

MRS. CLEVELAND.

THE PRESIDENT'S WIFE IS A CLEVER NEEDLEWOMAN.

How She Makes the White House Homelike With Soft Cushions, Pretty Lampshades and Embroidery.

MRS. CLEVELAND is one of those women who like always to be busy with something which is to contribute in some way to the comfort or beauty of her home.

Whether she is at her official residence at Washington, or at Woodley, the pretty little summer home where the President lives when it is too warm to pass the days and nights in the city, or at Gray Gables, "the home by the sea," there are always scattered about where they can be easily picked up artistic bits of fancy work upon which the wife of the President busies herself at odd moments when she must entertain her husband's callers or wait for him to take a drive or go for the walk which is so necessary to the well-being of one laden with official cares.

Mrs. Cleveland's fancy work is never anything very fine. It does not partake of the costly elegance of the tapestry which was recently designed for the needle of a Fifth Avenue belle and which, when completed, will cost

The design is an old-fashioned one, as if a string of violets had chased each other round the edge of the cloth. There is no attempt at grouping.

These little mats were all ironed on the wrong side and were made washable by being shrunk before the work was done.

Like the late Mrs. Harrison, Mrs. Cleveland works a little in oils, but like the Princess May, she is backward about showing her handiwork, and most of the products of her brush are kept hidden in the boudoir into which few people are invited to penetrate. A pretty little bit of her painting was shown to a friend just before she went to Gray Gables. It consisted of a glass top for a dresser, upon which there were sketched pansies, Mr. Cleveland's favorite flower, and a vine of morning glories.

Another cushion has tiny four-leaf clovers upon it, which she has outlined to bring them into prominence, and which seem to say "Good Luck" to the Mistress of the White House when her eyes fall upon them in moments of leisure.

REFLECTIVE HYDRANGEAS.

A rather elaborate lamp shade is also among Mrs. Cleveland's showpieces of work. It consists of pink and green and white hydrangeas, firmly fastened upon a frame of wire covered with pink silk. Around the edge there hangs a deep fringe of lace of a very fine pattern. The hydrangeas are of paper, but they are very delicately put together and more than ef-

cushions upon them and cushioning the seats, until they are as comfortable as possible.

Like many of the artists who have apartments in the studio buildings in New York, Mrs. Cleveland chooses for sofa cushions fancy silks of all kinds, and makes them fine by bringing out the figures in the silks until they look like richest brocades.

One of her cushions recently completed she calls her "Irish cushion." It is of rich green silk with yellow harps, thin outlines wrought in red silk. Around the edge there is a broad puffing of light green velvet. The Irish cushion is admired by everybody and is Mrs. Cleveland's favorite as it lies tossed into roundness in one of the sunniest windows of the White House.

Another cushion is all bright red. Mrs. Cleveland's part in making it consisted merely in sewing the red cover upon the cushion and in placing it where it would show to the best possible advantage with a background of overhanging palms and ferns.

FANCY WORK FOR CHARITY.

It is said that Mrs. Cleveland does a great deal of work for charity fairs. But she is shy to an almost painful degree about letting her deed be known, even though the managers of fairs have often pointed out to her the very great benefit which would result if she would let the work be sold as her own. But this Mrs. Cleveland will not do.

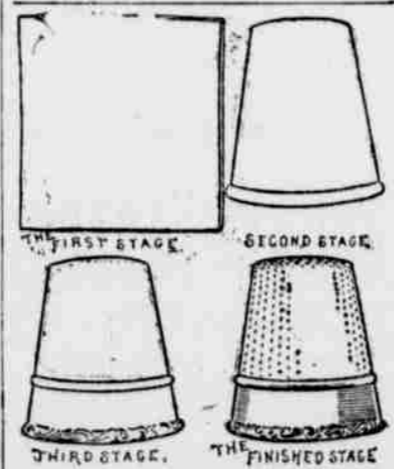
Last winter for a fair which was held at Sherry's, New York, and which was for the benefit of the poor children, many lovely little tidies and embroidered table scarfs and fine sofa cushions were privately sold as Mrs. Cleveland's work and brought large sums, because they came from her needles.

The wife of the President of the United States has less time for fancy work, or diversion of any kind, than does the wife of the ruler of any other country. American independence demands that the President's wife shall be included in the President's public life and shall fulfill many public duties.

