

THE THREE BELMONTS

POLITICS, MONEY AND SOCIETY THEIR AIMS.

Practically Rule Both Ways of Their Party in New York—August Owns a Stable and His Racers Are Deemed Inevitable.

(New York Letter.)



HE LATE AUGUST BELMONT had a theory of his own as to the manner in which his sons might make a success of their lives. It was not a usual theory, but the three brilliant Belmont brothers have lived consistently up to it, and, as a consequence, are the men we see. Mr. Belmont told his sons not to work along the same lines, but to play into each other's hands. They were to divide the world among them, each retain a sphere of his own, and have the world at their feet.

A wonderful work it is in which these three remarkable brothers are accomplishing. Their ambitions are boundless and their future promises to be more brilliant than either their shining past or their spectacular present. Their names are on every tongue. Should the flourishing schemes in which they are now engaged succeed—and there seems to be little doubt of it—they will form a triumvirate more renowned than any yet recorded in this republic.

The brilliant Belmont trio of brethren is composed of August Belmont, Perry Belmont, and Oliver H. P. Belmont. They are the only living sons of the late Mr. and Mrs. August Belmont, and they have only one sister. She is now Mrs. Samuel S. Howland. These three brothers have selected entirely separate spheres for their life work. August is a banker and the magnate of the turf. Perry is a banker, nominally, and the political power of the family. Oliver is a banker and the society leader, whose function it is to sustain the Belmont prestige in the exclusive circles of the most haughty social set in the world. Each brother is a master in his line. August is a fair sized, active man, in the prime of life. Like all the Belmonts, he dresses

stable of August Belmont is deemed absolutely invincible. His sensational purchases last summer have become historical. He paid \$35,000 for Henry of Navarre. He secured Dorian for \$17,000. He bought Hastings for \$17,000 and Keenan for \$18,500. Add to this prestige by purchase the fact that he has been made president of the racing commission, which has absolute power to grant or refuse licenses to race tracks; that he is chairman of the Jockey club; that he leads the Steeplechase association; that he is at the head of the Morris Park association, and the ramifying nature of his influence is apparent. It has been truly observed that it is doubtful if there ever lived in any land one man with so much power over racing men as August Belmont.

He is a most painstaking horseman. He looks after all details himself. When his colts go through their paces he looks on, with his coat off, his watch



AUGUST BELMONT.

in one hand and his camera in the other. It is understood that Mr. Belmont will send his best blood to England in 1896, although he will not state definitely his intentions on this point.

Socially, Mr. Belmont is well supported by a charming wife. Mrs. Belmont is very influential in all society affairs. As her husband has a personality that is a trifle aggressive, she must win the hearts. Mr. Belmont is emphatically a man who must be obeyed. Not long ago he picked up his coat and found some dust on it. He spoke sharply to his valet about the matter. The man threw the coat on the floor and indulged in some unseemly language. August Belmont

him to run. But he declined. Perry Belmont told him to decline. The Belmonts, it is understood, are practically fiscal agents for the city of New York. They have raised its credit as high as that of any city in the world. They made Theodore W. Myers, and put him in the comptroller's office. When Tammany nominated another man, the leaders of the organization went to Perry Belmont and asked him if he meant to ruin a good man by allowing Myers to run independent. They told Mr. Belmont that as a democrat he should stand by the democrats. Mr. Belmont replied that he would stick to those who stuck to him. He stuck to Tammany, and Mr. Myers was withdrawn. Tammany would do anything for Perry Belmont. So would the Cleveland men.

Richard Croker is a keen judge of men, and he once said that he believed Perry Belmont would become president of the United States if he lived. Perry Belmont is ambitious—very ambitious. There can be no doubt that he wants to be governor of the Empire state. But he is a young man. He can afford to wait; he never runs the risk of ruin. The party would joyfully nominate him next year, but he would not take a nomination unless he were sure of election. And when a man becomes governor of New York he is as likely as not half way to the presidency. And Perry Belmont is very ambitious. He usually wears a black frock coat, a high collar, a dark puff tie and a high hat. His hair is thick and curls into two long locks over his forehead. He is a born diplomat, a mighty force in a mighty triumvirate.

REMARKABLE DUCK.

It Can Skate on Ice and Uses Its Wings for Sails.

From the St. Louis Globe-Democrat: There is a remarkable duck in the Philadelphia zoo lake, which will probably prove the only one of its class that has ever been discovered. It is a large, snow-white bird, whose plumage is so luxurious that it would fill a good-sized pillow. Its wings, when spread out, cover an area of 4 feet 7 inches by 3 1/2 feet. The wings are very peculiar, being jointed very close to the body. This enables it to bend them in such a way as to form a tent. In terrible winter storms in its native land it finds this very useful.

