

LIVE IN MT. VERNON.

COLONIAL HOME OF THE LITTLE McGUIRES.

Was Virginia's Fair Building—Bought and Occupied by a Chicago Police Sergeant—Correct Reproduction of Washington's House.



(Chicago Letter.)  
HERE are two little girls in Chicago whose home surroundings vividly recall the days of Washington and the revolutionary war and to whom the birthday anniversary of the father of his country means something more than a mere passing holiday. These little girls are Lillian and Carlotta McGuire, sisters, aged 9 and 12 years respectively. They wear modern clothes and go to a modern school and play modern games the same as other little girls of the present day, but, despite this, they live in an atmosphere of the revolution, and it is making sturdy little patriots of them. They go to bed every night in "Lafayette's room"; they use the historic "green room" as a reading and study apartment, and frequently they invade their father's private nook, which is known as "Washington's room." Everything about them—the house, built and furnished in colonial style, the pictures on the walls, the quaint manner of naming the apartments and the ever increasing collection of relics—tends to strengthen the illusion, and even the adult visitor who lingers long under the hospitable roof finds his memory "harking back" to the days when Washington and his men "wiped the earth" with the red-coated soldiery of King George. And all this is in Chicago, in the year 1897; within sight of the world's fair grounds; with humming trolley cars rushing past the door and the pulse of industry beating busily away on every side.

One of the most interesting and striking features of the world's fair was a reproduction of Washington's famous home at Mount Vernon which the women of Virginia constructed at an expense of something like \$25,000. It was a solidly built house, accurate in every detail, measurements and plans being made by architects who visited the original at Mount Vernon for this purpose. When the time came to demolish the beautiful white city by the lake there was one woman in Chicago who made up her mind to do what she could toward retaining in permanent form a memento of the wonderful ex-fair that she had seen. This woman was Mrs. W. S. McGuire, wife of Sergeant McGuire of the Central station detective force.

The model of Mount Vernon suited her purpose best, and the Virginia woman, glad to have the structure saved from the hands of the wreckers, sold it to her at the nominal price of \$400, including all the valuable fixtures and reproductions. Mrs. McGuire and her husband own a good home at 5836 Drexel avenue, but they decided to move the Mount Vernon model to a suitable site and use it as a residence. With this object in view an entire block of land was purchased on Stony Island boulevard between Grand Terrace and Seventy-seventh street, and there, on the east side of the boulevard, looking out toward the lake and surrounded with a fine growth of oak trees, stands the former world's fair structure.

To put it in place necessitated a journey of nearly three miles on rollers at an expense of \$1,000, and \$1,200 more was paid for repairs and other incidentals. Everything, even to the interior fittings, stands just as it did in Jackson Park, and Mrs. McGuire holds the



CARLOTTA McGUIRE.

official receipt of Lucy P. Beale of the lady board of managers for Virginia certifying to the historical accuracy of the reproduction and all its fixtures. People passing along Stony Island boulevard are attracted by the quaint appearance of the old fashioned house, with its deep porch and tall, massive columns in front and wooden sides cut into squares to represent blocks of stone. It is painted a neat white, and the green of the lawn and the oak tree grove make a handsome setting for it. No attempt has been made to "improve" the building, and Sergeant McGuire and his wife agree that there will be no effort in this direction.

"We want to keep it as a memento of the world's fair and a patriotic object lesson for those who are unable to visit the original at Mount Vernon, and this purpose will be the best served by retaining it in its present shape as long as possible," says Mr. McGuire. "Besides, I don't believe our girls would let us touch it now if we wanted to. They know every corner of the big building by heart and can tell just where Washington stood when he

talked with Lafayette, where he sat to read and write, where he slept and a whole lot of other interesting things with which I haven't had time to acquaint myself."  
The house is 84 by 47 feet in size. Entrance is had through a main central hallway, from the end of which leads a broad stairway divided into three sections. On the first floor are the east parlor or music room, the banquet hall, the west parlor, the family dining room and Mrs. Washington's sitting room. The library is in the south extension, to which entrance is had through a small hall. The first room on the left opening into the upper hall is "Lafayette's room," and here the McGuire girls sleep. Next to this is one large and one small guest chamber, and then comes the apartment formerly occupied by Eleanor Custis and known as the Custis room. Adjoining this is the "green room," which commands one of the best views from the house. Across the hall is a bedroom of medium size, which was the scene of General Washington's death. From this a small stairway leads to a room above, to which Mrs. Washington retreated when she heard of her husband's end, and made it her quarters until she died. Most of the other rooms are small and in the original structure were undoubtedly intended for the use of servants of visiting guests and domestics employed in the house.

