

# Old Home of Grant.

Primitive Dwelling He Erected Near St. Louis in the Summer of 1856.

Off to the southwest of the city of St. Louis, on high ground, from which one may see the distant towers of the town, there is a well kept farm that is known up and down the ancient Gravois road as the Grant place. Across the road from the farm there is a nursery of new trees, and up a private road to the northwest there is a cleared spot, in the center of which is an abandoned cellar, in which there now grows a vagrant peach tree.

The house that once stood above the cellar was of logs, and there were two rooms and a central passage in it. The house, called a cabin now and



The Grant Cabin.

then, was built in the summer of 1856, of logs hewed on the spot by Ulysses Simpson Grant. A few years ago this cabin was carefully taken down and moved several miles to the east, where it was set up on the grounds of a gentleman who has preserved the relic as it was forty years ago.

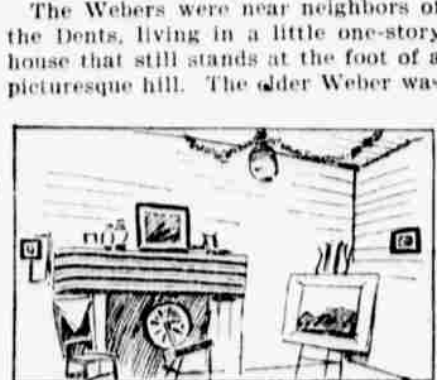
When the young soldier Grant came back from the Mexican war he left the army and took up the life of an agriculturist. He had made a good start in the Mexican campaign. His colonel told him that glory lay ahead of him, and there was no one surrier than this commander when Grant definitely determined to change the course of his career.

Judge Andrew Shores of Clayton, a few miles north of the Grant place, told a friend not long ago that he was present at Jefferson barracks on the morning that Col. Cumming and the young soldier took leave of each other.

"They called Grant captain in those days," says Judge Shores. "He was a strong young fellow with a close-cropped beard, a quiet eye and a quieter tongue. When I saw him talking to his commander down at the barracks, and when I learned that he was about to leave the army for the toll of a farmer in a new country, I wondered how long the hands that had known gloves and comfortable quarters would stand the strain of ax and grubbing hoe. Soon afterward, when I learned that Mr. Dent had set aside eighty acres of forbidding forest primeval for his soldier son-in-law I shook my head again, and began to wonder when the youth would change his mind. But he fooled all of us, and when I found that this West Point young man had actually gone into the woods and attacked the trees I was better prepared for all the great news that came to me in the years that followed. The property that Grant undertook to clear, and did clear, was thick with underbrush and towering trees. Grant got the brush out, took the trees first from a high spot of ground, smoothed the logs, and asked his neighbors to a house-raising. Two of the men who helped to raise that house are living—Asa Tesson and John Parke, both very old residents of this county.

"While Grant was engaged in the work of setting up his home he had to live. Down the Gravois road three or four miles there were coal mines that needed props. The stout oak of the smaller trees on the 'eighty' were good for this, and the mine owners were willing enough to pay a fair price for the props, delivered at the mines. So Grant hitched up a roan horse and a speckled horse that he owned, or had use of, and loading the timbers that he had himself cut, he drove down to the mines. No one ever remembers that Grant ever got on top of one of these loads. He used to say that the horses had enough to do to pull the heavily loaded wagon without having the extra burden of a stout man, quite able to carry himself. So, summer and winter, the young soldier-farmer walked. Sometimes he took firewood all the way to St. Louis."

The Webers were near neighbors of the Dents, living in a little one-story house that still stands at the foot of a picturesque hill. The older Weber was



A Corner in the Grant Cabin.

a cabinet maker and when he went to the Dent home to repair and tune the piano he took his young son with him. One day, with his plane, the cabinet maker drew out a long and fine carving that curled up as it fell. Miss Dent, afterward Mrs. Grant, fastened it to the Weber boy's hair and called him the "little curly-headed carpenter," a name that clung to him for many a year. It happened, too, that Grant was known up and down the Gravois road. When he had got as far as the Weber home on his way to the mines or to town he would stop, as a rule, and ask for a cup, for there was a well not far away, a well that

is there yet, just as it used to be but for a rickety chain top that bears a later date.

