OTHE OLD JINSANG MAN.

A QUEER CHARACTER WHO ROAMS ABOUT LAKE CHAMPLAIN.

Me Gathers Roots and Herbs for the Medicias Makers and Has Great Faith in His Own Simple Remedies—A Curious House

WEITEHALL, N. Y., Aug. 8.—Those who have been fortunate enough to travis through Lake Champlain may and a yawl hugging the shore and never venturing out far. It might risk is without danger, though, because it has beam and stability enough to fight a severe storm. On the top is a wooden cabin, not flimsily built of hoops and



THE JINSANG MAN.

cloth, but a solid structure, as firm as the hull itself. A small mast at the bow and a bit of rusty stovepipe sticking from the end of the cabin-these are that show to any one that passes by. But if you will take your time-it may be like the time of the flatboat, very slow-you will run across the "jinsang' man and he will talk to you of his house on the water and of the strange kind of tife he leads.

He lives at Whitehall, on the southern and of the lake. As soon as the roots are in good condition, by the middle of every summer, he starts on a tour, skirting all the shores of the lake. He gath ers and dries the roots of the ginseng the mandrake and whatever else he can sell; loads up his boat and starts for Whitehall, where he ships his load to wholesale druggists in Boston or New York. Then he takes another turn sbout the lake and returns to Whitehall loaded again. This he repeats through the summer and in the fall be gathers the bark of the birch and the wild cherry antil winter comes.

"How long have you kept at this work?" I asked. "Ever since I returned from California.

I was one of the old forty-niners. You will find my name cut in a tree at the entrance of the Sonora Gulch, it is nearly 40 years now since I took up this work. And have you always been alone on

"Nearly always. I have taught two or three boys the work, but they get tired of it and run away. There are mighty few boys nowadays that are worth hav ing. I have a family of girls at home that I have educated and brought up well from the profits of my work." "I see a stove there. Do you board

"I should say I did. See here! Walk inside." And he led the way into the interior of the cabin, which must have about 15 feet by 7 or 8. It was high enough for a man to stand up in, and the sides were lined with shelves on which the roots were drying. In one corner was a bunk and in another corper was a small stove fitted out with two griddles. Under the deck in the bow was a pork barrel and several lastkets and boxes filled with potatoes, onions and other vegetables. I saw at once that I had disturbed the old man in the midst of his preparations for supper. Apologizing to him for coming so unexpectedly, I was met with this reply Don't you mind that a bit. Just sit lown here and talk with me, and when the supper is ready we will have it to So I let him go on making his iscuit and slicing his onions into the stewed potatoes, with every little while a comment like this: "A little onion in everything: that is my motto. I tell you what, I could teach some of those usekeepers how to make warm biscuit

for tea if I had a mind to do it," etc. I touched the old man in a tender spo when I asked him to tell me something about the roots that he gathered and the life he was leading. He went on in something like this style: "Professor Huxley said he believed that a plant existed to meet the exigency of any disease to which man was subject, or, in Huxley's own words, 'a plant to yield a cure for every disease that flesh is heir to.' I believe so, too. When I was it California and on the borders of Mexico I found out that, from Chiapas and Tabas co up to Sonora and Chihuahua, the In dians make good use of the herbs of the field and forest. The Indians who live around the little hill called the Penol near Mexico City, can cure intermittent fevers much more easily than our physicians, and in the state of Queretaro the Indians have a remedy known only to themselves, and the secret of which they most jealously guard. This cures the worst forms of blood diseases as many foreigners there can testify So cunning are these Indians that they employ a medicine which has the property of paralyzing temporarily the sense of taste, and thus their patients can get no clew to the nature of the herbs they are taking. Malaria yields quickly to the powerful remedies of the Indians, and these same rude practitioners will cure bad cases of typhus fever. In the treatment of the small pox the Indians are very successful, placing their patients in dark rooms, but permitting currents of air to be continually passing

over the body of the patient, while some berbal remedy is continually administer ed. That the Indians of the country towns and of the little hamlets up in the Sierras are healthy is plainly to be seen. They live often to an incredible age, and say themselves that the white man is a sickly fellow who has gray hair while their own is still coal black.

"Then I suppose that you sell to the Indian herb doctors and the patent med-

icine men?" "Oh, not at all. I was only telling you what the Indians could do with herbs and roots. As to the patent medicines, there have been no such things since 1883. From 1861 up to that time the manufacturers of specifics had to get out patents and pay into the United States treasury 4 per cent. of their receipts. As there were 5,000 articles on the list, the government derived a large revenue from this source. The amount for the lwenty-two years reached \$36,000,000. In 1883 the tax was abolished. Since that time there have been no patent es. Now, do you see this root? He held up a small, cream colored root somewhat the shape of the human figure. It was so clear that one could

with the old "Jinsang" man, as the ha almost see through it.

