

GREYSTONE.

Description of Mr. Tilden's Magnificent Home on the Hudson.

Mr. Cleveland's Sunday at Greystone has again attracted public attention to that venerable and somewhat interesting place, writes correspondent of the Cincinnati Commercial Gazette. The road which runs past Mr. Tilden's front door becomes the boulevard when it reaches New York. It is a broad, smoothly paved road, curbed and paved in the most approved fashion. Greystone itself stands on a knoll between the roadway and the Hudson, commanding a beautiful view of the river.

Greystone is a huge pile of gneiss rock quarried from the neighboring hills, and is impressive from its very size. It contains ninety-nine rooms, and has a frontage of four-hundred feet. In the center is a tall square tower. Its effectiveness is in its massiveness, and Mr. Cleveland might scour the banks of the Hudson without finding its equal in this and many other respects. The edifice stands in a park of one hundred and twenty acres of magnificent woodland slopes, broad meadows, sequestered lawns, and lovely glades and glens.

From the uppermost room of the tower, 400 feet above the surface of the Hudson, the scene is magnificent. To the north are the Peekskill Mountains and the environments of West Point. To the west are the Palisades; to the south the upper part of New York city and the hills of Staten Island; while to the east are the sail-flecked waters of Long Island Sound. On every hand the prospect is not less beautiful than vast. Near the house are several large silver firs, which Mr. Tilden imported from Greece. These are interspersed with a unique and beautiful collection of trees and shrubs, among which are golden oaks, alders, purple beeches, and evergreens from the deepest shades of green to the richest shades of gold. Chief among the latter is a beautiful specimen of Japanese arbor-vite.

From the rear veranda the grounds descend by a succession of six terraces to the Hudson, 40 yards distant. Standing directly west of the mansion is an oak tree that towers above the other monarchs of the forest. It is symmetrical to fault, and never fails to attract attention. Mr. Cleveland asked if there was any tradition connected with it. His host smilingly informed him that he knew of none, except that it had been dubbed the 'Tilden Oak.' The spread of its foliage is seventy feet.

The main hall of the building extends clear across, from east to west, and is lofty and wide. On the right is the Secretary's office. The Secretary, as he sits at his desk, can look at portraits of William Cullen Bryant, Charles O'Connor and Samuel J. Tilden.

Next to this room is a wide stairway, and next to it the dressing room. At the end of the hall is the entrance to the rear piazza, and on the left one may enter the reception-room, the dining-room or the library. Mr. Tilden's sleeping apartments and the chief guest's room are on the second floor. In the latter Mr. Cleveland slept. The furniture is of satin-wood, trimmed with bamboo. The room is forty to twenty feet in size, and perfect in its appointments. Not far from this room is another fitted up with a handsome billiard table and other requirements of the game. The third floor is entirely occupied by sleeping-rooms.

Reminiscences of 1880.

Several gentlemen to-day were recalling reminiscences of the republican national convention at Chicago in 1880. Among the visitors from this city was the gallant one-legged soldier Hill, ex-treasurer of state, who in the first convention was troubled in getting a card of admission. His disgust may be imagined on seeing a southern negro in the corridor of the hotel openly selling tickets, and he made some remarks not very complimentary of the methods which denied a soldier admission and yet filled the pockets of this immigrant from the south. His remark was overheard by the ticket wender, and in a dippant tone the negro asked: 'What did you lose dat leg, sah?' 'I lost it,' answered Col. Hill, 'in the service of the union army, naming the battle. Well, sah,' was the reply, 'you fool wid me, and you'll lose de oeder one.' Quick as a flash the colonel's crutch landed alongside the head of the gentleman from the south, and knocked him sprawling ten feet away, and in such a confused condition that he did not care to renew the discussion. The landlord of the hotel was so pleased with Col. Hill's action that he gave him the best room and saw that he had a front seat of charge.

During the intense excitement incident to the Blaine-Grant rivalry in the convention of 1880, a Blaine delegate mailing from Maine dogged the footsteps of Gen. Logan wanting to bet that Gen. Grant would not be nominated, and finally followed him into Don Cameron's room, where a number of Indianaans had gathered. Logan was in an ugly mood, and the impudent persistency of the man from Maine angered him beyond endurance, and he sprang towards him with the intention of wrenching his spine. As he did so one of the Indianaans who was also shouting for Blaine jumped between them, and shaking his fist under Gen. Logan's nose, shouted: 'Don't you touch him! don't you dare touch him!' Logan halted and looking at the Indianaan, while his countenance turned black as night, and his hand sought his revolver, he ask, 'Who are you, sir?' Quince A. Blankenship, of Martinsville, Indiana, by—, sir, relieved the bellicose Hoosier as he dashed in front of the enraged general. Ex-councilman Morrison, of this city, and Mr. Hodges, a relative of Blakeship's, were spectators, and at Morrison's suggestion Hodges jerked Blankenship away and pushed him out of the room and by so doing prevented a possible tragedy. Blankenship realized afterwards that he had been fooling with dynamite.

A Meteor as Big as a Small House. [Danlonge a centurion.]