Henry Weber, who was the "little curly-headed carpenter," has many pleasant recollections of "Captain" Grant.

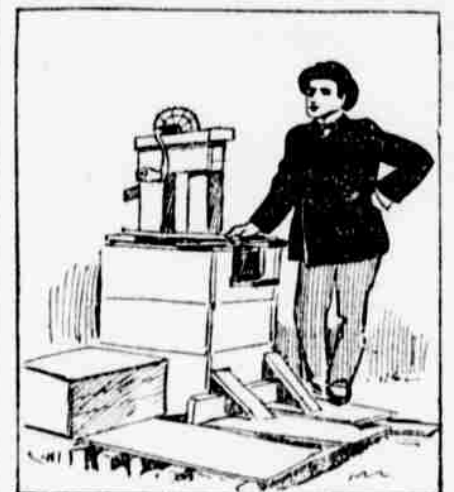
"John Parke," says Mr. Weber, "manned one corner of Grant's cabin at the raising. That is to say, he superintended the placing of the logs at one of the four corners. Three other men occupied similar positions at the other corners. The logs were hewed and ready, a good dinner and supper were provided, and the neighbors did the work. In the evening there was what was sometimes called a 'frolic' by the country-folk of the period; a dance and a party for the young people. It is my recollection that Captain Grant did no work on that day," said Mr. Parke recently. "He had planned everything and there were no hitches, but he did not put his hands to the work. He merely saw that everything was in ship-shape, and most of the day he did not even put in an appearance. He seemed to have had every confidence in the plans that he had laid out. Since then I have understood more of his methods at that simple house-raising than I understood at the time."

"About a year afterward, as I was passing the Grant 'eighty,' I saw the Captain at work in one of his little fields. I hailed him and he nodded in a friendly way, as much as to ask me to come over. I walked up to where he was at work, bending over one of the rows. He told me that he had a new kind of bean that he expected to turn out pretty well, and that he was anxious to get the entire field planted before a certain date. It was about noon, and when the sun got just right overhead, I said:

"Well, Cap'n, let's go over to the house and get something to eat."

"Can't do it," he said; "I've got to get these beans in, and until I see my way clear to get the job finished on time I won't eat dinner."

Year after year there are pilgrimages to the farm-home of Grant, the farmer-soldier. Many visitors go out from St. Louis, visitors from every part of the country; but the greater number by far are officers of the United States.



Just As It Used to Be.

who journey over from Jefferson barracks for a walk about the grounds that were once under the personal cultivation of their army's greatest leader.—Homer Bassford in Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post.

**Senator Hanna's Wish.**  
"I was enjoying luncheon with Senator Hanna recently. In a moment of confidence and with perhaps a mischievous purpose of deceiving him into an expression of possible further political ambition, I said: 'Senator, you have great wealth and many honors, and I know that you are a man of abundant happiness, but do you not at times cherish a wish for something in addition to all your present achievement?' While I had been speaking Senator Hanna had been looking along the table at several dishes which he had not tasted, for, although he is blessed with a rare constitution, he does not eat to excess. 'Yes, I have a wish,' he replied, 'and it is very similar to one expressed by an ancient Roman. My wish is that I might eat what I please and compel some Democrat to suggest it.'—Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post.

**Microbes Inhabit Cheese.**  
Prof. Adametz, who has devoted considerable time to the study of the fragrant subject, says that the population of an ordinary cheese when a few weeks old is greater than the number of persons upon the earth. He has made some interesting researches dealing with the minute organisms found in cheese. From a microscopic examination of a soft variety of cheese he obtained the following statistics: It fifteen grains of cheese, when perfect ly fresh, from 90,000 to 140,000 microbes were found and when the cheese was seventy days old the population had increased to 800,000 in each fifteen grains. An examination of a denser cheese at twenty-five days old proved it to contain 1,200,000 in each gram (about fifteen grains), and when forty-five days old 2,000,000 in the same particle.

