

LOS ANGELES MAN CLAIMS RIGHT TO THRONE OF POLAND

Col. John Sobieski, Once Soldier of Fortune, Direct Descendant of Thaddeus of Warsaw.

SAYS INFANT GRANDSON IS ROYAL HEIR

Interesting Predicament of a California Youngster and the Romantic Life Story of His Grandfather—Driven from Austria by Maximilian, He Lived to Command Firing Party That Ended the Career of His One-Time Persecutor.

Los Angeles, Cal.—Sucking his bare pink toes and calling aloud for the royal nursing bottle, the rightful future king of Poland lies in his cradle in a cottage in the West Adams street district serenely unconscious of the fact that a battle of documents and family trees is raging over his crown and estates.

Little does he care that a rude Chicago editor has denied the claim that he is the direct descendant of Thaddeus of Warsaw and heir to a vast confiscated estate—not to mention the shattered Polish throne.

His fond father is L. S. Gilhausen, a clerk in the First National bank. His grandfather is Colonel John Sobieski, the well-known temperance lecturer—the last of the illustrious line of John III, who rescued Europe from the Turks.

From a life of quiet retirement, this grandfather and grandchild have burst suddenly into national fame.

Recently a Polish editor named Steniradzki came into print in the Chicago Record-Herald denouncing Colonel Sobieski as an impostor, or practically that. He denies Colonel Sobieski's claim to direct descent by the eldest-son-of-the-eldest-son route from King John III, the adored national hero of Poland—again not to mention the throne and the great estates.

This editor with a name like a sneeze claims that the last genuine Sobieski died over a century and a half ago. He calls upon Sobieski of Los Angeles to bring forward his

confesses that he has never heard of it.

"It is only for my honor that I am preparing these documents," said Colonel Sobieski to the writer.

He Wants No Throne.

"There is no throne in Poland. If there were one and it were offered to me, I give you my word I should refuse it."

The eyes of the old nobleman flashed as he added:

"Rather would I go to the cradle and strangle that little baby as he lies there than ever to allow him to ascend any throne. Yes, my memories of monarchy are as bitter as that."

His memories of monarchy cannot, indeed, be very happy. This gentle old nobleman who lives so quietly in Los Angeles saw his father led away to be slaughtered by Russian soldiers after long confinement in a prison so vile a dog could not have lived in it; saw his mother driven away from home almost a pauper; saw her driven like an outcast from country to country until she died an unhappy exile.

No wonder his eyes flash.

His Remarkable Life.

Follows the briefest possible glance at his remarkable life:

He was born in 1842 in Warsaw, being the sixth in line of descent from the great warrior monarch of Poland, John III. His father was John Sobieski, who lost his life in 1848 in the great Polish rebellion.

He says one of his earliest recollections of childhood is of a sleigh-ride and the gay trappings of a Cossack soldier who conveyed his mother and himself to say goodbye to his father—about to be executed.

His father had been captured by the Russian army and had been confined in a vile Russian prison, crawling with vermin, for 13 months.

Before they were allowed to see the doomed husband and father, the young mother was taken before the Russian viceroy, who offered to allow her to retain her estates and honors if she would give up her son—the last Sobieski—to be sent to the Russian capital and there brought up as a loyal subject of the Czar.

Banished by Maximilian.

She proudly refused, and chose banishment, poverty and misery. She bade her husband good-by, and he was shot down the next day. At the same time her father and brother were killed.

Everywhere went the exiles, ordered out by the authorities; driven out of Austria, Prussia and Italy. They were driven from Italy by the Austrian viceroy, Maximilian—afterward the emperor of Mexico. They took refuge in England at last. The mother died and the son was adopted into the family of a Polish professor, who had been an instructor at the United States naval academy at Annapolis. When the United States ships of war visited Liverpool the cadets used to visit their old professor. One of them persuaded Sobieski to stow away in the old frigate Constellation and come to America.

He was then only a little fellow 12 years old, but managed to enlist in the United States army as a bugler. He enlisted in 1855, and two years afterward was ordered out with the troops that went the desperate journey across the plains to fight the Mormons.

Many of the young officers under whom he served on that expedition

afterward became famous in the civil war—Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston, then a colonel; Capt. Hancock, afterward the northern general; Col. Alexander, who became Lee's chief of staff; Fitz John Porter, Maj. Beauregard, Capt. J. B. Magruder, afterward a southern general, was commander of young Sobieski's battery.

Witnessed Stirring Scenes.

