

THE HOME OF JEFF DAVIS.

THE HOUSE WHERE HE WAS BORN, AND WHERE HE LIVES NOW.

The Ancient House at Fairview, Ky. "Beauvoir," His Present Home, a Legacy from a Southern Lady—Pines, Live Oaks and Scuppernon Grapes.

Jefferson Davis was born in Todd county, Kentucky. His fellow Kentuckians are proud of it or not, according to the side they were on during the great disagreement. It is a fact not often mentioned that during the greatest struggle in the history of the American republic, the two opposing leaders, Lincoln and Davis, were both natives of Kentucky. Had they staid there they might have been jolly, rip-roaring, horse-racing, Bourbon-drinking private gentlemen. They would probably have called their favorite animal a "boss." But they did not remain. When both were very small boys they left their native state—Lincoln to wander north, Davis south, each in search of his destiny, each in after years to take the leading part in that stupendous tragedy whose stage was a continent and its audience the world.



BIRTHPLACE OF JEFF DAVIS.

The two men were very nearly of an age, too. Davis being eight months older than Lincoln. But the history of the boys was very different. Lincoln had not a friend in the world except his poor, illiterate step-mother. Such education as he had he got himself, heaven knows how. But the hand of fate was on him, pushing him toward his destiny.

Davis' parents, on the contrary, were not poor. He went with them to Mississippi at the age of 8. They sent him to an academy, and next to Transylvania college. Thence he was appointed to a cadetship at West Point. He was graduated in 1828 there, and took part as an officer in the Black Hawk war. For poor Lincoln there was no college and no West Point.

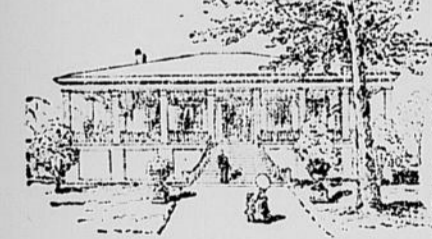
Todd county, where Davis was born, is in the southwest part of Kentucky, adjoining Tennessee. It used to be Christian county. Among his peculiarities is a remarkable memory for names. Some years ago he visited Todd county, whence he migrated at the age of 8, and astonished the natives by calling the names of many of them, which he had remembered over sixty years. Mr. Davis will be 80 if he lives till June, 1888.

Few have ever seen a picture of the house where the ex-president of the southern Confederacy was born. There are those who will be interested to see it, for, like Davis himself, it is a part of American history. It is still standing, a building of the fashion of many years ago. A story and a half in front, the roof slopes far down at the back, covering what used to be called "porch bedrooms." The chimney outside the wall of the house is still seen in many Kentucky houses. Indeed, the rich people who are building high art cottages at our watering places to-day are resurrecting the old fashion.

If a larger view of the grounds about the ancient house could be given it would show a well-curb-roofed over, a smoke house and a pig pen.

The first two-thirds of Mr. Davis' active life was about equally divided between war and politics. In the United States senate he was the leading champion of negro slavery and state rights. In the good old time, undoubtedly, the house where he was born had a stone's throw away, a group of whitewashed log cabins, which were the negro quarters. These cabins are still seen about southern houses, though now they are fast falling into decay. With Mr. Davis himself they are a relic of a vanished phase of our history.

After the war Mr. Davis spent two years a prisoner at Fortress Monroe, and was released in 1867. He traveled in Europe several years after his release, and in 1871 returned to live in Mississippi. He has never applied to have his disabilities removed, has not taken the oath of allegiance to the United States, and is still a man without a country.



BEAUVOIR.

He was not a rich man after the war, which ruined his political fortunes. A southern lady, who was one of his most devoted admirers, died about ten years ago and willed him a handsome country home and plantation. It is called Beauvoir. Here he lives with his wife and daughter, Virginia, born in Richmond during the war. No pictures of this, his latest home, have been given to the public until now. The little hamlet in which he was born in Kentucky was called Fairview. Beauvoir is French for exactly the same name.

