

PRESIDENTIAL PLAY.

Sports and Amusements of the Nation's Rulers.

Famous Game Preserve Near the National Capitol.

When President Cleveland goes to his summer home on Buzzard's Bay he takes a few short fishing trips, but beyond that he indulges in no sports. It is when he is living in Washington that he goes on his more important shooting or fishing expeditions. He usually does his gunning on the shores of the Potomac river and Chesapeake Bay. He likes duck shooting. His trips sometimes last a week, and during part of that time he may be inaccessible by mail or telegraph.

His hunting ground is substantially the same that Benjamin Harrison used, and constitutes what may be termed the great presidential game preserve. It lies south of Washington and takes in the Potomac river and Chesapeake bay to the sea. The game includes wild ducks (among which are canvas backs), quail, pheasants and snipe, and occasionally wild turkeys. If a president is a true fisherman and will fish with only the rod and reel, he may go upon the outskirts of the presidential preserve and find streams where trout are tolerably numerous.

From the beginning of the government presidents have used these grounds for their exploits with rod and gun. General Washington, living at Mount Vernon, knew every inch of the land for miles up and down the river. In his younger days he was a thorough sportsman, but after he became president there is no record of his shooting or fishing.

President Harrison was a good shot. He could undergo unusual fatigue and hardship, and even shot ducks from a sink box, which, as every sportsman knows, is a very uncomfortable thing to do. He never rode horseback, and for field sports he had no taste whatever.

When President Cleveland goes to the seashore he does not indulge in swimming, although some of his predecessors have been very tolerable swimmers. John Quincy Adams, next to Benjamin Franklin, was the greatest of swimmers among public men. In winter, when he was President, he used to take long, solitary walks up Pennsylvania avenue and around by the Capitol every morning before daylight, returning to the White House just as the day was dawning. In summer his walk was in the opposite direction. Going up above Georgetown, he would there undress and plunge into the Potomac for a swim.

President Arthur was about the last president who took a complete vacation. One summer he and General Phil Sheridan went out to the Yellowstone region. They camped out, hunted and fished, and were often a hundred miles from civilization. This was his only prolonged vacation. He was, however, very fond of taking short fishing trips. He handled his rod well and loved angling for bass and trout. Among fishing presidents he ranks first. When he was on one of his official trips in the South, a fishing club at Louisville presented him with a beautiful rod with a German silver reel, on which were engraved Iza Walton's famous words about his love for all good fishermen as a gentle, kindly race of men. It is doubtful whether he ever received a gift that pleased him more than this. His predecessor, Garfield, could shoot tolerably, but never fished. General Garfield was a boy in his love for other sports. For some years the old National Baseball Club boasted of him as one of its honorary members. He was a constant attendant at the games, and knew the players personally, and he used to play himself sometimes when he was on the farm at Mentor. He was a billiard player also, and when he came into the White House the billiard room in the basement, which had fallen into neglect and had not been used for several administrations, was renovated and a new table was put in. Here he used to play nearly every afternoon. He was an excellent horseman.

All the earlier presidents were horseback riders. Horseback riding afforded an easier way of traveling than a stage coach, for the roads were almost universally bad, and the coaches were built without much regard to the passengers' comfort. Washington was undoubtedly the best rider among the presidents, and he enjoyed the exercise greatly. He had little time to indulge the taste after he became general of the army, and was too old for hard riding after he retired from the presidency, but before that he

was one of the most enthusiastic fox hunters in a fox-hunting country.

The gentle Madison on the other hand, was no sportsman. His ways were those of the student, and he lived the simple life of a country gentleman without engaging in any of the sports that interested his neighbors. His friend and mentor, Jefferson, who lived twenty-five miles away, was more versatile. He rode a great deal and much of his riding was for pleasure. It is probable that Jefferson did some shooting, but it is not recorded that he was a sportsman.

Monroe was a constant horseback rider, and a few years before his death he wrote to his friend Lafayette about the fall he had from his horse.—New York Sun.

The Burial Minister.

