

## A SUMMER RETREAT.

REFUGE OF THE PRESIDENT, MRS CLEVELAND AND BABY RUTH.

Recent Changes in Mr. Cleveland's New Homestead—A Fine Old Mansion—Its Simplicity and Convenience—A Summer Residence For the Next Four Years.

[Special Correspondence.]  
WASHINGTON, May 18.—In one of the prettiest sections of the picturesque Rock creek region in the northwestern suburbs of the Capital City is the new summer home of the presidential family. Mr. and Mrs. Cleveland and Baby Ruth have just taken possession of it, and they expect to remain at their country seat until early autumn. The place is not quite as far out as "Oak View," the summer home of Mr. and Mrs. Cleveland during their former sojourn at the capital, and it is more convenient to the popular driveways which extend from the city through that section. The estate, which Mr. Cleveland has leased for a period of years, contains 43 acres and has long been known as "Woodley."

This house is a large, old-fashioned structure and was built nearly a century ago. It has a frontage of 100 feet, the central portion being three stories high and the two wings two stories each. The walls are of brick, imported from England in the days before it was suspected that brick could be made out of the soil of Virginia or Maryland. The foundations are of heavy stone, and the walls are thick and substantial. The outside is covered with buff gray stucco, and this in turn is overgrown in places with clinging ivy. The architecture is old-fashioned, the big mansion resembling somewhat an English rural villa of the style of the last century. It contains 23 rooms, all of them liberal in size.

The ceilings are high and the windows wide and reaching almost to the floor. The biggest room is the main parlor, which is on the ground floor. It has been handsomely furnished, and it is where Mrs. Cleveland will receive her friends who may call this summer. Adjoining it is the music room, another handsome apartment. It is nearly as large as the big parlor, and a grand piano occupies a prominent place in its furnishings.

An interesting history attaches to the old mansion. The estate was originally owned by Governor Plater of Maryland. He deeded it to Uriah Forrest, one of his sons-in-law, and in 1800 the latter sold it to Philip Barton Key, another son-in-law of the governor. Key built the house and lived in it until his death. During his residence there Francis Scott Key, the author of "The Star Spangled Banner," spent considerable time on the place as a youth, and his name may still be seen where he carved it in one of the window panes in the front hall.



THE PRESIDENT'S SUMMER HOME.

It is said that Washington at one time visited the spot where Key afterward built his house, and examining it remarked that the capital ought to be located there or else upon the hill where it now stands. Van Buren, Tyler, Buchanan and other of the earlier presidents were occasional visitors at this country seat, and in 1847 Baron Erault, then German minister to the United States, occupied it as a residence. It was at one time selected by General Winfield Scott as the site for the soldiers' home, but some misunderstanding with the owners arose, and the home was located on its present site in the northeastern part of the city.

Robert J. Walker, who was secretary of the treasury shortly before the civil war, purchased the place and made some additions to the old mansion, but his heirs sold it about 20 years ago to S. E. Middleton. Then a Baltimore man purchased it, and recently it passed into the possession of Francis G. Newlands, the present owner, now a congressman elect from Nevada. Mr. Newlands is the millionaire who bought Oak View of Mr. Cleveland four years ago, making for the president a net profit of \$100,000 on his original investment of \$30,000.

Mr. Newlands has made extensive repairs about the old mansion since Mr. Cleveland leased it, and it is now as neat and attractive as a new house. The architectural design of the house was not changed in the least, but all the woodwork from cellar to roof was removed and new timber identical in shape and size substituted. Fresh paint was applied wherever it was needed, and the old walls were cleaned and frescoed or papered inside, and the stucco outside was renewed. New plumbing was put in and a system of steam heating introduced for use in the fall and winter if the family should decide to remain until the days get cool. Home comfort has been observed in every detail, and the arrangements have been made with a view to simplicity and convenience.

A recent visitor to this country home of the president described it as "a place suggestive of comfort, ease and quiet, blessed with an abundance of pure, fresh air, cheered with the warblings of countless singing birds, bathed here and there in the unobstructed sunshine, and again supplied with grateful shade from its wealth of shrubbery and greenery. Indeed," he continued, "it would be difficult to imagine a country seat more delightful, whither a president can take refuge from the hot city and enjoy rest and relaxation from the cares of state, where the leading lady of the land can find freedom and privacy from the trying social exactions of her position, or where young children can grow strong and merry in beautiful gambols over the lawn or in frolics under the trees and out in the sunny air." Amid such pleasant surroundings Mr. and Mrs. Cleveland and Baby Ruth will make their summer home during the next four years.

