WHITE HOUSE OF THE CONFEDERACY.

RICHMOND RESIDENCE OF JEFFERSON DAVIS.

President of the Confederate States. It Is Now One of the Most Interesting Memorial Museums in the World.

On the summit of a hill in the center of the historic capital of the confederacy, whence the eye can trace for miles the winding river James, stands the "White House of the Confederacy," the home for four years, marred by battles and bloodshed, of Jefferson Davis, president of the confederate states.

Though the bitterness of those days has passed away, and men have well nigh forgot that this country was ever else than one, this historic mansion, rejuvenated and rendered well nigh impervious to the ravages of time, stands like a watch tower on a hill, containing within its walls countless souvenirs of the mighty struggle, intended not to inflame the minds of the rising generation and of generations yet unborn, but to keep alive memories of the most valiant armies that ever faced each other on battle plain, and to stand as a lasting monument to the sacrifices made and hardships borne for the sake of home and country.

"From turret to foundation stone" the mansion is filled with civil war reminders. Room after room is crowded with objects of the most intense interest to all, no matter whether they wore the blue or the gray. This is amply attested by the constant and ever increasing stream of visitors from beyond Mason's and Dixon's line who spend hours wandering through the halls and lofty rooms, viewing with deepest interest the tattered uniforms worn by heroes of forty years ago, the pistols, swords, torn battle flags and numberless cabinets containing the flotsam and jetsam of many battle fields, interspersed with souvenirs of gloomy prison walls in the shape of fanciful designs wrought by hapless victims of the changing fortunes of war.

Within a handsome glass case in the most frequented portion of the museum are reminders of one who was the central figure of the confederacy by virtue of having been its head—Jefferson Davis. The collection is composed of his Bible, merschaum pipe and various other articles used constantly by him, but of greatest interest is the suit of clothes which he wore when captured. The garments are of confederate gray without insignia of any kind.

Scarcely second in interest to the mementoes of Mr. Davis are those of Gen. Robert E. Lee, commander in chief of the confederate army. These embrace the gray uniform, old slouch hat, boots and gauntlets which he wore when he surrendered to Gen. Grant; also a brick from the McLean house at Appomattox courthouse in which the terms of surrender were agreed upon. There are also his sword, pistols, maps used by him during the war, and a lock of hair from the mane of Traveller, the gallant gray horse that carried him through so many campaigns.

Hard by is the cabinet containing one of the most interesting collections in the museum—the war accoutrements and personal property of Gen. T. J. (Stonewall) Jackson. These embrace the famous old cap, spurs, sword and pistols which he wore when accidentally shot down by his own men at Chancellorsville. Also a little volume entitled "War Maxims of Napoleon," which he carried all through the war. The battle flag that draped his coffin reposes side by side with a glittering pair of solid gold spurs bestowed on him by the ladies of Baltimore at the close of a successful campaign.

But of greater human interest than all else is a faded, tattered confederate uniform, on its front a series of dark stains—the life blood of Jackson. It was worn by Rev. Dr. James Power Smith, then a member of Jackson's staff, now editor of the Central Presbyterian and commander of Lee camp confederate veterans of Richmond. While Jackson was being borne on a litter from the place where he was wounded one of the bearers was shot and stumbled, throwing the wounded man to the ground. Dr. Smith caught the sufferer in his arms and broke his fall partially, his uniform becoming stained with his blood. Dr. Smith then laid on the ground beside his chief to screen him with his body from the shower of balls falling thickly around the little party.

An idol of the confederacy was Gen. J. E. B. Stuart, the dashing cavalry leader, who lost his life at Yellow Tavern, near Richmond, while endeavoring to prevent the federal troops from entering the capital city. As famous as Stuart was the plumed hat that he wore, and this now reposes in the confederate museum, its picturesque feather drooping sadly, as though in dejection at the fate of its brave wearer and the cause for which he fought.

Beside the faded white hat are Stuart's old haversack, the tin basin in which he daily performed his ablutions, his gloves, boots, pistols, saddle and bridle.

All of these reminders of long ago are on the first floor of the museum, where they attract instant attention, but no less conspicuous are many other articles, among them a battle flag carried by the Thirteenth Virginia infantry, made from the bridal dress of Mrs. A. P. Hill, and one from the wedding robes of Mrs. Catherine Holt, presented to the Fifteenth Virginia infantry after the battle of Bethel.

