

THINGS SELDOM SEEN.

DOWN IN THE LOWER REGIONS OF THE GREAT CAPITOL.

A special feature of the Capitol is the Public-For Parents Only—How the Senate Gets Fresh Air—Why Washington's Remains Are a Mount Vernon.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 28.—During this holiday season the great white building on the hill—the United States Capitol—is crowded with visitors. Congress is not in session just at this time, but the people do not care for that. The Capitol is itself a never-failing attraction for the multitude. The noble architecture, the works of art, the sacred memories clinging about the building, and parts of it, all conduce to the liveliest popular interest in it. It is a fact that the people get tired of the Capitol. While the men and women in its legislative halls do not seem to care for that, the people do.



MODEL OF THE GODDESS.

Some dull and idle, some of the great structure itself appears to possess new charms with every passing day. To the visitor who has never been down in the lower regions of the Capitol I would suggest a journey thither at the first opportunity. You will be surprised at the things you find there. You will not expect to encounter steam boilers and engines big enough for a great factory, nor will you think of coming upon a burial vault under the very center of the rotunda.

Some of the rooms are filled with the remains of the great men of the past. The remains of George Washington, the first President of the United States, are kept in a vault in the basement of the Capitol. The remains of other great men are also kept in vaults in the basement of the Capitol.

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A CHARACTER STUDY.

SKETCH OF THE LEADER OF THE ANTI-TAMMANY MOVEMENT.

Interesting Career of One of New York's Foremost Citizens—William R. Grace in Business and at Home—His Life and Public Services.

New York, Dec. 28.—It was not until after he was 45 years of age that William R. Grace, the head and front of the present anti-Tammany anti-Hill movement among New York Democrats, entered active political life. He had already made his fortune and felt that he could thereafter afford to devote time, money and energy to the service of the public. When therefore it was proposed to him that he should remove from Brooklyn, then his place of residence, to New York and run for mayor, he accepted the proposition. The fight was one of the most bitter in the annals of this town. Mr. Grace was a Catholic and a Democrat.

The Republicans nominated William Dowd, president of the Bank of North America and a Protestant, and the religion of the two candidates became at once the live and leading issue in the campaign. Protestants and Catholics were arrayed against each other in most hostile fashion, and party lines, while not obliterated or forgotten, were for the time largely ignored. Mr. Grace triumphed on the live issue, securing a majority of 3,000 over his opponent. No subsequent municipal election has been won in New York by so narrow a margin, nor has this city had a Republican mayor since that time.

Mr. Grace is a pronounced Roman Catholic, but he married a Protestant girl. Mrs. Grace was born Gilchrist. Her father was a Maine sea captain, and he brought up his daughter in the strictest Baptist faith. Mr. Grace was not married until past 35—he was born in 1832 and married in 1857 or 1858. He became acquainted with Captain Gilchrist in Lima, South America, and it was not until he saw this Yankee shipmaster's Yankee daughter that he turned his thoughts to matrimony.

Of course the question of religion came up, but as the young lady was as much in love as the young man it was decided that faith should not separate them. Their married life has been a happy one. Each has retained the original church connection, but the children are Catholic.

It was agreed that the question of faith should be decided by the children themselves, and they have all followed their father. Of the five children, Mr. and Mrs. Grace had six or seven living. One daughter is widowed; Joseph, the oldest living son, is in his senior year at Columbia college and will probably one day be a member of the cabinet. Another son, Richard, is a lawyer and is conducting a law office in New York. The other three are still small.

A Chum With His Child. In his home and among his children Mr. Grace is a boy grows gray. To his boys he is like an older brother. With his girls he is a chum to whom they can go with all their troubles and perplexities, no matter how seemingly trivial. He has a careful consideration as to the matter were an important question in politics or business. With them all he has his frolics, and when a home entertainment is to be got up he enters into the arrangements with all the ardor of the most youthful, taking quite as active a part in home masquerades or the athletic or concert affairs of the family.