"I went to a Wednesday-night prayer meeting with some friends of mine with whom I am stopping," is the way in which a stranger in the city began the story. "After the service one of the party saw fit to apologize by saying that during the vacation of the pastor his place was filled by the burial minister, who was not quite so interesting as the regular pastor. 'Burial minister?' I said interrogatively. 'Yes,' was the reply. I walked on for a couple of minutes, and then I asked my friend if he would be kind enough to explain to me what he meant by the term burial minister. 'Why,' he said, 'in all of the big churches of a city like Chicago there is always an assistant pastor. But his principal duty consists in answering calls to preach funeral sermons over dead people who, in their lives, were not prominently identified with the congregation.' I wondered if such an assistant had to vary his sermons, and unconsciously my wonderment formed itself into words. 'Not much,' was the reply, 'about all he does is to change the names and ages. It is usually considered a good berth for a supernumerary minister.' I suppose that a burial minister is a sort of companion-piece to a professional mourner.—Chicago Herald.

Chinese Tailors.
"It is wonderful how cheap clothing is in Japan," said H. Milton Smythe, of Chicago, to a reporter. "I have recently been in Tokio, Yokohama and other Japanese cities and I found I could buy English-made clothing at about the same retail prices it brings in London. The reason of this is that by a treaty with England only five per cent. in duty is charged and the freight on a large consignment does not materially add to the cost. 'Clothes made to order are equally cheap. The tailoring is done by Chinese by piece work at prices an American could not make a living at, and if you are not satisfied with the fit you do not take it. You can get a good business suit of imported cloth made to order for \$10. A fur-lined overcoat, with beaver collar, can be had for \$30, which amount would not pay for the material in this country. Ladies' cloaks, silk and other dressed goods are equally cheap, and embroidered silk crepe gowns can be obtained cheaper than the commonest of dresses here. Clothing is so cheap that anybody can save the cost of the trip by laying in a supply."

Artificial Silk.
Trade is about to be enlivened with a genuine novelty, silk without the intervention of silk worms. Dr. Lehner, an analytical chemist, German by birth, Swiss by adoption, is the inventor, wood pulp, waste of jute or of cotton, is the raw material. Nitric acid and alcohol digest the pulp and a mechanical silk worm does the rest. The change in the markets will not be as great as that caused by supplementing human spinners and weavers with machines that for a time nearly threw industrial England into revolution. But as the new textile equates, according to all accounts, the best China silks, it is certain to become a cheap and popular favorite. The machine is the second step in an industry first promoted in England by the introduction of mulberry trees and silk worms by Henry VI., 400 years ago. As the machine can be operated with perfect success in all climates we shall probably hear of its introduction speedily in the United States.—Chicago Herald.

There Wasn't a Man.
"Cholly doesn't stand sea sickness very well," said the owner of the yacht, descending to the saloon. "He claims to be gritty," said one of the company. "Gritty," said the yachtman with a contemptuous sniff, "he doesn't show it, then. I don't believe there is anything in him at all." And the yachtman was right.—New York Press.

QUAINT AND CURIOUS.

Cork pine makes the best matches.

In Ceylon crows are protected as scavengers.

It takes twelve tea plants to produce one pound of tea.

The trolley is being used about Pennsylvania coal mines.

One of the curious things about the Gulf Stream is that no whales are found in it.

The heaviest cyclist in the world is said to be Dr. Meldon of Dublin, who weighs 378 pounds.

A Long Island woman found a pearl one and a half inches in diameter in a clam shell recently.

The Suez Canal is only eighty-eight miles long, but it reduced the distance from England to India, by sea, nearly 4000 miles.

A fish with a head and body resembling that of an alligator was recently captured off Fort White, Fla. It weighed 1 1/2 pounds.

The robbery of graves is the only crime under Chinese law for which the thief may be justly killed on the spot by anyone finding him out.

A machine has been invented, and is now in use in the Philadelphia Mint, which will count 2000 silver dollars a minute and never steal one of them.

An inmate in the Harrisburg, (Penn.) Insane Asylum possesses the curious hallucination that he is a buttonhole with frayed edges. He is constantly making appeals to have a sailor repair him.

The discovery of the process of tinting white paper was the result of sheer carelessness on the part of the wife of an English paper-maker, who accidentally dropped the "blue bag" into a vat of pulp.

It is estimated that the yearly passenger trips on the ferry boats between New Jersey and New York number 70,000,000; that the total for all New York ferries will exceed 170,000,000; that the number of boat trips equal 1,800,000 and the number of seams carried, 5,000,000.

The bank of Germany, like most other German public buildings, has a military guard to protect it. In a very strongly fortified military fortress at Spandau is kept the great war treasure of the imperial government, part of the French indemnity, amounting to several million pounds.