Those who watched this wonderful duck noticed that a peculiar growth was forming on its feet. As the weather grew cooler the growth grew more and more pronounced. It appeared to be a thick cartilaginous substance, which gradually extended. It looked like another toe, and it was thought at first that the bird was going to be malformed. But instead of stopping when the growth reached the size of the other toes it kept right on. It grew to be about six inches long, and the end of it took a curious turn. Instead of turning down like a claw, it curled up and round in a picturesque loop. Then it gradually hardened. The duck had skates on. The peculiar formation was just like the "skates" of the Norsemen. More than probably the "skates" were actually patterned after this growth. These skates were invaluable to the duck in his native land, where ice and snow, with heavy crust, cover the face of the earth and the deep. Travel by swimming was largely tied up by this ice. Waddling about was slow and tedious, so kind nature provided a better and quicker way—skating. All the duck had to do was to spread out his immense wings, stand firmly on his skates, and, whiz, he would go spinning over the surface of snow and ice at a high rate of speed. With the approach of warmer weather these "skates" fell off and the feet are similar to those of any other duck.

Married Men and Women Flirt.

Whatever may be the merits of the case, one side or the other, there are two reflections that can be made on this new fashionable scandal. The first is, is it not time to cry halt to the very imprudent, to say the least, actions of our young married men and women? When I said that at Newport and at places of that kind last summer every married woman—and then I made the honorable exceptions—had a cavalier and her husband was paying attention to some other man's wife, I was brought roundly to book for the assertion.

These little flirtations may be platonic in character. There may be no harm at the time, but when people are idle and have nothing to do but to eat, drink and be merry the old proverb of Satan can lead naturally but to one conclusion. I presume as long as this must exist in society, as long as we must close our eyes to the fact that our sins will be visited on the innocent, let us adopt the convenient motto of doing what we will but avoid being found out. This latter theory of discovery is the capital crime in society. There is no doubt of much laxity of morals and of too much indulgence in waters which are strong. It is an old story but it is indeed true.—Man of Leisure in New York Commercial Advertiser.

Wild Pigeons.

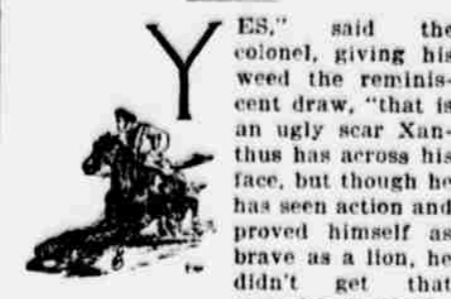
"What became of the millions of wild pigeons?" asks a correspondent. Hunters found their roosting places year ago, and killed them with the pole, and fed them by wagon loads to fatten hogs, before the young could fly. They were destroyed as effectually as the buffalo.

Never Wore a Necktie.

A worthy successor to the erstwhile sockless Socrates, Jesty Simpson, is Judge Martin of Atchison, who, according to the Globe, never wore a necktie in his life but once. The exception was when he was married.

The devil has hold of the boy whose father is a moderate drinker.—Ram's Horn.

THE COLONEL'S STORY.



THE boys who knew the colonel's story-telling abilities, drew their chairs closer and put themselves into a listening attitude.

The old man drew his cigar again and went on: "We were camped at a small town near Lexington that week; it was near the end of the war, and while we had not been doing much fighting for a month or more, our marching had been rather continuous and arduous. Xanthus then was a lieutenant in the 5th infantry, and a braver or more daring fellow never wore the blue. He was the envy of all the young officers and the idol of the soldiers. He had the manners of a Chesterfield and the daring of a Robin Hood. And it was the combination of these two qualities that got him into trouble and brought him the scar that makes him look so fierce and military.

"Near where we were camping was the mansion of a wealthy old Kentucky farmer, a supposed unionist, but who really was in sympathy with the confederacy. In addition to other very desirable commodities he possessed a pretty young daughter and from the first time that Xanthus saw her it was all over with him. He fell desperately in love and availed himself of every opportunity to go up to the big house, as we called it. And it wasn't long until the little Venable girl—Venable was her father's name, David Venable—it wasn't long till she was as much in love with Xanthus as he was with her.

"Those who were on the inside watched the affair constantly and wondered how it would turn out. The little girl had a couple of brothers, who for

"The colonel turned to his writing, and we knew that we had received our orders. Not a man who did not understand, and we turned away with smiles on our faces and a great thrill of sympathy in our hearts for the comrade who was braving danger alone for the sake of the girl that he loved.