Yet for this boyish, boy-loving sympathy toward the junior Graces have a most decided respect for the senior. Their father is so well to do in this world's goods (he is said to be five times a millionaire) that they are denied nothing that will conduce to their comfort or their happiness, but they have been well taught the folly of extravagance and that parsimoniousness is as much to be avoided as undue lavishness in expenditures.

Mr. Grace has two homes—one at Great Neck, N. Y., and the other at the corner of Seventy-ninth and Lexington avenue, near Central park, in New York city. He is especially fond of his country place. The residence was built fully a century ago, but has been added to and remodelled so many times since then that it would scarcely be recognized now by its original owner. It is surrounded by large grounds on which a vast amount of time and money and thought have been laid out, the result being a complete triumph of the landscape gardener's art. Attached to a large and well cultivated farm, and to the finest herd of Jersey which he has got together, he is so devoted that they can say properly he is said to be his land, if he has one outside of his business and politics.

Mr. Grace's winter home in New York is a handsome mansion for which he paid \$100,000. His stable cost \$30,000, and there he keeps the choicest of his 30 blooded horses during the cold season. Mr. Grace is himself an accomplished horseman. Although Mr. and Mrs. Grace do not believe in the ultra fashionable set of New York, who are called by the press of McMillister the Four Hundred, they are prominent members of society, and their home is every winter the scene of many "functions" of sorts. Yet they are not at all exclusive in the offensive sense of the term. One need not be rich nor noted to secure the friendship of Mrs. Grace. Much time and attention are devoted by Mrs. Grace to practical charity.

In business Mr. Grace is systematic and, as he expresses it, "without sentiment." The conduct of a commercial enterprise he holds to be absolutely cold blooded in order to insure success. The house of William R. Grace & Co. invariably declined to subscribe to any charitable object, no matter how deserving, for it is not his business to do so. He is a man of "no sentiment, no sentiment, no sentiment." But with William R. Grace the man it is quite another matter. The subscription that may be turned away by the concern may receive the signature of W. R. Grace set opposite figures representing a very substantial sum. A great proportion of the money he gives passes through the charitable organizations of the Roman Catholic church, notably the St. Vincent de Paul society, of which he is an officer.

His Public Services. Mr. Grace's services as a public official have been confined to his incumbency of the mayoralty for two terms. His second term began in 1884, when he ran as the Tammany Democratic candidate against Hugh Grant, Tammany, and Fred Gibbs, Republican, his majority being 12,000. But he has been active in politics ever since his entry into the field in 1884, and he has not forgotten the fact that he headed the "antisapper" movement in the spring of 1892, which resulted in the defeat, for the time at least, of David B. Hill's aggressive and reforming campaign. He has not, however, materially to Mr. Cleveland's success.

For some reason, which Mr. Grace professes not to understand, he is not at present persona grata to the administration. His qualities as a statesman, as a politician, as in business, are of the highest order, and his friends predict that his movement against Tammany will be a potent factor next fall. Mr. Grace, being by birth an Irishman, is naturally greatly interested in the home rule movement, and has in times past contributed liberally to its cause.

In person Mr. Grace is slightly below the medium height. He has the round and sturdy build of a man in excellent health, and retains a fresh and coolness which are turning gray. In his carriage he is erect. His eyes have all the dash and fire of youth, and when he talks his words are well chosen and direct. He is a very slight and slender man, but he is well as devoted friends. He wears a No. 72 hat.

I. D. MARSHALL.

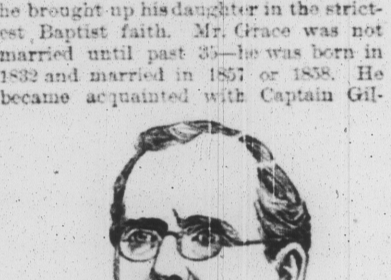
THE DANSE DU VENTRE.

Queen, Ugly and Belongs With the Museum.

New York, Dec. 28.—The danse du ventre was abolished in New York. Whether our sensibilities are finer, our morals better or our minds less pure than those of Chicago, this, the ancient, rhythmic motion of the muscles instead of the limbs, the dance with which Sardanapalus delighted Herod, has been tabooed and forbidden.

