in colored silks. That is a dead and done-for fashion, and lace is in its place.

Now that the first flush of interest has faded from the business of knitting things, golf hose, waistcoats, etc., the girl who must do something with her fingers is making truly lovely jackets of ice wool. This is an English mode, for in that country a woman can wear a shirt waist without winking under it. The ice wool jackets of cream, pale rose, or heaven's own blue, and thin as a cobweb, are just the thing. Nearly every young girl now carries round with her pass-partout box and makes by this simple method picture frames for her friends, and the most fascinating form of picture frame to present your hostess is a wide cardboard frame, with a small photograph of yourself in the center, and then small, artistic blue or platinum prints on the frame round you.

SOCIETY PETS.

only likes the best. He can sit on the piano stool and strike out a tune with one paw, and the tune is "Old Dog Tray." When there is music in the house he remains in silent ecstasy under the piano and for vocalization he has an especial preference.

Dogs on a whole, however, are not quite as popular as a few years ago. Lately birds have flown into many soft nests in stately houses, and two of the most notable specimens are Miss Greta Pomeroy's white cockatoo and Mrs. Jonathan Thorne's laura bird.

The white cockatoo owns a yellow topknot, a bad temper and an exclusive attachment to his mistress, who can carry him about on her wrist, and does receive her friends often thus in order to show off Bim's good points. The laura is a gay red, green and yellow fellow of the parrot family, and not only talks and sings, but it like Poe's raven, a thing of superstitious interest to his owners.

Early on the morning of any birthday in the family the bird is heard to sing a strange wild tune. That tune is never sung on any other occasion, and the family who have been at pains to listen, discover that a birthday never arrives that the peculiar tune is not sung over once or twice.

Miss May Bird, a remarkable horsewoman, has naturally chosen a horse as her pet, and Lady Bird is as good as a human being for intelligence, while in the Newcomb family a monkey reaps all the honors and affection that usually fall to the share of a dog.

This monkey, Frisky, is a gentle, sad-faced, long-tailed scrap of eccentricity, devoted to catching flies for fun, and making pins travel. He can carry a colony of pins all over the house, sticking them in an orderly manner, first in one room, then marshaling them into another, from chair to chair and sofa to sofa in the most comical manner.

So far cats have made but modest social progress, and only the Angoras are received with respect.

Mrs. Hartwell's Siamese elephants of silver bearing the branched candlesticks on their backs is another notable piece of plate, and Mrs. John Hammond owns the prize pair of silver vases. They are tall enough to hide a man's umbrella in their tapering waists, and measure twenty inches across the mouth; but the extent to which silver is given as bridal presents, as well as the lavishness of the rich American, was proven at the wedding of Miss Brooks, when seven complete tea services, complete even to caddies, silver sockets for holding handless Chinese cups and sugar cutters, were received.

Fashionable Pets. The heart of the fashionable woman still goes out to her dog, but nowadays there is a bond of true intellectual sympathy between the canine and the mistress, and dogs are now sought for brains as much as beauty.

Or, in other words, the educated pet is in keen demand. For this reason the canine still holds his own and the latest enterprise of the various mimia, Floristries, etc., is that of going gravely about the drawing room and offering not only a paw, but a bark of welcome to every guest. Mrs. Hazard McKing's poodle, Mrs. Frederick Piersen's Irish terrier and Miss Julia Rhineland's fox terrier have all these gentlemanly ways, in addition to special accomplishments, and if your dog is not capable of doing the circus act then he certainly must be famous for his depth of soul, his proofs of spiritual sensibility, or he is not worth having.

Mrs. John G. Moor, for example, owns a butterfly-eared Mexican toy dog, who visibly gives way to genuine large tears and sobs when his mistress is obliged to leave him at home. This demonstration has been witnessed too

standing high on his bare paws, with a coat as white as fresh fallen snow, is the most fashionable feline in New York, and is owned by Mrs. William King. The most fascinating feature of this smart puss is his large and perfectly ruby red eyes. He is graciously paraded for every admiration before guests, and given the particular ownership of a gilt-framed chair, upholstered in pale blue satin, that serves to set off his fair beauty to perfection.

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TOOLING A FOUR-IN-HAND.

FIRING LINES AT WASHINGTON

War-Times Defenses Built Around the National Capital.

SOME ANCIENT AND MODERN FORTS

Numerous Specimens of Military Engineering—Stories About Noted Camps—How They Look Today.

WASHINGTON, July 17.—(Special Correspondence of The Bee.)—Vast throngs of the sight-seeing public visit the nation's capital annually, and each year seems to increase the number which is brought here either through business affairs or on a pleasure jaunt.

Notwithstanding the great interest and pleasure to be enjoyed throughout the city, seemingly more attention is now being directed to the city's historical surroundings and the old defenses of Washington built during the civil war in 1861-65.

During the war the city of Washington was directly protected by sixty-eight forts, ninety-three batteries, twenty miles of rifle trenches and several blockhouses, all being thrown up within a distance from the center of the city varying from two to eight miles.

These old forts and batteries cannot fall to be of special interest not only to the veteran of the war and to the historically inclined person, but also to every one who has a number of visits to Washington.

The views from the forts are usually the finest which can be found. From many of them the city with its glistening white capitol and monument can be seen on one side and on the other a magnificent stretch of country with hills and streams, farms and forests, stretched out as far as the eye can reach.

No American can stand on the ramparts of the crumbling forts occupying the summits of these slightly hills without deep feelings of patriotism and pride in his country and its capital. The time has come when a person who visits Washington and spends all his time sightseeing within the city limits loses much of the pleasure that is open to him.

Where Croakers Flourish and Wax Fat for Market. In California there is said to be more women who are engaged in masculine occupations than in any other section of the United States, relates Collier's Weekly.

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TOOLING A FOUR-IN-HAND.

THE WEeping MEXICAN.

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