GEORGE HANSON APPERSON.



STREET TOILETTES.

The figure on the left is a natty little costume of changeable blue and rose diagonal. The round waist has pointed revers, opening over a handsome shirt front of pale blue silk. The girdle and revers on the sleeves are also of pale blue silk. The costume on the right is of sage-green crepon cloth. The skirt has a knee flange, headed with a band of oriental and gold galon, a short jacket with cape forming a double fold on the bust. The full vest and sleeves are in fancy shot silk, in shades of peach and green.

## OLIVE HARPER'S LETTER.

She Describes a Poem of a Bonnet and Reveals a Toilet Secret.

[Special Correspondence.]  
NEW YORK, May 18.—There are a few women who like to be original in all they do, have or wear. There are others who would never dare to put on a garment unless some one else had worn a similar one. They are afraid that other folks would scorn them for iconoclasts. Not that half of them know what that means, but they do not want to lead for fear of making a false step and putting a bum-bum on a bonnet where fashion calls for a dragon fly, or a rose when eubagges are in style, as they sometimes are. Fortunately we have a few women who are not too timid to be individual, and who rather like to lead. Such women are deemed fashion and dress from conventional commonplace and somehow evolve an idea with every gown, a fancy with every wrap and a poem with every bonnet.

For didn't I see a young woman yesterday, a decided looking though pretty woman, who had wrought a poem with her hat? It was of rough green straw and had no ribbon on it, but all over it lay single violets, each with its green stem. In some places there would be six or seven of these lovely flowers, all lying carelessly there. Some were fastened by a thread and hung over the edge of the brim as if ready to fall off. Some-



PRETTY HATS AND BONNETS.

times there would be one little crushed blossom lying quite alone, and as I looked at it I heard the tale it told, and that was it: "There was a cool, shady, green place where a lot of purple wood violets grew. A little child wandered there and gathered its chubby hands full of the tender blossoms that it only knew how to love and not to preserve. It crushed the sweet flowers in hot little palms and kissed them to death and finally wandered away to find newer pleasures, leaving the broken and bruised flowers fall on the grass forgotten."

Rather a long story for a hat to tell, but why not have everything we wear suggest something pleasant? When we do not, we sink nearly to the level of the savages who wear their strip of calico the same length and shape for old and young. If we believe, like Walt Whitman, that we should treat our bodies with respect, we ought to try to make our clothes worthy, and I can conceive no worthier way than to make them something more than mere coverings.

Other hats I have seen this week. Some of them were so pretty, but none so poetic as the first mentioned. There was a hat for a girl of 12, all lace and shirred lawn, with a shirred and pinked lining of pale pink florentine silk. On the top was a many looped bow of ribbon in a very tiny broadened rosebud pattern. The hat was large and formed altogether by the needs in the shirring.

Right here let me mention that a lady of my acquaintance, whose flesh was so firm and fair that every one longed to discover her secret, always kept a pint bottle, in which an ounce of alum was dissolved in a pint of rainwater, on her dressing table, and she used to moisten a part of her face every day and night with it and also rub a little under her eyes. It is very simple to make and very sure and quite harmless.

I haven't got quite through with hats yet, for I wish to mention a hat worn by a lady who does what I so admire—gets her clothes to look in some way like a picture, or at least to make her look like one. This hat is just like those worn by that wicked king who didn't think marriage was a failure and who didn't believe in divorce. But the lady wanted her hat small, as a small hat becomes her best, and so it sits upon her golden hair in its rich beauty, made of green velvet, with gold and jeweled buckle holding a pale pink plume.

I hardly know whether to say that the costume matched the hat or the hat the costume, but the gown was of green velvet of the dark myrtle shade, cut princess and made plain. There was a bertha of fine lace on the neck. The sleeves were slashed with pale pink satin, and the dainty little bag that hung by a gold chain was pink also. The gloves were light green.

OLIVE HARPER.

## IN OLD NEW YORK.

Easter in old Gotham was not Easter but the Pass of the Netherlands, celebrated with feasting and drinking. The chief business of Pass was fun and frolic, and the consumption of eggs was limited only by the capacity and endurance of the appetite. It was a Dutch feast of Dionysius, only the wine was schnapps and the grapes were eggs.

## A KANSAS FOREST KING.

A Mammoth Log to Be Exhibited at the World's Fair.

