

CLEVELAND AT HOME.

HOW THE PRESIDENT LIVES AT GRAY GABLES.

The Summer Sun Tans His Skin and the Whispering Winds Smooth the Lines of Care from His Face—Household of the Nation's Chief Executive.

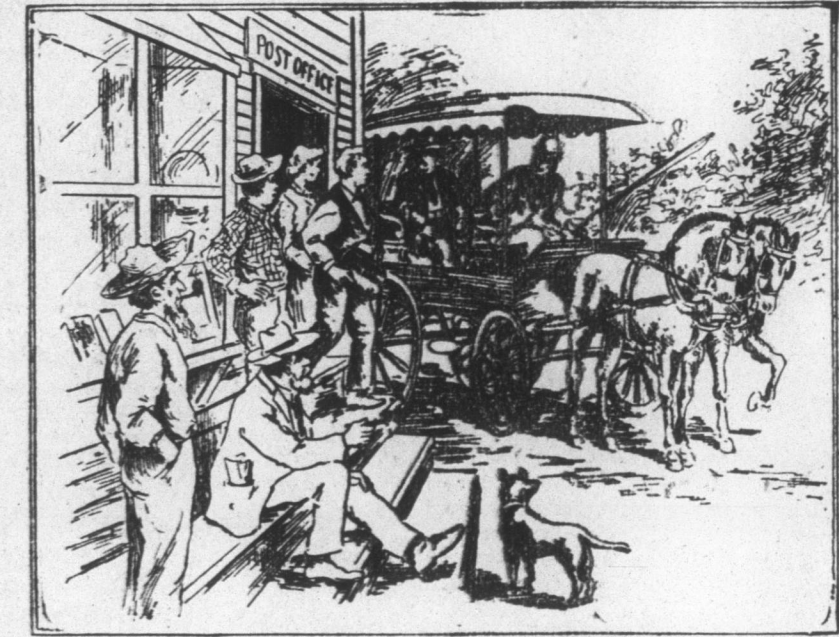
One Week with Grover. A week passed with President Cleveland at Gray Gables is an event which comes not often into the life of the average man. I do not know which prospect remains most vividly in memory after such an experience—the sight of the relief and happiness of the ruler of over 60,000,000 people divested of business cares that at Washington place him under almost constant microscopic inspection, or the beauties and pleasures of the rare ideal solitude amid which the President and his family spend a vacation time that is quaint, restful and thoroughly enjoyable. When Mr. Cleveland purchased Gray

the summer home of Cleveland, the private estate. It derives its name from its numerous little gables, peaks and dormer windows. Vines shadow its fifteen



THE CLEVELAND FAMILY BUTLER.

rooms, the salt-freighted winds have changed the paint to a mellow moth color. There is a wide veranda all around the house, and from the heavy plate-glass windows can be seen in all directions the bright waters of the Very. The President loves flowers, and directly in front of the house is a neat but not ostentatious floral display—geraniums, marigolds, ferns, mountain daisies.



RECEIVING HIS MAIL AT THE VILLAGE POSTOFFICE.

Gables—a lovely, many-windowed home far out on a point that juts into the pulsing, shifting, mysterious waters of Buzzard's Bay—has evidently had in view the desire to thoroughly isolate himself when the opportunities came to temporarily drop the state's garb of his great office. It is as hard a spot to reach. In a measure, as if it were situated in the heart of darkest Africa, it requires the patience of Job and the philosophy of Carlyle to get to it by rail. Every twenty miles on the way to Buzzard's Bay you have to change trains, and Buzzard's Bay is but the threshold to Gray Gables. If you go by an ocean route, there is still an eight miles drive to Monument Beach, unless you take a semi-occasional train. The railroad company has built a tiny pagoda-like station at the entrance to the land that surrounds the President's summer home, and has placed upon a sign the words, "Gray Gables," painted in strong white.

