

HOMES OF SECRETARIES.

WHERE PRESIDENT HARRISON'S CABINET MINISTERS LIVE.

Secretary Windom's House is the Handicraft, Secretary Proctor's the Largest, Secretary Miller's the Smallest, Mr. Blaine's the Oldest.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 7.—All of the cabinet families are now settled in their homes for the winter. It may be worth our while to take a look at the houses which are soon to become centers of social activity in the national capital.



HOME OF SECRETARY BLAINE.

All but two of the eight cabinet ministers rent their houses here, the exceptions being Postmaster General Wanamaker and Secretary Tracy. The postmaster general bought the house of ex-Secretary Whitney, which was the social headquarters of the Cleveland administration, and it was Whitney's advice which induced Secretary Tracy to invest in Washington real estate. Whitney made considerable money here, and, as he and Tracy are good friends, he urged his successor in office to follow in his footsteps in the matter of home buying as well.

It is not likely Mr. Tracy will have reason to regret his investment, as I hear he has already been offered \$7,000 more for his street house than he paid for it a few months ago. Some houses in Washington appear fated to run in the cabinet groove. The Wanamaker home, on I street, was occupied by Secretary Whitney, and before him by Secretary Frelinghuysen, of whom Mr. Whitney purchased. At least one cabinet minister, and some old citizens say two, lived in the house before Frelinghuysen. First the home of a modest navy officer, the structure has gone through a process of evolution, one cabinet resident adding a wing, another a story, and a third a ball room addition, till it is now one of the most commodious houses in town. Mr. Wanamaker paid \$80,000 for the house, and will make money on it and have his rent free if he sells it at the end of his term of office.



HOME OF SECRETARY WINDOM.

Secretary Tracy's house, which cost him about \$50,000, and on which he has just expended several thousands more in repairs and additions, was also the home of a former cabinet officer. Mr. Dickinson of Michigan occupied it while postmaster general under Cleveland. The house faces Farragut square, and is in the most aristocratic quarter of five or six years ago, modern fashion having moved a little farther out. Secretary Tracy has added a story and otherwise enlarged the building, making it one of the most commodious residences in the West End.

Secretary Rusk, the good natured and popular head of the agricultural department, lived in a house which has already entertained a cabinet minister. Robert T. Lincoln, now minister to England, lived there while in the war department. It is a very cheerful home, surrounded by a pretty bit of ground—an attraction possessed by but few homes in Washington. Though this is the city of magnificent distances, and though there is room enough in the present city and adjacent suburbs for a population of a million souls, the fact here is to cut the ground up into lots just large enough for the houses which they are to contain. Gardens are rare in Washington, and Secretary Rusk was lucky in getting a house surrounded by one, small though it is. Of course, it would never do for the secretary of agriculture to live with-



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ness of \$17,000 a few years ago in one of Russell Harrison's unsuccessful ventures in Montana has made it necessary for him to count the cost of things. A cabinet officer cannot live on his salary, but Mr. and Mrs. Miller are seriously making an effort to come as near to it as they can. Mr. Miller's house costs him \$1,300 a year.

The largest house in the cabinet circle is occupied by Secretary Proctor, not far from Miller's. It contains about thirty rooms, and the secretary of war pays something like \$4,500 a year for it. By long odds the handsomest of the cabinet homes, both inside and out, is that of Secretary Windom. It is a beautiful stone front house on Massachusetts avenue, along which aristocratic thoroughfares no fewer than four of the president's secretaries have their domiciles. The Windom house is owned by Capt. George Lewson, proprietor of the largest pension agency business in Washington. The building of artistic houses is a fad of his, and he has already erected a couple of dozen of the prettiest houses in the capital. From his tenant, the secretary of the treasury, he gets a check the 15th of each month for \$416.66.

OF PIPES AND PUFFERS.

GOSSIP BY THE LATE DR. MOTT CONCERNING SMOKERS AND SMOKING.