"It was but the work of a few minutes to swing into the saddle and go galloping away in the direction of the Venable household where we knew our reconnaissance would be most valuable.

"It was a cold, clear night, one of the kind that puts spirit into a man and makes him feel like bounding over the ground. We were a light-hearted set, happy as could be in our mission, and we laughed, chatted and joked as we galloped along under the bright, starlit skies.

"It's rather hard lines," laughed Stetson, "that an escort of half a dozen men has to be sent out every time a fellow wants to go and see his girl."

"It would be harder," said Bates, in reply, "if the escort had to go all the way with him and listen to all he said to his sweetheart."

"It would be rather hard on the fellow," added Tedbury.

"Not half so hard as on the listeners," retorted Bates.

"You're a fraud, Bates; a cynical, unmaritally inclined fraud, and married at that," said one of the men.

"Married? That's the reason he isn't matrimonially inclined," answered another.

"By George!" exclaimed Stetson, "if you don't change your opinions you don't deserve another letter from your wife and I hope she won't write to you."

"Bates sobered very suddenly. 'Well,' he said, 'this little love-making has to go on, I suppose. I remember when I was making love to my wife.'

"Old Jim Bundy died on Sunday," broke out the chorus of five irreverent voices, entirely drowning Bates' incipient narrative, and we all whipped up our horses to keep pace with the sudden indignant spurt which he took.

"Stetson was just remarking, 'Well, there don't seem to be much use for a reconnoitering party to-night; here's one place where the course of true love

WAKED THE WRONG MAN.

How John Was Robbed to Pay Timothy McCarthy.

Two men named McCarthy died about the same time at Bellevue hospital recently, says the New York Recorder. One had been baptized Timothy and the other John. Timothy was an unfortunate without home or friends, while John was described by his countrymen as a "decent man," with plenty of "decent friends." He lived with his honest wife and family at 546 West Forty-sixth street before he was carried off to the hospital in the hope of saving his life.

There was grief among the respectable well-wishers of John McCarthy when it was learned one morning that he had died at the hospital from the effects of a necessary operation, and the feelings of those good people were expressed loudly enough to leave no doubt as to the general esteem in which John McCarthy was held. Poor Timothy McCarthy, who died almost at the same moment, had nobody to mourn for him. It was on a Sunday afternoon that the friends and neighbors of John McCarthy assembled at his house to do honor to the dead. The corpse was laid out in a fine casket and many willing hands were lent to the preparations for the wake that began at 6 o'clock on this particular Sunday evening. No wake in that neighborhood was ever better attended. The house was thronged all that Sunday night and all the next day and all Monday evening until midnight with worthy people, who discussed nothing save the virtues of John McCarthy, and had only one lamentation in the world, and that was on account of John McCarthy's death. It was strange how people would go to the casket containing the mortal remains of McCarthy again and again. It was strange, also, how surprised they looked each time. If one was caught wearing a look of surprise, rather than one of becoming sorrow, that one was quick to cloak his thoughts, lest the good family should feel troubled. It would be the height of ill manners to say that the body in the casket didn't look a bit like it did when life was in it. At a wake it is better to speak only good of the dead. Along about midnight on Monday, however, two young men left the wake, and when they got outside they agreed that the corpse didn't look any more like John McCarthy than it did like the mikado of Japan. Further, they declared they didn't believe it was John McCarthy at all. Thereupon they repaired to Bellevue and found John McCarthy's body still on the ice. John was a big, husky fellow. The body of Timothy McCarthy had been shipped to John's home by mistake. Timothy was little and weakened. An exchange of bodies promptly followed. Friendless Timothy had been waked thirty-six hours. There was only six hours left in which to wake John, for the funeral was to take place on the following day.

NO WASTE OF WATER.

Simple Process of Extracting Gold from Ore Which Saves Millions.

From the Boston Journal of Commerce: It is not generally known, even in California, that millions of dollars are annually taken from rude heaps of base-looking quartz by the flowing of water over huge piles of broken rocks that contain the precious metal. The process of robbing the earth of its gold has now been reduced to such a fine point that a gentle flow of water over the ore gleams it of its golden treasures, and this works well in cases where the old chloride and other methods are not so useful.