Around the station there is almost complete solitude, the spot being covered with dense trees, and a tangle of heavy underbrush. A road of ocean shells and sand winds like a big snake up to the 200 acres which surround Gray Gables. This land runs out into a little cape, which is bluff-like in its formation, and at its summit are two six-foot towers, on top of which are massive bowlders, marking the entrance to fifteen cleared acres. For a hundred feet beyond these, the underbrush has been cleared. The Cleveland family call this spot "The Grove," and it is provided with board seats, and has many quiet little nooks, where Mrs. Cleveland and her three children, Ruth, Esther and Marion, spend their leisure, in close proximity to a small park supplied with deer. Beyond is a pretty

les, panes, bachelors' buttons, four-o'clocks, and a big slump of sunflowers. The main doorway is reached by a wide flight of steps, from which a path leads to a wooden dock terminating in a floating platform, directly at the ocean's edge. One hundred feet out, moored to stakes, is Mr. Cleveland's steam launch, and the sailing boat which he uses in his fishing trips.

The retinue of servants is a comparatively limited one. There are two nurses for the children, a butler, a handmaid, two maids, a coachman, a



MET BY MRS. CLEVELAND AFTER A FISHING TRIP.

steward, two men engaged about the grounds, and the caretaker, Bud Wright, who is a genuine down-East Yankee, with a keen sense of humor that has helped to give publicity to Cleveland's one and only joke. This has a twang of local color, but will bear repeating. It seems that near Gray Gables on the Old Colony Railroad, is a tiny little village called Wareham. It is pronounced Ware-am by everybody in Massachusetts. Just as a train was once rattling up to the station an ancient spinster of Cape Cod was examining the contents of a package which an extremely pretty young Boston girl had left accidentally in the seat beside the spinster when she left the train at Onset Beach.

The contents of the package happened to be the latest thing in bloomers. Just as the spinster was examining the bloomers, with a face of horror, the train stopped at the station. "Ware-am!" shouted a brakeman. "Shan't do it," yelled the spinster.



MR. CLEVELAND AS PILOT IN HIS NEW LAUNCH.

and lace curtains, is plainly fitted up with white wicker work furniture, and is used exclusively as a sleeping place for the servants. Beyond it lie the stables, and then, at the extreme end of the turf-covered land, which rises in miniature hills and valleys, stands the house of Gray Gables itself

who had supposed the brakeman had addressed the remark to her. When Bud Wright told this story to Mr. Cleveland it was greeted with great laughter, and since then the President has worked it off on the various members of the cabinet, who have visited him during his vacation.

So far as the President is concerned, life at Gray Gables may be summed up in a word—fish. He is "fish crazy," for, as the earth revolves around the sun, so everything at Gray Gables revolves around Mr. Cleveland's fishing trips, morning, noon and night. He even fishes in his sleep, his familiars say! He awakes at about six o'clock in the morning, shaves himself, gets a lonely breakfast, and then puts off for his cat-boat. The President loses much of that gravity that marks his public life, once afloat, and is a bright companion in a jolly good fellowship. The Ruth has a half-deck and a tiny little cabin, and while Cleveland steers, his constant companion, Wright, manages the sail. Mr. Cleveland is looking thinner, but more healthy than he has for years. He wears a careless fishing garb, outing shirt and all, and a hat stained yellow by the sea water, kinked up behind, crushed up before, and thoroughly disreputable—such a hat as a bank robber might adopt. He has a fine collection of rods, and dotes on bluefish, always taking a lunch aboard of sandwiches, pickles, cake and water. He is an angler of the most persistent class, remaining out way into the afternoon at times, a flag hoisted on a high staff at the house telling when he is afloat. The cat-boat goes eight miles to find the President's favorite fishing spot. Broiled fish is a popular dish at Gray Gables.

When he is not fishing, the President enjoys a drive to a trout stream seven miles distant, or one to the postoffice, behind his team of three-year-old beauties. Mrs. Cleveland accompanies him in his trip after the voluminous mail bag, always ready for him, as does she and the children meet him at the dock on his return from a fishing excursion. On such occasions she wears a plain, neat skirt of covert cloth, and a silk waist. When they return the children are taken to feed the buck and roe, or allowed to hunt for blackberries, or showing off their knowledge of German, in which Ruth is quite an expert. They look over the cows and the vegetable garden, or hail the only arrival that breaks the monotony—the advent of the meat wagon from a neighboring town.