[Special Correspondence.]  
ABLENE, March 16.—Visitors to the World's fair who have thought of Kansas as a treeless plain are going to be enlightened as they look upon the great walnut log to be exhibited from this state. The tree from which it was cut stood in a secluded valley near Reno, Leavenworth county, and its emersion from obscurity is due to the efforts of Congressman W. A. Harris. Naturalists declare that it is the largest specimen of its kind on the continent and probably in the world.

In felling the tree the utmost care was used to prevent breakage, but despite it all giant limbs were broken which yielded 2,000 feet of lumber, some of them being 3 feet in diameter. A log 16 feet in length was finally cut and with much difficulty hauled by 12 teams of horses to the railway, where it is ready for loading and shipping to Chicago. Wheels and sleds were tried in vain for the removal, and it was finally by means of house moving apparatus that the journey was accomplished.

Rings plainly discernible in the curly grain indicate an age of 572 years, and the log weighs over 30,000 pounds and will make 3,000 feet of lumber. German manufacturers have submitted a flattering offer for the monstrous piece of wood to use in making veneer, but it will not be accepted, at least until after the close of the exposition. The tree is without doubt the most colossal growth of Kansas soil and will attract much attention by reason of its having been produced by a prairie state.

C. M. HARGER.

## EASTER AND THE PASSOVER.

The paschal solemnity among the Jews was their principal festival, as is Easter among Christians, and is considered to have been a prefiguration of the Christian feast. The Jews celebrated the day on which under the guidance of Moses they were delivered from the bondage of Egypt. Christians celebrate the day on which under the leadership of one mightier than Moses they were liberated from the bondage of sin and death and "restored to the glory of the children of God."

## KICKING FOR THEIR LIVING.

In Buckinghamshire a village charity was granted on condition that "the inhabitants every Easter play one or more games of ball." Accordingly every year 12 old women—the beneficiaries—are obliged to kick a football about the village green for a time long enough to preserve the charity intact.

## AN ANCIENT HOOSIER.

REMINISCENCES BY ONE WHO KNEW HOW IT WAS HIMSELF.

How the Pioneers Suffered From Malaria and Milk Sickness, Were Poor For Want of a Market and Laughed at For Their Alleged Ignorance.

[Special Correspondence.]

HOWARD, Parke County, Ind., May 18.—As I sit on an old nail keg on the shady side of the old, old, battered little building in which my father "kept store" in 1847-9 I have to laugh at memory of the many odd characters then in evidence in this Wabash country. But the laugh is quickly followed by a sigh when I remember how they suffered with malaria and how, for want of transportation except to New Orleans, they suffered equally by poverty. At that time the Wabash valley Hoosier was the nation's standing joke for his ignorance and awkwardness, but the one indisputable and painful fact was that they did indeed suffer in the flesh.

As late as 1860 the people of a few favored sections told amusing stories of adjacent villages where a church bell was rung or a horn blown every two hours (only one family owning a clock) for the people to take their quinine; of places in the "bottom" where they put the boys in the tree just before the ague fit came on, that they might "shake off the hickory nuts," or of farmers who could not produce pork because the ague stricken hogs shook all the fat off. In 1850 my native township had about as many widows as the average Virginia township at the close of the war. The fact that women generally escaped the worst effects ought to have given the men a hint that it was the morning and evening exposure that did most damage, but apparently it did not. One generation of good men was killed off in redeeming this section, and though full grown men when they came I read on their tombstones that most of them died at or under 40. Verily it was at great price that we won this goodly heritage.

Our pioneers came from the highlands and old sections of Kentucky and Virginia, North Carolina and Tennessee. There it had been their custom to get into the field as soon as they could see, to take a long rest in the heat of the day and then work in the field as late as they could see. Such habits meant death in a malarial region. Almost every family developed scrofula in some form—that is, it showed itself in the second or third child born in the new country. In a careful inquiry made among the old records and tombstones of my native county several years ago I proved that the average length of life there in 1840-5 was but 29 years; now it is 41.

The doctors were woefully unskillful. "Calomel and jollop," as the people expressed it, were the first reliance, and with their prescription went always the rigid injunction that the patient must not touch cold water or milk—"nothin warmer or colder than the milk as it comes from the cow." Ah, many a time in boyhood I lifted up my voice and wept for permission to go to the spring. In fevered sleep I dreamed of stooping down to the cold current as it gushed from the rocks, and like an infant Tantalus I saw it vanish even as I drank it with my eye. Nor did I realize the beauty of the Hebrew Scriptures till I read that expression of David, "Oh, that one would give me to drink of the well of Beth-Horon that is by the gate."