The water used by miners in bringing gold from piles of mineral-bearing quartz is charged with a simple chemical, which has the potency to dissolve gold and hold it in solution. The sparkling liquid, which flows over hundreds of tons of quartz, trickles through the mines and seeks its level, laden with gold, is charged with a deadly poison, cyanide of potassium, a drug which ferrets out the minutest particles of the yellowish metal and dissolves them and brings the precious burden to the vats for conversion into refined gold again. The cyanide process is as noiseless and unerring as the laws of gravitation. The method is based on the fact that even a very weak solution of cyanide of potassium dissolves gold or silver, forming respectively auro-potassium cyanide and argento-potassium cyanide. The solution is separated from the solid material and the gold and silver are precipitated in metallic form. During the last five years the process has been introduced into almost every gold field in California and elsewhere, and more than \$20,000,000 has been recovered by the gentle flow of the waters charged with the magical chemical.

Precipitation is effected by the use of fine pieces of zinc, so arranged that when the rich waters flow over them the fine gold clusters in rich deposits over the zinc, for which it has an affinity. The gold deposits itself in the form of fine dust on the plates of zinc.

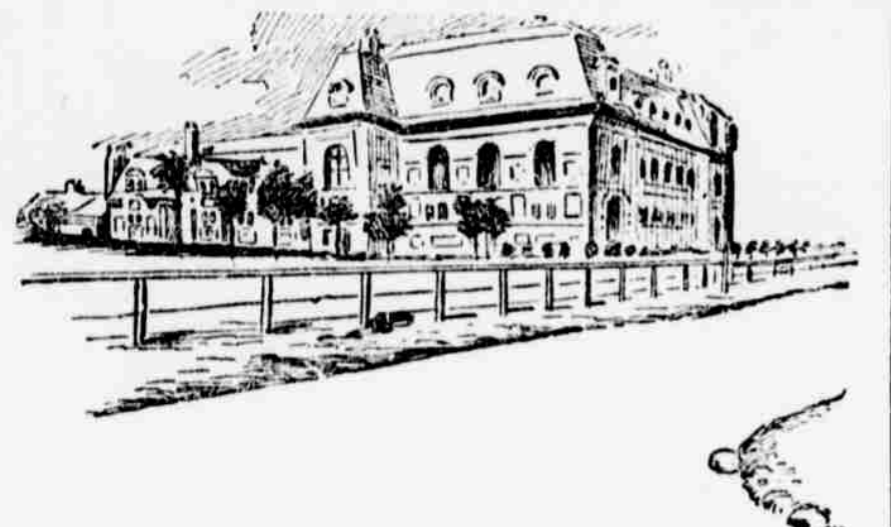
Singular Appetites.

Eccentricities of appetite as to quantity and quality are far more common than many suppose and more extraordinary. Two clergymen of New England—one a gourmand, the other abstemious—were dining together. The abstemious looked with wonder and horror upon his colleague. The lady of the house, delighted to see the latter eat, brought on dish after dish, until at last his wondrous capacity was overtaken and he exclaimed: "Madam, I cannot eat everything." Said the other: "You surprise me."

Not a Mahogany Lady.

Mandy Ann—Say, Rastus, de Way-down furniture store is adwintin' mahogany ladies' rockers for \$15.7. You got to git me one.

Rastus—Git you nuffin'. You ain't no mahogany lady; you's ebony.—Indianapolis Journal.



O. H. P. BELMONT'S STABLES.

in exquisite taste. Like all the Belmonts, he parts his hair in the middle and wears a mustache. It is not necessary to speak of his brilliant record as a financier. That is well known to every one, because he has had the burden of the business to sustain and his success in all kinds of deals has made him one of the powers of Wall street. He is, of course, a gentleman by birth and breeding; but that part of the family program particularly concerns his brother Oliver, who recently took Mrs. Alva Vanderbilt for his wife.

August Belmont to-day reigns supreme upon the American turf. His recent purchases have fairly dazzled the talent. Moreover, it is due to August Belmont that the sport itself has not been literally wiped out of existence. The famous Gray Bill, recently before the governor of New York, is known to every lover of horseflesh. Its defeat would have meant the ruin of a noble sport. It is no secret that Mr. Morton long hesitated to sign it. Betting had long been a scandal. The fair fame of a great state was seriously compromised. August Belmont was entreated by turfmen everywhere to interfere and save the measure. He personally interviewed the governor and gave his

went at his servant with both fists, and the contumacious fellow fled. He repaired to a justice and swore out a warrant for his master's arrest for assault; subsequently, however, he went back to Mr. Belmont and apologized, and nothing more was heard of the matter.

Perry Belmont is the political man in the triumvirate. He is one of the most influential leaders of the democratic party in New York. Perry resembles August greatly, but his hair is thicker, and he looks much younger. He is a remarkably brilliant talker and has most winning manners. He could have been candidate for lieutenant governor with Hill on the ticket of 1894, but he declined the honor. He and Hill are close friends. Perry Belmont gave the senator a dinner some time since, and great significance was attached to it. The democrats want Perry Belmont to run for governor of New York state this year. Whitney would like him to do it. The statement that a deal to this effect has been made within the party lines was denied by Mr. Belmont lately, but he is known to be like Barkis at any rate.