The President likes to be treated as a private citizen, and used to make occasional calls in the vicinity with Mrs. Cleveland, who followed up golf as an amusement last year. This vacation, however, they are more retired. Mr. Cleveland does his own writing nights, although Secretary Thurber is within an hour's call. Secret service guards see that no one enters the grounds, unless through an appointment by telephone. It is said that a prominent Minister Plenipotentiary and a Georgia Senator of large repute were both turned down for venturing to intrude at Gray Gables unannounced. They did not even get a ride on the handsome \$1,500 steam launch in which Mrs. Cleveland and the children take occasional trips around the bay.

It is a pretty domestic picture that is presented at Gray Gables when night falls. Mrs. Perrine, Mrs. Cleveland's mother, is the only stranger to the direct family circle, and they all gather

in the main drawing-room, prettily fitted with blue, and with white wicker furniture, a big oak table and an old-fashioned fire place. The rugs are plain, the walls have a few neat etchings, but there are books, newspapers, magazines, and the children put in a happy gleaming and chatter and play until 9 o'clock. On Sundays a general rest is ordered, the children only going to church with their nurses. Except that the place is under the general surveillance of a curious and interested public and guarded by careful, trustworthy detectives, it might be the summer nest of any private citizen, ordinary, unostentatious, arranged only for restful and harmonious comfort.

An Immense Shark. Antone Joseph, an old whaling mate now stationed as cook of the Cornfield lightship, Essex, Conn., hooked the boss shark of the season on Wednesday last week. The monster measured from nose to tip of tail 14 feet 7 inches, and weighed about 500 pounds. When Mr. Joseph noticed the shark under the lightship quarter, he immediately got out the shark fishing tackle and baited the hook with a round of Uncle Sam's mess pork, which Mr. Shark very quickly made a meal of and was towed alongside of the ship. The gaffs were hooked on to him and he was hoisted on board. The shark steaks being removed, he was cast back into the sea for the Nautic parties to take pictures of or some imaginative reporter to write up as a sea serpent.

Tin from the Malay Peninsula. More than half the world's supply of tin is mined in the Straits Settlement, at the top of the Malay Peninsula. The output in 1891 was 36,061 tons out of a total of 57,551 tons; 12,106 tons came from the Dutch East Indies chiefly from the Island of Banks, leaving only 8,384 tons for the rest of the world.

Poorly Paid Labor. A hen receives poorer pay for her work than any other creature on earth. She works all day on an egg, and it sells for less than a cent.—Atchison Globe.

Dora—"Mr. Spooner says he always feels like a fish out of water when he is with me." Cora—"Then you've hooked him, have you?"—Harper's Bazar.

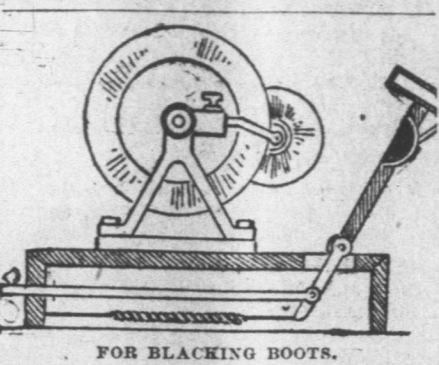
What a railroad company loses in giving a pass, it makes up in sleeping car charge.

SOME QUEER PATENTS.

ODD THINGS THAT COME OUT OF INVENTIVE MINDS.

A Marker for Graves Which a Sombre Genius Has Patented—A Device to Prevent the Refilling of Bottles Once They Are Empty.

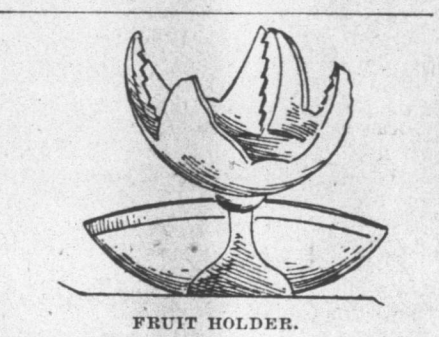
Often Bring Fortunes. The patent office is the rendezvous for all the odd ideas in the whole mechanical world. Here comes every man who has a new or a cranky notion, either to change the system of conducting this world of machines or secure



FOR BLACKING BOOTS.

