A COSTLY BARNYARD.

Chat About James Stinson's Chicago Establishment.

A HAMILTONIAN'S FAST HORSES.

Sights to be Seen on Drexel Avenue.

(Chicago News.)

Though hundreds of persons pass up and down Drexel boulevard hourly, and vehicles throng the flower-bordered driveways all day long, but few of the passing multitude know even the names of those who are so fortunate as to possess the beautiful mansions which cluster in this most aristocratic portion of the city.

As one comes up from the region of Jackson Park one of the residences which first attract notice is the large brick mansion, somewhat antique as to architecture, but nevertheless imposing, which stands on the northwest corner of the boulevard and 50th street. It is the home of R. D. Fowler, President of the Anglo-American Provision Company, and one of Chicago's wealthiest citizens. The grounds are artistic in their arrangement, but perhaps no portion of the establishment is more attractive than the very extensive conservatory, which, glittering among the trees and shrubbery surmounting it, is as picturesque a bit as one can find in a day's journey. And the interior fully meets the expectations of the visitor who has viewed the place from the outside. The rarest plants from distant climes mingle their perfumes with our own fair roses and other flowers, lovely in their very commonness. An expert flower gardener has the place in charge, and, with a corps of assistants, keeps his glass-roofed province in a state closely bordering on that of the beautiful Eden.

One of the oldest houses on the boulevard is that of H. P. Darlington, on the west side of the driveway, near 47th street. Among the massive buildings of brick and stone surrounding it this wooden structure, with its quaint tower and pointed gables, seems to have strayed into its present situation like a memory from the olden time. Despite the numerous coats of paint which adorn it, the dwelling shows its age, without showing any sign of decay; and with its massive tree companions and old-time surroundings it serves to show the Chicagoan to-day how Chicago appeared in the "used-to-was."

Across the boulevard from the Darlington place, nestling between two towering mansions, stands a curious, one-story little affair which invariably attracts attention. It is of red pressed brick, without windows, square, and with an almost flat roof, and can be construed by the imagination into anything from an ice-house to a prison cell. It is nothing more or less than a private art gallery, belonging to Charles E. Gifford, the Board of Trade man, whose residence is just north of the curious-looking structure. The absence of windows gives space for the hanging of the artist's work, and light is obtained through glass in the roof. The collection is a fine one, ranking among the best private art galleries in the city.

The entire block between Drexel boulevard and Cottage Grove avenue, and 44th and 45th streets, is taken up with the buildings and grounds of James Stinson, President of the Terra-Cotta Lumber Company, and formerly of Hamilton Ont. This place is the wonder of all who see it. That a man, no matter how wealthy, should use as a door yard a piece of property, worth close to $500,000 is something not readily understood. But the proprietor thoroughly understands it himself, and that is all that is necessary. Mr. Stinson is about 55 years of age, and his neighbors say he is eccentric. His hobby is trotting horses, and for the gratification of his love for that portion of the animal kingdom the wealthy old gentleman has turned his expensive property into a stock farm; and right in the centre of one of the most fashionable residence portions of the city he raises colts and calves, cheerfully indifferent to the fact that the ground upon which his pets sport and graze is worth hundreds of dollars per square foot. The mansion which stands in the centre of the grounds is old-fashioned, and could hardly have been said in its best days to be an architectural triumph, but the house apparently is the least considered portion of Mr. Stinson's establishment. He is unmarried, and with him lives a widowed sister and two children. Back of the house clusters a collection of barns, stables and graneries which would drive the average farmer wild with envy. An extensive brick stable furnishes accommodation for the more blooded and aristocratic of Mr. Stinson's horses and cattle, while those more plebeian in their standing occupy stables less pretentious. About a hundred horses, brood mares and colts are cared for by a force of fifteen or twenty men, and several fancy bulls and cows lend their influence to the collection. Most of the horses are of trotting stock, and some of them are rather fast. One in particular, the young stallion Nutmeg (record 2.19), by Nutwood (record 2.18¾), and others have records pretty well down. Mr. Stinson devotes his entire time to the care of his stock. On pleasant days he begins early in the morning and drives all day long, first one horse, then another. His men, on such occasions, have the next horse in order in readiness, and when the old gentleman returns from one drive he steps from his sulky into the one in waiting, and away he goes for another spin.