Scattered through every room are relics of prison life in the shape of most ingenious little articles fashioned by prisoners of war to relieve the monotony of their lives. They came from persons north and south, some having been made in Fort Warren, Boston. The most striking is a breastpin and earrings carved by a federal officer from a beef bone. Sets of chessmen and trinkets of various kinds make up the balance of the collection.

One of the most cherished and undoubtedly the handsomest and most valuable possessions of the mansion is the sword of Gen. Sterling Price of Missouri, encased in its scabbard of solid gold. It was presented to him in 1862 after the battle of Lexington, Mo., by a thousand ladies of New Orleans, each of whom contributed a dollar in gold. Some years ago the splendid weapon was given to the museum by the daughter of Gen. Price, Mrs. Peter J. Willis of Missouri. The golden scabbard is indeed a work of art. It is fashioned to represent the products of the states of Louisiana and Missouri. The lower portion shows the joints of the cornstalk of Missouri, and the sugar cane of Louisiana. The guard depicts the hempstalk and tobacco leaf of Missouri and the cotton bloom and boll of Louisiana. The head of the hilt is the coat-of-arms of Louisiana—a pelican feeding her young, and the thrust-reception presents the coat-of-arms of Missouri. The grip is of ivory—an ear of corn—the product of both states.

Turning from this gorgeous sight, the eye of the visitor falls upon a queer object. It is a small piece of woven bedticking and the card attached shows that its history has been a thrilling one. It is a portion of the rope that was used by Gen. John Morgan when he and five of his men escaped from an Ohio prison.

On the wall near the morsel of rope, stoutly framed and covered with a thick glass, are the rusty, mouldering fragments of a caseknife, employed by Morgan and his men in effecting their escape. Besides the old knife is a letter from Warden J. C. Laney of the Ohio prison, who recovered and sent the knife south. It was found by him in the air chamber beneath cell No. 4, in which the men were confined.

Carefully preserved in the museum is the sword of Irvine S. Bullock, sailing master of the warship Alabama, who was a half uncle of President Theodore Roosevelt.

Dragged from the bottom of the Yazoo river and brought to the Confederate museum, the heavy iron figure head of the ship Star of the West is a trophy of value. It adorned the prow of the first United States boat which was fired on and sunk in the affair at Fort Sumter.

Lauds Manual Training.

Sir John Cockburn, addressing the British National Association of Manual Training Teachers, said that manual training was the best avenue to intelligence and the best moral training. Half the school hours should be taken up in manual instruction. It helped the memory, which was largely muscular; it formed character, helping children to detect shams and inaccuracies and its moral benefits were incalculable.

NAME WAS INNOCENT

GUILLOTINE WAS INAPPROPRIATELY DESIGNATED.

Instrument of Torture During Grim Reign of Terror in France Claimed Innocent and Guilty Alike.

In the stormier days of Scotland, when faction fights were everyday occurrences, and clan fought against clan with bitter hate and animosity, an instrument, for some occult reason termed "The Maiden," was in frequent requisition. This, judging from its name, harmless and innocent implement, was, however, none other than the deadly guillotine, which during the gruesome French revolution immolated so many thousands of victims. Amongst the last in Scotland of this cruel maiden's victims was an Earl of Argyll, who, it is said, pressed his lips on the block, remarking that it was "the sweetest maiden he had ever seen." But it was during that grim Reign of Terror when fair France was drenched with blood, and a very orgie of carnage raged supreme, that this lethal implement was in greatest request. Day after day, night after night, wagons and tumbrils, carts and trolleys, discharged their loads of bound captives, who, one after the other, either quietly mounted the steps of the guillotine, or were dragged up by the ruffianly attendants, who, to accelerate their pace would perhaps prick them with the point of their sword or lance; or, if fainting, women were carried up and thrown upon the block as they would treat a sack of flour. Some are shrieking in mortal terror; some, in bravado, defying their captors; some, the personification of impotent ferocity and envenomed savagery, gnash their teeth, and vent their rage against their captors in an incoherent storm of virulent hate. Now it is a Charlotte Corday, who as she thought, to save her country, had stabbed to the heart the hideous and loathsome Marat; now it is a Desmoulins or a Danton, who with infuriate exasperation had pitilessly hurled their legions to that same fate, and whose name was a ghastly nightmare to the law-abiding; or now it is a Marie Antoinette, whose appearance on that gory platform is a signal for on outburst of frenzied rage from the bloodthirsty mob, who, howling in a paroxysm of rabid fury, and foaming with savage, rancorous venom, shriek out their execrations, and like wild demoniacs hurl their curses and their imprecations at her. And so the gruesome work goes on, each time the ponderous knife falls, another ghastly head rolling into the basket; some held up by the hair by the executioner to excite the jeers and the curses of the mad, sanguinary mob of demagogues whose turn will probably soon come to meet the same fate at the hands of their fellows; some kicked away into the cart beneath, into which the headless, reeking trunks are unceremoniously thrown; while a few perhaps are handed over to relatives, who, at the risk of being seized and executed, gived them decent burial.—Montreal Herald.