It is estimated that the sunflower plant draws from the soil and exhales, in twelve hours, twelve ounces of water. The nerves are all connected with it directly or by the spinal marrow. These nerves, with their branches and minute ramifications, probably exceed 10,000,000 in number.

Foster Brooks of Tennessee, is 16 years old, weighs 130 pounds and is six feet, six inches tall. His neck was broken when he was five years old. He remained helpless until two years ago, when he began to grow. Before that he could not move his head. Now he can use it as others do theirs. Doctors say it is the only case on record.

Dairying.

Dairy farming is less exhaustive than grain farming. The sale of butter removes nothing from the soil. In fact, by dairying the lost fertility of the soil may be restored. While the prices of dairy products are undoubtedly low, yet dairying is still the most profitable branch of farming. Figures collected by the Canadian Government show that during the past ten years prices for grain have fallen over thirty per cent.; during the same period prices for butter and cheese have fallen less than six per cent. This shows conclusively the relative position of these two great branches of farming.

But while there is still money in dairying, it is to be found only in the better grades. Nobody wants poor butter. It is the realization of this truth which has led to the establishment of the Canadian travelling dairy schools and the consequent betterment of their butter.

The close connection between the quality of the article and the price is shown by the calculation that if your neighbors produced the bulk of their butter in creameries instead of home dairies, they would add over \$1,000,000 to its value.—New York World.

Dread.

She—When will you call and see papa?
He (nervously) I don't know. When will he be out?—New York World.

Children are not admitted to most public schools till they have attained their sixth year.

Two Autumnal Conceptions.



IN PINK SATIN.

A PEACH-COLORED GOWN.

Gowns in Pink and Peach.

A pale salmon-pink satin skirt, covered with coffee-colored accordion-pleated chiffon, caught halfway down with a group of pink roses and brown foliage is illustrated in the double-column cut. The bodice of satin is covered with a lovely embroidery of tinsel gauze elaborately beaded in gold, and the chiffon is drawn loosely round the décolletage, and caught up with the roses on the top of each shoulder, while the sleeves are formed of double puffs of satin covered with the chiffon looped again with the roses.

In conjunction with a peach colored shot tweed skirt and sleeves is a corsage of deep peach colored velvet simulating a sleeveless coat. This has originally shaped revers turned back with Eau de Nil foulard. The same silk covered with guipure forms the tight fitting vest. On the hips the coat is cut up in a very stylish manner; the fronts, lined with silk, are secured by a couple of mother-of-pearl. The jupe, slightly draped on the right side, shows the undershirt of silk covered with lace.—New York Mail and Express.

The Jacket Still Reigns.

No matter how many capes or other fanciful wraps a woman may have in her wardrobe, one jacket at least is a necessity. The latest jackets are conspicuous for their enormous sleeves and big buttons. Driving jackets are made with strapped seams, and are strictly tailor-made in the effect. Jackets of black satin are among the season's novelties. They are trimmed lavishly with jet and cream lace. For vacation wear the most chic



jacket is of fine serge or melton cloth. White pique is used as the trimming. The jacket is made with large sleeves and has white pique revers which fold back from a tight-fitting vest. The revers fasten to the coat with gilt buttons on the outside and tiny white pearl buttons on the inside; when soiled they are easily removed and sent to the wash tub.

A dark-blue coat of melton cloth may be provided with three or four sets of different revers, so during the whole season it may be ever changing.—New York World.

One Hundred Thousand Clippings.

Speaking of newspaper files, they are now so bulky that a condensation seems preferable, and this has led to a new and very peculiar method now used in a prominent New York library. A scrap book of clippings on all important subjects is under way and an efficient newspaper reader is employed. His task is renewed day by day and in this manner his scrap book is constantly increasing. Strictly speaking, however, it is not a book, but a series of pages of manilla paper, on which the clippings are mounted, the subjects being kept together in boxes for reference. Thus far the collection contains nearly 100,000 clippings, and it is already a favorite place for research, as one can find many facts which are not contained in books.—Troy (N. Y.) Times.

Eats One Meal a Day.

The Rev. John S. Eberle, a Baptist minister of Glendale, Penn., eats only one meal a day. For about thirty years he has eaten a hearty meal at noon, but fasts during the other hours of the day. In the morning, instead of a nutritious breakfast on eggs, chops and hot cakes, he goes to the well, draws a pitcher of cold water and drinks copiously. In the evening no salads or luscious fruits grace the table. Instead, he again fares sumptuously upon cold water.—New York Tribune.