"This," he said, "is what is known as ginseng—a root that has been celebrated for hundreds of years. Formerly it was tives call him around the lake. He went over again all of his mining life in California, not forgetting to impress me every little while with the fact that he grown in the Chinese empire, but now was one of the best amateur doctors in the great supply comes from the United all that part of the country. Unfortu-States, where the product is half a milnately I was not sick in any way so that lion pounds every year. Some of it is found in the mountains of West Vir-I could try him on the spot. Perhaps some one else will be going that way pretty soon. If so, he will be sure to ginia, Pennsylvania and the Carolinas. Ohio, Indiana and Minnesota furnish some, and a little of it we find around meet with a hearty welcome from the old man, especially if he will go through this lake. A great deal used to be found the motions of trying some of his remein New England, just across the lake. dies-the one for curing the bite of More than 100 years ago the Rev. Dr. rattlesnakes, for instance. But it is not Jonathan Edwards wrote a letter to the necessary to have interviewed a rattleeffect that the root had been found in

the woods near Stockbridge and in other

places in New England, as well as in the

country of the Six Nations. The traders

in Albany have been eager to purchase

all they could get of the root to send to

England, where they make great profit

by it. This has occasioned our Indians of all sorts, young and old, to spend abundance of time in the

woods, and sometimes to a great distance, in the neglect of public

worship and their husbandry, and

also in going much to Albany to sell

their roots, which proves worse to

them than going into the woods, where

they are always much in the way of

plant has a smooth round stem about a

foot high, which divides at the top into

three stalks for leaves. The flowers are

small and greenish and the fruit is a scar-

let berry. You will see by this root,

which is a fair specimen, that it is spin

dle shaped, from one to three inches

long, about as thick as the little finger.

and terminated by several slender fibers.

When dried the root is yellowish white

and wrinkled externally, and within con-

sists of a hard central portion surrounded

by a soft whitish bark. It has a feeble

odor, and a sweet taste somewhat like

that of licorice root. You will never

find it on cleared land unless it is shaded

and you will never find it except in rich

soil. The root gathered in the spring is

worth very little because it is full of

necessary to wash the root thoroughly

and so dry it, either in the shade or sun.

It is never dried by a fire because of the

danger of burning. Once scorched it

has no value whatever. The clarified

ginseng is generally prepared in a build-

ing erected for the purpose. The 'green' roots are shipped to the city works,

where they are washed by machinery.

This is followed by a process of steam-

ing, and then the roots are placed in

driers. These driers are wooden frames,

covered with canvas or wire netting, all

of one size, so that they can be packed

closely together. The ginseng is spread

on these driers, and they are placed in

the dry room, which is heated to a tem-

perature of 170 degrees. The crude gin

seng is white, the clarified straw color.

But I do not take all of this trouble. I

only dig the roots and dry them. Do

I looked at the man more closely than

I had before and saw that the crown of

his black felt hat was a piece of cloth

sewed on with rude stitches, and when

he handed me his little hoe I said, "It

strikes me that you have been in some

pretty rough places with this hoe and

"I should think I had. It's all a man

can do to get into some of the places

where I have to get. I wear out three

or four of these patent tops to my hats

every week. No one is round to sew

them on and so I have to sew them on

HOME OF THE JINSANG MAN.

"Do you get any herbs beside your

"Not many. I get bugle weed, red

clover and a few other things. The bugle

weed, a low growing plant, the whole of

which is made use of, is highly esteemed

emong herbists as a consumptive remedy.

Taken in an infusion it is excellent t

prevent bleeding at the lungs. Red

clover is most effectual for relieving the

pain of cancer. Wormwood is the arnica

of the herbalist. Moistened with he

water, mixed with salt, and laid on flan-

nel for a poultice, the herbists say it

will take down swelling quicker than

any arnica can. Did you ever step into

the shop of a herbist? There are only

four of them even, in the city of New

York. They keep something like 250

different kinds of herbs, barks and roots,

which are called for by people who still

make their own medicines. The ones that

are called for the most are these: Hoar

hound, sarsaparilla, catnip, camomile

flowers, vellow dock, burdock, sassafras,

mandrake, cherry bark, stillings and win-

tergreen. Nearly all who patronize the

herbists are Americans; but there is a

little sprinkling of foreigners. Business

is not what it used to be. There are to

day very few believers in the old coun-

try women's remedies of bottling and

brewing. The city man or woman of to

day rushes off to a doctor at the first

ache or pain. His prescription, it is

quite likely, is some herbal extract, for

doctors do not always give mineral rem-

edies. But he uses those herbal ex-

firms.

