

MAKING A CABINET.

Who are the men who are to help McKinley run his administration? A score of well-known politicians have been suggested, but not all are absolutely assured at this writing. The slates made up are likely to be broken. There is no more uncertain thing than a cabinet before the inauguration of a president. When Grant's first cabinet was announced, five of the appointments were surprises, and not a single secretary had been anticipated with certainty. As it was, the cabinet was changed rapidly after he was inaugurated. Alexander T. Stewart, who had been named for secretary of the treasury, could not serve according to the law, which prevents a merchant from holding that position, under a fine of \$3,000. Rawlins, his secretary of war, died in September following, and Borie, who was secretary of the navy, served three months, and then asked Grant to allow him to resign.

Lincoln's cabinet ministers were not surely known before he came in, and they were changed very rapidly thereafter. Some of the members of the cabinet were arranged for at the time of the convention by the promises of some of Lincoln's friends, and I have heard it said that Pennsylvania went for Lincoln at Chicago in 1860 on condition that Simon Cameron was to go into the cabinet. This deal was made without the knowledge of Lincoln by David Davis and Leonard Sweet. Lincoln did not like it, and it was long before he would consent to let Cameron have the place. He finally gave him the war department. After the administration began he did not like him as secretary of war, and wanted

to get rid of him. He succeeded in doing this through Leonard Sweet and Thurlow Weed. Judge Grosscup, who was a partner of Sweet, told me the story. He says that Weed made Cameron think that he was going to lose both his reputation and his health by continuing in the position. Weed came from New York to see Cameron. As he met him he started back and exclaimed: "My God, senator! Are you sick? You don't look at all well."

Old Senator Cameron, who had a constitution of iron, and who, you know, was over 80 when he died, replied that he was in his usual health, but Weed went on:

"Well, you don't look it. You have lost some weight since I saw you last, and your color is not good. I fear you are working too hard, Cameron."

Mrs. Cameron was present when this last remark was made, and she said she agreed with Mr. Weed that her husband was working too hard. After dinner that night Mr. Weed advised Cameron to get out of the department. He told him he thought the war was going to be a failure. He said it would end only in the loss of thousands of lives and millions of property, and that Cameron as secretary of war would be cursed from one end of the United States to the other.

After some time Cameron became alarmed and said: "But suppose I want to get out, Mr. Weed. How can I do it without seeming to be either a coward or a failure?"

To this Weed replied that he did not know, but that he would take a walk and think it over and see if some arrangement could not be made. As he went out he spoke to Mrs. Cameron again about her husband's health, and she told him that she wanted Mr. Cameron to leave the cabinet. In an hour or so Mr. Weed returned and told Simon Cameron that he had hit upon a good plan and that was for him to accept the mission to Russia. "But," replied Cameron, "it has not been offered to me." "As to that," said Weed, "I know that I can fix matters with Secretary Seward and you will get your appointment. This will give you a good excuse for resigning." To this Cameron consented. Weed saw Seward and the president and the appointment was made.

slate the night he was elected. It was at half-past 10 when he got a telegram from Chester A. Arthur assuring him that New York had given him 20,000 majority. Gen. Swaim, who was with Garfield at Mentor at the time, said, as they looked over the telegram, "That settles it, general. You are elected; but before you go to bed sit down here and write out a cabinet." Gen. Garfield laughed at this, but finally consented, saying, "Well, Swaim, let us see how near we are together. You sit down at that table over there and write out a cabinet. When you have finished turn your paper face downward upon the table. I will do the same here and we will turn the papers over together and compare them." Both then sat down and began to write. When they had finished on both slates was James G. Blaine, and Allison was upon both for secretaryship of the treasury. Of the others all but one were changed before the inauguration, and Allison, you know, would not accept."

Garfield was the first president under whom Senator Allison refused a cabinet place. I understand that he has been uppermost in President McKinley's mind as the head of the state department, but that the president-elect has wanted to know whether he would refuse or not before he offered the position. I get this from men very close to McKinley. Senator Allison told me once that he could not take the interior department under Garfield because he did not want to antagonize Gov. Kirkwood, of Iowa, who was then a leading candidate. It was on account of the ambition of Clarkson, an-