When the war was getting ready to break, young Sobieski's battery was ordered recruited to its full strength and the young Pole was ordered to New York and Washington on recruiting duty, witnessing the inauguration of Lincoln, the closing debates in the senate and many other stirring scenes.

He went all through the civil war and was terribly wounded the first day of the battle of Gettysburg. It was his privilege to be an eyewitness to the most dramatic battle in naval history, the first fight of the ironclads, the fight between the Merrimac and the Monitor.

After the war he went into Mexico and began another fight for a people's freedom. He lived the hunted life of a guerrilla warrior, eating rattlesnakes and living a precarious life of the country. He was commissioned a colonel. He seemed to have a charmed life. He came through a hundred thrilling escapades unhurt—once being the only man of an entire command to survive.

Maximilian's Execution.

The old Polish nobleman tells of the tragic incident of history—the execution of the emperor—in simple soldier fashion. In writing an account of it for his biography he says:

"The last three or four days of Maximilian's life were spent almost wholly with the priest. On the morning of the execution, June 19, 1867—a bright, beautiful morning—he was taken out of the old convent where he was captured and where he had lived during the time he was in our custody, and placed in an ambulance and driven outside of the walls of the city near an old fortress, where the execution took place.

"Arriving on the grounds, the troops were formed in line, the doomed men were placed in position, Maximilian standing on the right of the firing party. The firing party consisted of 35 men, formed into two companies, six to each of the doomed men. (Two traitorous generals were executed at the same time.)

"One in each firing party of six had a blank cartridge. There had been a sharp rivalry for the honor of belonging to the firing party. I was selected to command the reserve firing party.

Fate Gives Deferred Revenge.

"Maximilian, speaking in Spanish,

one of the firing party, directing them to take good aim.

"The firing party was now ordered to advance, make ready, aim, fire! Strange as it may seem, Maximilian fell mortally wounded, only exclaiming as he fell: 'Oh, my God! my God!' At once the commander of the reserve firing party (Sobieski himself) ordered one of the men from his own party to advance, and drawing his own revolver, ordered the soldier to put it to the ear of the archduke and fire. He did so, and the career of the archduke was ended."

Col. Sobieski's long subsequent career as lawyer and temperance lecturer is well known. He had one son who would have perpetuated the name but he died while a young child. His one daughter married Mr. Gilhausen, of Los Angeles. To them a little son has lately been born.

Sees End of All Thrones.

So the last of the Sobieskis is a Gilhausen.

After this long and exciting career of adventure, Col. Sobieski is a calm, handsome, gentle old man—the soul of courtesy. Aside from his bitterness against monarchies whose tyrannies have brought him such misery, he has other reasons for not caring anything about the right to the empty throne to Poland.

"Before you are a middle-aged man," he said to the writer, "every throne in Europe will be swept away in a vast bloodless revolution."

Steniradzki claims that there is no mention in history of any Sobieski in recent times. He wants to know why no Sobieski came forward as a candidate for king at the election of King Stanislaus Augustus Poniatowski in 1764 if the family still existed. He denies the execution of Sobieski's father, saying that history has no mention of it, and points out that it would have made the nation thrill.

He makes a great point of the fact that the Almanach de Gotha makes no mention of any living descendants of John III.

No Sobieski Dynasty.

In reply, Col. Sobieski points out many places wherein the Polish editor contradicts himself; he then proceeds. "He (the editor) declares that the Almanach de Gotha has not got me on the list. I could not presume under any circumstances to think that my name would appear in that distinguished almanac, as it is a register exclusively devoted to dynasties. I do not claim to be of any Sobieski dynasty."

"In the first place there was no Sobieski dynasty. The definition of dynasty is a family of kings. Poland in the days of John III. was an aristocratic republic and elective monarchy. There is a tradition that comes down, however, that when the elective sys-

tem was abolished by the new constitution in 1791 it was the general understanding that the Sobieski family was to be the royal family. The constitution was only prevented from going into force by the conquest of Poland."

The Beginning of Greatness.

America's first printing press was erected at Harvard in the year 1639.

"Sunset (Samuel B.) Cox was a handsome little fellow, and as charming as he was otherwise personally attractive. He was a congressman from New York many terms and during the hot days of reconstruction he was the leader of the attenuated forces. He was one of the rosiest persons I have ever known."

"Another mighty handsome, rosy fellow was Col. Horace Porter, of Grant's staff; he was brilliantly educated and could sing a song, tell a good story and stay with the stirrup cup as long as anyone."