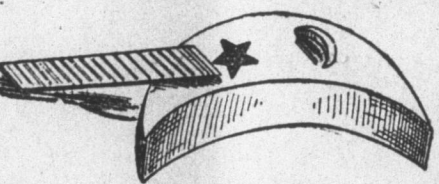
rights which he knows will make his fortune. Sure as he is, 999 of him are disappointed, but often the quaint little machines do bring wealth to the maker, and when one remembers what an enormous fortune was made out of the little six inches of string with which ladies' gloves are fastened, one is disinclined to laugh at the odd devices.

One of the oddest devices for which letters patent have been granted recently is a billiard cue marker. It comprises a rotary chalk cup mounted on a horizontally swinging arm and operated by a yielding bolt. A spiral spring arranged beneath a vertically swinging arm furnishes the power. An inventive genius has a wife who com-



FRUIT HOLDER.

plaints that her fingers get sticky when she eats fruit, so he has invented a fruit holder for oranges, grape fruit and similar juicy fruits. Each of the walls has in its inner side rigid vertical ribs extending from the top to the bottom and provided with a series of downwardly projecting teeth. Seekers after something new will appreciate



CRESCENT GUITAR.

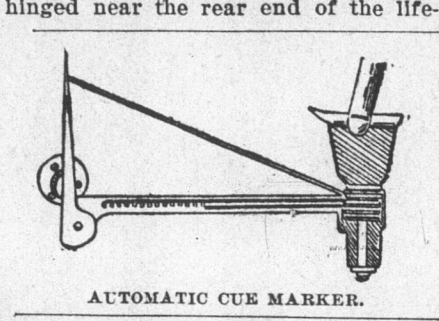
ate the design for a guitar shown in the cut. The design for a grave marker, intended possibly for Federal cemeteries, which is shown in the cut, will serve at least one good purpose. It will show the lengths the patenting game sometimes carries people. The Grand Army of the Republic badge was patented before the shrewd manipulators behind the job secured its adoption by the Grand Army.

Letters patent have been granted for numerous life-guards for street cars, many of which appear to be practica-



TO PREVENT REFILLING BOTTLES.

ble and inexpensive. One consists of a platform, a life-guard frame pivotally connected at its rear end to the under side of the platform, and appliances for manipulating the frame. There is a pedal for raising the frame and a hand lever for operating the pedal when it is depressed, the frame working on a pivot. The frame is carried on rollers on the track. A vertical frame is hinged near the rear end of the life-



AUTOMATIC CUE MARKER.

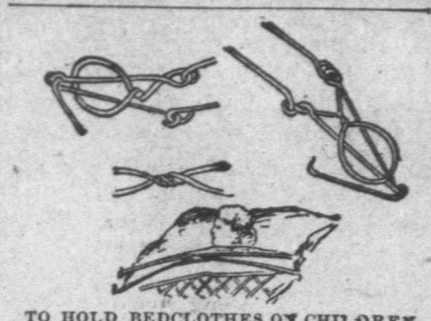
guard frame. Springs hold the life-guard frame down. A hand lever locks the mechanism. The inventor of a practicable boot-blackening machine will not only stand a good chance of being remembered as a public benefactor, but of living in ease the remaining years of his life. Blacking boots is generally regarded as the most disagreeable work known, except, possibly, milking a cow or hitching a horse in extreme



A GRAVE MARKER.

summer or winter weather, and the genius that enables one not flush enough to hire a bootblack to perform the job, in the same manner that he would grind coffee or wind a clock, will not be unblest. The boot-blackening machine shown herewith is one of the

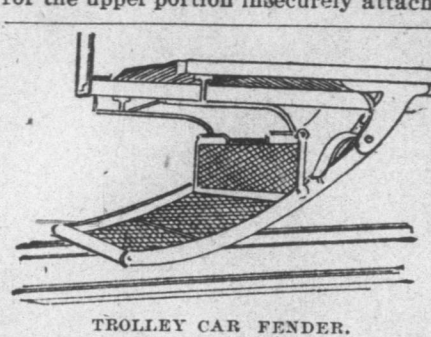
first to claim public attention. Its essential features are a rotary polishing brush journaled on a base, a blacking receptacle on a lever, a perforated fluid



TO HOLD BEDCLOTHES ON CHILDREN.

receptacle above the blacking receptacle, means for operating the same, a dab-brush adjustably supported in contact with an applying brush and suitable levers, etc., for operating the mechanism.