Beauvoir is a typical southern home, broad low and square, with a veranda about it. It is built for coolness. A wide hall runs through it with double doors. It is in the shade of live oaks, from which the gray southern moss hangs in graceful, though melancholy, festoons. There is a vineyard of Scuppernon grapes near the mansion. This is a delicate green grape, native to the south. The negroes and poor whites pronounce it "Scuppernon." It produces a delicious wine.

One tree are mingled with the oaks around Beauvoir. The wind from the sound croons through these trees everlastingly. It is a pleasant, though not a very jolly place to live. The house is situated upon a slight hill. Through trees one catches glimpses of the waters of the Gulf of Mexico near by. Its beach of shining white sand is in front of Beauvoir and perhaps 300 feet away. But so strong is state rights feeling down here to

today that the people won't have it the Gulf of Mexico. They call the waters "Mississippi sound" thereabouts.

On the path from the railway station to the mansion the visitor passes another adjunct to the former typical southern home. This is "the cottage." Before the war, when southern gentlemen did not have to work for their living as hard as they do now, "the cottage" was a sort of bachelor's den sacred to the master of the plantation and gentlemen friends who visited him. It had billiard tables and a wine closet. There the men "chummed," played Mississippi poker and drank Kentucky whiskey. Sometimes for times were gambled away in a night, in much the fashion in which they still melt from sight in northern club houses.

HANDSOME MRS. CLEVELAND.

For White Away Time She Has Twenty-two Photographs Taken.

Among the minor social topics are Mrs. Cleveland's photographs. Whereas it was a deadly sin to make a picture of her before she became Mrs. Grover, now it seems that we cannot have too many.

The president's wife has recently had twenty-two photographs taken in all manner of poses and dresses. She is a beautiful woman. The lucky photographer was Bill, of Washington. He wished his distinguished subject to go to his own gallery, because he could do better justice to her there, but Grover wouldn't have it, and so the mountain came to Mahomet. The pictures were taken in the White House conservatory.

The portrait here given is from the photograph which good judges pronounce the most striking. The head is raised in a spirited way and the profile shows the short, slightly scornful upper lip. Young Mrs. Cleveland weighs 146 pounds and has a will of her own. The dress she wears in this picture is a cream colored flannel lawn tennis suit with blouse waist and a deep black velvet plastron over it. The photographer was charmed with her behavior while he was taking her pictures. He says: "I never had a better sitter. She poses very easily and naturally and tries her best to do her part. I have had to make very few suggestions in relation to her poses. She has been one of the easiest ladies to please I ever had come to my gallery. She is not at all fussy. She does not insist on having the negatives touched up in order to flatter her like some customers that I might mention."

To be sure, though, it is no great credit to her to wish the negatives left just as she are, for she is handsome enough to stand it.

Just at present she is the most talked of woman in the world. All she says and does is noted down and printed in the newspapers. Not many women but know how she looks in church.



MRS. CLEVELAND.

The books she reads have been written about. Boston will turn up its nose to hear that her favorite novelist is "Quida," and that she considers "Wanda" the most perfect tale of fiction ever written. But what of that? Jenny June, a lady of excellent literary taste, says the same.

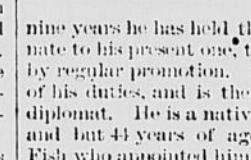
After hearing of her favorite in fiction it is amusing to be told that Mrs. Cleveland enjoys argumentative Presbyterian theological literature.

Another handsome picture among the host of photographs is one taken in a black dress. Whatever she may do in the society season, it appears that the president's new wife has not yet caught the mania for very low-necked dresses. A few of the pictures are taken in V-shaped bodices, but most of the gowns are high necked. With the black gown the lady wears around her neck a band of black velvet, fastened with a splendid diamond star. This ornament was one of her wedding presents. The sleeves are of black lace, showing the arms through. A newspaper person approvingly remarks that Mrs. Cleveland's arms are more beautifully molded than Langtry's. As Langtry's arms were the same size all the way down, the remark may or may not be a compliment to the president's wife.

ASSISTANT SECRETARY OF STATE.

Alvey A. Adee, Who Has Charge of Our Diplomacy With Mexico.

