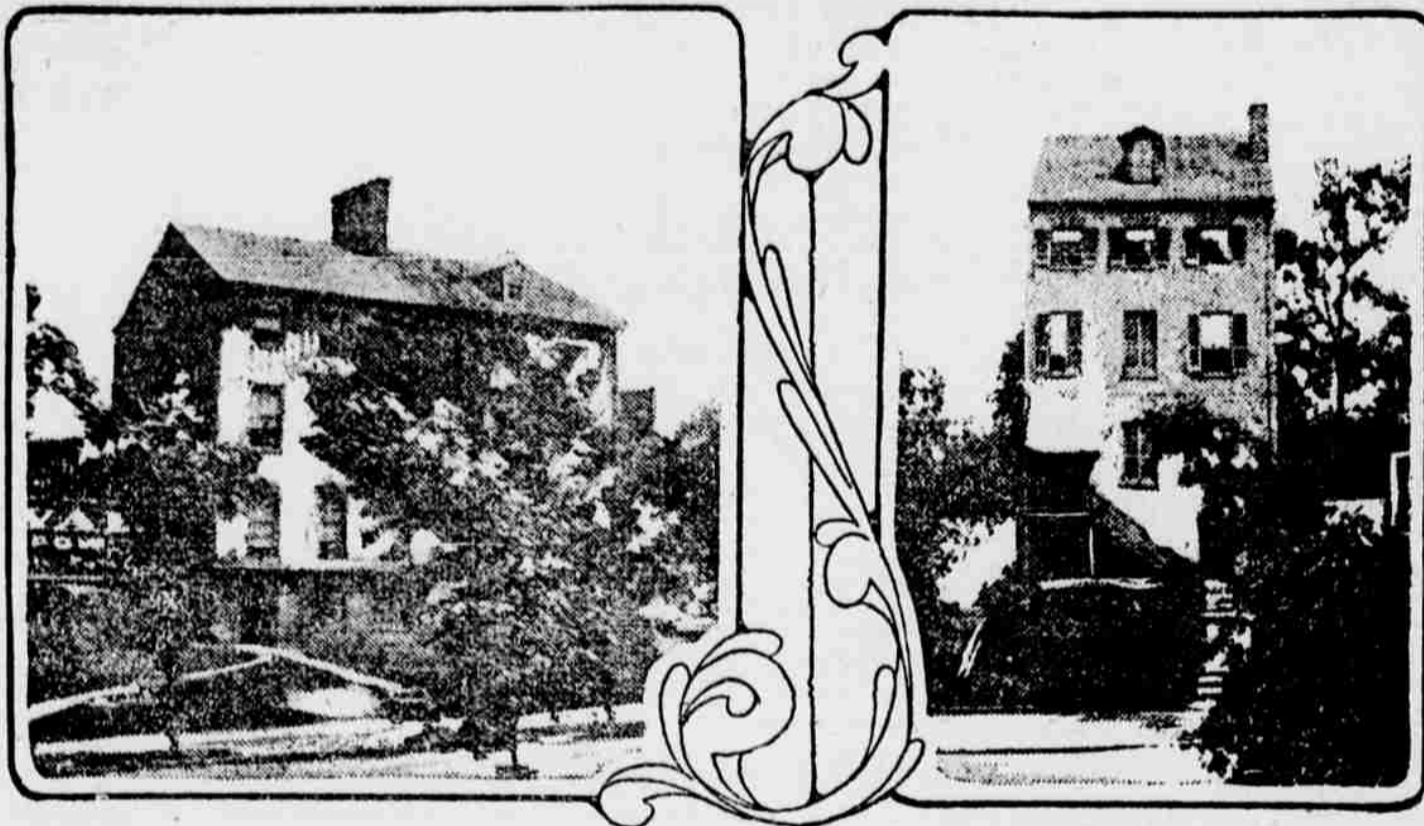


HISTORIC HOUSES IN WASHINGTON.

Historic Washington will soon be only a memory. One after another the historic buildings of this town, which have housed men entitled to at least a small niche in the hall of fame, are being torn down. The next big square of ground whose buildings are to be razed was where no less a personage than the brilliant and combative Henry Clay held his peace, for in this block was his home during his long and brilliant career as a representative in Congress, then as a senator, again as representative, and yet again senator.

This block of houses, which is north of the Capitol, bounded by Delaware avenue, B, C and First streets, has been condemned by the government in order to build the new committee rooms for the United States senate, to correspond with the opposite side of the capitol, where the committee rooms of the house are being built. This block has a curious mixture of old and modern architecture, and has not so many houses of great interest, having been less built up than the other side in early days. Those houses which are of historic

formerly of Virginia, at that time clerk of the supreme court. His own stately mansion was beside this "new house," this latter having been put up for renting purposes. It was in this house that Henry Clay, lived in Washington. And he is not the only personage known in history who formerly called No. 225 "home." It was known many times as a fashionable boarding house, which attracted statesmen of all styles and kinds. Somewhere in the early eighties, it was the first Washington home of Dr. John Witherspoon Scott, father



HOUSES OF THE GRANGERS AND JUDGE CRANCH.