Mr. McGuire and his wife have secured a number of valuable relics and are continually making efforts to enlarge their collection, especially in the line of colonial furniture, with the object of making the interior of the house correspond as much as possible with the exterior. It is amid surroundings of this kind that the two little girls of 9 and 12 are being brought up, and



MOUNT VERNON IN CHICAGO.

their very play smacks of the Mount Vernon of 1780.

THE BEDOUIN AT HOME.

Arabs of the Desert and Their Hospitality.

An English artist, R. Talbot Kelly, writes for the Century a paper entitled "In the Desert with the Bedouin." In describing his visit to an Arab chief Mr. Kelly says: On reaching the camp my reception was most gratifying—a perfect blending of respectful solicitude and hospitable welcome. After kissing my hand, the sheik assisted me to dismount, bidding me welcome and saying that my visit brought a blessing on his house. Conducting me to my tent, he added: "This house is yours and all its contents; do what you will with it and with us your servants"—a truly biblical greeting and one which immediately suggested the days of Abraham, an illusion heightened when water was brought and hands, face and feet were washed before I was left to rest on the cushions in the tent and the sheik retired to prepare the evening meal. Under the Mohammedan code three days' hospitality is a right wayfarer may demand, though in the case of accepted friends the royal bounty of the host heaps favor after favor upon the guest, without stint or limitation. Probably the first distinct impression I received from the Bedouins was the close resemblance of their life to that of the old testament times. Their loose, flowing robes added to their naturally tall and imposing appearance, and their strong, majestic faces, slightly Jewish in type, together with their gracious old-world courtesies, irresistibly suggested the patriarchs of old. Their lives, thoughts, sayings and occupations remained unchanged through all these centuries, and the incidents and conversations of my daily intercourse with them were always Abraham in character. Though nomads the Arabs are rovers from necessity rather than from choice and where fodder and water are found in sufficient abundance they form permanent camps, surrounding their tents with a compound of durra stalks and frequently building stone or mud lodges for their guests. When on the march they are content with very small tents, easily packed and carried, but in their permanent camps their homes are of regal proportions. The one I occupied covered some 2,000 square feet and was about eleven feet high in the center, sloping to five feet or so at the sides. The tent cloth was, as usual, made of goat hair and parti colored in broad stripes of black, green, maroon, blue and white, while from the seams depended tassels from which other cloths were hung to divide the tents into separate apartments when occupied by a family. The furniture is simple. Rugs are spread over the sand and reclining cushions scattered about them. In the corner is a zeer, or large water pot, and by it a cubby, or drinking cup, of brass or copper. Round the side of the tent is a row of painted boxes, in which are packed the household goods and chattels when moving, while a few quaintly wrought lamps and, half buried in the sand, a large earthen bowl used as a fireplace, complete the list. Very domestic in their habits, everything about them has personal associations. The tent cloths are spun, dyed and woven by their women and children, as also are their saddle cloths and trappings; and these are so highly prized by them that money cannot buy the simplest product of their wives' industry, though they may give them freely in token of friendship. Generally married to one wife, the Bedouin regards her and her children with a devotion not general among orientals,

VACANT "HAUNTED" HOUSES.

A Rumor Has Often Ruined Valuable Property.