Dangers of the Weed, and Some of the Public People Who Tempt Them—Presidents, Statesmen, Authors and Editors at the Shrine—Some Good Advice.

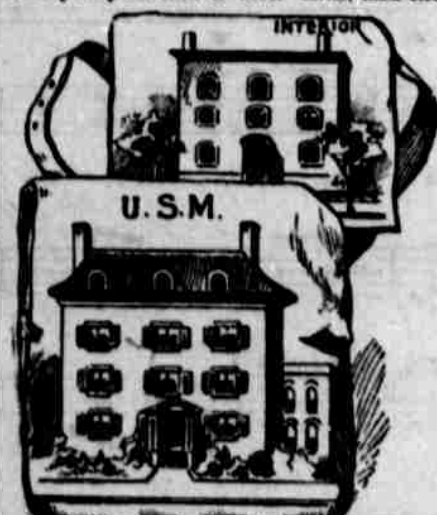
NEW YORK, Nov. 7.—"It is a curious thing," said the late Dr. Alexander Mott a short time before his fatal illness carried one of the best all round New Yorkers to the other shore, "that we doctors rarely agree on the subject of tobacco. Because nicotine is the active principle of the weed, is poisonous in its isolated form, the inference has been broadly drawn that the man who smokes or chews must be injuriously affected. The experience of mankind, however, does not confirm the conclusion. Ask any consumer to state distinctly what kind of pleasure or kind of injury the daily use of tobacco produces, or why he continues the indulgence, and not one in a hundred can give you a satisfactory answer. Who ever heard a man say he enjoyed smoking when he couldn't see the smoke, or attributed his 'shake' in the morning to the smoke of the night before?"



HOME OF ATTORNEY GENERAL MILLER AND SECRETARY PROCTOR.

occupied by cabinet ministers and other leaders in politics and society. Mr. Blaine pays \$2,500 a year for the premises, which contain servants' quarters connecting stable with house in the old style. He has spent \$5,000 in repairs, and probably would have no difficulty in sub-letting at a good profit. The house is very desirable, for the reason that it is situated within a stone's throw of the White House, and, of course, in the very heart of the city. When he left Washington, after the death of Garfield, Mr. Blaine did not expect to return, and he leased his own house. Another famous house is that occupied by Secretary Noble and family. In it Edwin M. Stanton lived, and after him, in order, Dr. Hammond, surgeon general of the army; Charles Astor Bristead, an unfortunate scion of the rich Astor family, and Ben Halliday, of overland express fame. It is a plain old house, which faces Franklin square, and has plenty of air and sunshine. For thirty years it has been one of the best known dwellings in the capital, and during Halliday's occupancy it was the scene of many social triumphs. Halliday's house is said to have been more richly furnished than any house of its time in the city.

Attorney General Miller has the smallest house in the cabinet circle, though a very good sized one it is. Mr. Miller is not by any means a rich man, and the



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largest house in the cabinet circle is occupied by Secretary Proctor, not far from Miller's. It contains about thirty rooms, and the secretary of war pays something like \$4,500 a year for it. By long odds the handsomest of the cabinet homes, both inside and out, is that of Secretary Windom. It is a beautiful stone front house on Massachusetts avenue, along which aristocratic thoroughfares no fewer than four of the president's secretaries have their domiciles. The Windom house is owned by Capt. George Lewson, proprietor of the largest pension agency business in Washington. The building of artistic houses is a fad of his, and he has already erected a couple of dozen of the prettiest houses in the capital. From his tenant, the secretary of the treasury, he gets a check the 15th of each month for \$416.66.

WALTER WELLSMAN.

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Dangers of the Weed, and Some of the Public People Who Tempt Them—Presidents, Statesmen, Authors and Editors at the Shrine—Some Good Advice.

