

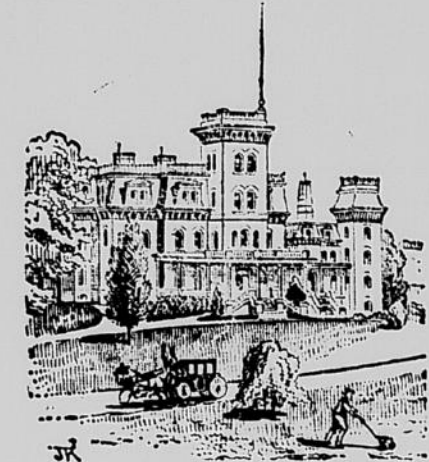
**TILDEN AT HOME.**

**HIS PALATIAL CITY AND COUNTRY RESIDENCES.**

**Greystone, the Country Seat in Which He Now Lives—His House at Gramercy Park, the Former Mecca for Politicians. Mr. Tilden's Tastes and Studies.**

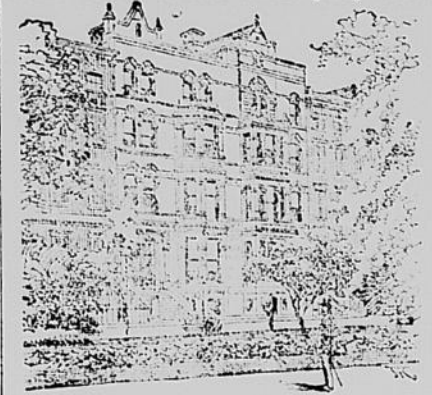
[Special Correspondence.]  
NEW YORK, Feb. 23.—If the political history of the past quarter of a century could be faithfully and impartially written; if due credit were given to those who have been leaders of public thought, guides of public opinion, it would be found that the "Sage of Greystone," the quiet and unostentatious Samuel J. Tilden, though a frail little man, has been a giant among the movers of men and events. But an acknowledgment of his public services cannot be made in his day nor likely in his generation, if they are ever made. The partisanship of his political opponents and the jealousies of members of his own party will prevent it.

These are thoughts that would occur to an unprejudiced observer after visiting Greystone and seeing Mr. Tilden among his charts and books and studies.



rooms at the south side of the building are Mr. Tilden's apartments. The remainder of the house has accommodations for probably twenty-five guests. The house and grounds are constantly open to visitors. His guests number many of the most prominent public men of the country.

This is the house that was the Mecca for politicians until a few years ago. Here campaigns were planned, lines of policy discussed, and reconciliations between rival candidates and organizations effected. The house has recently been rebuilt. It is fitted out even more sumptuously than Greystone. Here is Mr. Tilden's great law library. It, together with his other books, occupy five large rooms in an absolutely fireproof portion of the building. While Mr. Tilden lives these houses shall continue to be the resort for the leaders of the party whose



**THE GRAMERCY PARK HOUSE.**  
interests have been assiduously fostered there, and where its younger members may draw inspiration and learn political wisdom. They are, in fact, temples devoted to statesmanship, and for that reason are of interest to every citizen.  
S. H. HOURSAN.

**THE MAN WHO CAUGHT GERONIMO.**

Was It a Mistake, the Shot Which Killed Him?  
[Special Correspondence.]

SANTA FE, N. M., Feb. 16.—A singular interest invests the portrait of the man who hunted down the Apache Geronimo and met his death in so doing. There is something in the expression that fascinates the attention. If ever man bore his fate in his face, brave Capt. Emmet Crawford did. His eyes are alert and keen, the eyes of one accustomed to glance about on all sides, and he constantly on the look-out for danger.



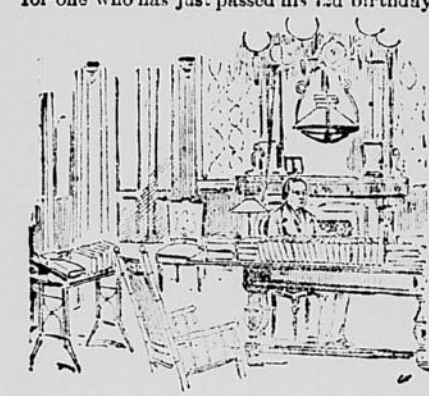
But apart from these, those who claim to possess love in such matters say they seemed to trace the shadow of a violent death in his face. It was the look of one used to tremendous excitements and dangers which cold at last on his nervous system.