Probably the majority of people have been momentarily struck from time to time by the sight of dwelling-houses of a sad, deserted appearance, curiously suggestive of rats and romance, which occur at intervals in the streets of London and most other big human hives, says Household Words. There they stand, year after year; no one occupies them, no one seems to make inquiries about them, or to regard them as habitable; generally they crumble through sheer damp and disuse, or are eventually razed by the legalized "house-breaker." Of course, many houses answering to this description stand empty for years pending decisions in the court of chancery or because the sanitary authorities have seen fit to condemn them; but it is a fact that hundreds of such houses remain vacant simply because of some queer local aversion or superstition, which has gradually surrounded them with a fatal atmosphere of ill-luck. Call a house "haunted" and with many people the ghost is taken for granted. Occasionally the reasons why certain dwelling-houses should have been marked out and shunned in this way are humorous to a degree not to say ridiculous. The writer knows of one substantial pile, standing in a northwest suburb, which has been practically doomed to perpetual emptiness solely through a local report that a dastardly crime had been done in one of the rooms. Not an atom of base for this rumor was to be had, but in a short space of time the belief obtained such credence that it was no uncommon thing for one or more morbid sightseers to be found staring up at the blank windows and speculating as to the nature of the deed. Finally the street urchins took every opportunity to riddle it with stones, while every possible tenant was solemnly warned against occupying the premises. The despairing owner reduced the rent from time to time, but a bad construction was placed upon this action, and the building is now an uninhabitable shell. Another house, in the very next street, had stood tenanted for a long time for a somewhat similar reason. It appeared that the last occupants had mysteriously disappeared, owing money in all directions. This was no unprecedented occurrence in itself, but it so happened that a local busybody discovered in one of the upper rooms a red stain, which was duplicated in the passage below, and immediately there were whisperings as to foul play. An investigation disproved this theory, but the rumor had gone forth, and that house was doomed. The fact that the stains in question were found to be nothing more than blotches of red paint made no difference. They were red, instantly the local mind settled that they must be life-blood. Even those people who pride themselves upon being above the influence of such idle gossip very naturally do not relish occupying a house that is pointed at and "talked about," while they can obtain one with no such notoriety attached. As a landlord bitterly remarked to the writer recently: "Let a house be singled out for local suspicion and whispers, it is almost certain to be doomed to future emptiness. No one cares to put the matter to the test."

The process of robbing the earth of its gold has now been reduced to such a fine point," said Prof. Price, "that the gentle flowing of water over the ore cleans it of its golden treasures, and this works well in cases where the old chloride and other methods are not so useful."  
But the water of which Prof. Price spoke is not so pure as it looks, though the eye could never distinguish it from that which is dipped from the old oaken bucket from a well in the deep tangled wildwood. 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. In truth, the spark-

EMPTY PARIS HOTELS.

Experiencing Hard Times Because the South Bound Travelers Now Go Through Without Stopping.

The great hotels of Paris, especially those that receive the bulk of their trade from foreigners, are emptier just now than at any time since the war. The modern express trains to the south of Italy, Monaco and the Riviera, carrying through sleeping cars, have for years made the journey so pleasantly and so quickly that few travelers from England have found it necessary to stop over at the French capital. But since Berlin and Vienna entered into direct express communications with these parts, booking travelers from St. Petersburg and Warsaw as well, the French capital gets beautifully left all around. Scandinavian, Russian, Austrian and German sojourners are today as rare in Paris as Englishmen. Only Belgians and the Dutch remain true to their old love, but these good people cannot fill the big caravansaries in the Champs Elysee and neighborhood. Not hotel keepers only, but all the great cafes and restaurants, the modistes, art dealers and store keepers generally suffer in consequence of this absence of visitors. It has been figured out that at least twenty-five great restaurants have closed their doors since 1873.

Photographing the Sea Bottom.

M. Bontau, the discoverer of a method of photographing the sea bottom, has succeeded in taking several photographs of the vegetation that grows on the rocks by means of a watertight camera and flash-light. Dressed as a diver, he takes with him to the bottom of the sea a barrel containing oxygen. A puff of gas from the barrel carries magnesium powder into the flame of a spirit lamp, standing under a bell jar on the upper end of the barrel. Another puff actuates the pneumatic shutter of the camera at the same time. He has found this method very useful in exploring coral reefs.

A Noisy Sun.  
An old Scottish woman had gone on a visit to her soldier son at a garrison town where an evening gun was fired. When the gun boomed forth the hour she was very much startled. "Whata noise is that?" she asked, in alarm. "Oh, that's sunset," answered the son. "Losh keep us!" she exclaimed. "I didna ken the sun gaed down wi' a dud like that."—Tit-Bits.