tracts prepared by the large drug

their long Latin names-so people

closely he is likely to acknowledge

this, but he will add: 'Not in the raw

state. They are first chemically pre-

pared, refined and purified.' But the old

ashioned woman will shake her head,

declare that nature is good enough for

her, she'd rather trust it anyway than

the principles of commercial prepara-

tion, and that 'there's an herb for every

pain.' But the doctor sugar coats his pills

nicely, and the herb remedies are often

of very nasty taste. And then a few

drops of an extract will suffice, while of

decoctions and infusions of the herbs

themselves quantities and cupfuls must

be taken. The knowledge and experi-

ence required to brew and boil, while the

woman of the old school is in her glory

in the midst of it, are quite enough to

deter the young girl from the wrestle

"But your ginseng is almost all of it

"Yes, that is so. There is little use

for it in this country. I wish times were

what they used to be when I could sell

it for more a pound than I can now.

Even when it is at its best 1 only get

something like twenty-five cents a pound

for this root; and it is very light, as you

PREPARING A MEAL.

some time with a mixture of salt pork

potatoes and onions; and the tea biscuit

were ready. These were as light and

nice as any housekeeper could wish to

see; and I sat down to a friendly meal

By this time the skillet had sizzled for

over the fire."

sent to China?"

will see."

won't know. If questioned

and prescribes them under

myself.

roots."

you see this little grub hoe?"

"In preparing crude ginseng it is only

temptation and drunkenness.

Great Yarmouth.

F. G. MATHER.

ISpecial Correspo New York, Aug. 8.-While I was in England I poked up to Great Yarmouth. Home of Yarmouth bloater, herring, Robinson Crusoe and Peggoty. Engaged lodgings, Hall's court. Fisherman's wife. Young. Stout. Cheeks, brickdust color.

First morning at Great Yarmouth. Entire stranger. Went out to buy provisions. Tea first. Enter store. Platt, grocer. Platt obliging, willing, subservient, semi-servile, sociable, Remarks while weighing tea, "Stylish wedding that this morning." Entirely ignorant of wedding. Conclude, however, I'll not be entire stranger in Yarmouth. At least in theory. Remark, "Yes, it was." Implication of general knowledge of subject. To save useless explanation. One stylish wedding very like another. On any side of Atlantic, any way.

Further remark by sociable British grocer: "There were seven carriages at church," Replied, "Indeed!" Didn't quite see Platt's drift. Ominous inflection in P.'s voice. Felt it meant something. Waited to see meaning. Platt's next remark: "They'll do well to keep it up in that style all their lives." Began to see daylight. Had got Platt's

bearings. Latitude and longitude. Felt Platt's inwardness. Platt jealous of townsman. Townsman's son or daughter had been doing matrimony. Put on too much style. Had hit Platt. And probably Mrs. Platt. On jealous chord. Feeling sociable, joined in. Stranger. Strange land. Strange town. Hungry to talk with some one. Any one. Didn't care about what. Had been bottled up talkless for days. Starved colloquially. Joined in with Platt. Merged into Platt's jealousy. Became for minute part of Platt in sentiment. Condemned extravagant couple. Prophesied they'd come to want. Saw 'em with money spent. Living beyond means. Saw 'em poor. Put 'em in wretched garret. Lowered 'em into damp cellar. Paupers. Buried 'em in poter's field. All inside of ten minutes. Sympathy did Platt good, Me PRENTICE MULFORD.

STARTER SHERIDAN.

A Quiet, Reserved Gentleman Who Knows

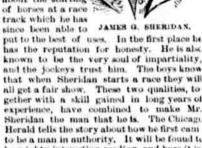
One hundred dollars a day for a starter! That's pretty good for a horse starter, isn't it? That means a cool hundred for a hundred days in the year. After that the starter can do what he pleases. Loaf around and bave a good time all by himself, if he wants to. But in this particular case he don't want to. He would rather spend his time on hi farm in Eatontown, N. J. He would-

Beg your pardon, forgot to say who he was Gentle reader, interested in the turf and it all things appertaining thereto, allow me to introduce you to Mr. James G. Sheridan, the boss starter. Although Mr. Sheridan gets hundred dollars a day for starting he is not a bit too much for the job. sidered one of the best, if not the best starter in the country. He started on his career many years ago, and is a horseman from way He used to be Capt. "Billy" Connor's

assistant. Know who Billy Connor was, don't you. Famous all over the United States wherever there is a race tra

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among starters now manager of a big hotel in New York, Well, Mr. Sheridan was eight years with Capt. Connor, and dur ing that time he appropriated unto and delicate points and deneate about the starting of horses at a race track which he has



be mighty interesting reading, and here it is Although Capt. Connor's assistant for many rears. Mr. Sheridan never expressed any de sire to become the man in authority at the post. At Long Branch—the summer of 1881 -Col. "Bob" Simmons, of New Orleans, bad the flag. Although a man of wide experience in racing matters, the colonel had been very unfortunate. One day a number of famous two-year-olds assembled at the post and George Evans fooled the colonel and got away on Barrett four lengths in the van This was the occasion of Barrett's making his record of 1:14, for it was a three-quarter race. George Lorillard, D. D. Withers and other gentlemen connected with the management of the Monmouth Park course deemed i necessary that a change should be made in the office of starter.