New Way to Produce Speed.

Senator Nelson, who amazed the senate by saying "damn" the other day, holds that the government should build good wagon roads for the Alaskans.

"You ought to see some of our Alaskan roads," he said to a reporter. "It is hardly possible to walk on them. The horse shooters of Kentucky would have come to grief if they had tried their reckless tactics in my country."

"The Kentucky horse shooters? Oh, they were two planters who were driving with their guns one day towards a shooting place. Their horse was lazy, and they couldn't make it go, so one of them fired a charge of bird shot into it, poor nag!

"It was the other man who owned the nag, but he was not in the least annoyed. All he said was:

"'Shoot him again, John; shoot him again. He goes admirably now.'"

What a City Boy Misses.

Poor li'l Boston kid!
Ever seen a muscadine
Scuppernong on hanging vine?
Bet you never did.

You city boys don't have much fun;
Never do the stunts we done
When I was a kid.

Ever heard a mock' bird sing—
Fished for tadpoles in a spring?
Bet you never did.

Ever go out killing snakes,
Over bogs and through cane-brakes?
Bet you never did.

Ever seen watermelons grow,
Hundreds of 'em row by row?
Oh, you never did!
—Boston Transcript.

Great Britain's Railways.

A parliamentary paper just issued contains a summary of the railway returns of the United Kingdom for 1903, compared with the two preceding years. The total mileage in 1903 was 22,380 miles; in 1902, 22,152 miles; in 1901, 22,078 miles. The paid-up capital totaled roundly, $6,220,000,000 in 1903, $6,080,000,000 in 1902, and $5,975,000,000 in 1901.

To Preserve Indian Folk Songs.

A society has been formed with Ernest Thompson Seton as one of its principal members, for the preservation of Indian folk songs, and their work deserves encouragement. Frederick R. Burton is at work on a collection of the songs of the Ojibways, of which he has made a specialty for a number of years and which he considers the highest type of American aboriginal music.

Claim Royal Lineage.

Two residents of Los Angeles, Cal., claim to be of royal lineage. W. J. H. Murat, a machinist, says that "by rights" he should be on the throne of Naples as a descendant of Joachim Murat. Another is Dr. Rebecca Lee Dorsey, who traces her ancestry back to Robert Bruce, the Scottish hero.

Retards Irrigation.

The irrigation development of the Snake river valley, Idaho, has received a set-back by the proposed construction of a power plant, which will interfere with the irrigation development.

FEUDS THAT COST THE PRESIDENCY

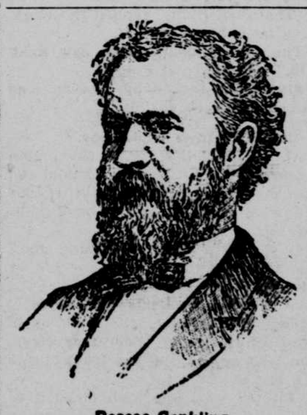
Repeatedly Leaders within sight of the White House have been thwarted by Personal Enemies

Personal feuds have played their part, and a fateful one, in the history of the presidency. Had not Alexander Hamilton been the unyielding foe of Aaron Burr, the latter, and not Jefferson, would have succeeded the

Aaron Burr

elder Adams; but even more momentous in its consequences was the long battle between Andrew Jackson and Henry Clay. When Jackson first ran for the presidency, in 1824, the candidates opposing him were Adams, Crawford and Clay. None of the four secured a majority of the electoral college, and the election thus devolved upon the House, with choice to be made from the three candidates—Adams, Crawford and Jackson—who had received the most electoral votes. This debarred Clay, who, forced, as he expressed it, to choose betwen two evils, announced that he had decided to support Adams. But Clay's determination no sooner became known than some of Jackson's friends attempted to drive him from it.