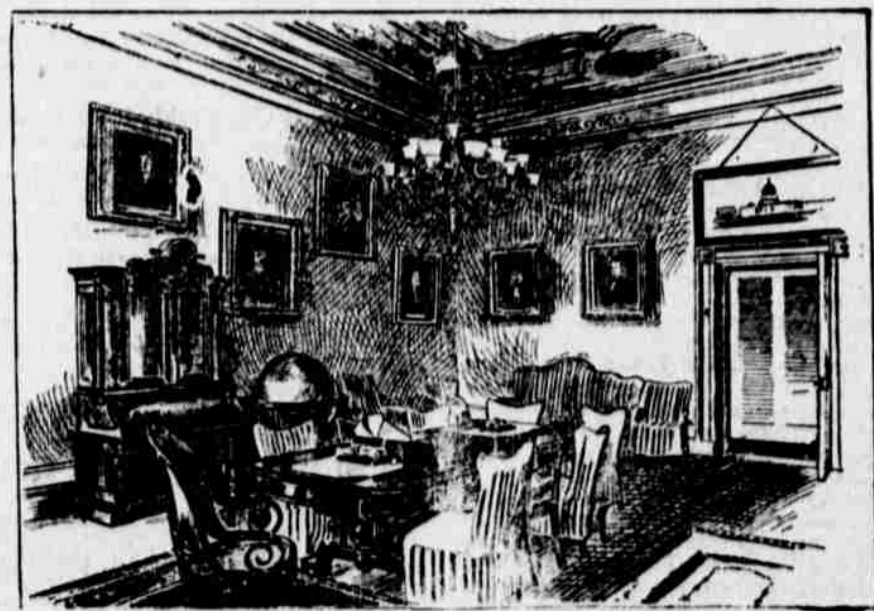
THE PRESIDENT'S OFFICE.

dinner was over, when we were out in the smoking room and had about finished our cigars. Mr. Allison said: "Now, Mr. President, Senator Cullom is anxious to get away this afternoon. He told me that he only wanted a few moments with you, and if you don't object I will go into the other room and finish my cigar, and you can have your conversation here." This was assented to by President Harrison, and Allison went into another room.

"Well," continued Senator Cullom, "after we were alone and had gone over the general topic of the occasion, I directed the conversation to the cabinet and then said: 'Gen. Harrison, during our trip out here Senator Allison took me into his confidence. He told me you had offered him the secretaryship of the treasury, and he also told me that he had decided he could not accept it. He asked me to say this to you during our interview and to tell you that he thought he could serve you and your administration better in the senate than in the cabinet.' As I said this President Harrison pushed his head to the front and asked me if that was true. I could see that he was much disturbed. He said but little further, however. The conversation changed. He soon recovered himself and talked on as though nothing had happened. I know that Allison did refuse the place then, but I have not had a word with him nor Harrison about it from that day to this."

The state department and the treasury promise to be among the hard-working positions of the next administration. Most secretaries of the treasury have complained about the work. Folger and Manning and Windom are popularly supposed to have died from overwork in the treasury. I called the other day at the state department to see Secretary Olney, and ask him about the work of his office. He would not talk, but I could see that he thought he had plenty to do. Whether overwork in the state department caused Gresham's death is a question. I am told that he did not like the bustle of public affairs, and it is related that when he was postmaster-general he grew sick of the position and wanted to get out of it. One day, it is said, he entered the house of a friend in Washington, and, throwing himself upon the sofa, exclaimed: "I would not be a cabinet officer again for a salary of \$4,000,000 a year." Still it was after this he accepted the portfolio of the treasury and later on consented to be Cleveland's secretary of state.

I visited, the other afternoon, the room in the White House in which are to be held the secret councils of Maj. McKinley's administration. The cabinet room is on the second floor of the White House, just at the head of the stairs between the library, which will probably form Mrs. McKinley's sitting room, and the large room over the east room and the green room, which will be the president's office, and in which President Cleveland is spending the last days of his administration. Further on is the private secretary's room, the whole suite on the east side of the second floor constituting the business portions of the executive mansion. The cabinet room is plainly furnished. There are eight straight-backed chairs with leather cushions for the cabinet ministers and a swinging chair of wicker and wood for the president. President McKinley will sit at the head of the table, with his different ministers at the right and left, according to their order of precedence. During the meetings of the cabinet no one is admitted to this room. Sergt. Loeffler, the president's private messenger, sits at the door and there is no chance for cabinet secrets to leak out except through the ministers themselves.—Frank G. Carpenter in Detroit Free Press.



THE CABINET ROOM IN THE WHITE HOUSE.

Gen. Charley Grosvenor told me once a curious story as to how Garfield's cabinet was formed. He denies that Blaine forced himself upon Garfield. He says Garfield felt very friendly to Blaine, and that he had thought of him as secretary of state even before he had written his letter of acceptance, saying one day: "What a splendid chief of staff Jim Blaine would make."