Capt. Connor, who was present, was asked to take the flag. His business arrangements precluded the acceptance of the office, and captain suggested his trusted assist ant. Mr. Sheridan took the position, and his success was of such a nature as to excite the admiration of all race goers in the east,

Mr. Sheridan is a New Yorker by birth and is 33 years old. He has very little hair or the top of his head, which possibly makes him look older. He is quiet and reserved in his manner, and usually what he says is right to the point.

The Prince Imperial of Japan. Compared to his imperial father, even at the present day, Prince Haru is much more emancipated, and none of the old traditions seem to have any weight in regulating his conduct. There was no precedent to follow in the education of a Japanese prince in the modern way, and Prince Haru has made many laws for himself. He is a wonderfully bright and precocious little fellow, and his small, twinkling black eyes are full of mis chief and see everything. He is hardly taller than an American boy of 6 years of age, but he has at times, the dignity, the prid of birth and consciousness of station and power of a man of 60. His eyes are not slanting, nor, indeed, does one often see in a Jap anese face the wonderfully oblique eyes be loved of the caricaturists. The peculiarity in the expression of their eyes is given by the eyelids being fastened in either corner, as if a few stitches had been taken there. This makes it impossible for them to lift the eye lids as high as we do, and gives the narrower siits, through which they gaze, the peculiar Oriental look.

One often sees Japanese with as round wide open eyes as those of our race, and it gives an especial beauty to their counte nances. Prince Haru has the exquisitely smooth, fine yellow skin that is one of the points of greatest beauty in Japanese children, and a bright color sometimes shows in the pale yellow of his little cheeks. He has the rank of a colonel in the Japanese army, and wears his military uniform and his cap with the gold star all the time, his clothes being dark blue cloth in winter and white duck in summer. He is fond of riding, and when mounted, the miniature colonel trotalong at a fine gait, giving and returning the military salute as he passes an officer or a sentry like a young martinet.—St. Nicholas. MRS. KATHERINE CHASE.

A TALK WITH A WOMAN WHO HAS HELPED MAKE HISTORY.

She Has a Farm Near Washington Now Which She Manages Herself-The Daugh ter of One of the "War Secretaries," Whose Life She Is Writing.

[Special Correspondence.] WASHINGTON, Aug. 8 .- On a hill over looking the capital city, in a house so old that nobody knows when it was built lives Mrs. Katherine Chase. The former social queen and national belle is still a beautiful woman. "There is only one accomplishment of which I am proud," she says, "and that is the art of taking care of one's self. I do claim to be a mas ter of that art, not only for myself, but for my children. I am always well, and for a woman to be always well is in these times to be quite abnormal, extraordinary. I have had my share of troubles in this world, but even my greatest troubles I have endeavored to bear in a philosophic manner. Since becoming a farmer I have learned that it is very bad policy to borrow money, but even bor rowing money is preferable to borrowing trouble. I never borrow either.' "Then you are a farmer now?"

"Oh, yes. My place here I manage all alone. I have a farmer, but he works rather than manages. If I had to pay for superintendence I am afraid I shouldn't make farming pay. What I don't know about farming I try to make up in caution. All my plans are very carefully laid. Here, see, I have sketches of all my fields. These I mark just how I want them plowed and planted, and then take good care that my plans are followed. Often I go out into the fields and literally follow the plow, walking along behind the farmer as he turns the first furrows, watching to see that he lays out the ground nicely. Then I come into the house, go up stairs and look out the windows to see how the work appears from a bird's eve view."

Mrs. Chase's house stands on a hill almost in the center of the farm, and a view from the windows brings all the fields within easy range of the eye. One of Mrs. Chase's theories is that with small additional trouble and no extra expense a little landscape art can be applied to practical agriculture. Though she has not as yet worked out all her ideas in this direction, one would have to travel a long ways to find a prettier farm than the one which lies along the slopes of Edgewood. Mrs. Chase not only manages the farm, but goes almost every day to town to buy supplies. Everything that comes to the place is purchased by her, from reaper to wrench, from draught horse to pullet. She is a good financier, and actually manages to make her farm of some fifty acres pay a handsome profit.