The park policemen are all well acquainted with him, and are kept busy puffing along after Mr. Stinson, shaking their canes and ordering him to drive slowly, as he rips recklessly along the driveways. Runaways, collisions and smash-ups are not unusual incidents in the eccentric horseman's career. "We frequently have to rescue Mr Stinson from perilous positions," said one of the gray-coated guardians of the park system; "and we never get any thanks for it, either. Just to show you how queer he is: Some time ago he was driving a mettlesome young steed along here when it became frightened and started for Jackson Park rather suddenly, leaving Mr. Stinson rolling in the dust. He was unhurt, and picking himself up, walked back to his own gate, where he sat down on the sidewalk, evidently expecting somebody to catch his horse and return it. I happened to be near the railroad at the time, and catching and recognizing the horse, I drove her back to the house.

"'Well, is this your horse, Mr. Stinson?' I asked, as I reined up in front of him."

"'Well, I believe it does look something like one of mine. How did you come to be with it young man?'"

"'She was running away, and I caught her down by the railroad and brought her back.'

"'Was she running or trotting?

"'She was trotting,' I replied.

"'Trotting naturally?'

"I told him she was, and he got up, brushed off his trousers, and remarking, 'Well, you can go now,' took the horse and started for another drive without a word of thanks."

Notwithstanding his peculiarities Mr. Stinson is, in a quiet way, very liberal, and many a worthy charity has received substantial evidence of his benevolence.

Some Practical Hints.

The following practical household notes are from the Boston *Journal of Commerce*:

Flowers will remain fresh for a fortnight if a little carbonate of soda is mixed with the water.

Flood the waste-water pipes every week with boiling water, and occasionally with a hot solution of sal soda.

Soiled wall paper can be improved somewhat by rubbing carefully, in short strokes with a soft old flannel cloth dipped in oatmeal.

Silk articles should not be kept folded in white papers, as the chloride of lime used in bleaching the paper will impair the color of the silk.

Equal parts of ammonia and turpentine will take paint out of clothing, even if it be hard and dry. Saturate the spot as often as necessary and wash out in soap suds.

Whole cloves will exterminate the industrious and merciless moth. They are more effectual as a destroying agent than either tobacco, camphor or cedar shavings.

If there are any suspicions of carpet bugs do not have a carpet relaid until you have wet the cracks of the floor for a distance of a foot or more from the sides of the room with the solution of corrosive sublimate, and the edges of the carpets with benzine and carbolic acid.

Ticks or comfortables should always be taken apart; the covers washed, and the cotton thoroughly sunned and aired. They should afterwards be retied. Washing cotton batting renders it hard and disagreeable, and should only be resorted to with bedding which is quilted, and the sooner we cease altogether from making such the better.

If there are cockroaches or ants to annoy you, sprinkle a mixture of equal parts of powdered borax and sugar around their haunts, after cleaning them out thoroughly. If you will examine closely around the back yard, you will, no dobt, find the breeding places of ants, and by pouring boiling hot water or kerosene into the hills, you will find prevention easier than cure.

Great Luck.

"And you mean to say that your train crossed the chasm where the bridge had burned without being wrecked? Remarkable! What kept it from going down?"

"As good luck would have it, just at that moment it was being held up by train robbers."

The Summer Girl a Back Number.

New York *Herald*:

Pack away my blazer, mother,
Four in hands and vest;
Give my russets to the waitress,
Lay my bathing suit to rest.
Come and sit beside, me mother,
Smooth the puckers from my brow,
For the season's over, dearest
Mother, I'm a chestnut now

THE Philadelphia assessment roll for 1890 shows that nearly $100,000,000 worth of property is exempt from taxation. The total assessed value of exempt property in the city is $95,408,994, divided as follows: 699 churches, assessed at $20,292,300; 341 charitable institutions, valued at $13,693,650; 161 public schools, assessed at $4,456,000; 38 hospitals, assessed at $3,708,500; 68 cemeteries, valued at $2,359,500. Property belonging to the city of Philadelphia, assessed at $39,399,044, which includes some school-houses, police stations, the public buildings, the park, the engine-houses, etc. If to this is added the $10,000,000 worth of exempt property owned by the United States Government and $1,600,000 worth controlled by the State of Pennsylvania, the aggregate is $50,899,044. This question of exemption will yet have to be dealt with in this country. By exempting one all the rest are as a rule hurt.