"Some remarkably handsome men whom I have known quite well or intimately were Gen. Edward McCook, Surgeon General Barnes, Gens. Fremont and Oglesby, Osterhaus and Logan; Gens. Custler and Merritt, Hancock and Baird; Anson Burlingame, Prof. Lowe, George Francis Train; Maj. Ben Perley Poor, Francis Howard, for many years chief of the volunteer fire department of New York; Maj. Burke, of the New Orleans expedition, and Col. William Cody (Buffalo Bill)."

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A UNIQUE PHOTOGRAPH PARTY.

Two Girls Gave a Novel and Original Entertainment with Pictures.

Two girls who are enthusiastic amateurs in the use of the kodak gave a delightful and original party last year, says a writer in The Housekeeper. The invitations sent out were kodak pictures of the two entertainers in different poses, but in each instance a newspaper, book, fan or umbrella concealed the faces. The invitations ran:

"These headless ladies at home, January 12, 8 o'clock."

Not a little guessing and comparing notes was necessary among those invited to decide with certainty upon the identity of the would-be hostesses.

The guests were received in a pretty room, half studio, half sitting room, where, after a few minutes' lively conversation, they were given cards decorated with tiny photographs of the house in which the party was given, with pencils attached.

Their attention was then called to the numbered photographs tacked up on the wall, each representing some well known book. The titles were to be written opposite the number on the card corresponding to that of the photograph. In one or two instances, where the book title was not widely known, the name of the author was printed on the card.

Miss Alcott's "Little Women," "Little Men" and "Old-fashioned Girl"; Seton Thompson's "Wild Animals I Have Known," and Holmes' "Over the Teacups" and "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table" lent themselves readily to photographic illustration. Among others were "The Masquerader" (a lady in domino and mask); "Prince (prints) of India"; "The Crisis" (in fluid making); and "To Have and To Hold" (a wedding).

Thirty minutes were allowed for making out the list of titles. The prize for the most complete list was a handsome photograph in passepartout of a locally celebrated spot. The consolation prize, the photo of the family cat, yawning prodigiously.

Partners for supper were selected by matching kodak pictures cut in half. The menu was written on the back of a mounted photograph of the principal public building of the city. The evening closed with fun and flashlights.

Mud Houses Built by Wasps.

A naturalist has thus described the habits of a species of wasp that makes its nest of mud, says the Dundee Advertiser. The mud of which their nests are composed, he said, is often carried for some distance, and it is essential for them to use good, stiff clay. At the edge of some pond or stream you may see these insects roll sticky little balls out of the stiff mud with their strong jaws. With this heavy load of mud they rise slowly, and, having gained some height, they get their bearings and fly in a straight line to their nest. In this they resemble the bees; indeed, all the wasps and bees seem to have a wonderful facility for flying directly home from any point. When the wasp has gained the place selected for a building site she puts the tiny ball of mud against the wall of the building and ribs it tight by moving her head from side to side very rapidly. The outer surface of the nest shows a series of rings, with sharply defined lines between most of them, but the interior is always extremely smooth and almost a perfect cylinder. While building her nest the insect continually runs in and out of the tiny cylinder, examining it minutely with her "feelers." If a rough place is felt on the inner surface she carefully sets to work and rubs it smooth. When the cylinder is finished the wasp goes hunting for spiders.

Chess as a Mind Drill.

When the Romans placed over the door of the temple of Janus "Ex Oriente Lux et Ludum Scacchorum" (out of the East came light and the game of chess) they spoke of the two greatest behests that the storied East had ever made to the young and aggressive West—the light of religion and the greatest mental achievement of man since he came through Eden's frowning portals.

In the middle ages when the monks and abbots watched from afar the brutal soldiery of Christendom swooping down like a pestilence on the sunny plains of the South they chanted "A furore Normanorum libera nos, O Domine" (from the fury of the Northmen deliver us, O God) and returned to chess—all that was left a noble soul in a vain and turbulent world.

Chess is the finest mental drillmaster the world has ever known. As a mind trainer it ranks above Greek and dialectic.

But above all is the science of battle; it is war without bloodshed, it is strife on equal terms, which all the race loves and to which from the cradle to the grave all mortality is subject.

Spoiling a War Story.

There is a certain war veteran in Boston whom we will call William Brown. He has an honorable record and is fond of relating incidents of the rebellion. He often tells how he got a cut on the head from the sword of a Confederate cavalryman. There is a small bare place which he says was the scar of this wound. Many a time we who work in the same office with him have heard this story.