It is an exceedingly valuable farm. But a mile from the c'ty limits, and only two miles from the Capitol, it is already surrounded by suburban villas. An electric railway runs through the property, making it exceedingly desirable as a site for dwellings, and every day of her life the handsome and amiable mistress of Edgewood is called upon by real estate operators who want to purchase the farm and subdivide it into lots. Mrs. Chase is not ready to sell. Her idea is that the farm, for which she could now get probably \$2,000 an acre, will ultimately bring twice or thrice as much, and that her children will, some years hence, have greater need of the proceeds than they have now. Besides, Mrs. Chase loves the old place, and hopes to be able to keep it as long as she lives. It has hal lowed memories of her father clinging about it, and Mrs. Chase's love for he father is deep and tender.

Mrs. Chase is now engaged upon a task that could be fairly called a labor of this love. She is writing the life of her father, Salmon Portland Chase. She has been engaged at this for three or four years, and cannot yet say when the first volume will appear. "I work very hard," she said the other day while sitting on the veranda of Edgewood house looking down upon the Capitol that was the scene of so many of her father's triumps, "but find that I Im making slow progress. I rarely retire before 2 or 3 o'clock in the morning, because I like to work after everybody else is asleep and : know I shall not be disturbed. In this work I am harassed by a wealth of ma terial. You have no idea of the enor mous quantity of stuff that has poured in upon me. Letters, newspaper articles and documents are stacked up two or three feet thick all around the shelves of my work room. The most precious material I have is my father's diary Throughout his public career it was his daily habit before going to bed to take a few minutes or sometimes half ar hour to jot down memoranda concern ing the occurrences of the day. In this way he has left behind him a record of every cabinet meeting that was held while he was secretary of the treasury. It is a record which cannot be disputed and which probably nobody will try to dispute when it is made public. This diary I prize so highly, not only be cause it was kept by my father, but for its intrinsic worth as a contribution to history, that I keep it in a burglar proof, fireproof vault. While the actors in those scenes still lived the state secrets recorded in my father's diary could not have been made public without a violation of the proprieties. But now that the men are dead, the diary does not belong to me, but to the country, and the country shall have it. A great deal of my manuscript is finished, and I hope soon to be able to get out the first volume, though of the many offers made to me by publishers I have not yet accepted one.

"I am working carefully and slowly, because I do not want a single statement in my book that cannot be supported by the proofs. I do not want to be com pelled after publication to wish a single line of it had been omitted. I am unwilling to write history as Mr. Hay and Mr. Nicolay have been doing it-by the distortion of facts, the quoting of parts of sentences, the omission of vital words and other garblings. I cannot afford to

do my work in that manner. It is my present intention to issue the book in two volumes, the first to deal with the period in which my father was a member of the Lincoln cabinet. My father's career was really divided into four epochs: First was his natural cseer as a private citizen and lawyer; then came his career as governor of Ohio and senator of the United States, involving all the great questions of those times-state rights, Missouri compromise and the Kansas-Nebraska bill; third, and to my mind most important of all, was his ser rice as a member of the government luring the war and his creation of the fiscal system, which historians have already declared saved the Union, My father's services to his country in this respect have, of course, been appreciated in a general way by his countrymen but the keenest insight into the value of those services, the best comprehension of what they signified, I have found, oddly enough, among distinguished foreigners, notably Mr.-Morgan, founder and London partner of the great firm of Drexel, Morgan & Co."

In the forthcoming volume Mrs. Chase will not endeavor to give many of her personal recollections of the great men

and women whom she has met on both sides of the Atlantic. She says she is not fond of gossip, and that the writing of her recollections would be to her a difficult and ungrateful task. Such a book she may bring out later on, but for the present her hopes and her energies are fastened upon the life of her father. No one is so competent as she to describe the career, the daily life and work of the great statesman. By circumstances as much as by disposition forced into the self reliance of womanhood while yet a mere girl, her father early learned to trust her with his confidence and to seek her advice. When no more than 14 years old she was at the head of her father's house, the governor's mansion, at Columbus, O. Even at that tender age she had influence in the affairs of state. Politicians sought her friendship, and mothers and fathers, eager for pardons for their erring sons counted the battle half won if they could enlist the governor's daughter on their side. Yet she knew her father well enough to have a very firm conviction that it would never do to ask him for elemency on any but the best of grounds, and so she formed the habit of carefully investigating every case that was presented to her. When she made her report, either for or against a pardon, the governor usually ratified with his signature and the seal of the state the conclusions of his girl minister. Governor Chase found the girl so apt at this work that he naturally fell into the habit of turning many of his pardon cases over to her.