A device for preventing the refilling of bottles has been patented by some specialist. It comprises a hollow casing or shell, composed of a lower portion having a port opening and an upper portion having an inclined inner surface attached at its base to the lower portion and provided with a port opening, a valve in the shell, a weight or ball to act on the valve, a jacket encircling the shell at the junction of the upper and lower portions, and a gap for the upper portion inaccessibly attach-



TROLLEY CAR FENDER.

ed to it to permit detachment of the cap without effecting the withdrawal of the upper portion from the jacket.

A RIVER'S BURDEN.

Areas of Land Transported from Place to Place by the Mississippi.

The Mississippi has in the course of ages transported from the mountains and high land within its drainage area sufficient material to make 400,000 square miles of new land by filling up an estuary which extended from its original outfall to the Gulf of Mexico for a length of 500 miles. This river is still pouring solid matter into the gulf, where it is spread out in a fan-like shape over a coast line of 150 miles, and is filling up at the rate of 362,000,000 tons a year, or six tons as much as was removed in the construction of the Manchester ship canal, and sufficient to make a square mile of new land, allowing for its having to fill up the gulf to a depth of eighty yards.

Some idea of the vastness of this operation may be conceived when the fact is considered that some of this soil has to be transported more than 3,000 miles, and that if the whole of it had to be carried in boats at the lowest rate at which heavy material is carried on the inland waters of America, or, say, for one-tenth of a penny per ton per mile over an average of half the total distance, the cost would be no less a sum than £238,000,000 a year. Through the vast delta thus formed the river winds its way, twisting and turning by innumerable bends until it extends its length to nearly 1,200 miles, or more than double the point to point length of the delta, continually eroding the banks in one place and building up land in another, occasionally breaking its way across a narrow neck which lies between the two extremities, and filling up the old channel.—Longman's Magazine.

Wealthy, but Hard-Worked. One of the most conspicuous business men in New York, who is the extensive head of a company with many millions of assets, said recently that he had not taken a vacation in ten years. He is a millionaire, and his statement indicates the high pressure under which men who manage the affairs of big companies sometimes work. During the summer his family live in their cottage on the Jersey coast.

"I am able to get away from my office at 3:30 in the afternoon," he said, "by making use of my time on the trip down to my cottage. I go by boat, and I take my stenographer with me. In this way I am able to clear up my correspondence on the way down. My stenographer returns at once to New York, and when I reach my office I find the letters that I have dictated the night before ready for my signature. That saves me about an hour a day. Vacation? No, I don't take a vacation. My clerks and assistants do that, but I find that it is impossible for me to get away. There are many little details that I have to attend to personally, and I can't turn them over to any other man."—New York Sun.

A Question of Pronunciation. Americans who affect the so-called English pronunciation of the letter "a" in words like "ask," "pass" and "last" are so much inclined, especially in Boston, to overdo the matter that it is well to reprint the testimony of a Baltimore traveler who took pains while in England this summer to observe critically the usage of cultivated speakers there on this point. He found in effect that their "a" was a cross between the "a" of "ah" and the "a" of "at." He listened carefully to the orthodoxy of Lord Chief Justice Russell, Lord Rosebery, and Lord Salisbury and to that of the eminent churchmen, and found that nowhere "was there any such broad and deep pronunciation of words, and especially the letter 'a,' as we generally consider to be the English method." Their pronunciation was almost identical with that of good speakers in Baltimore and New York.

To Renovate Black Velvet. To renovate shabby black velvet, add two tablespoonfuls of ammonia to half a pint of hot water, and apply to the velvet with a stiff brush, rubbing it into the pile so as to take out all stains and creases. Then hold the velvet over a hot iron until the steam raises the pile, and it is perfectly dry.

Mollie—"Do you like trolley parties?" Dollie—"I just love 'em. You know I'm engaged to one; he's a motorman."—Yonkers Statesman.

You will not learn anything if you are not curious, and people will not like you if you are.

OUR BUDGET OF FUN.

HUMOROUS SAYINGS AND DOINGS HERE AND THERE.

Jokes and Jokelets that Are Supposed to Have Been Recently Born—Sayings and Doings that Are Odd, Curious and Laughable—The Week's Humor.