NEW YORK, Nov. 7.—"It is a curious thing," said the late Dr. Alexander Mott a short time before his fatal illness carried one of the best all round New Yorkers to the other shore, "that we doctors rarely agree on the subject of tobacco. Because nicotine is the active principle of the weed, is poisonous in its isolated form, the inference has been broadly drawn that the man who smokes or chews must be injuriously affected. The experience of mankind, however, does not confirm the conclusion. Ask any consumer to state distinctly what kind of pleasure or kind of injury the daily use of tobacco produces, or why he continues the indulgence, and not one in a hundred can give you a satisfactory answer. Who ever heard a man say he enjoyed smoking when he couldn't see the smoke, or attributed his 'shake' in the morning to the smoke of the night before?"

"Another point worth noting," continued the doctor, "is that geographical latitude and constitution have much to do with the popular habit. In New England, for instance, there is a large and conscientious body of men and women who would suppress the use of tobacco if they could by legislative enactment, while from the cosmopolitan city of New York southward, one is brought in contact with the habit in its most offensive forms. Chief among these is the cigarette. It is but a short time ago that a physician was suddenly summoned to attend one of the brightest young men in the metropolis. While saying good-bye to his hosts one evening he dropped like a log, and then followed a succession of spasms, jerks and uncontrollable muscular motions that lasted for nearly three weeks. The doctor had all he could do to save the young man's life, and it will be months before he recovers anything like his former health. Inquiry developed the fact that on the day of the attack he had smoked forty of the poisonous pests. Now, if the nicotine stains so often seen on the fingers of a cigarette smoker can so easily discolor the outside, what must be the effect on the more delicate membranes of the throat, lungs and blood vessels. The truth is, more insidious harm is done to the system by the indiscriminate and habitual smoking of cigarettes than by the use of bad liquor."

"This brings out another thought. There is danger in being miscellaneously polite. Among the patients of a friend of mine is a gentleman who is threatened with the loss of his arm from poison which he is supposed to have absorbed by handling a cigar after it had been returned to him by a stranger who had borrowed it for a light. The latter was probably engaged in some business in which poisonous substances are used, and neglecting to wash his fingers, had unconsciously left a trace of the poison that produced the disaster. If smokers could see the filth that surrounds nine-tenths of the men and women who manipulate the weed, their careless and unclean habits, and observe the nasty fingers and sometimes lips that put on the finishing touches of a so-called Regalia, there would be a larger demand for cigar holders, and instead of biting before lighting, they would use a knife to clip the folded end."

"There are, doubtless, cases," continued the doctor, "in which cancerous affections of the lips and malignant diseases of the stomach are traceable to the abuse of tobacco, but I have found few among the records, compared with the extraordinary number of people in public and private life who use the weed, that illustrate the idea of permanent injury to persons in general good health, any more than would result from the introduction into the system of other deleterious substances. Fancy your German philosopher working out his problems without his pipe!"

Take some of the best known of our own people, especially those engaged in intellectual work; the majority are great smokers. James Gordon Bennett is addicted to cigars and cigarettes, and I happen to know, can use up a pile of them during a night. Charles A. Dana is an admirer of the brier root. Pulitzer, Joe Howard, Willie Winter and Stillson Hutchins are exceptionally abstemious, for most newspaper men smoke pipes. The night editors find in them their chief solace. Senator Sherman smokes the best Havana, but his brother Tecumseh enjoys a dry smoke. Judge William D. Kelley, the pig iron protectionist of Pennsylvania, indulged in the habit for two generations. Gen. Grant, as we all know, smoked incessantly, and is pointed out as an example of the evil; yet he says in his memoirs that he tried for years after leaving West Point to acquire the habit before he was successful.