There are receptions, "days," dinners and diplomatic entertainments without number, to all of which the President's wife must go or give a satisfactory reason for her non-attendance. But it is pleasant to know that, in the midst of so much gaiety and with so many calls upon her time, the President's wife still retains enough of that which is domestic and homelike to snatch a few minutes from each day for the use of so homely a little household implement as the needle.—Augusta Prescott in Chicago Record.

Making Thimbles.

In the making of a thimble there are several operations, the blank passing into the cup and then the rolling on of the band, says Hardware. Then the thimbles, which have assumed a form warranting the name, are carried to the factory proper, and after brushing the more interesting process of knurling is performed. This knurling is the forming of the little indentations which receive the end of the needle and assist in pushing the point through the fabric. The cup is placed in a lathe and the operator, with a



suitable tool, knurls the end of the thimble.

During the operation a peculiar and by no means unpleasant musical sound is emitted with varying tones. The point of the thimble being reached a flat knurler finishes the side, and with a sharp-edged tool the polished cutting at the sides of the band is performed. Then on another lathe it is placed in a hollow block and the inside burnished. All the oil and dirt are then removed, and the thimble is polished and made ready for the market. Thimbles are made of various metals, those of gold naturally being prized highly, while one on exhibition at the World's Fair, of colored gold studded with a band of forty diamonds, is fit for a princess. A monstrosity at the same exhibition is a thimble nine inches high and seven inches wide, the maker having at one time some idea of teaching an elephant the art of sewing.—Picayune.

Bread Made With Soap.

From a communication read to the Association of Belgian Chemists, it seems that Continental bakers are in the habit of mixing soap with their dough to make their bread and pastry nice and light. The quantity of soap used varies greatly. In fancy articles, like waffles and fritters, it is much larger than in bread. The soap is dissolved in a little water; to this is added some oil, and the mixture, after being well whipped, is added to the flour. The crumb of the bread manufactured by this process is said to be lighter and more spongy than that made in the ordinary way.—New York Dispatch.

In ancient armies the archers were placed in advance as skirmishers, and when the conflict grew warm they retired to the rear of the heavy armed troops.

SOLDIERS' COLUMN

HARD TIMES.

How Battery M, 5th U. S. Art., Went to Dry Tortugas.



WE did not like it! No, most emphatically, no. But what would you do? It was an order from the War Department and that settled it.

Ay! but any man who served in the army knows how we felt when this order came to dismount Battery M, 5th U. S. Art., and equip the men with gun and side-arm. We were in the service since beginning of the war, and most of the men had veteranized. We were with the Sixth Corps on many occasions; especially was this so at Cedar Creek, Oct. 19, 1864, where our battery was fearfully cut up. "The Cannoneer" can vouch for this. He was one of the boys. The battery was sent to Camp Berry at Washington and we were finally dismounted and furnished with rifles, made do duty around Washington, until one nice day we were ordered to New York. Here we were sent on board the North Star, a new boat of the Star Line of steamers.

Our destination, we learned later, was Dry Tortugas. Oh, the lovely prospect—right from over three years' hard marching and hardship, to go out to this out of the way rip rap and guard political prisoners. In my own case I went to the then commanding officer of Battery M, First Lieut. Klapp, laying my claim for discharge before him. You may see for yourself how much I was entitled by the following: In November, 1862, an order from the War Department read as follows: "Ten men of each volunteer company may enlist in the Regular Army, the time served in the volunteer service to be deducted from the three years."

I was at the time in the Lost Children, a Zouave regiment, lying in front of Yorktown. There were, besides myself, my brother and four Swiss boys who went along inside the fort and enlisted in Battery M.

Our ignorance of the English language was here apparent in not including our six months' service in the remaining three years enlistment, whereby we would have been discharged in June, 1864, in front of Petersburg, and we could have veteranized with a goodly bounty; whereof we now were debarred, and our time was not up until November. So you may see how unfairly our ignorance was taken advantage of.

Of the six to enlist in the battery there were now only three remaining. In the name of the three boys and myself I asked Lieut. Klapp for our discharge before leaving New York, as we only had some 12 or 14 days to serve and it would not be worth while to carry us all the way down to Dry Tortugas only to be discharged on the way or on our arrival there. But no, Lieut. Klapp probably thought he could retain our services for another contingent and of course, to do his duty in the interest of the Government, was not to blame for refusing the demand.

On the afternoon of Oct. 19, 1864, we passed by our headquarters, the band playing on the ramparts at Fort Richmond for our benefit. There were three batteries, or what had been batteries, but now acted as heavy artillery, on board. I am not sure of the other two, but I believe they were Batteries D. and L. Anyhow, everything went merry as a marriage bell at first.