We ought to be grateful first of all and with the deepest gratitude that God does not guide us according to our own plans or send us those experiences which we crave.

When God leads into deep waters, it is that we may learn to cling to his hand.

## HOME AND FASHIONS.

DESCRIPTIVE OF THE PREVAILING MODELS OF THE MOMENT.

**Pleated Waists Give Evidence of Popularity for the Coming Season—Custom of Wearing Patches May Be Revived—The Summer Girl of 1902.**

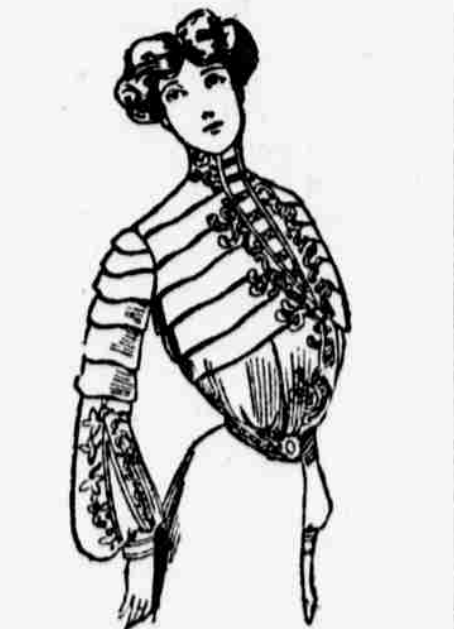
**The Summer Girl of 1902.**  
Summer fashions are decidedly picturesque. Full, flowing, trailing skirts, bodices with large falling collars or draped fichus and elbow-sleeves will rule in the evolution of frocks of the ethereal summer stuffs. They are elaborated with intricate insets of fine laces, and Paris says that many of the summer gowns will be made with sashes instead of belts. Accordingly, all sorts of lovely sash ribbons, among which are the Pompadour patterns of dainty posies, are shown. With streamers fluttering over billowy flounces, the sashes will add much to the graceful beauty of summer modes. One of the most delightful characteristics of the new styles is their femininity; and the summer girl of 1902, in her beruffled and lace-trimmed gown, her rose-enwreathed picturesque hat, her gracefully drooping curves, her flowered parasol, and mittens, will be a vision charming to behold.

**Pleated Waists.**  
As the season advances the taste is evinced for Norfolk and other pretty pleated waists—a fashion particularly becoming to slender figures, and since the plaits are lengthwise, not objectionable to those who are no longer slim. These plaits are seen in various materials among the spring wools and silk and wool mixtures, and the summer silks and handsome wash fabrics, and are usually box-pleats spread flat, or often a series of finer ones with usually a band of insertion between. The belted round waists are in three box-pleats, alike front and back, sometimes below a yoke, or else a pleated waist with yoke has wider lengthwise bands simulating such pleats, with a line of embroidery on lace through the center, these bands extending from the waist to the neck and shoulders.

**Princess Wedding Gowns.**  
The clinging grace and picturesqueness of the various princess styles are largely responsible for the marked favor they command for wedding gowns and elegant evening dresses. The continuous, unbroken lines from shoulder to skirt hem at the back invariably impart length and slenderness, and the fronts this season show more than ever youthful and charming effects. Satin royal, crepe satin, peau de soie, crepe de chine, chiffon over moire, silk-warp velvets, lace, net, and brocade are among the fabrics most favored for princess gowns this year, and pretty silk and wool fancies are employed for less expensive developments of these models.

**Patches May Be Revived.**  
Hints are being dropped in London that among the many revivals of past fashions and customs promised for this wonderful year that of patching is to be numbered. It is one which will certainly accord with the rich attire that is undoubtedly to be worn, and if, too, the political salon is to be restored, as indeed is most probable, opportunity will be given to great ladies of wearing their patches with a purpose. In former days a coach and horses was a favorite design, but, according to a recent writer, the "lady of quality" in King Edward VII.'s reign will doubtless adorn herself with motor cars, airships and other modern inventions.