Plague Stones.

There is a dreadful disease which has been killing off thousands of persons in China that the wise men who know all about such things say is the same "plague" that visited London in the seventeenth century. It could not rage in London or in America now as it did then, for we know how to keep cities clean nowadays, and this disease is one that can only thrive in dirty surroundings.

Many of you probably have read about the great London plague in your histories, and perhaps some of you who have been over the water have seen a "plague stone." There is one in a museum in Warrington, Lancashire, which was used in a little shop on the outskirts of the town when the plague was there. It is of red sandstone, about two feet in length and one in width, with irregular edges and a deep hollow in one end. This hollow was filled with vinegar, which acted as a disinfectant for the money which those who came to buy dropped into it.

There is still another authenticated relic of the great plague near Nottingham. It is a huge stone, like a butcher's block, and is known as the "bread



stone." It stood outside the town as a means whereby the plague-stricken might obtain provisions without exposing others to contagion. Food would be placed on the stone at certain hours, and the poor wretches would come for it and leave money in its place. There is no record of the money ever having been stolen, though thieves robbed houses in London which had been deserted by their terror-stricken owners, and often caught the disease by robbing the dead and dying.—New York Times.

A Fire-Legged Colt.

An interesting little wonder made its appearance last May in the livery barn of O. C. Voss, at Lafayette, Ind. It is a bay male colt supplied with five legs. But the extra leg will never serve to accelerate the speed of the animal, for it grows from the side of the colt's head, just above the left ear, pressing the ear downward. It is a perfectly developed left hind leg, beginning its growth from the head at the point of the stifle joint. In every other particular this little freak has the appearance of other well formed and developed colts. The growth of



the superfluous leg has nearly kept pace with the growth of the rest of the body, but it is not a little strange that the weight or presence of this extra member seems to give the colt no inconvenience or incumbrance whatever. He is as happy and frisky a piece of horse flesh as ever was seen. Without the 5/8th leg protruding from his head he would be judged an extra finely shaped colt, and there is not the slightest indication that he will not attain matured growth.—Chicago Times.

Swimming Wild Hogs.

Those swimming wild hogs of Arizona are doubtless of the razor-back variety seen in the pine forests on the eastern shores of Maryland. They are fleet beasts, the razor back hogs of Maryland, and good swimmers, as are all lean swine. Fat swine float admirably, but when they swim their sharp fore hoofs dig cruelly into the hanging flesh of the breast and neck, and the swimmer is sometimes exhausted from loss of blood.—Chicago Herald.

Elijah Bryan, of Nevada, Mo., who is now in his ninety-fifth year, as a youth helped to defend the homes of the Missouri settlers against the raids of Black Hawk's warriors.

KEYSTONE STATE CULLINGS

ANOTHER COKE STRIKE.

The New Castle Post Dead—Murder of Hermit Aukney.

ANOTHER COKE STRIKE.
In the south end of the field the men came out Tuesday again and nearly all the plants south of Uniontown are idle once more. The strike was a stunning surprise to most of the operators and to the people generally. So far as can be learned the strike is not authorized by the district authorities. Early Tuesday morning the men began to gather at the Brownfield works. Several brass bands appeared and there was some firing of dynamite bombs in certain quarters where that sort of missionary work was supposed to be needed, and then the procession of strikers moved. Marching from plant to plant the strikers called out the men at work until nearly every oven in the southern end of the region was deserted.

A NEW CASTLE POST DEAD.
James B. Marsh, famous as the New Castle poet, died Sunday night at the age of 80 years. Many of his quaint poems have been copied in the leading papers of the United States. He was a schoolmate of the late Hon. John B. Goff, the great lecturer, and his first wife, who died many years ago was a maid in the employ of Quon Victoria. He was married six times and was nearly blind during the last twenty years of his life.

Not since the Umberger murder in 1888, and the moonshine whisky troubles in 1890-1891, has any crime occasioned so much excitement as the murder of Hermit Joseph Aukney in the mountains near Weavers Mills, seven miles southeast of Ligonier on Thursday last by Mrs. Blubaugh. The sentiment of the community is that it was justifiable.

The fifth annual reunion of the Odd Fellows of Ligonier Thursday drew a crowd of about 3,000 picnicers to Idlewild. A fine orchestra furnished the music for the dance. The Ligonier, Latrobe and Derry coast bands were combined into a band of fifty pieces.