"Garfield, in fact," said Gen. Grosvenor, "wrote out his first cabinet

ing how you can help me in this. We will call upon Harrison together and I will see that he talks to you first. You can thus prepare his mind for my refusal. You can tell him that I have come out for this purpose, and he will not be surprised when I speak."

"This I promised to do," continues Senator Cullom. "When we got to Indianapolis we went direct to President Harrison's house. It was about dinner time when we arrived and we sat once sat down to the table. After

Here is a little rider to the history of the Shrewsbury church spire and the Darwin memorial. I am told that while it is undoubtedly true that the steeple was damaged by the storm, and also that the Darwin memorial was then in contemplation, it is also true that the person of the damaged church was the only one in Shrewsbury who had not subscribed to the memorial. I cannot say whether this is true, but it ought to be.—London Truth.

A Unique Collection of Rare Postage Stamps.

The most unique collection of stamps which any one ever heard of is owned by a woman in Binghamton, N. Y. Not so much does the address lie in the stamps themselves as in the method of arrangement. There are 862,000 of them, and they completely cover every portion of a bed room set, consisting of bedstead, dresser and chairs. The stamps are secured to the set with the aid of glue and then covered with heavy spur varnish. The stamps can be washed in their present condition without injury. This curio of collections is owned by Mrs. George Wilson of 191 Vestal avenue, Binghamton, N. Y. The beginning of this strange collection dates back many years. The first chair of the set that was decorated was owned by a colored family in Virginia in the middle of the last century. Gradually the chair passed from hand to hand until at last it came into the possession of Mrs. George Yancey, a colored woman who now lives at Ovid, N. Y., enjoying that which so rarely comes to man or woman in Virginia in the middle of the last century of life. This chair is noticeable in the accompanying illustration, which was drawn from a photograph, by its general quaint appearance and its particularly straight back. It came from the banks of the James river when Mrs. Yancey had been given her freedom and journeyed north to New York state. She made a present of the chair to Mrs. Wilson, and it was with the idea of beautifying and preserving the furniture that Mrs. Wilson began decorating with postage stamps. Since this ancient relic of colonial days has been adorned in this unique manner seven other articles of furniture have received similar treatment, until now the whole forms one of the most pe-

culiar results of the curio collector's art that is extant.

The collection of postage stamps is something in which many persons are engaged and thousands more interested. It is really one of the fads in which young and old find equal enjoyment. The little miss not yet in the grammar school and her mother at home both pursue with equal eagerness the accumulation of those little bits of gummed paper which carry articles through the mail the world over. Strange and unique are the forms the collections take in order that they may be properly preserved. But Mrs. Wilson's is the queerest of them all. Included in the tiny specimens of stamps which conceal every vestige of woodwork about the furniture which they adorn, are stamps from everywhere that the international postal system reigns and several places where no exchange of mail matter has yet been agreed upon. All these are arranged in a manner as quaint as the idea itself. It must not be supposed that Mrs. Wilson's patriotism is of so light an order that she would permit any other than the stamps of the United States to be in the majority. There are the faces of every president who has been allowed to be made a sample of the steel engraver's art from Washington down. There are odd old stamps which most people have forgotten ever existed, stamps only known to the stamp collector as a rule, and which would be immensely valuable by themselves. All these curios are of our own make, that have borne missives on many a strange errand.

There are stamps which journeyed about in the crazy postal conveyances which carried the mail that was not Uncle Sam's during the days when civil war raged relentlessly. Then there are stamps of the days when the missives from Southern battlefields to Northern homes brought both joy and sorrow, the latter quite as often as the former. There are one or two stamps that were used when California was the Golden Gate to so many fortune seekers. The nation's history is plastered all over this furniture and the story that might be told about it, if the truth were known, would no doubt make it vie in interest in the eyes of the American people with the treasures of Mount Vernon, the sacred relics of Springfield, or those remembrances to which all the world bows at Galena. There is no particular method of arrangement of this nearly a million of stamps. Noble and peasant are side by side, and the commonest bit of postage evidence is just as liable to have a position of honor as the big piece of gummed paper with two figures on it. Evidently Mrs. Wilson believes with the poet, that rank is but the guinea stamp.