The new assistant secretary of state began his diplomatic career on Spanish soil, in 1870, and remained for seven years as secretary of the American Legation at Madrid. On assuming his present position, his first duty happens to be the delicate one of settling with the Spaniards of Mexico, the long series of outrages which have been perpetrated on both sides of the Rio Grande. It is not alone his Madrid experience that qualifies him so eminently for this task. For the last nine years he has held the positions subordinate to his present one, to which he advanced by regular promotion. He is a close student of his duties, and is therefore a well trained diplomat. He is a native of New York state, and but 44 years of age. It was secretary Fish who appointed him secretary of legation at Madrid in 1870. In 1871 he was transferred to the state department at Washington. The following year he was promoted chief of the diplomatic bureau, and a month later he was appointed third assistant secretary of state, where he remained until his recent promotion by the president. In politics he is a Republican.



ALVEY A. ADEE.

MOUNT VERNON.

A SHRINE WHICH IS VISITED BY MANY PILGRIMS.

The River Steamer's Tolling Bell—The House in Which Washington Lived and Died—Some of the Interesting Features of Its Interior.

A pilgrimage that will never cease, while Columbia survives, is that which daily makes Mount Vernon its mecca. The trip is made in a steambout from Washington, and the distance is a long sixteen miles. The scenery is charming on this portion of the Potomac. Every moving object, from the dark fisherman to the throbbing steambout, seems to move in a drowsy, listless way which is positively soothing to the nerves of the visitor from the rushing, restless city.

At last Mount Vernon is reached. This is announced by the tolling of the steambout's bell and the dipping of her colors. The bell's tolling is but a trifling token of respect to the dead, yet it makes a wonderful impression on the visitor when heard for the first time. When it is considered that all steambots passing up or down the river in all seasons, and possibly for all time, shall honor with a tolling bell the beloved remains they pass the thought overwhelms one.

Mount Vernon has been for the last quarter century in the possession of an association, whose object is its preservation forever to the American people, who regard it as their most historic treasure. The association paid for the estate \$200,000, which sum was contributed by the people of all the states. The state of Virginia has the supervision of the whole, though each state has charge of one room.

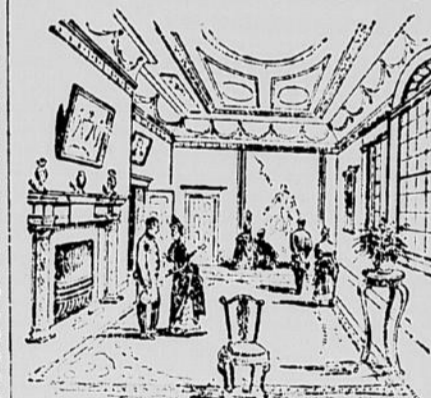
The mansion in which Washington lived from the time he was 21 years old, when he inherited it, until his death, is a wooden structure, ninety-six feet long and thirty feet deep. It comprises two stories and an attic. The picture of its exterior, with its long row of columns supporting the portico roof, is familiar.



THE HALLWAY AT MOUNT VERNON.

Stepping over the white flagstones with which this piazza is paved, stones, by the way, which were imported from the Isle of Wight, as it was not supposed that this country possessed any, we cross the threshold into the great broad hallway. In a glass case, shown in the picture on the left wall, is the great rusty key of the French Bastille, which was presented Washington by Lafayette when the prison was destroyed in 1789. In a frame is a Hartford newspaper, announcing the sad intelligence of the death of the great chief. Its closing lines refer to Mount Vernon as follows:

There were the groves, the spacious avenues, the beautiful and sublime scenes, the noble mansion; but, alas! the august inhabitant was now no more! That great soul was gone! His mortal part was there, indeed; but, ah, how affecting, how awful the spectacle of such worth and greatness thus to mortal eyes fallen! Yes, fallen, fallen!



THE PARLOR AT MOUNT VERNON.

In this state parlor, so called, is a beautiful mantle of variegated Siena marble. On its panels are sculptured artistically in bas relief subjects of husbandry and agriculture. It is about the only thing left in the room which Washington once owned. The furniture of the house was unfortunately sold by the heirs after the death of Martha Washington, and but little has been returned, though efforts are being made constantly to secure what is at present scattered as relics in all directions. Much of the furniture are careful reproductions of the original pieces. On the first floor are six rooms used as a museum for curiosities of a century ago. Back of the house carved colonnades lead to the family and state kitchens. To the rear of these are the servant's quarters, consisting of small brick houses, and also a brick barn.