"It often wrung my heart to disappoint the petitioners by handing in an adverse report," says Mrs. Chase. "There was one case I will remember to my dying day. The mother of a convict came to my house to see me. I was busy at the moment with another caller, and the woman sat down on the doorstep. Presently our big cat walked up to her purringly, and the poor woman seized the cat, held it in her arms and said: 'Kitty, you know the trouble I am in, don't you You would help me out of it if you could, wouldn't you, Kitty? And then she told the cat the whole story of how her boy had been led into evil ways by bad companions and finally sent to the penitentiary. It was done so naturallyher heart was so full she had to pour out her anguish on somebody-that I was deeply affected. But the circumstances were such that I could not recommend the young man's pardon."

Miss Chase took warm interest in the public institutions of her state. She was known to the inmates of the homes and asylums, and it is said that at one time she knew every prisoner at the penitentiary by name. Largely through her efforts, put forth before she was a woman, the Ohio idiot asylum, still a useful institution, was founded.

"I can hardly remember when my father did not place confidence in me far beyond my years," says Mrs. Chase. "When I was a mere chick of L girl, not more than 7 or 8, we lived in the outskirts of Cincinnati, where father practiced law. Every evening be used to drive home along the turnpike, he and I together. The horse was a fiery, speedy animal, which very much disliked to have any other horse pass it on the road. To make matters worse, this turnpike was used by the owners of fast horses as a speeding track, and great numbers of sulkies were whizzing along in both directions at the hour when we usually drove home. Well, father had a habit of sitting in the carriage entirely oblivious to everything that was going on about him. On such occasions he handed the lines to me, ap parently with full confidence that I could manage the spirited animal and escape all the dangers of the road. How I contrived to get father and enyself home alive is more than I ever understood. Probably it was the capacity of the

In speaking generally of the national sin of decrying people when their backs are turned, Mrs. Chase said: "My father was a model man in this respect, if in no other. In all the years of my confidential relationship with him I never heard

him utter a disparaging word of any one." Mrs. Chase has with her at Edgewood her three daughters and a son, the last named, and eldest of the children, being now nearly 25. He is employed in a printing office, but wishes to become a civil engineer. The eldest daughter. Ethel, now 19, and a bright and pretty girl, has been in New York studying for the stage. She worked so hard that her health was threatened, and Mrs. Chase brought her home for a long rest. The Misses Sprague are all accomplished and daring horsewomen, and are often seen galloping along the country roads. It would not be easy to find a more interesting family. The remarkable woman who engaged the confidence of many great statesmen, and from whom even Abraham Lincoln has said he was often glad to take advice, is as vivacious and fascinating as when the social world was WALTER WELLMAN.

Manufactured Coffee Bean.

We have recently learned from the chan cellor of the exchequer that the consumption of coffee in this country is gradually falling off, and although be attributes this to the rivalry of cocoa, there is clearly another reason which it is not difficult to discover. Few persons, we venture to say, know what genu-ine coffee is like, and what a delicious and healthful beverage it constitutes. It is mostly sold mixed with chicory, and, it is said, other things cheaper than chicory, and such coffee mixtures contain so little coffee that it is not justifiable to call them by that name It may be said that buyers can guard them selves against such practices by purchasing the berry whole and grinding it for them

This is commonly done in well ordered households; but the great majority of coffee drinkers will not take the trouble to do so, or are often so situated that they are unable to do so. But even here the fraudulent trader steps in to render such a precaution abortive, for he manufactures the berries themselves in a manner so true to nature that they are difficult of detection. According to a Ger man chemical journal, this nefarious indus try is carried on by certain firms in Cologne there the artificial beans are made by ma chines devised for the purpose. The material of which they are compounded is burne flour or meal, but they can be distinguished from genuine coffee by the circumstance that they sink when immersed in ether, whereas the true coffee berry will float in that liquid -- Chambers' Journal.

The Watch of Three Dials John W. Davis, an Alabama watchmaker

has applied for protection at the patent office for a watch with three distinct movement and dials. This novel device is designed for the use of railroad engineers and conductors Three separate sets of machinery are to be inclosed in one case, with one face upor which three dials will appear. The probabl importance and value of the thing can be best indicated by the relation of an actual occurrence. On the Memphis and Charleston rail road a few years ago two trains collisied, kill ing two men and burning up a large quantity of oil and other valuable freights. cause was that an extra coil of the hair spring of the watch of one of the conductor became entangled with the regulator, caus ing the crippled timepiece to run so much faster than usual as to gain twenty min utes in one hour. The bearer of the watch in consequence increased the speed of his train and so unexpectedly met a train at an un usual place. Davis' project is to furnish three watches in one case regulated to run together, so that if one should suddenly be come disordered the other two would almos infallibly peint out the error.-Texas Sift

THE SEASIDE FASHIONS.