Capt. Crawford was a native of Philadelphia, of Irish descent, like so many other of our best and bravest American soldiers. He was not a West Pointer, but enlisted as a private in a Pennsylvania regiment in the late war. When the colored regiments were formed it was with difficulty men could be found to officer them. Crawford was given a subordinate command in one of them. He thus became a member of the regular United States army. He was at first appointed to a captaincy in the Third United States Cavalry. After the war he was assigned to duty out on the border, which most officers hate like death. There his brave soldier, who rose from the ranks, remained ever since, fighting Indians. He was never a "feather-bed" soldier. He has taken part in the Indian campaigns in Montana, Dakota, Idaho, Nebraska, Colorado, Arizona and New Mexico. When the savage Geronimo broke out of camp in New Mexico, in May, 1885, Capt. Crawford was assigned to the duty of hunting him down. It was a task whose difficulty few persons east can understand. It was like hunting foxes in mountain fastnesses. The capture of the traitor was chief would have been the greatest feather of his life in the map of Capt. Crawford. His services to his country would have been recognized handsomely. But he had held on victory and died with it in his grasp.

The circumstances of his death are peculiarly melancholy. Our readers know already that he fell dead with a bullet in his head, a ball fired by hands ostensibly friendly. Geronimo was run down at last in Mexico, 200 miles south of the New Mexico border. The spot was in the mountains of western Mexico, in Chihuahua county, very near the 103rd meridian of west longitude. Mexican soldiers were pursuing the red enemy, too. He was accustomed, after committing depredations in one country to flee over the border into the other. Capt. Crawford had numbers of Indian scouts with him. It is claimed that the Mexicans mistook these for hostiles and fired on them. An attempt was made to signal the Mexicans and bring them to a parley, but before this could be done another volley was fired, and the dashing, untiring Indian fighter fell dead. There are those who believe that this firing was not wholly accidental, but that the Mexicans knew what they were about. It is hoped there will be an investigation.  
MORTIMER WARREN.

**James McNeill Whistler.**  
The announcement that J. McNeill Whistler is about to revisit this country, his native land, calls attention anew to the artistic artist. He has long been probably the most talked of man in London, attempting as he does to set the fashion in art as Oscar Wilde did in dress. He is the original of "Luncheon in 'Patience.'" His mark and surroundings and off-cinious and egotism have formed the subject of more than one letter written to American newspapers by London correspondents. His suit against Mr. Ruskin, who boldly charged him with "flinging a pot of paint in the face of the public," is among his recent felicities, and he wears on his breast the halfpenny awarded him on that occasion by way of damages to his reputation and feelings. He comes to America to repeat his "Ten O'Clocks." His "Ten O'Clocks" are lectures, and he goes on the platform to deliver them at 10 o'clock at night, for eccentricity's sake presumably. If Whistler comes here let it be hoped that his 10 o'clock will be changed to 8. We sit up too late as it is.