WHERE WASHINGTON DIED.

But it is to the largest bedroom up-stairs that the greatest interest centers. It was here that Washington died. The arrangements of the bed hangings and other furnishings of the room are as nearly as possible just as they were the night he died. Here he slept every night from the time he retired from the presidency on March 4, 1797, until it became his deathbed on the night of Dec. 17, 1799. He

died of acute laryngitis, assisted it is claimed since by the physicians who, on finding that their patient had a sore throat, bled him no less than four times. The old-fashioned mahogany bedstead, six feet square, is the identical one in which he died. Here also is the little oval medicine stand, the secretary, the little table with the cracked shaving glass, the snuff and match box, the taster and fire irons, all in their old-time places.

The very atmosphere about the place inspires one with reverence. This is evidenced by the care with which men keep their heads uncovered while in this sacred room, while no one thinks of speaking above the faintest whisper, as if the father of his country was simply sleeping instead of resting in the tomb three hundred yards away.

THE Y. M. C. A. OF DETROIT.

The Magnificent and Complete Structure Proposed.

The Young Men's Christian association of Detroit, Mich., after an existence of twenty years, expects shortly to possess a building large enough to meet the requirements of its institution. This association has met many reverses, but now seems to be in a flourishing condition, with a membership of over 1,000, who are entitled, for the small fee of \$3 per annum, to a fine gymnasium in charge of a competent professor, evening educational classes, talks on important subjects by leading professional and business men, lectures and concerts.



THE PROPOSED BUILDING.

It is intended to be one of the most complete of its kind in the world, and, when finished, will offer unrivaled privileges to young men. It will contain a gymnasium, bowling alley, matutinary, sponge, shower and needle baths and running track. On the second floor is an auditorium, capable of seating 900 people, secretary's office, reading room, small audience room and reception hall. Above this are the library, parlors, directors' room, boys' room and dining room. Still higher up is the janitor's department and class rooms.

The Late Ex-Governor of Kentucky.

The late Governor Stevenson was a typical southerner, brave, talented, hospitable, and the soul of honor. He was born in Richmond, Va., in 1812. His father, Andrew Stevenson, was for many years the speaker of the Federal congress, and a minister to the court of St. James.

He first settled in Memphis, Tenn., but, not succeeding there, he went to Covington, Ky., in 1830 to practice law. In 1845 he was elected a member of the state legislature, where he served during that year, and also in 1846 and 1847, and in 1849 served as a member of the convention to amend the constitution of the state. In 1844, 1848, 1852 and 1856 he was sent as a delegate to national Democratic convention, and was permanent chairman of the Cincinnati convention of 1850, which nominated Gen. Hancock to the presidency. From 1857 to 1861 he was a member of congress; was made lieutenant governor of the state in 1865, and in 1868 governor. In this last office he rendered the state signal service. In 1870 he was elected a member of the United States senate, where he served with distinction.

Governor Stevenson was a man of rare literary and legal attainments. He had practiced law in Covington for over forty-five years, and had served as advisory counsel for many of the largest companies of Kentucky. At the time of his death he was president of the National Bar association, and last summer delivered the annual address before that body at Saratoga. Our engraving is from a photograph by Marecau, Cincinnati, O.

Among distinguished men recently passed away is Dr. Frank Hamilton, of New York city. He was born in Vermont in 1813. For more than a quarter of a century he has been one of the best known of American surgeons. To the country at large he became known during the long and trying sufferings of President Garfield. He was called in as consulting surgeon by the attendant physicians at the time the president was shot, and remained all the months till the end. Garfield's physicians did not impress their countrymen with their intimate acquaintance with their patient's case, but that fact only goes to show how little really is known by the medical profession after all, even the best of them.

Dr. Hamilton was a graduate of the University of Pennsylvania. He was professor of surgery in various schools throughout New York state up to 1861. Then he and others founded the medical college of Bellevue hospital, New York city, and Dr. Hamilton was its first professor of surgery.