HINTS FOR MAIDS AND MATRONS ABOUT WATERING PLACE STYLES.

Bathing Dresses and What They Are Made Of-Some Evening Costumes-A New and Pretty Concelt in Hair Dress ing-Hide Your Ears.

(Special Correspo NEW YORK, Aug. 8 .- What the wild waves are saying is now the question that interests the feminine person more than what is to be worn next spring, and where woman's heart is there also will go my pen, yea, even though it has to wade through rivers of ink and travel over reams of foolscap to get there.

Blue flannel or serge is used to make the modest and ladylike bathing dress fillustrated, and it is trimmed with white mohair braid and flat blue buttons. The skirt of the dress comes to the knees and the trousers three or four inches below, This same style is carried out for children and to a certain extent for the men.



A SENSIBLE BATHING SUIT.

In many, even the most bathing and seaside places, the bathing costumes are anything but modest, and young girls and matrons loll about the sands in a manner the reverse of delicate, and many bathers dress for bath in their own rooms and then throw long cloak over the scanty costume and run down to the beach. In the ideal place, however, you will see mothers and children going hand in hand down to the bath houses, and from thence into the invigorating sea, and all the while habited as any man would like to see his wife, or father his daughter.

In the pretty illustration which shows a mother and child going down to the beach, I do not wish to have any one suppose that the mother's bathing costume is locked up in her little hand bag. It is only the Newport and Long Branch belles who can carry their bathing dresses in their bonbon boxes among their caramels. We will suppose, therefore, that she keeps hers at the bath house.

Costumes for the seaside for all occasions should be of such goods as will neither shrink, spot or grow limpsy, and, therefore, for ordinary day wear serge, black, blue or meroon is better than anything else.

Soft silks and lace dresses for evening are nice, and so is nun's veiling. Cashmeres are apt to feel sticky. Suran for trimming on dresses is good to use, for its principal claim is its softness and flexibility. All who go to the seaside should take plenty of wraps, and none should go without flannel undervests, as there is always a chill in the atmosphere. Feathers, except stiff ones, are ruined by the dampness. Thick shoes are safer than thin ones. The costume represented in this cut is

of dark blue serge, with a front and vest of cream surah, with a hand of Persian embroidery up the center, and blue straw hat with cream lace and daisies. The child's dress is of two shades of blue serge; trimmed with white braid and white flannel vest and collar. The other day I happened in the lead-

ing jewelry kouse to look for dog collars, and among the mass of silver collars, eather bands and chased and neckwear for rich folks' bowwows l found several silver chains two and three yards long, and I naturally asked if those were to lead the dogs with. The clerk said no, that they were for young ladies to wear in their bair, and be showed several different kinds, some in gold, some copper and bronze, and besides these were several Greek fillets of gold and silver. These I was told are sold to young ladies who have discovered that this style of dressing the hair is becoming to them. The fillets made of the baser metals are for day use and the more precious ones for evening.

I am glad that women have come to a realizing sense that each should adopt a style of hairdressing for herself that exactly becomes her style. Just now much latitude is allowed, but some light rings or curls of hair lying over the brow soften any face, yet no one should overlook the fact that in arrang-



OFF TO THE BEACH. ing the front hair there is no rule that will produce the same results for two women; but it is safe to say that curls or frizzes should not be too compact, and they should be brought down as far around the ears as possible. Many women wear a compact mass of frizzes straight across the forehead, having the hair drawn tightly back from the temples, leaving the ear to stand out bare and ugly when it should be partially concealed in a soft mass of hair.

Coming World's Championship Calculations are already being made in ref-

erence to the coming world's championship series to be played next October, and it has become quite an important subject for discussion with the clubs which are now con spicuously in the van in the League race as to which of the three leading clubs in the As sociation are likely to be their adversaries if either should win. The New York team want to see the Brooklyns successful, as a series of games between these two teams would be the most profitable of any. That the New York team of '89 can defeat the Browns is a foregone conclusion in metropolitan circles but things are not so sure to be calculated upon as regards the Brooklyns, and hence the attraction of a series between the "Giants' and the "Bridegrooms" would be the great est the world's series could present this com-

The New York teams will meet again in October, however, world's series or not, is order to settle the question of the city cham-pionship, which was mistakenly claimed by the New Yorks last spring Mest as the St. Louis team claimed the honors from Detroit, because they beat them in a spring series. The New York as well as the Philadeiphia club's championship honors are won by the club winning the most series of the season not of the spring. It is the fall games which settle the question.-Sporting Life.