On the morning of Oct. 21, when off Cape Hatteras, a storm blew up which lasted for three days and which did me damage to shipping that was known for years.

Our steamer was now and not very "cranky," still, like all sidewheel steamers, a fearful roller while lying in the trough of the sea.

I had been a sailor previous to my coming to America, so I did not care a picayune how much it blew or how much the vessel rolled. I had made my headquarters in lee of the first cabin, on deck. The rest of the poor lads were chopped up and down in the fore hold and it was no pleasant place. What with the hatches battened down there was very scant ventilation and light down there amongst 100 men, all sea sick. It was fearful—the swearing, caving, and, yes, a little, very little, praying going on.

On the morning of the 22d the storm grew in fierceness and our smokestack was wrecked, and we had a lively time to secure the monster, and before it was done two of the crew lost their lives and an hour later the Second Mate was knocked overboard by the stack breaking its moorings.

Finally, toward evening, the blamed thing broke its moorings again, and a big roller sweeping the deck took it over board and wrecked our starboard wheel before we could cut loose from the monster, who in the last puff dug a big hole in the ship's planking, and we commenced leaking at a fearful rate. With the smokestack gone clear at the deck we could not carry steam, as we had to cover up the opening of the stack, which otherwise would have swamped us; our hand pumps were manned, but it was hard work, and we knew soon that the water was gaining on us. It was a fearful night.

On the morning of the 23d it was found, on sounding the well, that the water could not be stopped by hand-pumping. It was steadily gaining, and the Engineer told us we were leaking at the rate of 8,000 gallons per minute; that if no other remedy than the pumps were used we would finally founder.

He advised the throwing overboard of all freight, and we succeeded in throwing overboard some three or four hundred tons of freight which brought the leak up out of the water, with only the washings of the sea to overcome, and that was no small item; but we finally got the upperhand. The storm having partially broke we removed the covering from over the smokestack, and a small force of steam was gotten up, steam pumps finally got in their work, and with our one wheel, the port one, going against a helm hard-a-port we made headway like a crab.

Toward evening on the 23d a tug-boat sighted us, hatched on, and finally landed us in Norfolk at 10 a.m. Oct. 24, 1865, the most God-forsaken subjects you could put your eyes on.

By the time she was tied up at Norfolk wharf our men and officers and a few civilian passengers, gradually made their appearance. A sorry lot they were—pale, emaciated, unwashed, unshaven, with big, sleepy eyes and disarranged apparel.

Now, me and my two Swiss friends' time of service was up on the 2d of November. Another war steamer was sent for per telegraph to come and receive us, and try to land us on Dry Tortugas.

I was not willing because of a few days more to undergo any more such experience where it was against all reason. We only had six days more to serve.

I went aft and had an interview with Lieut. Klapp, in which he agreed to make out our discharges and final statements, but he wanted to see us after we had been up and got our money from the Paymaster.

We were very sure we had seen service enough for a while anyhow, and this last straw was enough. So that by the time we had our final statements cashed we went on board the boat for Baltimore and the same evening we bid farewell forever to Battery M without observing the ceremony of a farewell call on our worthy First Lieutenant, who surely will excuse this if it, by any chance, reaches his eye. He is a Captain in the 5th Art. now and a good officer.—CARL HARTMANN, in New York Tribune.

PROMINENT PEOPLE.

QUEEN VICTORIA is a skilful knitter, and works at it indefatigably.

FORD MADDOX BROWN, the English painter, died a few days since in London at the age of seventy-two years.

SEVEN HUNDRED live larks constitute the quzer present lately sent by the King of Italy to the German Emperor.

SENATOR WOLCOTT, of Colorado, has the reputation of being the gourmet par excellence of Congress, and his tips are so generous that the waiters grow rich on them.

THE late Arthur Elder Nelson is said to have made about \$12,000 a year writing dime and half-dime novels, and he didn't waste any of it on pistols and bowie knives to go hunting bears and Indians.

THE Queen of England has approved the appointment of the Earl of Elgin as Viceroy of India. The new Viceroy is the eldest son of the eighth Earl of Elgin, who was appointed Governor-General of India in January, 1862, and who died in office November, 1863.

THE youngest judge in this country is said to be Henry W. Scott, Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of Oklahoma. He is twenty-eight years old. At the age of twenty-two he was Receiver of the land office at Larned, Kan. He has written several legal works.