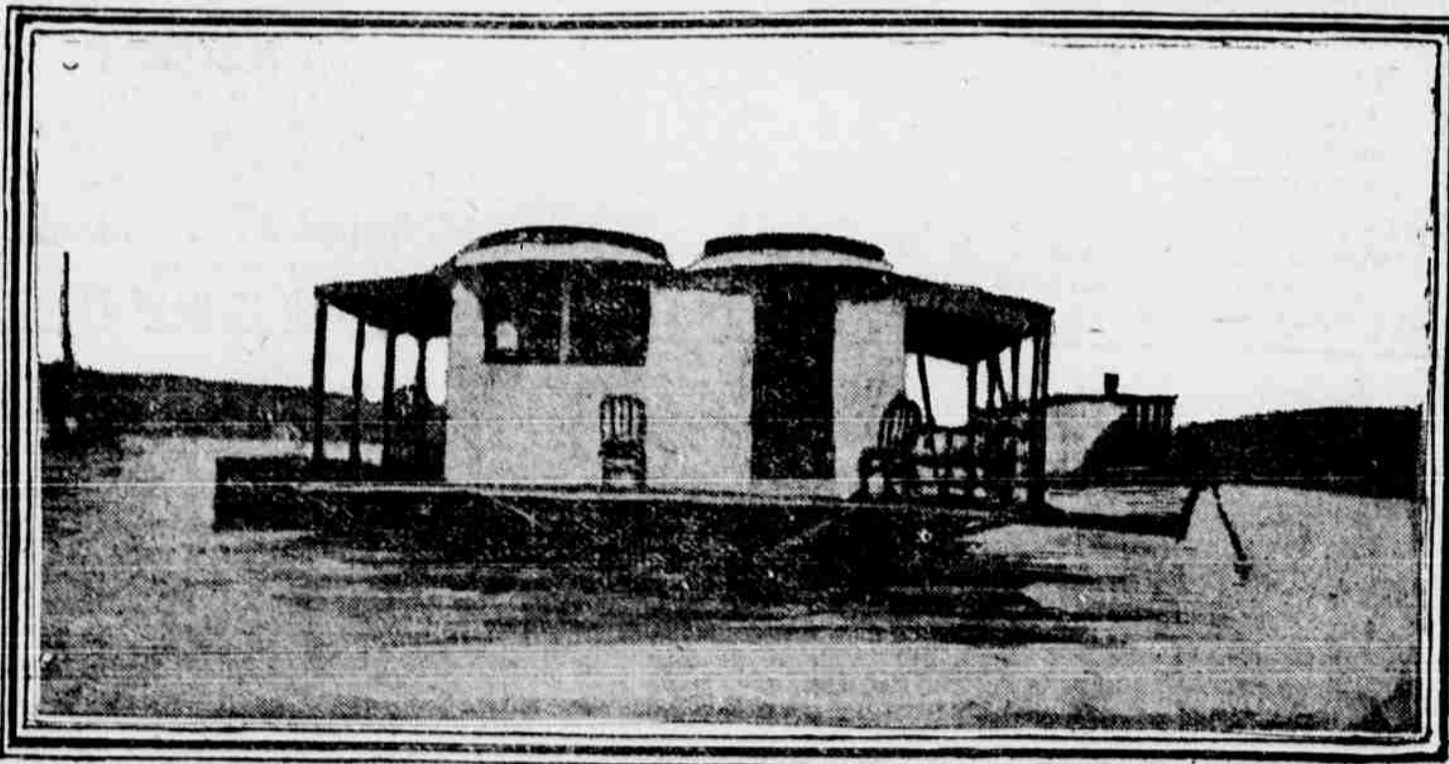
Here also was the former home of the distinguished son-in-law of President John Adams, Judge Cranch of the supreme court, who came from Massachusetts, and it was here that the president and his wife, Abigail Adams, made many visits to their daughter. Next door to them lived Francis Granger of Suffield, Conn., postmaster general in the cabinet of President William Henry Harrison, and in the same house his distinguished father had lived before him, Gideon Granger of Suffield, postmaster general from 1801 to 1814, under Presidents Jefferson and Madison.

interest, however, are fully a century old, and in one or two cases there is no record of when they were built. By all odds the most interesting of these is the house which is known as the Chilton house, No. 225 Delaware avenue. It is a tall, yellowish gray brick house, perched upon the top of a high bank like a bald eagle on a rock, the grading of the street long after it was built having left it high and dry, and the owners having to add a basement, and afterward terrace their front yard. The house was built in 1809 on the level of the street, by William Brent,

THE CHILTON HOUSE.

of the first Mrs. Benjamin Harrison, who died within a month after his daughter, in the White House. After the death of William Brent, No. 225 became the property of his daughter Virginia, who had married Robert S. Chilton of the state department. Mr. Chilton was, after his marriage, sent to Goderich, Canada, as our commercial agent and remained there for thirty years. From the time of William Brent's death the house was known as the Chilton house and on their return from Canada Mr. and Mrs. Chilton again took possession of it, expecting to end their days there

NOVEL STYLE OF HOUSE BOAT.