THE unfortunate individuals who fail to prizes in the now popular "word competitions" may feel interested in a portion of the annual report of the British Postmaster General. It says:

The fashion of offering prizes for competitions of various kinds amongst the readers of newspapers and magazines gives rise to much correspondence. On the 2nd May last year no less than 31,398 postcards were delivered at the office of one magazine, and at another office about half-a-million postcards were delivered in a single week, one delivery alone comprising 195,250 letters and postcards, carried to the office of the magazine in two vans. In another week as many as 118,000 letters were delivered at the office of one journal, the postage alone amounting to about £1,000. Doubtless this will explain why so many candidates in these competitions come away disappointed.

Soak clothes that fade over night in water in which has been dissolved one ounce of sugar of lead to a pailful of rain water.

John Burns, the rising English labor leader, is a man of striking individuality. He is a candidate for parliament.

The Prince of Wales left England Saturday, says a London dispatch, on a visit to Baron Hirsch, in spite of all the efforts that have been made to prevent his putting the Austrian court in an awkard position by accepting hospitalities within the Austrian dominions of an Austrian subject whom his sovereign does not receive. Several well-known members of English society are on their way also to Moravia.

"I couldn't help getting mad. Now, I appeal to you, if you were I, wouldn't you be angry?" "I don't know as I would be angry; but if I were you, I should be inexpressibly sad."

ROSINA VOKES AND NATURAL FLOWERS.

No Artificial Flowers for Her, Even Though the Others are $1 Apiece.

With the death of her mother, to whom she was fondly attached, one of Rosina Vokes' pretty little fancies will inevitably be laid aside. Mrs. Clay, as Miss Vokes is in earnest though not in play, is very fond of housekeeping and general "mussing." When she first went into summer quarters at No. 253 Fifth avenue, Miss Vokes bethought herself of those wonderful miniature kitchens, containing chafing-dish and tins of all kinds set on a big tray. To cook with one of these is just about messy enough to suit this sparkling little woman, and she flew into the Woman's Exchange on Fifth avenue, followed by her grim Abigail, and bought one. As long as she was in the room the eye of every woman was upon her, upon "Scroggs" the dog, and upon the wonderful pink roses in her hat. When she went out some one spoke of them, such big, unnatural roses:

"I should hardly think she would wear them, when you can buy such lovely ones!"

Bless the little innocent's heart! Nothing could have been more real than those American beauty roses, worth $1 each. It is Miss Vokes who "wonders how any one can wear artificial flowers on hat or gown when real ones can be bought so cheap!"

NUT-BEARING TREES.

The London *Free Press* recommends the planting of chestnut, black walnut, butternut and shell-bark hickory trees. It is not necessary to take up much land as these trees may be planted for shading roadsides and pastures, instead of other trees. The only objection that can be urged against their being grown along the roadside or on a pasture some distance from the house is that the fruit may be stolen. Very little of this would thus be lost if their owners would pick up all the fallen nuts under the trees at sundown, at the time of ripening. Strangers ascertaining this would not visit the trees, and the neighbors who did not grow them would pay the same respect as in the case of apples, pears or peaches. Besides, the double purpose of planting nut-bearing trees for shade and shelter, there are large tracts of land, such as barren hills and hillsides that it would pay to plant for the crop of fruit alone. Chestnuts sell now on our markets at $4 to $4.50 per bushel, and hickory nuts at $2.50.