A few days before the time set for the election in the House a letter appeared in a Philadelphia newspaper, asserting that Clay had agreed to support Adams upon condition that he be made Secretary of State. The same terms, the letter alleged, had been offered to Jackson's friends; but none of them would "descend to such mean barter and sale." The letter was anonymous, but purported to be written by a member of the House. Clay at once published a card, in which he pronounced the writer "a dastard and a liar," who, if he dared avow his name, would forthwith be called to the field. Two days later the letter was acknowledged by a witless member from Pennsylvania, Kremer by name, who asserted that the statements he had made were true, and that he was ready to prove them. A duel with such a character was out of the question. Something, however, had to be done, and Clay immediately demanded an investigation by a special committee of the House. Such a committee was duly selected. None of its members had supported Clay for the presidency. Kremer promptly declared his willingness to meet the inquiry, but in the end the committee reported that he had declined to appear before it, sending instead a communication in which he denied the power of the House to compel him to testify. No further action was taken,



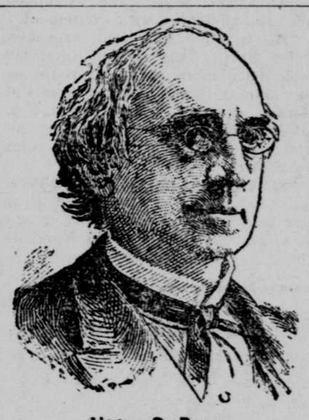
Roscoe Conkling

and in this shape, for the time being, the matter rested.

Soon, however, came the election of Adams by the House, followed quickly by his appointment of Clay as his Secretary of State. Though it is now generally acknowledged that there has been no bargain between Adams and Clay, it was natural that, at the moment, the rank and file of Jackson's following should regard Clay's appointment as conclusive proof that such a deal had been made. By accepting it Clay made himself the victim of circumstantial evidence. As a matter of fact, he hesitated to accept the place, and finally assumed its duties with reluctance. What chiefly determined him was the belief that if he did not accept it would be argued that he dared not. This to Clay was more obnoxious than the other horn of the dilemma. He, therefore, took the alternative of bold defiance; but in so doing committed a calamitous error.

In 1880 the unrelenting animosity of Henry B. Payne alone prevented Allen G. Thurman from being made the nominee of the democratic national convention. In 1857 Payne was a candidate for the democratic nomination for governor of Ohio. The convention met in Columbus, and Thurman, then fresh from a period of brilliant service on the supreme bench of his state, had a friend in whose candidacy for state treasurer he was much interested. Some of Payne's lieutenants, without his knowledge, promised Thurman the support of the Payne forces for his friend in return for the votes he controlled in the convention; but the Thurman candidate for treasurer failed at the last moment to receive the promised support of the

Alexander Hamilton.

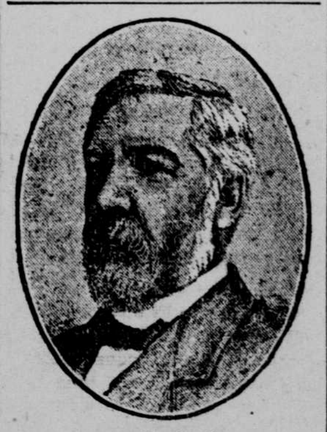


Henry B. Payne

Payne following, and was defeated. Payne was not aware of the trick that had been played upon Thurman, but the latter, who scorned double dealing in any form, was quick to resent it. Within the hour the opportunity to do fell in his way. The convention ended, Payne went to a hotel for dinner, accompanied by some friends, and in jovial mood opened wine in celebration of his success. Presently Thurman and a few friends came in and took seats at an adjoining table. Payne bade the waiter carry a bottle of wine to the newcomers, but in a moment it came back with the gruff message that Mr. Thurman did not care for any of Mr. Payne's wine. In evident surprise at this refusal, Payne rose from his seat and crossed to the group of which Thurman was the central figure.