HOUSE BOAT MADE OF STREET CARS.

A fad for living in houseboats has attacked residents of Southern California. A pioneer in acquiring a home on the water is J. J. Jenkins, formerly of Pittsburg.

Mr. Jenkins created a novel houseboat, the demand for which has been so great that it is impossible for the inventor to keep up with it. He decided to build for himself a houseboat on the bay at San Pedro, and in casting about for material saw some abandoned cable cars, relics of the

days before the residents of Los Angeles were whizzed about on electric cars. Lumber is high in Southern California, and labor is even higher, so Mr. Jenkins decided to convert these old cars into houseboats.

Two cars were placed upon caulked float and converted into the cosiest sea homes. All around is a veranda. Across the end of the cars is a tiny kitchen, equipped with a stove, a sink and other conveniences. The remainder of the cars can be thrown into one

room or separated into dining room, parlor, sitting room and bedroom, in which latter is a comfortable bed that folds up in the wall.

The dweller in the household on San Pedro bay has many advantages. He can go out on the veranda in the morning, throw a line out and in a short time have a good mess of fish; or he can row ashore and gather clams. He is never bothered by the heat and the bay serves for a huge bathtub.

WHAT A HAGIOSCOPE IS.

Term Used by Englishman Puzzled Visiting American.

"In spite of the close blood relationship," said an American who had visited England, "we are frequently reminded in England that we are foreigners. It crops up often in the ordinary conversation.

"An English friend whose guest I was took me around to see his native village. We entered the church.

"Whereabouts is your pew?" I asked.

"We sit over there by the hagio-scope," he answered, as though a hagio-scope were some common object like a table or a candlestick. My friend noticed the blankness of my face, so he repeated.

"Over there just below the hagio-scope."

"Would you mind telling me what sort of an instrument it is that you call a hagio-scope?" I asked meekly.

"The Englishman looked hurt, but with a sigh he explained:

"We have them in nearly all the old country churches. Do you see that small glass window through the wall beside the altar? That was made at the time when lepers were at large. They were, of course, not allowed inside, so they stood outside and saw and heard the services through that hole, which is called the squint window, but more often the hagio-scope."

Vita Nuova.

Long hath she slept, forgetful of delight;
At last, at last, the enchanted princess,
Earth,
Claimed with a kiss by Spring, the ad-
venturer,
In slumber knows the destined lips, and
thrilled
Through all the depths of her unaging
heart
With passionate necessity of joy,
Wakens, and yields her loveliness to love.

O ancient streams, O far-descended
woods
Full of the fluttering of melodious souls;
O hills and valleys that adorn your-
selves

In solemn jubilation; winds and clouds,
Ocean and land in stormy nuptials
clasped,

And all exuberant creatures that acclaim
The Earth's divine renewal; lo, I too
With yours would mingle somewhat of
glad song.

I too have come through wintry terrors—
yea,
Through tempest and through cataclysm
of soul

Have come and am delivered. Me the
Spring.

Me also, dimly with new life hath
touched.

And with regenerate hope, the salt of
life;

And I would dedicate these thankful
tears

To whatsoever power beneficent,
Velled though his countenance, undi-
vulged his thought,

Hath led me from the haunted darkness
forth

Into the gracious air and vernal morn.
And suffers me to know my sprit a note
Of this great chorus, one with bird and
stream

And voiceful mountain—nay, a string,
how jarred

And all but broken! of that lyre of life
Whereon himself, the master harp play-
er.

Resolving all its mortal dissonance
To one immortal and most perfect strain,
Harps without pause, building with song
the world.

—William Watson.

Hot Water Remedy.

A worn out woman who retires at night or lies down for a few minutes' rest at noonday with a feeling that sleep is impossible should try the hot water remedy, says the Philadelphia Inquirer. Simply bathe the face and temples, the wrists and cords of the neck, in water as hot as can be borne. For a daytime nap the dress should be loosened at the throat and waist, or, better still, the clothes should be removed entirely, just as when retiring for the night. A glass of hot water with a little sugar and a few drops of lemon juice is a favorite drink of French women, and is an excellent sleep producer. Eau sucre, as it is called, takes the place in France often occupied by tea here.

Singer's Two Mementoes.

Mme. Marie Roze cherishes among her many treasures two strangely contrasted memorials. One is a program printed in gold letters on white satin of the songs she once sang before Queen Victoria and the other is a beautifully executed testimonial presented to her by a convict forger when she sang to the inmates of Auburn prison, New York.