Our contemporary says that whether for the value of the fruit, or the timber, or for the uses that these nut-bearing trees are as shades and shelter to the crops and animals, tree planting offers one of the most profitable investments that an Ontario farmer can make. In a few years millions could be added to the wealth of the Province in an abundance of saleable fruit, a steadily-increasing lumber supply and cereal crops through shelter and protection. To show what an extensive trade is done in chestnuts in one of the adjoining States, Connecticut, we quote from an exchange, which says "chestnuts are plentiful now in all the markets, and the shipping of the nuts to the big city marts is in full tide. The price paid to the pickers for chestnuts is $2 a bushel, and it takes five pecks to make a wholesaler's bushel, so the retailers say. Not much care is taken in sorting the nuts, and worms count equally with meat in the nuts. The nuts are shipped in barrels to Boston and New York, and three bushels make a barrel of them. They cost the shippers $7.25 a barrel—$6 for the chestnuts, 25 cents for barrel, $1 for expressage. The amount of chestnuts shipped from Hartford daily in the season averages about fifteen or twenty barrels. The New York wholesaler gets $8 or $9 a barrel, and the auction price in the metropolis is about $10. At 10 cents a pint for roasted chestnuts the consumer buys at the rate of $6.40 a bushel. In the country every grocer, and even the country postmaster, who also sells groceries, takes chestnuts in exchange for meats and groceries."

Fall is the best season for transplanting trees, as farmers are not so driven with work then as in spring, and taken up as soon as the leaves are first touched with frost, or beginning to be shed from the branches, the roots will get a considerable growth before the ground freezes sufficiently deep in winter to prevent this.

England's Coal Supply.

Who will say that our coal supplies are giving out? Mr. Lewis, speaking at the meeting of the Federated Institution of Mining Engineers in Nottingham, declared that if any enterprising person were to obtain permission of the Town Council of that famous historical town to sink a pit in their market place (we are told, by the way, that there is "ample room") he would assuredly come down upon the top hard seam of coal, and that at a depth probably not exceeding three hundred yards. Mr. Lewis even tells us that "the whole thickness of the coal measures" is there. This, if literally true, would mean that at least for three thousand feet lower the shaft might go on sinking through seams of coal. For some years past the Nottingham coal fields have been more and more developed; but Mr. Lewis is of opinion that we have as yet "little more than touched the fringe" of the great Nottingham coal field. These vast undeveloped resources will be there for our use as the times require them, or as the smaller collieries at the outcrop of the coal in Derbyshire and West Notts become exhausted.—*London Daily News.*

A $6,000 Cluster of Lights.

Baron James Rothschild, of London, has adorned his drawing-room with the most superb electrolier ever made. It is composed of gilt bronze and rock crystal in a design of the time of Louis XVI., sixty-eight electric lights being skilfully arranged among the bronze leaves. The unique illuminator is about five feet high by twenty-eight inches in diameter, and cost $6,000.

She—I hope you do not remain in the parlor when your sister receives her *fiance*. He—No; 'cause I'm afraid of the dark.

The other day a gentleman saw a professional florist watering his plants in the hot sun, and in a surprised tone inquired if that wouldn't injure the plants. "Why, no," was the answer; "why not now?" "I supposed they had to be watered only at night," said the amateur. "Do you drink only at night?" asked the florist; "are you only thirsty after the sun goes down?"

NEW YORK'S "LITTLE GERMANY."

Characteristics of the Teutonic Colony on the East Side.

To most New Yorkers the tenement house district on the East side is almost as unknown as if it were a thousand miles away instead of at their doors. In fact, the only times that that section of the city comes before their attention is when a murder or fire which occurs there is described in the newspapers, or when an appeal is made for funds to carry on religious or charitable work there. Yet the East side is an interesting place to visit, although in the hot months it is hardly as attractive as Central Park, says the *Tribune*.

That part of it which lies, say, between Houston and Fourteenth streets, is almost as German as if it were situated in the "Vaterland." There are German churches, German shops, German restaurants, German people, German everything. The people, many of them, wear clothing that they brought with them to this country, the costumes which attract most attention being those of some of the old women, who wear dresses that hardly reach their shoe tops, just as they did in the Bavarian or Prussian fields.

In the shops most of the signs are in German, and many shopkeepers insist on trading with you in their native language, and seem astonished and a little hurt on finding out that you talk only English. In the bar-rooms, the American style of taking one's drinks standing has made some headway, although there are still Teutons who hold it sacrilege not to sit down while emptying a mug of beer.

All the characteristic German dishes, cooked in the style of the fatherland, are to be had in the restaurants. As in Berlin and Hanover, there are wiener cafes, which testify to the high regard in which Germans hold the Viennese methods of preparing foods and drinks. Many of these cafes have on file a large number of German periodicals, and others have chess rooms in which customers spend many hours at play.