"I trust you and your friends will drink a bottle of wine with me, judge," he said, urbanely. "Drink to my success and the victory of the democratic party."

"I do not want any of your wine, sir," was the reply. "I told that damned waiter to say as much to you, sir, a moment ago." And so saying, Thurman turned his back abruptly on the man from Cleveland.



James G. Blaine

Payne never forgot nor forgave this public insult. The quarrel thus begun ever after kept the two men apart, and three and twenty years later thwarted Thurman's highest ambition. In 1880 he was a candidate for the presidential nomination before the democratic national convention. Had he had the unflinching support of the Ohio delegation, there is little doubt that he would have been the nominee. The delegation was solid for him on the first ballot. Then it broke and the chances of his nomination vanished into thin air. Payne was behind the break. The delegates from the district in which his influence was supreme led it and were strongest in the claim which stampeded the convention to a dark horse. As Ohio was then an October state and practically certain to go for Garfield, the result would be disastrous to the democratic cause. That argument defeated Thurman and nominated Hancock, and the revenge of Payne was complete.

But the most dramatic of all the political feuds of the last forty years, both in its inception and its sequel, was that between Blaine and Roscoe Conkling. The two men entered the popular branch of Congress at about the same time, and both soon became leaders in that body. There was, however, little in common between them save the gift of pre-eminent ability. Conkling made Blaine the object of his sarcasm whenever opportunity offered, and the member from Maine was prompt to retort in kind. Thus the enmity grew until, in the course of one of their many encounters, Blaine, stung to the quick by an unjust and ungenerous taunt, burst forth in an onslaught on his tormentor which wrought the House into a high pitch of excitement and marked the beginning of a fierce struggle in the Republican party that ended in the humiliation of Conkling and the defeat of Blaine for President. Here are Blaine's words, and they are a model of excoriation:

"As to the gentleman's cruel sarcasm, I hope he will not be too severe. The contempt of that large-minded gentleman is so wilting, his haughty disdain, his grandiloquent swell, his majestic, supereminent,

Allen G. Thurman

overpowering turkey-gobbler strut has been so crushing to myself and all members of this House that I know it was an act of the greatest temerity for me to venture upon a controversy with him."

Then, referring to a chance newspaper comparison of Conkling to Henry Winter Davis, lately dead, he continued:

"The gentleman took it seriously and it has given his strut additional pomposity. The resemblance is great; it is striking—Hyperion to a satyr, Thersites to Hercules, mud to marble, dunghill to diamond, a singed cat to a Bengal tiger, a whipped puppy to a roaring lion. Shade of the mighty Davis, forgive the almost profanation of that jocose satire."

There could be no reconciliation after such an onslaught, and the battle was to the death. Defeated for the Republican nomination by Conkling and his friends in 1876 and again in 1880, Blaine in the latter year threw his following to his friend Garfield, who, nominated and elected, made Blaine his secretary of state and official right hand. Then came the struggle over the New York patronage, which retired Conkling, and was followed by the assassination of Garfield. In 1884, when Blaine was finally the formal choice of his party, Conkling was no longer in politics, but the sequel proved that his was still the will and power to strike a mortal blow. A defection of a few hundred votes in Conkling's home county of Oneida gave that county, normally Republican, to Cleveland, and with it the electoral vote of New York and the presidency. Conkling had wiped out the score against his ancient enemy.—Rufus Rockwell Wilson in Philadelphia Ledger.

WORLD'S LARGEST DUCK FARM.

Feathered Army of 20,000 Has Its Home in Virginia.

A flock of snow-white Peking ducks, numbering 20,000, and requiring a solid carload of food every week, is the "show" to which the villagers of Riverton, Va., take strangers who "happen in" the Shenandoah Valley town.

The duck farm is said to be the largest in the United States. In the laying department 1,500 mothers are kept busy in the ten pens set apart for their use—150 to the pen. Each of these subdivisions contains a vat of water, which supplies both drinking and bathing liquid. The hatching is all done by incubators. Two thousand fuzzy little ducklings are brought into the world each week.