He was the inventor of many valuable surgical instruments, and a brilliant and able lecturer, teacher and writer. His most important book was a "Treatise on Fracture and Dislocations." It ran through seven editions and has been translated into French and German. It is the recognized authority on the subject of which it treats. Dr. Hamilton was in failing health for three years.

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Mrs. Governor Foraker, of Ohio.

It is said of Governor John B. Foraker, of Ohio, that he always misses what he tries for the first time he attempts it, but he tries again, and the second time he gets it. This was the case with the governorship of Ohio. It is not related whether it was also his luck when he was courting the lady who is his handsome wife, whose picture is here given, or not. At any rate, he has reason to congratulate himself on his good fortune in this instance, whether it was his first or second luck.

Mr. Julia Bunday Foraker is now 39 years old. She was born in Jackson county, Ohio, and her father was a congressman during the war. Unlike the wives of too many American public men, she is well educated. She was graduated at the Ohio Wesleyan Female college, at Delaware, in that state, in 1858. During her pleasant school life here she met her husband that was to be John Foraker. In 1870 she was married to him, he being then a young lawyer in practice in Cincinnati.



MRS. FORAKER.

Both Mrs. Foraker and her husband are religiously inclined, and are members of the Methodist church. It is said they still keep up the ancient custom of family prayer and grace at table. Mrs. Foraker has been always prominent in the missionary work of her church. Before she went to Columbus with the governor, she was president of the Women's Home and Foreign Missionary society of Walnut Hills. The name of the part of Cincinnati where the Forakers reside when they are at home is Walnut Hills. It is a suburb, containing some of the most beautiful half-city, half-country homes in America. A range of picturesque hills sweep back from the river in a crescent, and inclose the level which contains what is now called Cincinnati, in the bottom. This is the part in which the factories and business houses are. A large part of the population have climbed out upon the beautiful hills for their dwelling places, and among these are the governor's family. Mrs. Foraker has four children, a boy and three girls. Her tastes are domestic. The time she has to spare from home duty is given to religious and benevolent work.

Commander William J. Sampson.

The new superintendent of the United States naval academy at Annapolis, Md., is Commander William J. Sampson, whose portrait accompanies this article. It will be a satisfaction to the mothers of our country to know that their son's lives are likely to be safe while the academy is in charge of Commander Sampson. It will require a Sampson to crush the "hazing" which has prevailed there for years and which has resulted in the maiming of many boys for life.

The new superintendent is a strict disciplinarian. He was a New York boy and is now 46 years old. He entered the naval academy in 1857 and graduated at the head of his class in 1861. He served during the war in the Potomac flotilla, the gulf squadron and in the monitor fleet at Charleston, S. C., being one of the few on board the monitor Patapsco who escaped when it was destroyed by a Confederate torpedo.

One Whose Trail of Rashities Extends Across the Continent.

Ross Raymond, one of the most successful swindlers of the age, is now in jail in New York for indulging in his favorite pastime of passing bogus checks. Through the courtesy of Inspector Byrnes we are enabled to give his portrait, as secured for the Rogues' Gallery, in the hope that in case he escapes conviction this time newspaper men and hotel keepers, when he has a perfect mania for swindling, will be shy of him.

Raymond's aliases would make a city directory in themselves. His American career began as a reporter on a San Francisco paper in 1852. Being possessed of a good presence and an exceptionally fluent pen, he earned money rapidly, but here, as elsewhere, his success as a newspaper writer simply enlarged his facilities for swindling. When his indignities began to pile up so that there was danger of his being imprisoned, he turned his face eastward, leaving a trail of swindles across the continent and along the Atlantic seaboard and in Europe. His exploits will be recalled in Virginia City and in the Denver Tribune, in Ogden, Omaha, Chicago and on The Times and Equivocal, of Cincinnati. Here he got into an altercation with the circus owner Robinson's son, and a scar which he received then has done him good service in his stories of his alleged war experiences.

In 1877 he was on The Baltimore American and later in Philadelphia, and finally on The New York Herald, where he wrote the details of President Garfield's sickness and death. He was doing first class work, making \$125 a week and swindling right and left. About this time he learned that a Miss Lizzie Linderman, whom he had known in California had fallen heir to \$100,000. He made violent love to her on paper, induced her to come east, married her and squandered her fortune. He then paid attention to a dog

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