Whenever the democrats hold a big convention in New York, Perry Belmont is asked to address it. He is the Dewey of his party. The last gathering attended by him was the New York state convention. He was its temporary chairman. He made a speech that was thunderously applauded.

Few people outside of New York can understand how powerful Perry Belmont is politically. He is a member of the party's state committee; he is a leader of the finance committee. He has charge of the party machinery in New York county. He passes on the credentials of delegates to all the state conventions. He supervises the disbursement of the campaign funds. But he does one thing which no other democrat in this broad land—not even Mr. Cleveland—has been able to do. He is very powerful among the reform or Cleveland democrats, and he is a power among Tammanyites. Bosses come and bosses go, but Perry Belmont stays all the time.

There is a little bit of unwritten history which Perry Belmont helped to make, which puzzled hundreds of thousands at the time, and which has never been told. It will be remembered that Theodore W. Myers refused to run as an independent in 1893 for the office of comptroller of New York. Why? He could certainly have been elected. He would have secured a republican endorsement. Everybody was begging

the sake of policy treated Dick Xanthus' visits with respectful consideration, but they weren't blind and they hated him in his blue uniform as 'the devil hates holy water.' They were big, brawny fellows, who were only stay-at-homes because their principles would not let them enter the union army, and their own and their father's interests kept them out of the confederate ranks.

"We warned our young lieutenant that his visits to the Venable house would bring him into trouble, but youth—and especially youth that is in love—is headstrong, so he went on his way just as we expected he would.

"Finally, one day, when things had been going on in this way for some time, Dick asked the colonel for leave on the next night. Old Tom Baker was colonel of the regiment then, and he was a good-hearted old codger. He winked knowingly as he gave the young lieutenant leave and warned him not to get into trouble.

"A quarter of an hour after Lieut. Dick Xanthus had cantered away from the camp a half-dozen of us young fellows were summoned into the colonel's presence. We found him pacing back and forth the length of his tent, with a look of mock sternness on his kindly face. He addressed us as follows: 'Gentlemen, the discipline of this camp, it must be confessed, is rather lax. Continued sojourn in peaceful territory and consequent immunity from danger have brought about this result. I have allowed myself to give Lieut. Xanthus leave to go outside the lines to-night, and it is my impression that he has gone to the Venable house to carry off the daughter of that household as a bride. Now, whether his action is right or not, it is not for us to say, but a man in love is liable to encounter great dangers in accomplishing his end. But, said the colonel, with a twinkle in his eye, 'all this is neither here nor there, and is of no consequence to you. My purpose in assembling you together is to send you out as a reconnoitering party; go out and reconnoiter, no matter where or what; don't do anything rash, but should you happen to find any soldier or officer of the United States in danger, give him protection.'

seems to run smooth, when the clatter of horses' hoofs broke upon our ears.

"We quickened our pace to the edge of a clump of poplars that commanded a view of the road. Even before we saw his flying horse and his face gleaming in the moonlight we knew instinctively that it was Dick Xanthus and that he was in trouble.

"We saw that his horse was carrying double and we smiled even as we halted and drew our sabers, for the noise of pursuers sounded close upon the clatter of his horse's hoofs. But thought we, he will soon pass our line and then we will flash out and put his assailants to flight. We wished to take no rash measures.

"On they came, pursuer and pursued. The lieutenant was very near us, and we could see him looking down into the face of the little Venable girl, when, to our surprise, what should he do but whirl suddenly and go charging back straight into the faces of his pursuers.

"It was all done in a moment. We saw his saber flash upward; and we heard a woman scream: 'Don't kill my brother,' and saw the saber lowered; then there was a flash of another steel and Xanthus dropped from his horse, just as we dashed up and surrounded the two Venable boys.

"The girl was on the ground beside her lover, weeping and trying to staunch the flow of blood, while her brothers stood by, mad enough to end it all with her; but we took them all safe into camp. Of course, we couldn't do anything with the fellows—they were only protecting their own. But they had to consent to the marriage of their sister with Xanthus; for, as you know, he did not die of his wound.

"A saber-stroke, did you say? No, that's the unromantic thing about the whole affair. A saber-stroke would have had the right tone about it, but they had cut our lieutenant with a big corn-knife!"

Old in the Service.

W. Hasell Wilson, president of the Belvidere railroad, a part of the Pennsylvania system, is probably the oldest railway president in the world in active service. He is 86 years old.