If a man couldn't stand fire, he wasn't expected to live, and the fire was inside of him. By and by, when the worst was past, the people made a joke of it, for western humor triumphed even over the terrors of the ague. Each village had its story about some neighboring village in which the people lived chiefly on whiskey and quinine with an occasional "mess of jowl and greens."

One story ran to the effect that a family from the sand hills of North Carolina, "cawnsisting, sir, of the ole man, ole woman, fifteen children an ee-lev'n dawgs," had two rather simple minded children, Sam and Susannah, of whom they were ashamed. They were "mortal hungry for greens," but afraid to eat many of the plants which were strange to them. So when they found a new and tempting plant that looked fit for "greens" they fed Sam and Susannah "a powerful mess of it," so if it did not kill them the rest might eat of it.

"Milk sick" was also a terror. The fact that oats laid on a "milk sick" piece of ground would prove the fact was discovered by accident. Afterward the experiment was tried with condemned stock, and in one instance the oats thus impregnated killed a calf. Children of any age (1850-5) were always carefully instructed to avoid drinking of springs near such tracts, but in truth the caution was almost superfluous, since the recognized and admitted "milk sick" springs were fenced in, and so were the streams issuing from them until they flowed far enough for the noxious agent to be dissipated.

As these evils have passed away, though "milk sick" is still occasionally heard of, markets are easier of access, and as to ignorance, "our reproach is taken away." The school system of Indiana was adjudged the best at the centennial, and our percentage of native illiterates is almost the smallest in the Union. So we can now afford to laugh at ourselves as we were in the days when the Hoosier language was spoken here in all its impurity and the past tense was expressed by "been gone done it."

J. H. BEABLE.

## The Quakers Set a Good Example.

In Philadelphia there is a recent ordinance requiring wide tires on all heavy vehicles. Four thousand-pound vehicles shall have 8-inch-wide tires; over 5,000 pounds, 4-inch; over 6,000 pounds, 5-inch; over 7,000 pounds, 6-inch. There is a fine of \$100 for the infraction of these provisions. Thus every heavy team or cart will act as a road roller. A similar ordinance ought to be in force in many other parts of the country.

# SPECIAL Underwear Sale

FOR LADIES AND GHILDREN

## During This Week.

We received a large shipment for this department, bought through our N. Y. resident buyer from a commission house at astonishingly low prices, which we place on sale fully one-third less than regular price. The assortment is large and complete in Ladies' Silk, Lisle Thread, Gauze Vest of the latest ideas.

Also a full assortment for children.

A visit for inspection through this line will be your guide for making selections.

1141-1143 O ST.

Bloch &amp; Kohn,

The Progressive Dry Goods Emporium.

## BARGAIN LIST

### SLIPPERS AND OXFORDS.

VALUE, 50 PERCENT MORE THAN THESE PRICES:

## LADIES'

Patent Leather, Cloth Oxford. \$2.00  
Pat. Leather One Strap, Buckle Slipper ..... 2.00  
Patent Leather and French Kid Duchess Slipper ..... 2.50

## MISSES'

One Strap Kid Slipper ..... 1.00  
Patent Leather Oxford ..... 1.50

## YOUTH AND BOYS'

Patent Leather Oxford Tie ..... 1.00  
Gout, Harvard Tie ..... 1.00  
Velvet Slipper ..... .60

BARGAINS in odd lots of Ladies' and Misses' Shoes, something nice for World's Fair sculling, at the price of cheaper shoes.

1129 O St.

Ed G. Yates.



## Most Popular Wheels

OF THE DAY

We have now in stock the most approved and best line of Wheels ever shown here, and invite you to call and see the

"Dauntless Scorchers," "King Scorchers,"

"Royal Light Roadster," "The Majestic,"

"The Dauntless Compeer," for Ladies,

also the Latest Novelty, the COMMON SENSE HICKORY WHEEL.

Never buy a Wheel until you have seen us.

## CAMP BROTHERS

Cor. 10th and M Sts. Carriage Manufacturers.

Telephone 176.

Office, 1001 O St.



MOVING HOUSEHOLD GOODS AND PIANOS

A SPECIALTY.

None but Experienced Men employed. Latest devices for Moving Machinery, Safes, and other heavy articles.

## The Elegant Wall Papers

AT

S. E. MOORE'S,

1134 O Street,

ARE RAPIDLY DISAPPEARING.

COME EARLY.