**Handsome Evening Waist.**  
Handsome waist of white panne. The upper part of both waist and sleeves is made with wide crosswise tucks. The beautiful applique trimming is composed of gold velvet and black chenille. The narrow waist is of white silk,



ornamented with rows of fagoting, as is also the belt which is fastened in front with a gold buckle.—Neuste Blousen.

**For Golf and Tennis.**  
As long as golf and tennis remain so popular and attractive to the lovers of outdoor life, new fads and fancies are sure to present themselves. This spring the women are wearing very swaggar chamol-leather leggings, bound and stitched and buttoned on the side. They are cooler than the heavy leather ones, and much more comfortable and pliable. Worn with black shoes, they are ugly, but with tan shoes they are chic to a degree. With the short golf and tennis skirt, a woman's foot gear is very such an evidence, so she cannot be too careful how she is shod.

It is quite a fad now to make these leggings for yourself, and, with a good pattern, it is not a difficult task.

**Chic and Pretty.**  
Have you a lace bolero? If you haven't and are skillful with the needle you can make an exquisite little garment for yourself.

Buy any kind of pattern lace that you fancy and cut the bolero out. After you join the parts, finish the edges with a fluted chiffon ruffle or a lace frill. You can make the frill so it can be garnished with baby ribbon.

If you make a lace bolero for yourself the cost will be about one-quarter of the shop price for the dainty confection.

**Finger-Shield for Sewing.**  
On the notion counters one sees an old-fashioned device in the shape of a finger-shield, to be used for affording protection to the hand in sewing, in place of the thimble. The silver ones are engraved and often decorated with a monogram. Along with these are shown pin cushions, consisting of silver boxes, in which are set velvet pads, held together by two silver ornaments, intended for use on the sewing table.

**Pretty Strapped Waist.**



Waist of bengaline or soft cloth, with fitted back and sides and blouse front. It is trimmed with straps fastened at the ends with buttons and tassels. The sleeves, trimmed to correspond, are tight-fitting at the top and finished at the bottom with a large puff.—Le Luxe.

**Newest Hair Ornament.**  
Quite the newest hair ornament in the "Juliet cap." This is a revival of the little netted cap of pearls or brilliants worn by Italian women of rank and fashion when Romeo wooed Juliet. It is charming with the low dressing, and is worn at the top of the head. Another dainty novelty is the tiara-shaped wreath of maidenhair fern, gleaming with dewdrops. Small ivy leaves, with tiny flowers intermingled, are used in similar fashion, and roses, buds and other floral arrangements, are all fascinating and pretty.

**Attractive Stocks.**  
Most attractive among the new stocks are those of a foundation of heavy white pique, the turnover being of a finer quality, dividing and extending far below the edge of the stock in two wide, rounded points. These turnover pieces are embroidered in French knots in colors set between two curved lines of white and black, all done in heavy cotton. The points in front, though deep, lie close to the collar, and present a smart, tailor-made appearance.

**Piping Is Popular.**  
The old-fashioned idea of piping is revived once more, though perhaps one might truthfully say that it has never really gone quite out. Velvet, satin and even panne pipings of very much the same color as the cloth they adorn are in vogue.

**Notes of the Fashions.**  
This is to be a great year for neck ruffs. Birds' nests perch atop of a few of the new hats. The surplice nightgown is one of the most sought new styles for summer wear.

Lingerie sashes are promised as an adjunct of the smartest wassa gowns this year.

Oriental laces are especially well adapted to the present styles of hat trimming. The magpie craze appears in undershirts of black and white taffeta adorned with three little ruffles in black.

A white linen collar to be worn with shirtwaists fastens at the back and has a turnover finish with a point at the front.

Capes of the regulation style, of bright red scarlet cloth, are the newest idea for fair golfers for early spring days on the links.

Upon the set of the shawl-like plait at the shoulder, which is the chief characteristic of the Gibson shirtwaist, depends its style and becomingness.

Short, exceedingly short, black taffeta jacks, stitched in white, and their bertha-like collars embellished with white applique, are swaggar this season.