Labor day was celebrated at Wilkesbarre by a picnic at Mountain park, where General J. S. Coxey was the principal speaker. He came there under the auspices of the Knights of Labor and made two speeches. They were repetitions of his former utterances on the evils that now afflict the country.

Robbers entered William Greer's house at New Castle Thursday night and stole about \$2,000 in checks, two gold watches and other valuables. Jas. Flynn's residence at Parkersburg was burglarized, and several hundred dollars' worth of goods stolen.

Goods in the oriental store of L. Goldsmith on Fifth avenue, McKeesport, caught fire from a gas jet and immediately the whole place was ablaze. The fire department responded promptly, but the damages will reach \$2,000; fully insured.

The big Chambers Glass Company's works at New Kensington, have started up, the wage scale having been settled. The workmen agreed to accept a cut of 20 per cent. Many improvements have been made about the works.

Two masked robbers broke into the residence of Dr. Mercer, at Beaver Falls the other night, beat him into a state of insensibility, and robbed him of \$19 in money and a revolver.

A young man named George Grant was run over by a freight train the other day at the east end of Pittsburgh, and his head was severed from his body. He was a plasterer and was on his way to Lorain, O.

In the courts at Washington, William Gibson pleaded guilty to involuntary manslaughter. He struck Anthony Wolf with his fist, killing him instantly, near Monongahela last June. Sentence was deferred.

While the funeral sermon was being said over the body of Mrs. Buchanan aged 67, who died of paralysis at Taylorstown, Washington county, her husband, Alexander, aged 63, ill in the same house, expired.

Phillip Fink, a well known Republican politician of Altoona, 46 years of age, is lying at his home in a dying condition, suffering from lockjaw. Stepping on a rusty nail is the cause.

Michael Hollibough, one of the strikers on street work at Kittanning, assaulted Harry Forsythe, a boss. Tuesday afternoon, beat him severely and showed off his ear. He was arrested and bound over for court.

Word from the Pine Creek lumber region says that thousands of dollars worth of lumber has been destroyed. Cummings and Hollman had \$4,000 worth of bark burned.

A charter was issued by the state department to Perfection manufacturing company of Allegheny; capital \$1,000. The concern will manufacture show cases and shelving.

Two negroes held up Butler Shipper near Ruffalo, Westmoreland county, and relieved him of his watch and \$26. Then they knocked him down and beat him insensible.

Burglars robbed Jacob Small's house at Adamsburg, Westmoreland county of money, checks and notes aggregating in value \$250.

Fifty Italians employed on the sewerage works by Harrison & Sons, at Kittanning, Armstrong county, struck, and all street work ceased.

Peter Henninger, a justice of the peace in Vernon township, Crawford county, was found dead in bed at his home near Meadville. Heart disease killed him.

Joseph Nellis, of Summit, while digging a trench Tuesday was crushed to death by a cave-in. His brother, John, was seriously injured.

Dallas Parsons, of Beaver Falls, has been arrested on a charge of being an accomplice in the robbery and beating of Dr. Mercer.

Cokeworkers of near Connellsville while out scrounging were fired on by an unknown man. James Mickey was severely wounded.

Samuel Livermore, of Mercer, blew out the gas before retiring at a hotel in New Castle. He was dead when his room was burst into.

Samuel Beck's 7-year-old son while playing in a flour mill near Greensburg was caught in the machinery. His injuries will prove fatal.

W. C. Herrington's drugstore at Scottdale, Westmoreland county, was closed by the sheriff.

Smith Bros.' jewelry store at Mt. Pleasant was robbed of watches and jewelry aggregating in value \$300.

The Mattelman Felting Company's plant at Easton, was levied on by the sheriff on judgments amounting to \$49,305.

Beaver Falls citizens are considering how to protect the town from burglars. Forty armed men are now patrolling the place.

William Burns was arrested near Greensburg, charged with embezzlement by O. P. Duncan, a Pittsburger.

J. F. Tarey was killed by an exploding boiler at an oil well near Titusville. He was a laborer employed at the well.

The Co-Operative glass-works, the Howard stove-works and the Carnegie rod mill at Beaver Falls have resumed.

Phelo Runge, of Canonsburg, was found guilty of voluntary manslaughter, and sentenced to be imprisoned five years.