DENNIS FLYNN, Delegate in Congress from Oklahoma, has staked claims in half a dozen States, practiced law in Iowa, edited a paper in Kansas, acted as Postmaster at Guthrie and narrowly escaped getting shot several times during the whoopful, early days of the Territory.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON is said to be a most laborious writer. He rewrites his manuscript to such an extent that at the end of the day scarcely one of the original sentences remains unchanged. Occasionally he speaks three weeks on a single chapter and then throws it away.

THE Duke of York must be acquiring a considerable library, for it is said that he is preserving all the newspaper references touching on any part of his life. Now, of course, he has added those about his bride. The volumes are handsomely bound, and the Duke's initials beautifully engraved.

Six members of the United States Senate have passed the seventieth year of their age. Mr. Morrill, of Vermont, heads the list with his eighty-three years. Next comes Mr. Palmer, of Illinois, who is seventy-six. Mr. Harris, of Tennessee, is seventy-five; Mr. Bush, of Alabama, is seventy-three, and Mr. Sherman, of Ohio, and Mr. Hunt, of Virginia, are each seventy years old.

NEWSY GLEANINGS.

THERE are 25,000 blind people in England and Wales.

GREAT BRITAIN makes over 130,000 bicycles a year.

A WOMAN has been nominated for Coroner in Leavenworth, Kan.

New churches built in America last year numbered nearly 10,000.

A FINE of \$100 is the penalty for sending a false fire alarm in London.

THERE is a premium offered on the Columbian postage stamps in Europe.

WASHINGTON'S hop crop this year is one of the largest and finest ever known.

BOSTON has more electric trolley cars running in its streets than any other city in the world.

THE houses of the leading millionaires of New York are mostly guarded by secret police.

BROOKLYN'S population, according to the census of the Bureau of Vital Statistics, is 1,000,000.

THE expenses of carrying on the city government of New York next year will be \$26,000,000.

THE wheat yield of Kansas is 24,841,448 bushels, an increase of 5,000,000 over the September estimates.

PATRICK COLLINS, who brutally murdered his wife, was arrested while praying in a San Francisco church.

MISS OLLIE CLINE, one of the "rough riders" who got a lot in Perry, Cherokee Strip, has sold her claim for \$800.

CHINA is about to establish a postal system, beginning with the seaports. It is hoped that within ten years it will be extended throughout the empire.

A DISPATCH from Clyde, Scotland, says that John Jamison, owner of the yacht Iverna, will build a yacht and challenge for the America's Cup next year.

THE project of holding a National Exposition in the City of Mexico this winter, using the exhibits sent by Mexico to Chicago, has been abandoned.

EXPERIMENTERS with the importation of fruit from Cape Colony have proved so successful that Londoners expect soon to get not only apples but peaches and mangoes from Africa.

KEYSTONE STATE CULLINGS

SCHOOL MUST KEEP.

NO MORE ELECTION HOLIDAYS, SAYS SUPP SCHAEFFER.

HARRISBURG.—Dr. Schaeffer, superintendent of public instruction, has put his foot squarely down upon the practice of closing schools on election days. He is constantly in receipt of communications requesting an opinion on the subject. These interrogations are based on the act of May 23, 1893, designating the third Tuesday of February and the first Tuesday after the first Monday of November as legal holidays. Dr. Schaeffer, after quoting from the acts referred to, says:

"The purposes mentioned in this act have special reference to the maturity of commercial paper, the acceptance and payment of bank checks, drafts, promissory notes, etc., as expressly set forth in the act itself. I am clearly of the opinion that the several boards of school directors and controllers are not required to close the public schools in their respective districts on the days designated as election days, but on the contrary I would urge the directors and controllers to keep their schools in session on these days or the purpose of preventing too many breaks in the regular school year."

THE MARRIAGE LICENSE LAW.

THE AMENDMENT DOES NOT GO INTO EFFECT UNTIL OCTOBER 1, 1895.

HARRISBURG.—The State Department is daily in receipt of inquiries from the clerks of the courts of the several counties, as to whether an error does not occur in the pamphlet laws of 1893 in the act of May 1, 1893, amending the law relative to marriage license so as to permit marriages to be performed outside of the county in which the license is granted. The law as printed makes the law operative October 1, 1893, but many clerks of courts think it a misprint. The original bill, however, does not differ from the law as printed.

A BARRING ESCAPE.