The tops of "snap" fasteners for kid gloves are now made in extra large size. Some of these are as large as a five-cent piece, and ornamented with a fancy design.

Three bands of a fancy silk braid caught together at intervals and fastened at the front with a small buckle form a dainty and fashionable belt. These belts are also to be had in bands of velvet.

## THE HUMOR OF LIFE.

JOKES AND JESTS WRITTEN WITH INTENT TO BE AMUSING.

**Woes of Early Egyptian Poets—Trump Resents Suggestion of Well-Meaning Old-Lady Youngster Thought Circus Better Than Prayer Meeting.**

**Made in Heaven.**  
Little Ethel, a Columbus five-year-old, recently heard her mamma say that there wasn't a match in the house. That night when the mother heard Ethel's prayer the little girl concluded by saying: "And please, Dod, send us a box uv matches. Amen."

"Why do you ask God for matches, Ethel?" asked the parent in surprise. "Coz," replied Ethel, "didn't Aunt Ruth say that matches wuz made in heaven?"—Ohio State Journal.

**Slightly Nervous.**  
Everything was in readiness. The groom, best man and the minister were gathered in the vestry. The organist began to play and the minister started for the door.

"Wait one moment, doctor," called the nervous groom. "Is it the right or left hand the ring goes on?"

"The left," hurriedly replied the minister. "And doctor, is—is it kismetary to cuss the bride?"

But the minister had fled.

**Points of View.**  
"Marie," he said, passionately, as he threw himself at the feet of the rich widow, "will you be my wife?" "Yes, John," she murmured, putting her arms about his neck. "It means the sacrifice of my fortune, for my income from my late husband's estate ceases on my second marriage but my love for you is such—"

"Marie, I can not accept the sacrifice! It is too much! I will be a brother to you!"

**A Horrible Suggestion.**  
"Did you see the prince?" "Yes."

"What do you think of him?" "Well," answered the man who has a hollow where the bump of veneration ought to be, "he has my approval. He knows what's business. He realizes that nobody would pay to see him and is willing to give the show free for the sake of the advertisement."—Washington Star.

**Leveler.**  
The child of strict parents, whose greatest joy had hitherto been the weekly prayer meeting, was taken to the circus by his nurse. When he came home: "O mamma," he exclaimed, "if you once went to the circus you'd never go to prayer-meeting again in all your life."—North American.

**A Relief.**  
"You are taking a great deal of interest in society." "Yes," answered Senator Sorghum. "I used to make fun of receptions and that sort of thing. But I declare it's something of a relief to get into a gathering of people where nobody can make a political speech or a touch for a campaign fund."

**Genuine Grief.**  
"Poor man! He was so cut up yesterday. He got a telephone message that his wife's pet dog had been run over and killed." "Why should the death of a dog make him feel so badly?" "That wasn't it. He felt badly when he got home and found it was all a mistake."

**Things That Have Passed.**  
Upgardson—If you are tired of your team of Shetland ponies, why don't you trade them off for something? Atom—The only trade I can make is with Thankersley. He offers to give me two or three dozen Belgian hares for them.

**A Selfish Plea.**  
Cora—And why should I think twice before I refuse you? Merritt—Because, my dear, a girl se'er thinks the same twice.

**In the Days of Ramesses**



Egyptian Poet—"It's not writing 'em but taking 'em round to the publishers that kills."

**Well Fitted.**  
She—The new member, Mr. Stacker, is going to help us think of some new schemes for making money for the church.

He—What does he know about it? "He is a reformed gambler."—Life.