"DAVY" CE KETT'S BUT HDAY. ration-An His lieum , thie Career On the 17th of August, 1880, the "Davy Crockett Historical society," of Lin stone, Tenn., propose to celebrate the 103d anniversary of his birthday on the spot where he was born. The Tennes-

scans are just as proud of Crockett as are the people of Texas. David Crockett, a pioneer, was born in Limestone, Greene county, Tenn., on Aug. 17, 1796, and died in Texas on March 6, 1836. After the war his father, a Revolutionary veteran of Irish birth, moved to eastern Tennessee, and about 1793 opened a small tavern on the road from Knoxville to Abingdon. When David was about 12 years old his father hired him out to an old Dutchman, with

whom he went 400 miles on foot. He remained with his master a few weeks, and then ran away and finally succeeded in reaching his home. Soon after he was sent to school, but on the

fourth day quarreled with one of the pupils and gave him a sound beating, After playing truant for a time to escape a flogging, he ran away from home to escape the vengeance of his father. He followed the life of teamster for

DAVID CROCKETT

three years in Tennessee, Maryland and Virginia, and for a year and a half he was bound to a hatter in the last named state. After wandering about for some time he finally went home again, and worked hard for a year to pay two of his father's notes, amounting to \$76. Up to this time he did not even know his letters, so he went to school for six months, but soon gave up his studies to find a wife. After several disappointments in love, he married and settled in Lincoln county in 1809, moving about 1811 to Frank-lin county, one of the wildest parts of the state. By this time he had gained some fame as a hunter.

At the beginning of the Creek war in 1813 Crockett enlisted in a regiment of sixty day volunteers, and having served through the war, settled on Shoal creeks in a desolate part of the state, where the settlers formed a temporary government among themselves and made Crockett a magistrate. The state legislature subsequently appointed him to the same office nd then elected him colonel of militia. Although he had never read a newspaper in his life, and was totally ignorant of public speaking, Crockett was elected to the legislature in 1821.

All his property was destroyed by fire in 1822, and then he moved again to the Obion river, where he pursued his favorite occupation of hunting, living on bear meat and venison. He again served in the legislature in 1823-24, and in the latter year was an unsuccessful candidate for congress. In 1826 he was again a candidate, as one of Jackson's supporters, and was elected, serving two terms, from 1827-1831.

Crockett was a man of an eccentric character, but he had plenty of common sense and shrewdness and was popular at Washington. After Jackson's increasing influence in Tennessee, which made it impossible for him to be re-elected to congress, he joined the Texans in their struggle for independence. After performing various exploits, he ended his adventurous life in the famous defense of Alamo, where he surrendered to Santa Anna, only to be massacred by that of-

At the Paris Exposition.

Near the well known palace of the Liberal Arts in the Paris exhibition another palace rears its stately frontthe pavilion of the Argentine republic.



PAVILION OF ARGENTINE REPUBLIC.

The Argentine government intrusted a French architect with the construction of a splendid pavilion, which will be transferred to Buenos Ayres after the close of the exposition. This immense hall, of 70 meters length and 25 meters depth, consists of a metallic framework filled and decorated with china, bricks and mosaics of highly interesting aspect. It is lighted by electric lamps, and its first story contains all kinds of industrial work, hides, wool, etc., while the ground floor is devoted to the most important products of the country, as corn, wood, wines and fresh or conserved meat,



RIVERSIDE HOUSE OF JAVA.

which take a high rank in the Argentine trade. Maps of the city of La Plata are suspended on the walls, and show the monotonous rectangular division of the streets which, little by little, is adopted by the new cities of that continent.

A cut is also furnished of a riverside Javanese house, forming part of the splendid Javanese exhibit, which is attracting so much attention from visitors to the exposition.

Hank O'Day.

Hank O'Day, the new New York pitcher, played his first professional game with the Bay Cities, of Michigan, in 1883. Dave Foutz, of the Brooklyn team, was a member of that club at that time. The Bay City management had too many players, and they did not know who to release, so they put the names of their fourteen players in a hat and drew O'Day's name therefrom. He was their cen-ter fielder, and led the club in batting at the time. The Toledo club wanted a on trial, time. The Tolesio club wanted a on trial, and O'Day said he would go there pitcher, although he never pitched a game before. His first game was pitched against the Columbus team, and Toledo won by a score of 4 to 2, which was quite a victory for the latter club, for it was the first game won by a minor League club from an Association team. O'Day pitched Toledo into victory, and was largely responsible for the club winning the championship of the Northwestern league. In 1884 Toledo joined the Association, and he was again a member of that team. In 1885 he was a member of the Pittsburg club, and from there he went to Washington. Ho was born in Chicago.

born in Chicago. Abner Powell is sore because the New Or-leans club paid off all of its players but him, letting him wait for the \$400 due him. The cir-b officials say that the other players were paid because they needed the money most, and that Powell will be paid as soon as the money can be raised, that his services for New Orleans are appreciated and that he shall not loss anything.