DOYLESTOWN.—Michael Dolan, aged 22 years, sentenced March 22 to three years and three months in the Doylestown jail, for attempting to shoot his father in February, at his home in Solebury township, escaped from the jail here by scaling the 28 foot wall. Young Dolan had been working in the stocking knitting department and had secured enough yarn to make a stout rope about twenty-five feet long. With this, together with three large hooks, one of which was made from a poker stolen from the prison kitchen a few days ago, and which he threw over the wall until it caught in the coping, he succeeded in getting to the top and dropping over on the other side, escaped under cover of the night and the heavy storm.

DATES FOR FARMERS' INSTITUTES.

HARRISBURG.—Dates for farmers' institutes in the western part of the state have been fixed by the state board of agriculture as follows: Greene county, Waynesburg, November 14 and 15, Carmichael, November 16, Mercer county Greenville, November 29 and 30. Dates of 42 institutes have been fixed, 16 will be held in December, 11 in November and 10 in January.

LIMITING THE BOYS.

BELLEFONTE.—Now that the cows have been penned up, Bellefonte is to take a step higher. Councils uncovered an old ordinance which they again adopted that boys 14 years of age or under shall hereafter not be allowed on the streets after 8 p. m. The police have been given instructions to arrest and lock up for the night all boys found abroad after that hour.

JAMES DUNWITTE, aged 5, and James Boyce, age 18, wandered from their homes near Greengrub, Monday, after cows and it is feared they perished in the Chestnut ridge, as nothing has been heard of them.

WILLIAM CREE'S horse, frightened at the cars at Huntingdon, and ran away. Cree was thrown to the ground, the wagon passing over his mouth, killing him instantly. He was 70 years old.

NEAR Lock Haven John O. Deise's heifer stood on the Beech Creek railroad and stopped a train. Her mother, a cow, was fastened in a cattle guard further down the road.

GOVERNOR PATTISON has fixed December 14 for the execution of Henry Hurst, of Adams county, who killed a fellow wood-chopper through jealousy over a girl.

JACOB F. SHAEFFER's bonded warehouse, containing 1,300 barrels of whisky, in Lancaster, was destroyed by fire Sunday night. Loss \$80,000, insured for \$8,000.

CHARLES WALL, a painter, fell from the dome of the county court house, a distance of 120 feet, at Bradford, and was killed. He resided in Buffalo.

JOHN McMAHON, aged 59, and Andrew Drist, aged 30, were killed at Homestead by the caving in of a deep trench they were helping to dig.

YOUNG Calvin Dean, one of a Lewiston nutting party slipped headfirst down a hill against a big snake that bit him in the arm.

SAMUEL HOLLINGSWORTH, aged 70, a railroad for 40 years, was struck and killed by the Pacific express at Huntingdon.

A new school house at Arona was wrecked by the storm Saturday night causing \$1,700 damage.

The employees of the wire nail mill at New Castle have accepted a 10 per cent reduction.

Eighty-year-old Mary Benzheimer of Hellertown works a farm of seven acres and has cut and shocked, unaided, all the corn in her field this fall.

GEORGE HOLLINGSWORTH'S three children found a lot of poke berries near their home at New Brighton and ate heartily and their lives were barely saved.

Mrs. ALICE STARR, of Beaver Creek, died Sunday from poisoning, caused by drinking water from a spring into which poisonous laurel leaves had fallen.

The weight of Ernest Werner's biggest pumpkin, grown at Doylestown, is 102 pounds.

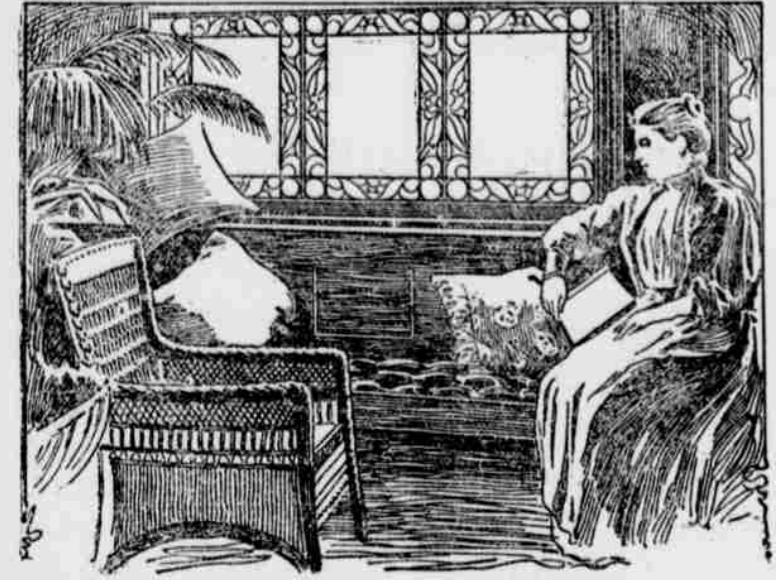
THREE of the leading grocers of Beaver Falls have refused to give credit any longer.