The ducklings are first placed in a room where the temperature is 98 degrees. After eight days they are transferred to a low temperature room, and, later still, are turned into the open air, under a protecting shed. At this stage of their development the growing fowls are moved into the fattening department, and at the end of twelve weeks are fat and plump and ready to be slaughtered for the markets of Washington, Baltimore, Philadelphia and New York.

Nine men and a dozen youthful pickets are employed to attend this feathered army.

This Man a Model Witness.

E. C. Benedict, who commutes to Greenwich, Conn., every day, noticed three men with a table between them anxious to find a fourth man for a whist party. A few seats behind them sat a man who seemed so much interested in their conversation that one of the card players asked him:

"Are you for whist?"

The man addressed made no sign that he had heard, but looked out of the window.

"Are you for whist?" repeated the card player, in a louder tone.

"Whisht it is," answered the man. "I'm a witness for the railroad in this case, and the lawyer told me not to say a word about it until I reached the court house."—New York Times.

NOT QUITE UP TO NEW YORK.

New England Village, Nevertheless, Pleased One Resident.

A gentleman who had occasion to go to an inland New England village ten miles from a railway, was met at the station by an old fellow who looked as if he might have just awakened after a Rip Van Winkle sleep. His horse and buggy were in keeping with their owner's ancient appearance. "Here we air at last," said the driver, when they finally came to three houses and a blacksmith shop.

"This isn't much of a place, is it?" said the depressed stranger, looking around.

"Oh, you don't see all o' it from here," was the reply. "Thar's two more houses over behind that hill thar, an' a cooper shop jest around that bend in the road thar. Come to tunch 'em all together an' it's consid'able o' a place—but, of course, it ain't New York."

Pittsburg Skyscraper.

Pittsburg has already expended $25,000,000 in the skyscraper boom.

WORK LONG WITHOUT SLEEP.

Trained Nurses at Times Must Keep Lengthy Vigils.

"It always makes me smile to hear men talk about their long hours," said the trained nurse. "If by any possible chance a man hasn't had his clothes off for twenty-four hours you never hear the end of it, unless perhaps the occasion has been an all-night poker game or something of the sort which he isn't so apt to talk about. But ordinarily he makes a great fuss over his long hours, particularly if due to stress of work or some unexpected duty. Now, a trained nurse, even though one of the generally accepted 'weaker sex,' thinks nothing, when occasion demands, of going three or four days and nights without once closing her eyes. I recently was called to a typhoid fever case on a Thursday, and on the following Wednesday the patient died. In all that time I only had five hours' sleep, three hours Sunday afternoon and two hours Monday night. On rare occasions I have gone even longer than that without any sleep at all. Of course, we try to make up for it afterward, but it's a good bit like cheating nature."

POLITE MAN AND MORGAN.

Didn't Give Latter Chance to Express Himself.

J. Pierpont Morgan, who is really an excellent raconteur, tells a very good story about a man who apparently possessed a more than average amount of politeness.

Hurriedly leaving the office one Saturday afternoon, the great financier was nearly thrown off his feet by colliding with a man who was rushing from the direction of Broadway.

Mr. Morgan was about to say something more expressive than polite, when the polite man raised his hat and said:

"My dear sir, I don't know which of us is to blame for this violent encounter, but I am in far too great a hurry to investigate. If I ran into you, I beg your pardon. If you ran into me, don't mention it."

And then he tore away at redoubled speed.

OFFICE BOY WAS GENEROUS.

Allowed His Employer Overtime for Lunch.

Visitors who want to see Charles R. Flint during business hours at the summit of the Broadway Exchange skyscraper are confronted by a row of desks, a railing with a wicket gate and a boy.

"Mr. Flint in?" asked a visitor of the boy one day last week.

"No, sir."

"When do you expect him?"

"Oh, an hour or so, mebbe."

"Can't you tell me anything more definite than that?"

"Well," answered the boy, "he's been gone to luncheon twenty minutes. I usually allow him an hour and twenty minutes for lunch."

"Oh, I see," said the visitor, as he turned toward the door.

"See, here," shouted the boy.

"I see," answered the visitor.

"I don't mean that I allow Mr. Flint an hour and twenty minutes for lunch. I mean he takes that time. See?"

"I see," replied the visitor.