Chauncey Depew formerly could get away with twenty or thirty cigars a day; now, his after dinner cigar is a luxury. Grover Cleveland enjoys smoking while at work, and if you happen to meet him on his travels, ten chances to one but it will be in a smoking car or on the smokers' side of a ferryboat. Bob Ingersoll is a famous patron of good cigars, but many of the reverend gentlemen who occasionally handle him without gloves could smoke him out of house and home. "Randolph, of Roanoke," when he went abroad, carried a barrelful of Powhatan clay pipes and cornocob pipes with cane stems. Henry A. Wise was an inveterate chewer of tobacco, and in his own home a devotee of the pipe. Alexander H. Stephens, of Georgia, would go to bed smoking, and his long stemmed pipe was his first companion in the morning. Andrew Jackson was famous for his cornocob pipes, and Chief Justice Marshall for his snuff box and excellent Macaboy; while the records tell us that the two Adamses, father and son, Clay

and Webster, Calhoun, Benton, and in fact nearly all the early great lights of the republic, were addicted to the use of tobacco in one form or another. Statistics show that the majority of our present legislators, state and national, have the tobacco appetite, and that its increase during each succeeding generation is something for the consideration of the philosopher and philanthropist.

Actors, as a rule, are great smokers of cigars, although Edwin Booth prefers a pipe. The late John McCullough possibly added to his accumulation of brain trouble by the excessive use of tobacco. Billy Florence, on his return from a European trip, is always sure to have a lot of handsomely carved pipes as souvenirs for his friends. The late E. A. Sothern (Lord Dundreary) smoked like a chimney, but John T. Raymond was exceptionally virtuous in this respect. The ladies of the dramatic profession principally affect cigarettes, but on the sly, many of them do not disdain a fragrant cigar. The habit is becoming prevalent among the fast young girls in the female colleges, and even fashionable Vassar might many a tale unfold if its solemn walls could reveal the secrets of the frolicsome inmates.

We all know how Isaac Newton lost his sweetheart, because in a fit of abstraction he used her finger to stop his pipe; and whoever has read "The Cricket on the Hearth" will easily recognize a smoker in Charles Dickens, when, speaking of Dot, he says: "She was out and out the very best filler of a pipe, I should say, in the four quarters of the globe. To see her put that chubby little finger in the bowl, and then blow down the pipe to clear the tube, and when she had done so, affect to think that there really was something in the tube, and blow a dozen times and hold it to her eye like a telescope, with a most provoking twist in her capital little face, as she looked down at it, was quite a brilliant thing. As to the tobacco, she was perfect mistress of the subject; and the lighting of the pipe with a wisp of paper, when the Carrier had it in his mouth—going so very near his nose, and yet not scorching it—was Art, high Art."

The habits of famous authors in respect to the use of tobacco are interesting. Milton never went to bed without his pipe and a glass of water. Shakespeare did not smoke, nor did Goethe, Shelley, Wordsworth, Keats, Addison had a pipe in his mouth at all hours. After his daily dinner, Hobbes smoked until after nightfall. Carlyle was a steady smoker for years. Tennyson has "pulled" at his pipe for nearly half a century. Sir Walter Scott smoked in his carriage and regularly after dinner and loved a short clay pipe. Byron wrote about "sublime tobacco," but indulged in its use only moderately. Douglas Jerrold, Thackeray, Bayard Taylor, Lord Lytton, Lord Houghton and Campbell worked while puffing cigars or pipes. Neither Washington Irving nor Bryant used the weed in any way. Coleridge, when cured of his opium habit, took to snuff, and Prescott, the historian, when limited by his physician to one cigar a day, drove all over Paris to buy the biggest one he could find.

Pursuing the subject further from a professional point of view, the writer asked Professor Mott what in his judgment were the best means of avoiding injury from the excessive use of the weed?

"I should urge the smoker," he replied, "to observe two conditions. First, the quality of the tobacco, and second, if pipes are used, the quality of the pipe and its stem. Nicotine takes its name from Jean Nicot, who introduced tobacco into France in 1560, and in its poisonous power is scarcely inferior to prussic acid. Some tobaccos contain about 2 per cent. of it, and some nearly 7. It is rare, however, that a hundred pounds of the dry leaf yields more than seven pounds of nicotine. In smoking a hundred grains of tobacco, therefore, say a quarter of an ounce, it is possible to draw into the mouth two grains or more of the most subtle of poisons, but the proportion will vary with the variety, the rapidity of smoking, the length of the pipe, the material of which it is made, and other circumstances."