**GREYSTONE.**  
Mr. Tilden's country home at Greystone is situated on the east bank of the Hudson, about eighteen miles from the New York city hall, and is one of the first among the beautiful homes of America. It was built by John T. Waring, a Massachusetts hat manufacturer, who made his money, it is said, by using convict labor. The building and farm of about 100 acres cost him \$460,000. Mr. Tilden bought it in 1879 and has since been constantly at work improving it. Every day that is not stormy he can be seen inspecting the various portions of his "farm," as he calls it, and it is a farm and an exceedingly well regulated one, the stock being the very best procurable. The green-houses and graperies, erected during this year, are at present taking much of Mr. Tilden's attention. He purposed to rival Mr. Gould in his collection of plants, and his fruit houses are designed to supply grapes and peaches all the year round. But it is the interior of the house that interests one most, particularly at this season. I can never forget an incident of my first visit to Greystone. It was in the fall of '83. My guide through the house on that occasion was Mr. Andrew H. Green, the ex-comptroller of New York city, who resides with Mr. Tilden. A telegram caused Mr. Green to excuse himself from me for a time while I enjoyed the works of art and magnificent old clocks in the spacious hall which runs through the building from east to west. Being attracted to the farther end of the hall, I passed Mr. Tilden's study just as the door opened, when I saw a picture that startled me. It was Mr. Tilden as an invalid, and a naikin pinned over his chest, and his niece, Miss Peilton, assisting him with his food, for the carrying of which his hands were too unsteady. This was at a time when papers throughout the country were calling on him to again be a candidate for the presidency. I thought of how few could understand that his feeble body carried one of the brightest intellects of our time, and what a subject it would have made for the caricaturists, so I refrained from telling of it until now, when Mr. Tilden's condition is better known. Mr. Tilden has been for years almost deprived of the use of his hands. The relaxation of the vocal chords will not permit him to speak above a whisper, and at times scarcely that. Otherwise his condition is very good for one who has just passed his 72d birthday.

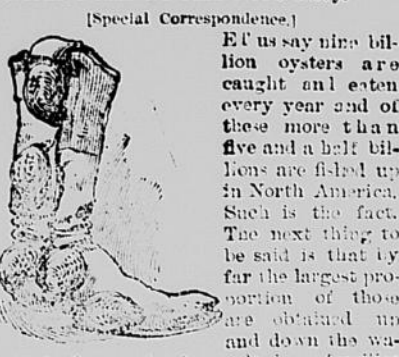


**MR. TILDEN IN HIS STUDY.**  
Few students devote as much time to their books as Mr. Tilden, and fewer possess, in such a remarkable way, the faculty of grasping, analyzing and retaining all they read. I took a hasty glance at the numerous books which were conveniently arranged on his study table. They all appeared to be either the memoirs of statesmen or pertained to statesmanship or economic subjects in some way. At every turn in the house are cases of books, each devoted to some special subject. Through the services of his amanuensis and two valets he is enabled to bring to hand immediately any work he desires to refer to. Often he will send a special messenger to his city house in Gramercy park for a book to assist him in his investigations. Like the great general he is, he has a room devoted to topography, where maps and charts of the whole world are kept for reference. The house throughout is furnished with every convenience that excellent taste could suggest, from a steam engine in the cellar to the powerful telescope in the upper chamber of the tower. The northern wing of the building is devoted to the exception of a spacious billiard room, to the dozen servants and the culinary department. The walls of the house are hung with works of art of the choicest kind, prominent among which are excellent reproductions of the treasures of the Vatican. Above the parlor, music and reception

**ON THE HALF SHELL.**

**AN ILLUSTRATED DESCRIPTION OF OYSTER FISHING.**

**Dredging, TONGING and NIPPING. Till Nine Billions a Year are Dragged Up. Workers that No Man Need Envy.**



[Special Correspondence.]  
IF we say nine billion oysters are caught and eaten every year and of these more than five and a half billions are fished up in North America. Such is the fact. The next thing to be said is that by far the largest proportion of those are obtained up and down the waters of Chesapeake bay. It is a familiar sight, the oyster and fishing boats, to all who have stopped at that pleasant vanity fair—Old Point Comfort. Chesapeake bay is 200 miles long and 40 miles wide in some places, but the oyster caught all along its shores are simply called "Baltimore oysters." The bivalves are shipped to every part of the world from this city. In cans and tins they go to the interior, as far west as Dakota, Arizona and Utah. It is one of the sensations of persons who have been born and reared in those regions that they taste their first fresh oysters when they visit the Atlantic coast. One pities them. They have some aivan ages in the way of cheap living and getting rich rapidly out there, but when one remembers that they never taste an oyster on the half shell, they are welcome to all the rest. Give us our poverty and our half shells.

Oysters eaten here in Baltimore are the largest, most delicious in America, if not in the world. That is because the home market is supplied by the process of fishing which is called "tonging." Oystermen are divided into dredgers and tongmen.