Let Us All Laugh. This famous "new woman" still charming appears. She's "advanced" in ideas, But never in years. —Washington Star.

Jones—How's Wheeler getting along since he bought a bicycle? Brown—On crutches, I believe.—London Fun.

Blobs—Did you spend a pleasant vacation? Slobbs—No; my wife attends to all the spending.—Philadelphia Record.

"I am moving to-day because I could not pay the rent!" "That's first rate, I am moving for the same reason; let's change quarters!"—Fillegence Blaetter.

No, Maude, dear, the tailor would scarcely make a good matrimonial agent, although he does press other people's suits for them.—Philadelphia Record.

"Emma, I just saw the lieutenant kissing you. Don't let me see that again." "Certainly, mamma. We shall be more cautious hereafter."—Lustige Blaetter.

Miss Planephace (exhibiting her photograph)—Everybody says it does not do me justice. Miss Pert—Evidently the artist is a man of tact.—Boston Transcript.

Some joys of life make me most sad, When I think of how I miss 'em. The girls I want to kiss are those Who don't want me to kiss 'em. —Life.

"What do you think of your engagement ring?" "You dear, sweet old boy, it's the handsomest I ever had—I mean I like it ever so much."—Chicago Times-Herald.

"They must be having electrical storms at home," said Mrs. Harley, reading a letter from her sister. "Jane says they are having shocking weather."—Harper's Bazar.

The Bashful One—They say that there are bacilli on a woman's lips. I wonder what they are like? She (encouragingly)—Why don't you try and find out?—Syracuse Post.

She sat before me at the play, She was a beauty quite; The house was full, the air was cool, The play was out of sight. —Boston Courier.

Mrs. Brown—You really must join our sewing circle. Mrs. Jones—My dear, I haven't the time to spare. I have to do so much mending for the children.—New York Herald.

Customer—A loaf of bread, please. Baker—Five-cent loaf or ten-cent loaf? Customer (precisely)—I will take one of the loaves that you sell for five cents.—Somerville Journal.

Once more unto the play goes she, Sincerely conscious that The man behind her cannot see A thing except her hat. —Washington Star.

Boatman—No, mister, I can't let you have a boat now; there's a heavy swell just coming along. Irate Arry—Swell be hanged! Ain't my money as good as his?—Boston Globe.

Yeast—I never saw such a man as Jumpy. He seems to get a new trunk every month. Crimmonbeak—Yes; he changes his boarding place every thirty days.—Yonkers Statesman.

They set out on a bicycle built for two. Alas, ere the year was done, We found them—'tis very sad, but true— On a salary built for one. —Washington Star.

The Complaining Boarder—This meat is about the toughest that I ever came across. The Philosophic Boarder—Yes; but then there is very little of it, you know.—Boston Transcript.

"You should never take anything that doesn't agree with you," the physician told him. "If I'd always followed that rule, Maria," he remarked to his wife, "where would you be?"—Boston Home Journal.

A maiden writes: "Can you tell me how to change the color of my hair, which all the young men tell me is red?" Certainly we can. Get rich; they will then call it golden or Auburn.—Erie Messenger.

"Thirty days hath September." The clam sang on the bar. The oyster sighed: "If I remember, It also hath an R." —Life.

And, speaking of the cup, the colored gentleman was not far wrong when he said: "Good name for dat boat ob ours, Missey. She done keep all de added boats off, so she's de fender!" —New York Recorder.

Edwards—"Brown's system reduces horse racing to an exact science." Richards—"Does it?" Edwards—"Yes. In order to tell how much money a man will lose it is only necessary to know how much he has.—Brooklyn Life.

"Wonder why Jones moved away from here. He was doing a good business, wasn't he?" "Oh, yes—there were other troubles. You know how fond he was of telling stories?" "Yes, I guess I do." "Well, he's been forced to take these stories to a new country."—Chicago Record.