WATER EATS GOLD.

A NEW PROCESS FOR TREATING VALUABLE ORES.

The Method Finds Favor in Africa—Water Holding a Weak Solution of Potassium Cyanide Acts Miraculously on Refractory Metals.



It is not generally known, even in California, that millions of dollars in glittering gold are annually taken from rude heaps of base-looking quartz by the gentle flowing of crystal water over huge piles of broken rocks that contain the precious metal, but such is the fact, insists the San Francisco Chronicle.

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But the water of which Prof. Price spoke is not so pure as it looks, though the eye could never distinguish it from that which is dipped from the old oaken bucket from a well in the deep tangled wildwood. 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. In truth, the spark-

ling 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 parts of the yellow metal, 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, doing its work as quietly as "the majestic dance of the hours," unhindered by darkness or weather, by disasters of field or flood.  
The state mining bureau of California was one of the first in the United States to investigate the merits of the cyanide process, and since the earliest investigation the method has found extensive application. It is so interesting that its results are nothing less than marvelous. This method of extracting both gold and silver from ores is based on the fact that even a very weak solution of cyanide of potassium dissolves gold and silver, forming respectively "auro-potassic cyanide" and "argento-potassic cyanide," in the language of chemists.  
This interesting process consists of treating the ores with a weak solution of potassium cyanide, usually by allowing the solution to percolate through the ore, or by agitating a mixture of the ore and solution. When this part of the operation is complete, the solution is separated from the solid material and the gold and silver are precipitated in a metallic form. The process is modern in its application, though it has long been known that cyanide of potassium would "eat gold." During the last five years, however, the process has been introduced into almost every gold field in California and else-

THE PROJECTED AERIAL TROLLEY OVER YELLOWSTONE FALLS.

What is considered by many travelers as the grandest single piece of scenery in the world—the grand canyon of the Yellowstone, at the lower falls—is threatened with invasion by projectors of money-making schemes. Numerous attempts have been made from time to time to secure privileges for trolley lines and other defacing enterprises in the national park, but the authorities of Washington refused all offers of big returns.  
A trolley line through the grand canyon section of the great government reservation would pay tremendous profits, and any number of Jake Sharps have been hanging about the interior department for the past few years with arguments in favor of granting franchises. But it is only within the past few weeks that the invaders of the park have met with any encouragement from the government officials.

Their promoters have unlimited capital at their command, and one of the great street car syndicates has been mentioned as interested in the granting of the Yellowstone franchise.  
One company seeking a franchise at Washington proposes to operate an incline railway similar to the great incline of Mount Lowe, in California, on one side of the grand canyon, near the lower falls. The steam elevator might be working on one side of the chasm, while from cliff to cliff, across the awful gorge, the more venturesome tourists looking for new and thrilling sensations would be carried by an aerial railway it is proposed to build, after the plan of the great Villa Riforma span of the Bedar-Garrucha aerial ropeway in the province of Almeria, southern Spain. The promoters of these schemes believe that the thousands of tourists who annually visit the grand



Senator Vest, who has long been known as one of the strongest opponents in congress of any invasion of Yellowstone park, has asked the senate to request the secretary of the interior for information as to the proposed erection of a steam elevator on the brink of the grand canyon, immediately below the lower falls. Mr. Vest has information to the effect that the interior department is about to sanction the elevator scheme, and that other privileges for money-making projects are to be granted at once to companies having the backing of prominent men.  
Congress will probably be asked by Mr. Vest and other senators to check these invasions of the park so that this wonder of nature may be retained in all its original beauty, but the elevator and other schemes for carrying tourists up and down and across the grand canyon may yet be carried

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where, and more than \$20,000,000 have been recovered by the gentle flowing of waters charged with the magical chemical over heaps of ore. Aside from the thoroughness of the percolating water method, its economy is a marked feature in mining. It is in great favor with the gold mining companies of New Zealand and at Johannesburg, Africa, as well as in California.  
One of the most advantageous features of the cyanide method is that it can be applied to many gold and silver ores generally called "rebellious" or "refractory." The rebellious ore is placed in a vat for percolation, and the solution is run, preferably from the bottom by a pipe, rising slowly through the ore. The solution containing gold is carried through precipitating appliances into the final reservoir, where, robbed of its wealth of metal, it may be repumped into ore vats and again used for searching out the coveted metal.  
One of the curious things about the solution is that a total percentage not stronger than an eighth of 1 per cent will carry away the gold almost as well as fluid of greater strength.