Of the foreign specimens of postal necessities there are very many, and as odd as they are numerous. The queer-looking, dark colored affair that comes from the land of the Cossack and

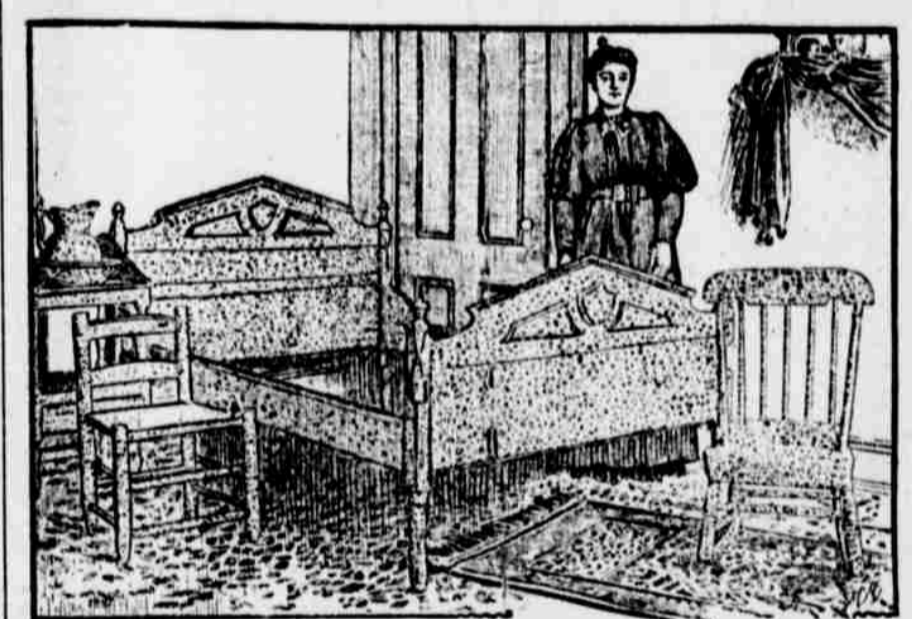
of Tolstoi seems strangely out of place, lodged for life on a bit of wood in a town where the very essence of freedom is in the air itself. Properly enough, there nestles close to the remainder of the Little Father's country the stately and benignant face of her gracious majesty on whose empire the sun never sets. Alongside of these two is the jolly postal emblem of Roumania, while the kaiser's youthful face looks out at you from his neighbor that once brought a letter from the land that now is wrenched with the tales of Stambouloff's assassination.

Then King Humbert looks out from near by, while— and one may almost fancy it sneers—a type of the face that frowns savagely on everything American is seen. And from everywhere peep at you countenances which European history and current events make us familiar with. While the fame of Mrs. Wilson's queer collection has been limited to a certain prescribed circle in general, it has gone abroad a little, sufficiently so that Cornell university offered the lady \$200 therefor and has several times made efforts to induce her to accept the tender made. When the stamps were received, and they came along in joo lots, Mrs. Wilson carefully washed and dried them and then glued them on after the style of a crazy patchwork quilt.

PRESENCE OF MIND.

The Mule Persisted in Licking Her Face.

Here is a story the truth of which I do not vouch for, says a writer in the New York Advertiser: The scene reminded one of that old picture, "When shall we three meet again?" It was at a busy corner on Broadway and a



middle-aged woman who had evidently been out shopping sauntered along, looking from one side to the other, wondering if there was anything she had forgotten. When everything was in a helter and skelter, everybody was in haste, either to catch a train or boat, this woman made a bold effort to cross the street, but before getting far she was cut off by a car and a piano wagon drawn by two mules. For a moment everything was in confusion. Women on the sidewalk nearly dropped for fear that the woman would be crushed to death before their eyes, but the men laughed when they saw this flimsy woman start to return to the pavement; but alas, she was overtaken by the piano wagon. The woman, seeing what a predicament she was in, gave a little leap and landed on the pole chains of the wagon, the driver, meanwhile, endeavoring to stay his team. Before he had succeeded the woman was gracefully sitting on the wagon pole, with an arm over the neck of each mule. The mules showed no surprise, but simply stared at each other as if to say: "Well, Dick, do you want this new woman?" The other mule persisted in strolling along and licking the woman's face. She did not laugh, nor did she scream, and after a half-minute of amusement the driver brought his team to a standstill and the woman was safely landed on the other side of the street.

A LADY'S MAID DISCHARGED.

She Tried to Get the Lady Home, but the Lady Wouldn't Go.

A handsomely dressed blonde wearing diamonds, who answered to the name of Alice Brewer, was arraigned in the Butler street police court, Brooklyn, yesterday morning charged with intoxication. She had been arrested by Policeman Gallagher of the Sixth avenue street station late Friday night. He said he found two women struggling in Sixth avenue and one was trying to get the other to go home.

"You're discharged," said the blonde to the woman who was trying to get her home; "you are not fit to attend a lady."