It was last August in the little theater at the end of the Cairo street. To an observer who gazed upon it without a preconceived idea, it is impossible to seem marvelous and ugly, but nothing more. A woman, moderately plump, comes forward. Her gowns are modest. A small velvet jacket covers her breasts. From that to follow the waist line is a silk shift edged by a golden pipe, from which are suspended heavy tassels. The skirt reaches almost to the ankles. She commences to sway her body in a dreamy way, while a Turkish in the background strikes a throbbing, whirring monotone from a one stringed instrument. The scene, the music, the dress and posture of the dancer are all unusual, and the mind is thus prepared for a dance quite as un-American as the surroundings. The spectator is not disappointed, instead of using her limbs with the velocity of a pinwheel, as do our own skirt dancers, high kickers, etc. she remains almost motionless except for the flicking of her castanets, her face perfectly expressionless, and moves the muscles of the abdomen in time to the music. It is queer. It is ugly. The development resulting from the constant exercise has not improved her figure. There is a sameness to it, no grace whatever, and after a bit it becomes tiresome.

But you have seen something unusual—something belonging to the turquoise sky of Egypt and Algeria—something quite out of touch with the cable cars, the telephone and the commercial atmosphere of New York. The snake man and the man with the elastic skin belong to the museum. So does the Egyptian dancer. Her exhibition is a curiosity—a commonplace one. New York, however, says it is not fit for polite eyes. So Zuleika, in disgust, has cried "Bah!" and fled to Hoboken. KATE JORDAN.



WILLIAM R. GRACE.

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It is surrounded by large grounds on which a vast amount of time and money and thought have been laid out, the result being a complete triumph of the landscape gardener's art.

A CHAMPION HUNTER.

It Was Better For Ducks Than The Best Retriever.

NOYAC, N. Y., Dec. 28.—A week or two since I happened to be at Noyac, which is on the Little Peconic bay, and dropped in on some old friends, who kindly invited me to the annual duck dinner, a fashionable first class dinner peculiar to their old set of the way place.

"I notice, Sam, that the wild ducks are pretty plentiful already," I said after I had scanned the menu. "Do you think them thick?" replied Sam with a smile. "Why, there aren't enough yet to make it worth while going out. There are just enough for sportsmen who like to knock around for their health all day. But down here we don't notice them until we can gather them in baskets."

"How in the world do you manage that?" "Well," replied Sam, who is the champion hunter on the bay, "I can only be one when the ducks are very thick. I have seen them so thick that they were standing on the shore three deep layers. When they are as thick as that you start as out at eight o'clock, and then the ducks get panic stricken and fly in every zigzag way you can think of. Of course they bank into each other and lots of them fall to the ground dead. Then as they are flying I rig the morning with a basket, and he gathers them like mushrooms."

I saw the champion hunter on his favorite subject, and said nothing to turn his thoughts into a different channel. "But the hunting is not what I would like to be a boy," I remarked the gunner as he stroked his mustache and smiled in childish glee. "For I go back before the war, and when I was a boy I was a duck hunter. I was so thick around here that they could come into the kitchen and set a table in the rocking chair. You never saw such tame rabbits. They would go into the henhouse, and the little chickens would crawl under them to get warm. Why they were so tame that I have often stepped on them in the dark when going out for a pair of water. But I'll never forget poor old J. Henry Caesar."

"Who was he?" I asked. "My trained snapping turtle. I had him trained to catch wild ducks when I didn't feel well enough to go out."

"How in the world did the turtle ever catch the ducks?" I asked, sorry puzzled at so absurd a thing. "Why, very simply," replied Sam, with a smile of pleasure at my puzzled air. "I simply took old J. Henry Caesar down to the bay and shouted 'Duck!' just as you shout 'Bate' to a dog, and J. Henry would get under water and keep still. Pretty soon a wild duck would come along and sit peaceful and quiet on the water, and while it was looking around enjoying itself J. Henry Caesar would rise, without making any fuss or noise, and grab that duck by the leg and haul it under till it was drowned, and then float up to the house just like a retriever." Just then Sam excused himself to tell a book agent that he didn't want anything, and I finished my dinner in peace.