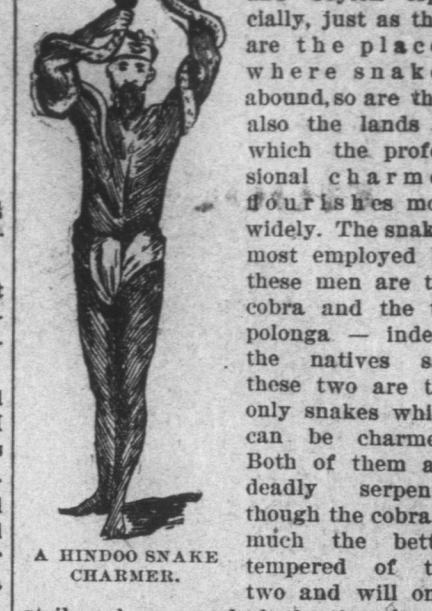
Old Mercator (to little Billy Ducks, just left school, who applies for situation as office boy, and produces testimonial from clergyman)—"We don't want you on Sundays, my good little boy. Have you a reference from any one who knows you on week days?"—Sydney Bulletin.

A Large Patient. Probably one of the largest patients ever admitted to Bellevue hospital applied to Register Gleeson for treatment on Sunday morning. He was Harry L. Currey, 30 years old, a fireman on the tugboat Glen Island. Currey is 6 feet 7 inches high, and, according to Mr. Gleeson, would find difficulty in getting a pair of ready-made sleeves or gloves in the city that would be large enough for him. Another peculiarity about the big fireman is that he has six toes on each foot, the little toe being divided into two distinct parts.—Philadelphia Ledger.

THEY CHARM SNAKES.

Skill Shown by the Men of the East—How Serpents Are Captured.

The dislike and even horror people feel for snakes is almost universal and perhaps to that reason is due the fascination which stories of the snake charmers have for most of us. India and Ceylon especially, just as they are the places where snakes abound, so they also the lands in which the professional charmer flourishes most widely. The snakes most employed by these men are the cobra and the tic polonga—indeed the natives say these two are the only snakes which can be charmed. Both of them are deadly serpents, though the cobra is much the better tempered of the two and will only strike when provoked; the tic polonga, on the other hand, is most frequently the aggressor. The snake charmer, as a traveler says, generally goes about in company with a juggler. They appear before the house, and after receiving permission to give a performance, bring forth their snakes, usually three, which they carry in baskets. The charmer assumes a peculiar posture, squatting upon the heel of one foot, the other knee doubled up and projecting in front. He sways from side to side keeping time with the monotonous music made by his companion with pipes.



A HINDOO SNAKE CHARMER.

After the playing has lasted a few moments the charmer uncovers his baskets and takes out the cobras. At first they seem scarcely to notice the sound of the pipe, but presently they raise themselves a couple of feet from the ground, the rest of the body forming a kind of pedestal, and sway to and fro with the music. This they keep up

as long as the spectators want to see it and the music continues. After the performance the charmer will show that the snake has fangs and can kill if a chicken or rabbit be provided. When first captured the fangs are generally removed, but as they grow out in a very short time, the charmers do not often trouble to remove them again. The men are not at all afraid of them as they rely on their music with great confidence to gain control over the reptiles.

Every charmer carries with him a snake stone which he believes is sovereign in case of bites. At least it adds immeasurably to the men's confidence. How the snakes are charmed is inex-



A BAYADERE SNAKE CHARMER.

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WHIP-SNAKE SWALLOWING A CHAMELEON.

placable; even the men themselves do not pretend to give any explanation, but attribute their power solely to the music. Women snake charmers are also met with in India, who go about the streets and willingly give performances for a small sum. Their success is quite often as great as that of the men charmers.

It may be interesting to know how snakes are originally captured by the charmers. The man finds a hole where a snake has its home and then, sitting before it, begins to play on the pipes. Soon the snake appears, upon which the man, grasping a long stick he is



ONE METHOD OF CAPTURING SNAKES.

armed with, dashes forward, throws it across the reptile, and, standing on it with his foot, seizes the animal's tail with both hands. Then, suddenly releasing the stick, he slips one hand quickly up to the head of the snake which he grasps securely below the jaws by the thin part of its neck. It is now powerless, but its frothing and hissing show all it would do were it able.

Tuberculosis in Cattle. The State veterinary department of Iowa has decided that tuberculosis in cattle is not hereditary.

That surly sign: "Keep off the grass!" From sight of man will shortly pass; Soon shall we see, as oft before, Its rude successor: "Shut the door!"—Chicago Times-Herald.