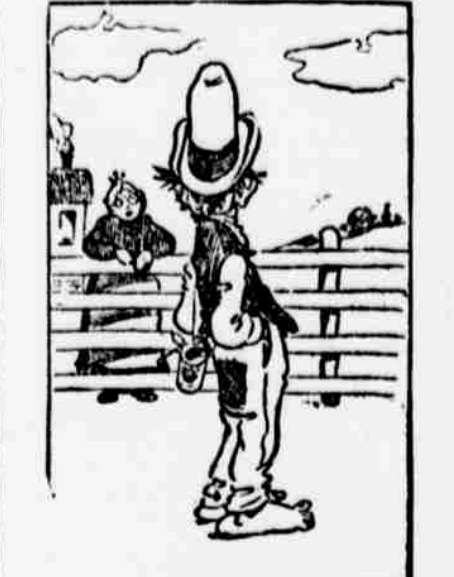
**Johnny's Playing.**  
The Music Teacher—Johnny is improving daily in his violin-playing. Johnny's mother (gratified)—Is that so? We didn't know whether he was improving or we were just getting used to it.—Judge.

**Withn' Cut.**  
The authoress, Mrs. Julius M. Thronton, is revising at the present time the final sheets of a novel, said to be a Baltimore romance, which is shortly to be in the hands of the publishers. She was one day this week dictating to her amanuensis a passionate love scene, in which the hero in intense excitement calls to the woman of his heart: "Darling! Sweetheart!" The voice of the reader was unconsciously raised in appeal when the door quickly opened and the woolly head of a daughter of Africa was thrust within, while its possessor inquired in dulcet tones, "Did you call me?"

**Answered in Paradise.**  
Applicant—Of course, in presenting my claims for this appointment, I do not ask or expect any preference to be shown; I merely desire to enter the competition on the same footing with the others.

Examiner—Precisely, but you must bear in mind that in estimating comparative fitness, a man's footing will have little to do with it; it will be his head that will establish his standing.

**His Idea.**



Tramp, Yes'm; I takes er bath 'bout once er month. Kind Lady, You should bathe three or four times a week. Tramp, Say! look! I ain't no mermaid.

**Pressing.**  
The girl wrote feverishly, turning out four or five great historical novels per month. As she was but 15, her entourage were concerned and remonstrated. "Will you take time to bud into womanhood?" said they. "Well, I should say nit!" replied she. "Why, this can be done any time, regardless of market conditions."—New York Sun.

**A Sense of Indignation.**  
"It's a shame!" exclaimed Meandering Mike, as he tossed the piece of newspaper from him. "What was you readin' about?" asked Plodding Pete. "Dese donations by Andrew Carnegie. It's a shame to be spendin' so much money for libraries when dey orter be buyin' cook books for some o' dese jalls we have to stop at."

**One of His Ways.**  
"I can't think," said the girl with the Julia Marlowe dimple, "what made Algy act so strangely last night." "Did he propose to you at any time during the evening?" asked the girl with the Maude Adams nose. "Yes." "Then he must have been drinking."

**Balloonists Need Passports.**  
The Russian officials have announced that balloonists must have passports. This means that should you drop out of a balloon and fall into Russian territory the result may be serious to you, if you are found to be without a passport signed by a Russian consul.

**The Se Ret.**  
"How does it come you write such lovely dialect verse?" asked the enthusiastic editor. "Why, you see," replied the budding author, "I use a stub pen, and lots of ink, write left-handed with my eyes blindfolded."

**He Was Shrewd.**  
"Bunkins takes life very easily." "But he is always telling hard-luck stories." "Yes; that shows his shrewdness. If he put in all that time telling funny stories people would say he was loafing."

**His Definition.**  
"What is your idea of a statesman?" "A statesman," said Farmer Corn-tassel, "is an officeholder who can quit thinkin' about quail on toast once in a while and remember the American eagle."

**Couldn't Be Mistaken.**  
Miriam—What makes you so positive Miss Serleaf is past 40? Mellicent—An infallible sign—she is beginning to wear hats suitable for girls of 20.

**Unnecessary.**  
He—Don't you think you could learn to love me? She—What's the use? I have too many expensive tastes as it is.—Life.

**His Idea of Them.**  
Teacher: Can you name the four seasons of the year? Rastus: Cherry time, watermillin time, 'possum time and rabbit time.

**Shy on Change.**  
"Could you change a ten-dollar bill for me, Henry?" "Couldn't even change my mind this morning, my dear."