The most remarkable meteor that we have ever heard of was seen by a number of our townsmen on Monday night about 10 o'clock. From several persons who saw it we gather that it presented the appearance of a round ball of fire, without a tail, about the size of a small house, moving from the southeast to the northwest. When it had gone nearly out of sight in the distance, it was seen to explode. Some two or three minutes after it disappeared a loud rattling, rumbling noise was heard, first in the southeast and ending in the northwest.

A MUGGED VERMONTER.

A Rutland man at Wallingford yesterday was astonished to see Dyer Townsend, 79 years old, drive up with a pair of horses and a bobsled, sitting on a team, from the woods where he had been hauling logs, all alone and apparently as vigorous as ever. The old gentleman seems in mind and body nearer 30 than 100, rides colts without saddle, and actually does heavy farm work so fast that a smart grandson can not keep up with him.—Rutland Herald.

The latest novelty is ginger ice cream in which the heat of the ginger counteracts the chill of the cream and the frigidity of the cream nullifies the fire of the ginger, producing a happy medium most gratifying to the epicurean palate.—Mewton (N. J.) Register.

No interruption of business on account of the weather.

I am well acquainted with Mr. — and know his circumstances. First of all, he has a wife and boy together they ought to be worth \$100 to any man. Secondly, he has an office in which there is a table worth \$100 and three chairs worth \$100. In a corner there is a small hole which will bear looking in. Respectfully yours, A. Lincoln.

We have just received from the publisher a handy little volume on

Senator Willard's Wife.

[Jep Terpen in Kokomo Dispatches.]

To one who would hear of Indiana, its political complications and the eccentricities of its distinguished people, Mrs. Willard, the wife of the Senator from Lawrence, is a most interesting person. Before her marriage she was much in public with her father, one of the most eminent surgeons of the country. Since becoming Madam Willard I meet her husband no place where she is not. A learned shoemaker once served her: 'A gentleman always takes his wife with him.' Sitting in the Senate Chamber during the day, Mrs. Willard is very useful to the newspaper people, by whom she is interviewed. She keeps a complete run of the business in her mind, and can always impart something of importance to Snacks. I can't see how we could run the Senate without her.

Many of her suggestions are made to do duty in the way of padding out the legislative goings of the press. On the night of the filibustering two years ago when Lieut. Gov. Hanna was recognizing Republicans only, who were speaking against him, Mrs. Willard shared her husband's desk. Hanna was lounging in the oak room when Hilliard moved that Willard be elected President of the Senate. It carried in a storm and of course created the wildest confusion. Willard started struggling through the crowd for the desk. His wife pushed him. 'Please stay Kate. I can take care of myself,' he said.

'I know you can Jimmy' but I want to help you,' was her reply.

They meant business. Ten seconds more and Willard would have been in the chair and, pushing the Temporary Chairman aside, have adjourned the Senate. But Hanna out of breath, gesticulating almost incoherently, and as pale as a chaplain when a battle is on, was in his place. Realizing that revolution might be met with violence was not conducive to the tranquility of the temperature. To make a long story short, Mrs. Willard accompanied the Senatorial expedition to see Jack How-

rad.

Referring to Daniel Webster in a recent interview, ex-Senator Tuurman, of Ohio, said:

'I have heard him speak and I have never heard his equal. Whenever I think of Webster I feel that I appreciate the remark once made about him by Sydney Smith. Webster was in England on a visit and somebody asked Sydney Smith if he had seen the great American. He said he had. Well, what did he think of him? 'He is a cathedral,' he said. That is just my idea of him. I never saw such a play of ideas on any man's face while speaking. The cavernous depth of his eyes seemed to be actually on fire. He had a most grave and solemn expression of countenance, but Vinton, who knew him intimately, told me he had a great fund of humor and good jokes, and that he could tell a story as well as Tom Corwin.'

Judge Dougherty of Alabama was noted for eccentricity and sarcasm quite as much as for impartial administration of justice. During a trial in court at Montgomery a young man was tried for petit larceny—taking a pocket book. The next case was for murder. The evidence in the former was slight, as the latter conclusive, yet the jury convicted in the first and acquitted in the second, much to the surprise of the Judge, the audience and the prisoners themselves. In the first case the Judge said to the prisoner: 'Young man you have not been in this country long?' 'No, sir,' replied the young man. 'I thought so. You don't know these people; you may kill them but don't touch their pocket books.' The Mobile Register tells this anecdote.—Ex.

Joel B. Johnson, who was one of the founders of the city of Woodstock, Ill., and has always been a staunch democrat, a few days since received from George W. Renwick, of Elgin, a half-gallon of wine that has a very interesting history. It was made by the last named gentleman in 1857, and was a part of one of three casks of wine that were made at time to celebrate the nomination, election, and inauguration of Stephen A. Douglas as president of the United States. The first cask was used after his nomination, but as he was not elected, the second, cask was used by the boys in blue in 1862 and the maker avowed that the third should be kept until the next democratic president should be inaugurated. That time having come, it has been distributed among his friends.