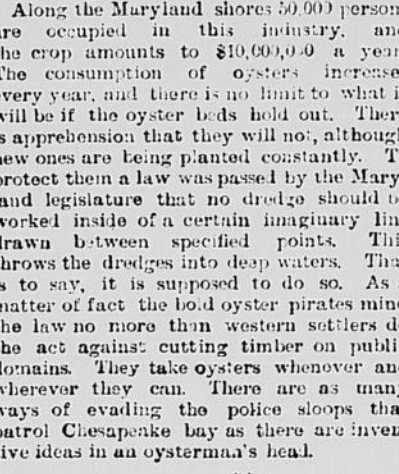


**TONGING.**  
Two men go out in a small boat. They stop over an oyster bed where the water is 10 to 20 feet deep. Their tong consists of a pair of iron rakes, with wooden handles 15 to 20 feet long. The teeth of the rakes open inward and the handles are crossed and joined together, working upon a pivot like a pair of scissors. The fisherman puts his long handled implement down into the water and grabs up as many oyster shells as he can hold between the rakes, not more than half a pack at most. A tongman can gather no more than half a dozen bushels a day.

The dredger, on the other hand, hauls them up almost without limit. There are really three ways of oyster fishing, if it can be called that—dredging, tonging and with nippers. By the last method the bivalves are picked up one by one with long-handled pincers from the clear water. Those thus caught are the choicest of all oysters from beds that have been planted, and are superior to the rest. It is encouraging to know this.

The dredging vessels are ordinary two-masted fishing sailboats. The dredge is an iron arrangement which rakes along after the boat and scoops in its hold of rough shells. It is against the law of Maryland for any steam vessel or steam machinery of any kind to engage in oyster catching. This is because steam machinery would disturb the waters and destroy the beds.

Along the Maryland shores 50,000 persons are occupied in this industry, and the crop amounts to \$10,000,000 a year. The consumption of oysters increases every year, and there is no limit to what it will be if the oyster beds hold out. There is apprehension that they will not, although new ones are being planted constantly. To protect them a law was passed by the Maryland legislature that no dredge should be worked inside of a certain imaginary line drawn between specified points. This throws the dredges into deep waters. That is to say, it is supposed to do so. As a matter of fact the bold oyster pirates mind the law no more than western settlers do the act against cutting timber on public domains. They take oysters whenever and wherever they can. There are as many ways of evading the police sloops that patrol Chesapeake bay as there are inventive ideas in an oysterman's head.



**RAISING THE DREDGE.**  
The dredge holds about two bushels of oysters. It is a bag made of a sort of net-work of iron rings. On its lower edge is an iron rake with long, firm teeth. The dredges are let down and lifted by windlasses, of which there are two to each vessel. They also are made of iron. The rail of an oyster boat is cut away amidships, and it is here that the windlasses are fixed. Each is worked by four men, two at each end. The dredge is allowed to descend of its own weight. To wind it up again, "this is the labor, this the task." Sometimes it happens that the windlass handles are not unshipped before the rapid descent of the dredge takes place, then they strike the han-

less oysterman a sounding blow, and knock him forty ways for Sunday.

The work is very hard. It is said the tramps that used to overrun Baltimore were given their choice of whether they would go to jail or go down the bay to work on oyster vessels. After a few of them had tried oystering for a while the fellows said "to jail" every time. In freezing water and in violent winds they must work day and night. The dredge hauls up about 200 pounds at a time. The boats hold from 500 to 2,500 bushels each. The men must not only haul these up, but also separate the masses of oysters. The bivalves come in great chunks, or lumps, stuck fast together by masses of the shell

material. They must be broken apart, one by one. The fisherman squats upon deck and does this by hand. It is a back-breaking process, and often freezing rain and snow fall upon the worker hour after hour.