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 which thus deserts the waters of cyanide deposits itself in the form of fine dust on the plates of zinc. The percentage of gold extracted by this process is very large. A parcel of fine sulphurets from the Utah mines yielded an average of 93.18 per cent of the gold value under the cyanide treatment and similar results have been experienced elsewhere in the state. The cyanide plants are being extended, and the noiseless process is everywhere becoming popular.

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STORY OF TWO DOGS.

Damon Is Dead and Stuffed but Pythias Still Lives.

A stuffed dog in a glass case—a common, ordinary street cur—adorns the private apartments of the proprietor of one of Philadelphia's largest hotels, says the Philadelphia Record. There is a rather curious story connected with the defunct animal, which the hotel man tells as follows: One day the dog came nosing about the lobby and although ejected several times always returned, evidently in search of the kitchen. Finally, in order to get rid of the cur, it was given a large piece of raw meat. Instead of eating the meat there the canine took the offering in its mouth and went out into the street. Out of sheer curiosity the hotel man followed the animal and saw it take the beef to another dog, which was crouching behind the step. The latter stood up on receiving the meat and as it did so held one foot off the ground. It was discovered that the second dog was lame. While the crippled dog was eating its meat the other stood guard to see that there was no interference. So it came to pass that the proprietor took both dogs into the hotel and christened them Damon and Pythias. Damon is the one in the case and Pythias still runs about, although old age is creeping on apace.

Equality.

Our greatest peril is the concentration of wealth, and our greatest need an equitable distribution of wealth. Political economists say that the benefits of the present civilization are not impartially distributed, and it is not strange that workmen should agree to be restless.—Rev. A. J. White.

Suicide.

The present life is only a stepping stone to a higher and a nobler one. No matter how lowly you may be and what your troubles are, you should remember that there is nothing heroic in suicide, which is either an ignominious act of cowardice or one of madness.—Rev. Joseph Silverman.

The Young Hopeful.

"I used to put powder on my hair," remarked the gentleman with the bald head.  
"Is that what made it go off?" inquired the young hopeful.—Yonkers Statesman.

Naturally, of Course.

"Why do you call that dog Purse?"  
"Because he's always fleaing."—Philadelphia North American.

MODERN NURSES.

It is hoped that the profession of nursing will now at least find its level, the best type of modern nurse making no claim to a higher vocation than the teacher, but wishing to be given her proper position as a skilled assistant in serious illness.  
Now, on the contrary, it is frequently hinted that the nursing young woman is a compound of vanity, frivolity and incompetence—such as a dame who "cheerfully announced that, as her father was blind and her mother paralyzed, it was very dull at home, and so she was going to be a hospital nurse."

The daily or visiting nurse is a recent development of modern nursing and meets the needs of many people who find it inconvenient to have a nurse stopping in the house and requiring more or less attention from servants perhaps already overtaxed. The visiting nurse comes in for an hour or so every day to perform those services for which her skill is needed.  
A change of tone has been remarked lately in current allusions to nurses and the nursing profession. For some years after Mrs. Gamp ceased to be the popular type her successor was alluded to as if she were a perfect being made up of cleverness and unselfishness, a sort of "human angel with a cast-iron back," into whose hands it was a recognized duty to surrender our nearest and dearest in times of sickness.

The tourist who visits the lower falls of the canyon at present is set down upon a platform at the edge of the cataract—a point reached by a railway. In the tourist season this point of vantage is always crowded with fascinated sightseers who watch the advancing volume of water, green and clear, flow rapidly but solidly to the brink and then plunge downward in a mighty mass of spray and foam, white as the driven snow. The depth of the grand canyon is about 1,200 feet.—From the Post Dispatch.