HENRY OLIVER was fatally crushed by a fall of coal in a mine near Greensburg.

THERE are about 100 cases of smallpox at Reading.

A CHILD was born at Polo, Mo., a few days ago at the birth of which there were present five generations. The child, the mother, the grandmother, the great-grandmother and the great-great-grandmother.

THE Italian government is taking steps to declare martial law over all Sicily and expatriate brigandage on the island. The work will be done by 12,000 troops.



MRS. CLEVELAND IN HER WINDOW SEAT.

something like \$5000. Nor is it a mad expenditure of time or labor, like the pieced coverlets with 20,000 different "blocks" in them, nor the crocheted things of terrific color and endless labor.

Mrs. Cleveland's pick-up work is always something simple and very often it is for direct and practical use, like the fitting out of the little luncheon table in the nursery, or trimming of the big chairs, which the President fancies and into which he loves to sink when there is time for a few minutes rest at home.

AN ARTISTIC CHAIR-BACK.

One of the prettiest pieces of work which Mrs. Cleveland has done since her return to Washington last March is a chair-back for one of the old-time sleepy-hollow chairs in which the White House abounds. The chair itself was an old gray color which might



ONE OF MRS. CLEVELAND'S PATTERNS.

have once been red, but which had faded and grown worn. But the President found it comfortable, so Mrs. Cleveland set to work to make it pretty.

The first thing she did was to commission a friend to get her a large square of the stuff known as "shaded denim," which comes in pretty tones of blue, yellow and rose. The friend selected rose, and then had it marked with a simple pattern of pink flowers. This, with many shades of red silk, was sent to Washington to grow into beauty under the deft fingers of the pretty mistress of the White House. When the pattern was all done the square was lined with silk to give it firmness, and was finished with a cord of pink silk.

A cover like this did wonders for a faded chair and reduced all to a harmony of tint which easily passed for studied color.

The New York craze for fine linen, stitched or drawn or embroidered, has spread to Washington and is shared by Mrs. Cleveland, who has almost a passion for every little nicety in linen, whether it be a doily for the table, a cover for a toilet stand or one of the little round mats which are now placed under bottles of cologne, combs and brushes and silver pin-trays.

FIGURED WITH VIOLETS.

One set of these little round mats just completed is called a violet set. Mrs. Cleveland made it while she was at Woodley. There are only three mats in the set and these are perfectly round—as round as a sugar box—and about eight inches across. All around the edges of the mats there are violets embroidered and outside of the violets there is a little fringe of the linen.

fective in the showy corner, which has been selected for a standing place for the lamp.

It is said that Mrs. Cleveland used to do a great deal of embroidery upon her own gowns, and that she even worked the wreath of orange blossoms and leaves that bordered the train of her wedding gown. However this may be, it is certain that she can do very fine embroidery, although she seldom now has the time for anything so elaborate as this.

One of the prettiest things she has done of late in the embroidery line is the outlining of a few large flowers upon the lapsels of a morning gown. The gown is of light blue silk and the lapsels are of rich carnal velvet. The flowers are a variety of the white lotus, done in rather bold fashion.

Many of Miss Ruth's dresses are stitched around the hem of the skirt in bright and pretty wash colors. And the stitching is almost always done by Mrs. Cleveland herself, while the cloaks which Miss Ruth wears and which have so often enticed the pen of paragraphers, are outlined in white silk down each side of the front, in big, careless flowers, which are not only the work but the design of her pretty mamma.

A panel for a lamp-shade, a small landscape scene for a chair back and several tiles for the dressing-table, are among the pretty little things which have been done since her marriage. But of late Mrs. Cleveland has found the growing cares of her little family too absorbing to permit of much work so particular as brush work, and so she has worked with the needle when the demands upon her made pick-up fancy work possible.

HER SOFA CUSHIONS.

There is one variety of fancy work of which Mrs. Cleveland's friends say



MRS. CLEVELAND'S LAMP.

she is particularly fond. And that is the embroidering of sofa cushions.

In the White House there are many large windows, with deep window seats, and these Mrs. Cleveland has dressed into luxury by piling sofa