A boat's crew consists of a captain and eight men. The men are paid \$15 to \$20 a month and their "tramp." Like all men engaged in severe labor, that is attended with unusual hardships and extremes of weather, they are very ungovernable. They work during a trip in order to get money to spend during an idle spell. They spend what they earn—every cent. The captains of the crews sometimes save money and become part owners of small boats on their own account. But the captain's money goes—just where all seafaring men's does—to rum shops and boarding houses, so called. They live over and rest every other trip. The hardships and hard work which they must endure in order to provide us with our choicest food delicacy are not so enough to make one feel unaccountable. Eighteen hours work with the sled fall upon their fingers and the freezing salt spray dashing over them and into their faces is not a job that the most industrious man out of work would be apt to regard with longing.

The vessel goes with the wind in oyster dredging, and pulls the dredge along after it. As it is on the captain pokes a long, slim rod down into the water from time to time to ascertain whether they are over an oyster bed. If they are he shouts "heave" to his men. They catch up the dredges and throw them overboard. When the captain thinks the bag is filled he calls, "wind up!" This is done, and the mass of oysters and debris dumped upon deck, while the dredge is heaved overboard again.

An oyster has no mind sense. In truth, it is an unconscious idiot, and begins to grow in a small limy secretion, about the size and shape of a fish scale. This little deposit fastens itself to any solid substance within reach upon the ocean bed—another oyster, old hats, old boots, bottles, pieces of iron, the timbers of piers and any sort of unobjectionable rubbish. As funny a sight as I ever saw was a bunch of oysters grown firmly to a huge old boot.

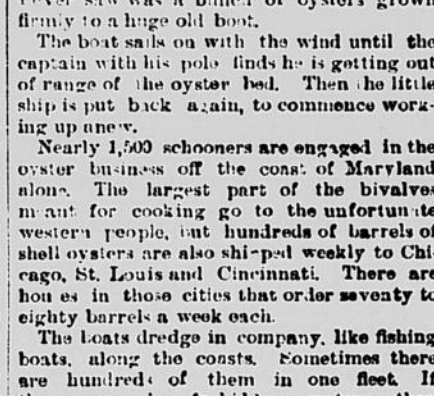
The boat sails on with the wind until the captain with his pole finds he is getting out of range of the oyster bed. Then the little ship is put back again, to commence working up new.

Nearly 1,500 schooners are engaged in the oyster business off the coast of Maryland alone. The largest part of the bivalves meant for cooking go to the unfortunate western people, but hundreds of barrels of shell oysters are also shipped weekly to Chicago, St. Louis and Cincinnati. There are houses in those cities that order seventy to eighty barrels a week each.

The boats dredge in company, like fishing boats, along the coasts. Sometimes there are hundreds of them in one fleet. If they are in fo-bidden waters they always keep a lookout for the approach of the police sloops. When it comes to them it finds every boat lying idly at anchor, not a windlass working. Of course, unless the men are caught at work they cannot be arrested. The boats are owned by business men on shore and in the towns usually. The captain takes for his pay a share of the proceeds when the cargo is sold. The owners of the vessels are often boarding house keepers, and the crews lodge with them on shore. So they make a good thing of it all around.

The oysterman seldom eats oysters. I suppose he has to work so hard for and stay up nights with them till he gets disgusted with the whole subject. And small blame to him.  
A. J. FOTHWELL.

**The McCullough Monument.**  
[Special Correspondence.]  
PHILADELPHIA, Feb. 21.—The design for the monument to be erected to the memory of the great actor McCullough has been definitely decided upon, and steps are now being taken to raise the necessary funds to defray the expenses of the memorial. The committee have adopted a design in the simple style of the Roman republic, of which a sketch is given above. It is proposed to construct a crypt for the remains, and the superstructure is to be of granite thirty-two feet high, surmounted by a statue of Fame.



The open arch will cover a statue of the great actor in bronze, heroic size, in the character of Virginius, elevated upon a pedestal five feet high. In deference to the wishes of the family and the strongly expressed public opinion, it has been decided to erect the monument in Philadelphia. The cost of the work will be about \$21,000. It is felt by the committee having the matter in charge that this should be borne alone by the loving friends, of whom no one had more, as a last tribute to one of the most genial of men. Few men had so many sincere admirers while alive; few men could be heartier friends or more genial companions, and few men had a smaller number of enemies than the late John McCullough.

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