"In most oriental countries where smoking is a constant habit, the natives use long stemmed pipes in which the leaf burns slowly, added to which is a bowl containing perfumed water, or other liquid, through which the smoke passes, leaving behind a part of its poisonous vapor. The reservoirs of some of the German pipes are death traps, because they retain the grosser portions of the tobacco, while the cigar discharges directly into the mouth all that results from the combustion of the weed. You will understand, therefore, that a good pipe should be porous, like the Powhatan clay or cornocob, with a ample bowl that permits frequent cleaning, and with a long stem of absorbent quality that will take up the gummy-like refuse of the burned tobacco and the worst of the poisonous elements of the nicotine. Besides, a short pipe which discharges its fumes directly into the eyes and nostrils is injurious to the sight."

"As to the qualities of tobacco, these depend on the honesty of the manufacturer. Turkish is of course reckoned the best. The pure American, when undiluted with sumac leaves, straw, ten, mullen and scores of other substances that are employed to increase bulk or add to the flavor, will rank next; but such a mass of filthy stuff is now being foisted on the community and sold by the aid of chromos and other arts of the advertiser that it is well nigh impossible to detect the false from the true. I do not pretend to be a connoisseur in these matters, however," concluded the doctor, "and what I have mentioned are simply the facts familiar to all physicians who have studied the subject."

F. G. DE FONTAINE.

Sir James Hector, New Zealand's foremost scientist, has been deploring what he describes as "the perfect athletic mania which has arisen in the Australias." To be a hero in the colonies now, he says, you must excel, not in brain work, but in the training of the muscles of the arms and legs.

HERE IS A GOOD GOOSE STORY.

Flowers Destroyed, Chickens Killed, Milk Upset, and a School Depopulated.

Mrs. John Waller, who lives on the Crosscut hill road, bought a gray gosling of the female gender some time ago and placed it in her small back yard. During its adolescent period the gosling behaved itself well, but recently, when it developed into a full grown goose, the spirit of mischief entered its soul. It is a well known fact that a goose has a great taste for grass, and Mrs. Waller's back yard was soon swept clean of vegetation. The owner clipped the goose's wings to prevent its flying, and fed it with bran and meat. But one night it got out into the front yard, ate half the grass, and destroyed all the flower beds.

A sympathizing neighbor told Mrs. Waller she had better kill the goose, but she could not make up her mind to do so. She loved the goose in spite of its waywardness, and she confined it again in the back yard. Two days later her 4-year-old girl, while playing in the back yard, was attacked and received several severe blows in the face from the sharp bill of the goose. This decided Mrs. Waller. The goose must die. Her 15-year-old boy Jim captured it and attempted to cut its head off with an axe, but the goose managed to escape, and its wing feathers having grown out again it flew over the fence and out of sight.

This, it was thought, would be the last of the goose, but it had an affection for the neighborhood of its youth and returned to plague the people. In one night it devastated three front yards, and when the indignant owner of one of them on the following morning detected the goose in its work of vandalism the bird gave a squawk and flew across a common to a place of safety. The afternoon of the same day it entered the dairy shed of Pat Welch and overturned cans containing at least fifty gallons of milk. One of Welch's children saw the goose and attempted to drive it away, but it flew at the child so fiercely that the latter fled in terror.

The last outrage committed by the goose aroused the neighborhood, and the people decried that it should be exterminated. They hunted for it individually and collectively. A man named Washburn saw it enter his back yard and gave chase. The goose did not fly, but confined itself to running. There was method in its flight. It wanted to have fun with Washburn. The retreat led across a ditch four feet deep, and Washburn in his haste stumbled into it, spraining his ankle so severely that he is still unable to walk without crutches. He says that when he fell in the goose came back to the ditch and looked at him.