The policeman said the maid finally went home, but the blonde sat with her feet in the gutter until she was arrested. A man who was in court informed Justice Walsh that the woman was his wife, but that her name was not Brewer. He said she had attended a dinner and had taken too much wine. She was found guilty, but sentence was suspended.

Didn't Mean to Be Caught.

"Don't you let me catch you in here again," roared the grocer as he spanked the boy that had been filling his pockets with ginger snaps.

"It's your own fault that you caught me this time," sobbed the struggling kid.

KEEN ENJOYMENT.

It Was Only an Impression but It Gave Him Pleasure.

The policeman's beat led him past a fence which was formerly in demand for the display of theatrical posters, but which has been abandoned, says the Washington Star. It is eloquent with descriptions of glories that have drizzled and departed. A shy-looking man stopped to look at the old posters and he lingered so long that the policeman grew suspicious and walked up and down the block several times in order to make sure that he was not waiting to signal to a confederate to plan some nefarious excursion.

"I—I hope I do not annoy you," the shy-looking man said deferentially. "I ought not to be doing this; it's not generous or kind of me. But I can't help it."

"I don't see that you are doing any harm at present."

"Of course you don't. You're not a mind reader. It was my guilty conscience that spoke. I have a vindictive nature and I can't master it. I'm one of those people who dislike Great Britain on general principles. I can't get rid of the feeling that the stamp act was a personal insult, and every once in a while I forget myself and want to enlist in George Washington's army. Every time anybody suggests some means of twisting the lion's tail it is all I can do to keep from getting up and howling with glee."

"I don't see what that has to do with the case."

"Do you observe the names of English actors that appear there?"

"Yes."

"Every one of them was a shining light at home. They had to be coaxed and pleaded with before they would consent to leave the public whose idols they were. The way their managers talked about it in their interviews almost brought tears to my eyes. But once here, they very rarely go away except on short vacations. Season after season they are with us to tell us how much they are missed at home. And whenever I think of the manner in which the English public is deprived of all this flower of its dramatic talent, yearning in vain for it year after year, it makes my bosom fairly thrill with fiendish joy!"

TO PROTECT WILLS.

A Connecticut Judge's Plan for Carrying Out a Testator's Wishes.

From the Hartford Times: The only practical and simple scheme for the prevention of attacks on wills is that proposed by Judge John H. White of Hartford, and defeated by the legislature of 1895. It provides that every person on making a will may deposit it with a legal officer, who shall give public notice that a will has been so offered, and that all who wish to attack the capacity of the testator shall have a certain time in which to offer evidence and bring the matter to a decision. If no objection to the testator's capacity is made within the time specified, the will cannot be attacked on that ground after his death. The contents of the will are not disclosed, even to its custodian. No one has any ground to attack it because he is left out or gets less than he thinks he should have. Evidently people will think twice before attacking the testamentary capacity of a man who is there to defend himself, especially when they are uncertain how he has devised his property, and may be biting off their own noses. As Mr. Swiveler remarked about the rooms at Bevis Marks: "The contingent advantages are extraordinary." Under this law there would be no premium on will-breaking. The proposed law does not require any one to deposit his will. It merely gives to every person an opportunity to make sure that his intentions regarding his property shall be carried out and a growing scandal diminished. Another idea is that the legislature pass an act directing the judge in his charge to the jury, in case of will contests, to instruct them as to the weight of evidence and the verdict that is demanded by the law. These will cases present questions of law about which the judge knows more than the jury; and we can conceive of no more infamous practice than that of breaking a will on technical points, when the intent of the testator is clear. Something should be done to stop this continued and growing raid upon wills.

Reparation.

John Butts, Sr.—I want to leave my property to my two sons—one-tenth to my youngest son, John Butts, and nine-tenths to my oldest son, Royal Chesterfield Chauncey de Peyster Butts.

Family Lawyer—H'm! Do you think that's quite fair?

John Butts, Sr.—Yes; I want to make some kind of reparation to Royal for allowing his mother to give him such a crackjaw name.—Tit-Bits.

"SCRAPS."

There are 3,379 Americans living in Australia.

The queen has sixty pianos at Osborne, Windsor and Buckingham palace.

Fleet street in London is being widened and it cost \$150,000 to move back one tavern.

There are still 20,000,000 square miles of the earth's surface that have not been explored.

There are 870 prisons in Asiatic and European Russia, with the total number of 100,913 prisoners.

Forty-five carloads of walnuts, valued at nearly \$70,000, were shipped from Fullerton, Cal., this year.

Wild dogs are becoming numerous in the vicinity of Wilcox, Ariz., where they kill a great many young calves.