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When you decide to go South make up your mind to travel over the line that passes through the best country and gives you the best place to stop over. This is emphatically the MONON ROUTE, in connection with the Louisville and Nashville and the Cincinnati Southern Railways, Pullman Palace Sleepers, Palace Coaches double daily trains. The best to Cincinnati, Louisville, New Orleans or Florida. For full information, descriptive books, pamphlets, etc., address any Agent of the Company, or ROBT. EMMETT, District Passenger Agent, No. 26 St., Illinois Street, Indianapolis, Ind.

Webst'r's Eyes.

Mr. Allen in his article on Daniel Webster in the last Century, writes a response to the Boston Advertiser, mentioning his 'great, soft eyes,' as being peculiarly attractive to children. This reminds us of an incident which may perhaps show that those eyes had sometimes different effect. Mr. Webster was once spending the summer in a town near Boston, and, as was his custom, attended church regularly both morning and afternoon. On one occasion it fell to the lot of an unfeigned youth to try his wings in that pulpit.—He rose as was natural, with some trepidation, to begin the service. This trepidation gradually increased, till toward the close of the hymn he faltered perceptibly, and as he sat down by the minister of the parish, he whispered: 'Doctor, I don't know to whom those eyes belong which are directly facing me, but they are quite so much for me and I can not preach.' Mr. Webster was responsible for an extemporaneous discourse that morning.

Senator Lamar stepped into one of the 'bob tail' cars on Pennsylvania avenue, and after fumbling in his pockets for some time finally pulled out a half dollar and absent-mindedly dropped it into the box. A friend sat on the opposite side of the car and reminded the Senator that the fare was only five cents. 'Well, well,' replied the Mississian, smiling, 'that's just like me.' And once more putting his hand in his pocket he drew therefrom a nickel, which quietly deposited on top of the half dollar.

The Language of Letter Seals.

A seal of pink wax means congratulation; one of black, condolence; blue, love; or purple, friendship; red, business; and an invitation to a wedding or other festivity is sealed with white wax.

GIVEN AWAY FOR ONE YEAR

We want 200,000 subscribers before April 1st, 1885, to our large Illustrated publication, THE SUNSHINE MAGAZINE. In order to get the above number of subscribers we must give away subscriptions the first year, and the second year we will make up the loss as most of them will subscribe again paying our regular price \$3.00 a year.

Order for yourself and friends and you will never regret it. Send ten two-cent stamps to pay postage and you will have something to read every week for one whole year.

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Remember, you will receive the Mirror before you distribute any books.

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The Presbyterian Sabbath School introduced a novelty in order to raise funds to carry on its work. It was called "jug breaking." About twenty small jugs were placed in the hands of as many scholars into which money could be placed, but not taken out without breaking the jug. On the evening of Friday, Feb. 27, a large audience assembled at the Presbyterian church to witness the result of the jug breaking. A very interesting programme of songs and recitations was interspersed in the exercises, and the sum of \$47.40 was realized. For this cordial response on the part of the citizens on behalf of the school, their hearty thanks are hereby tendered.

B. F. FERGUSON

Supt.

While American capital is protected by a tariff on such foreign goods, as compete with American products, American labor is utterly unprotected against the cheap pauper labor that comes from low-priced countries to compete with and drive out the American laborer.—[Henry Ward Beecher.]

NOTICE.

To all who are wanting fruit trees for the coming spring I will have apple pear & cherry trees and grape vines also a nice lot of evergreen from one to four feet. All of which will be sold REASONABLE FOR CASH. Call and see if you don't believe it.

JOHN COEN

ORDINANCE NO. 116.

An ordinance to regulate the keeping and letting of stallions and jacks, to mares and jennets, within the corporate limits of the Town of Rensselaer, declaring such keeping and letting, except in conformity with the provisions of this ordinance to be nuisance, preventing the same, and repealing all ordinances in conflict therewith.

Section 1. Be it ordained by the Board of Trustees of the Town of Rensselaer, that it shall be unlawful for any person to keep or let to any mare or jennet, any jack or stallion, within the corporate limits of the Town of Rensselaer, except under the following regulations and in compliance with the following requirements:

First, he shall provide a suitable enclosure by which the view of the inhabitants of said Town, either from the streets thereof, or from any of the lots or grounds, or from any residence or other building situated within the corporate limits thereof, shall be entirely obstructed.

Second, all doors, windows or other openings in such enclosures are permitted to be open, as spectator or lookers-on, with such enclosure during the time of trying or teasing such mare or jennet.

Third, No minors under the age of twenty-one years, shall be allowed or permitted to be present, as spectator or lookers-on, with such enclosure during the time of trying or teasing such mare or jennet.

Section 2. The keeping of any stallion or jack, or the letting of any stallion or jack to mares or jennets, within the corporate limits of the Town of Rensselaer, except in conformity with all the provisions and requirements contained in section 1, of this ordinance, is hereby declared to be a nuisance and is hereby forbidden and prohibited, and such nuisance shall be abated.

Section 3. All ordinance or parts of ordinances in conflict with the provisions hereof are hereby repealed.

Section 4. This ordinance shall be in force from and after the first day of April A. D. 1885.

Ordained March 2, 1885.