The fact that so many Germans live together is the reason why they become Americanized so slowly. If they were scattered among English-speaking people, they would be compelled to learn the language, customs and ideas of this country. When a German's baker, butcher, tailor, preacher, shoemaker, neighbors and friends are all his fellow countrymen, there is no great need of his giving up the speech and ways of his fatherland.

THE TEN COMMANDMENTS.

How Health May be Secured and Preserved.

From a paper read by Dr. Redden, of Topeka, Kansas, before the Health Board of that State at its last meeting, the following excellent health rules are taken:

1. Thou shalt have no other food than at meal times.

2. Thou shalt not make unto thee any pies, or put into pastry the likeness of any thing that is in the heavens above or in the waters under the earth. Thou shalt not fall to eating it or to trying to digest it, for the dyspepsia will be visited upon the children to the third and fourth generation of them that eat pie, and long life and vigor upon those that live prudently and keep the laws of health.

3 Remember thy bread to bake it well; for he will not be kept sound that eateth his bread as dough.

4. Thou shalt not indulge sorrow or borrow anxiety in vain.

5. Six days shalt thou work and keep thyself clean, and the seventh day thou shalt take a great bath, thou, and thy sons, and thy daughters, and thy manservant, and thy maidservant, and the stranger that is within thy gates. For in six days man sweats and gathers bacteria enough for disease; wherefore the Lord blessed the bath-tub and hallowed it.

6. Remember the sitting-room and bath-chamber to keep them ventilated, that they day may be long in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee.

7. Thou shalt not eat hot biscuits.

8. Thou shalt not eat thy meat fried.

9. Thou shalt not swallow thy meat unchewed or highly spiced, or just before hard work or after it.

10. Thou shalt not keep late hours in thy neighbor's house, nor with his cards, nor with his glass, nor anything that is thy neighbor's.

Tomato Confections.

A very delicious confection may be made of tomatoes. The single or pear-shaped tomato is the best for this purpose. Take six pounds of sugar to one peck of the fruit; scald and remove the skin, sprinkle the sugar over the tomatoes, and let them stand two days in stone jars; then cook them in this juice until the sugar penetrates, and they look clear; take them out, spread on dishes, flattening each tomato, and dry in the sun; a small quantity of the syrup should be occasionally sprinkled over them while drying; when dry, pack them down in boxes with powdered sugar between each layer. The syrup is cooked down and bottled for use. When treated in this way the flavor of the dried tomato is much like the best quality of figs.—*Margaret Ryder, in Harper's Bazar.*

Knew by Experience.

Little Nan of four summers, considering it her duty to entertain a lady who is waiting for mamma, enters into conversation:

Nan—Have you got any little girls?

Caller—Yes, I have two.

Nan—D-do you ever have to whip 'em.

Caller—I'm afraid I have to, sometimes.

Nan—What do you whip 'em with?

Caller (amused)—Oh, when they have been very naughty I take my slippers.

Nan (most feelingly as mamma enters)—Y-yo-you ought to use a hair-brush; my mamma does, and it hurts awfully.

Hints to Housekeepers.

To keep lemons, put in a glass can and cover with cold water, changing the water every week.

To prevent tin pans from rusting, rub fresh lard on them, and set in a hot oven until thoroughly heated.

When mattresses are stained, take starch wet into a paste with cold water. Spread this on the stains, first putting the mattress in the sun. In an hour or two rub this off, and if not clean repeat the process.

The Ingredients.

Judge:

In a cosy little cellar on the east side of the town
Dwells the genius who concocts the yellow freeze.
He's a quiet sort of fellow, and you never would suppose
He could ever kidlet's system try to tease.
But could you stand beside him as he mixes up the dose,
And see the base ingredients by the ream,
You'd agree with me from wayback that he never was the man
To be trusted with creation of ice-cream.

First he takes some corn-starch screenings from the baker in the block,
And amalgamates with glucose with a spade,
Then a quantity sufficient of the skimmest kind of milk,
With a pinch of yellow ochre for the shade;
Now a *passe*, weary lemon for the flavor weeps its tears,
And the whole refrigerated makes a dream
That will make the eager youngster when he puts away the stuff,
Double up and softly bellow, "Oh, I scream!"