In the quiet suburb where Mrs. Waller's goose made its habitat the good people on washday were in the habit of hanging out their clothes on a line in the back yard to dry. At least they did so until the goose concluded that the custom should be broken up, and invested itself with plenary powers to accomplish that purpose. It pulled all the clothes off the line in one yard, dragged them in the dirt, and tore some of them to ribbons. A second yard was served in a similar manner, and a third was attacked, when a party of impatient women rescued the clothes and drove the goose away.

A reward of \$10 was offered for the capture of the goose, dead or alive. It was subsequently raised to \$20, but this goose had more lives than Snarleyow. It was shot at a dozen times, but was never touched. It seemed to scorn its pursuers. It was never in any haste to get away from them, and tantalized them by keeping in sight, but just out of reach. All the small boys were after that goose, and many of the men joined them in the chase. The man Welch, whose dairy had been entered, shot at the goose and killed his neighbor's calf, which was feeding in a back lot. It cost him \$18 to pay for the calf.

Immunity made the goose bolder. It attacked the poultry yards, and in a week slaughtered more than a score of young chickens. Its beak was against all species of man and beast. It had no respect even for its own kind, and killed a half dozen geese.

A small public school with a young woman in charge is taught about a quarter of a mile beyond Mrs. Waller's house. It is attended chiefly by small children. The other morning the goose flew in at an open window of the school building. It perched on the back of a desk and took a philosophical survey of the room and its inmates. All recognized the terror of the neighborhood. The teacher seized a ruler and threw it at the goose. The goose flew at her and gave her a long scratch across the forehead. The children in affright ran out of the room and the teacher followed, leaving the goose monarch of all it surveyed. The alarm was given, and some men returned to capture the intruder. The goose was gone, but what a scene of desolation! The floor was covered with books. Most of them had their leaves torn out. Nearly all the windows were broken. While they were looking at the ruin the goose flew by the window with a squawk. Two hours later it pecked to death a little pet pug dog which had incautiously wandered out of the house.

This completes its outrages to date, but others are expected.—Louisville Cor. Chicago Tribune.

A Girl's Art Work.

St. Louis has another prodigy, says a letter from that city, and she may be seen at any hour during the day dressed in a brown blouse skirt, jumper jacket and a little round hat, freecing the walls of the southern hotel. Her name is Carrie Meyers, and she resides with her father at 106 South Fourth street. Though only 15 years of age, Carrie has, undisciplined, designed and executed the freecing for a large number of the finest rooms in the hotel, and is regarded by her employers as an able and accomplished fresco artist. She is very pretty and graceful, also exceedingly shy. Under the protecting presence of her father she escorted the reporter to her studio, where all sized canvases of as many different subjects grazed the walls in charming confusion.

Luscious bunches of fruits and flowers hung beside and over meadow and wood scenes, and an old fashioned water mill, lively and dripping, contrasted with landscapes and portraits, all executed with remarkable skill. Carrie is not only an artist, but also a musician, and has scattered around her room a number of instruments, which she plays just to while away the time. A bass fiddle occupies one corner and an organ another. On the center table lay a flute and a piccolo and on the organ a violin. She plays all of them well.—Chicago Times.

Red Rain.

Red rain fell recently in the province of Lubin, Russian Poland. The shower lasted for about ten minutes. The peasants, who mistake the red liquid for blood, became panic stricken and crowded the churches, where they were quieted by the priests. Several bottles of the red rain were sent to chemists in Warsaw for microscopic examination. For several days after the shower all the surface water in Lubin was of a dark pink color.—Exchange.

It is reported in Paris that the Princess de Sagan has sold her famous Rembrandts to the Chicago Art museum for \$42,000. The portraits represent three of the physicians who are prominent figures in Rembrandt's "Anatomy," the great picture of the gallery at the Hague.



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