R. K. MUSKATRICK.

GLLEN CAMPBELL BRANCH.

How a Rich Chicagoan Handled a Coat Painting.

CHICAGO, Dec. 28.—Among the pictures that will hang on the walls of the New York house of street railroad magnate Charles T. Yerkes when he removes from the Lakeside to the Atlantic seaboard metropolis will be a fine example of the work of the eminent artist Corot. Mr. Yerkes bought the painting some months ago through a well known New York art dealer, who had sent an agent especially to Europe to procure it, and kept it heavily insured during the time it had been in his possession. Yerkes paid \$20,000 for the treasure, which was but a few inches square, and would doubtless be held in rather low esteem by most people who do not admire Corot's style. After he had examined and expressed his satisfaction with the picture in the New York establishment of the dealer, the latter said to him: "Well, Mr. Yerkes, I am very glad you are pleased with the manner I have executed your commission. Where shall I send the picture and for how much shall I have it insured?"

Mr. Yerkes looked at the dealer in surprise and asked that the question be repeated. When he comprehended, he answered: "Why, you shouldn't send it anywhere. Just wrap it up in a piece of paper, tie a string about it, and I'll take it with me to Chicago. I don't have it framed now, and I don't think it needs to be insured."

The dealer protested a little, but did as he was told, and Mr. Yerkes departed with the precious canvas under his arm. When he got on the train for Chicago that night, he put it into the keeping of the porter along with divers other packages and received it safely from the colored functionary on his arrival here in quite as good order as if it had been sent by express and insured for a large sum, by the payment of a good, round premium.

A man who heard this story today was reminded of a tale that is told of a man, now prominent in the business world, who, when young, was required to convey a large sum of currency between two far western places, then connected only by stage. He was aware that no one but his principals knew that he was to carry the money or had any idea when it was to go. Then he packed it in the bottom of an old carpet bag under a lot of clothing, and when he took the stage he handed the bag to the driver to be put in the box with the baggage of the other passengers.

Throughout the entire journey he gave his precious charge no more attention than the others gave to their baggage, simply seeing to it that it was properly transferred when changes were made. When he walked into the office of the man to whom the money was sent and explained how it had been brought, great surprise was expressed as well as admiration for his nerve, and it being learned that he had no regular employment pains were taken to find an opening for him, through which he has since risen to his present measure of success.

LEONARD MARTIN.

Coal is dearer in South Africa than any other part of the world. It is cheaper in China.

THE LARGEST IN THE WORLD.

Within sight of the station at Allentown, on the London and Northwestern railway, there is to be seen an enormous earthenware jar, the largest in the world.

This capacious article was manufactured at the Potteries, Church Gresley, over 50 years ago. Its holding capacity, when full, is 150 quarts, and it is so large that a man can sit inside it. It now rests over the front door of a glass and earthenware warehouse, where it is kept.

Franklin's Fate Prefigured. The fate of Franklin, the explorer, was unwittingly prefigured, and on the eve of his starting on his last voyage, at the hands of his own devoted wife. As he lay on a sofa Lady Franklin threw something over his feet, on which he awoke in consternation, saying: "Why, there's a flag thrown over me! Don't you know that they lay the union jack over a corpse?" London Tit-Bits.

Neighbor Boy—Maw sent me over to ask if you'd lend her your bottle o' cough medicine. Mrs. Knead—You tell your mother wo keep our cough medicine strictly for home consumption.—Chicago Tribune.

Table with 4 columns: Station, South, North, and another column. Lists various stations and their corresponding times.

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Every Man whose watch has been damaged by the bow has been damaged by the bow. Every Man who wears a watch has been damaged by the bow. Every Man who wears a watch has been damaged by the bow. Every Man who wears a watch has been damaged by the bow.

Non-pull-out will exclaim: "Ought to have been made long ago!" It can't be twisted off the case. Can only be had with Jas. Boss Filled and other cases stamped with this trade mark.

Send for a watch case (free). Keystone Watch Case Co., Philadelphia.