WIVES DREAM OF BLISS.

The Kitchen Will Be Banished from Their Homes—A Co-operative Triumph.

The Philadelphia *Record* says: The wave of co-operative enterprise is sweeping over West Philadelphia now, and soon housekeeping may be conducted on the mutual plan. A circular was prepared last week by Dr. John Taylor, of No. 3,709 Brown street, which is being handed around among the residents of that neighborhood for signatures, and as soon as a sufficiently large number of names are attached the central cooking-house will be established, and servants in private dwellings will be dismissed. The following is a copy of the circular which is being distributed:

"We, the undersigned, having formed a favorable opinion of the plan of co-operative housekeeping, hereby express our willingness to help form an association for that purpose when as many as ten families or thirty persons will agree to join it. We also agree to attend all the meetings necessary to effect an organization of the society."

A number of names have already been subscribed, and the promoters of the undertaking are very sanguine of securing the signatures of a large proportion of the neighboring population. Meetings are held weekly at the residence of Dr. Taylor, and a permanent organization has been effected.

The association is in communication with similar concerns in western cities, but the Philadelphia system will differ somewhat from all others now existing. The idea is not so much to secure cheaper living as to do away with individual household work. At first the cook in charge of the central culinary establishment will purchase all provisions necessary, hire the needful help and collect from each family its proportion of the expenses. The families will be charged according to the number of persons each contains, special prices being made for babies and very small children. After the lapse of a few weeks the association will settle upon a regular weekly rate.

Purchasing fuel and provisions in wholesale quantities the association will buy at a much lower rate than that charged individuals. Families can either take their meals at private tables curtained in booths in the main dining-room of the central supply-house, or have them served in their own dwellings. The former place is the one usually adopted, and can be carried on somewhat cheaper than the other.

Speaking of the association and its future, Dr. Taylor said last night: "If the plan works, as we have no doubt it will, besides having a central cooking-house, there will be established a laundry, electric light plant and house-heating apparatus. A good system is to have one central supply-house for each square. The dwellings are built as usual, with the exception of the dining-rooms. They are built away from the main structure and along a covered aisle leading from the central house to the middle of the four sides of the square. The dining rooms are one-story structures, and they are connected with the main dwelling by little archways. Thus each family eats in its own dining-room, but is served from the common supply-house.

"Experienced hotel men tell us that three servants can cook for forty families. It would require three more to distribute the meals. The laundry would not necessitate the employment of more than three people. The heating and lighting apparatus is attended by a few laborers. Forty families thus dismiss at least forty servants, and have their work done more thoroughly and better by a dozen."

About Vegetarians.

The vegetarians are without doubt the worst enemies of vegetarianism. For myself, I am a very small meat-eater. I do not doubt that a large number of my fellow-countrymen would be both healthier and wealthier were they to reduce their butchers' bills by, say about 75 per cent. But whenever I direct my attention to the public discussions or utterances of vegetarians I become convinced of the intimate connection between abstinence from flesh and weakness of intellect. This drives me back in alarm to my flesh-pot. So it is doubtless with many others.—*London Truth.*

A Memory Aid.

Goodfello—Here's your health, old fel. By the way, what is that knot in your handkerchief for?

Jollifello—Hem! That is to remind me that I've sworn off.

Goodfello—But you just this minute took a drink.

Jollifello—Y-e-s. Fact is, I never see the knot till I take out my handkerchief to wipe my mouth.

The Jumbo of Mankind.

John Hanson Craig of Danville, Ind., undoubtedly the largest man in the world, was in the city to-day. Mr. Craig stands 6 feet 5 inches in his stockings, and weighs over 600 pounds. He measures eight feet about the hips, wears No. 10 shoes, a 7¼ hat and a 7½ glove. His father and mother were of medium size. He is a great-great-grandson of Gov. Crittenden, the first Governor of Vermont. He is also a first cousin of William P. Hepburn, at present solicitor for the United States Treasury.—*Martinsville, Ind., Dispatch.*

The czar of Russia is the largest of all living landed proprietors, owning an estate which is nearly equal in area to the whole of France.