Brown has a brother Charles who came into the office the other day to make a call. Bill was at his desk writing when Charlie walked up behind him and giving him a slap on the shoulder, said jocosely: "Well, Bill, I see you still have that scar on your head where Butler's dog bit you when we were boys!" From that time one of Bill's war stories gets little credence from us.

Ancient Comic Dramatist.

A highly interesting discovery is announced from Egypt. M. Lefevre, one of the inspectors in the service of the Egyptian department of antiquities, has been fortunate enough to discover a large number of leaves of a papyrus codex of Menander, containing upwards of 1,200 lines. The publication of this most welcome discovery should enable modern scholars for the first time to form an independent judgment on the style and genius of the famous comic dramatist.

CALLED HIM "DUDE"

FARMERS RESENT MAN'S ADVICE AS TO WHISKERS.

Meddling with Subject of Personal Adornment Seems to Have Made J. H. Hale, Peach Grower, Somewhat Unpopular.

J. H. Hale, who has made a fortune raising peaches in Connecticut and Georgia, discovered that he put

his foot in it when he went out of his way at the annual meeting of the State Agricultural Society at Springfield, Mass., to tell farmers that they would do better if they were "slicker" in appearance.

A deluge of letters began to pour in on him from grangers who affect beards, informing the peach man that they didn't give a continental whoop what Hale thought about their whiskers or anything else that belonged to them; their whiskers were their own, and it was none of his darned business whether the said whiskers went uncombed and wild or were "harrowed and scythed by barber fellows."

The grangers who didn't write about their whiskers had a hot word to say about the Hale suggestions that they should put on "store clothes" and abandon homespun, rubber neckties, celluloid collars and antediluvian headgear.

"You go back to Georgia or Connecticut, or wherever you be from, and stay there!" wrote old Squire Whipple, whose tangled chin underbrush is known the length of the Springfield Turnpike. "You raise peaches and we'll raise whiskers. And one thing more—even if we do wear



New Styles in Soarecrow.

Stung! by Jinks!

WARNING! AFTER JERSEY TRIP, CAUTION! ON THE ROAD WITHOUT THESE WEDGES WILL BE WASTED!

Rather Cruel Practical Joke.

A practical joke was played upon the district of Ballymena, County Antrim, Ireland. Large posters on walls and trees announced that the war department wanted thousands of cats for export to stations abroad where British troops were quartered, as these stations were overrun with rats. Prices ranging from 50 cents to one dollar were offered for healthy animals, with or without tails. It was added that a war office agent would attend at Ballymena Fair Hill to purchase suitable cats. On the day announced the roads to Ballymena were blocked with conveyances of all kinds filled to the brim with cats. For hours the owners waited for the "war office agent." At last it dawned on them that they had been hoaxed and the carts rattled homeward with their were thrown overboard on the journey squealing loads. Many of the animals and left to the mercy of strangers.

Living Toad From Earth's Interior.

A live toad was brought up from a depth of 346 feet by men drilling an artesian well at Murdo, S. D. The toad weighed four pounds. The drill was working slowly through a clay drift when the toad was brought to the surface. No one believed the toad was alive, but after being in the cool air the reptile revived.—St. Louis Republic.

Apples That Look Like Pears.

A tree bearing apples shaped like pears is to be seen in an orchard at Yorktown, N. Y. Some marks of insects' work near the stems of the strange fruit are taken as indicating that the upper portion of it was checked in early development, while the lower part developed naturally, giving the matured apple the form of a pear. Pear-shaped apples and apple-shaped pears are not unknown. The Japan russet variety of oriental pear is as flat and almost as indistinguishable in appearance from a russet apple when matured, but it is in every sense a pear.

Corn Like Cauliflower.

The French Academy of Science has received from M. Blarighien a communication about a new variety of Indian corn which is raised in the north of France. This corn has the appearance of cauliflower, and ripens as early as August, whereas the fodder variety from which it is derived ripens in dry and warm years, about the end of October. The new species is obtained by means of traumatism.

ITS HEART IS IN ITS THROAT.

A Steer Which is a Veritable Freak of Nature.

A steer with its heart in its throat is the property of the Western Veterinary college, No. 1121 Holmes street. It is just an ordinary roan steer, four years old. It came from Oklahoma. It differs from other steers only in the location of its heart.

Every beat of the heart, the distinct movement of both auricles, the gushing of blood into arteries, may be easily felt. In fact, you may see the movement of expansion and contraction when several feet away. The only protection to the heart is the skin of the animal's neck.

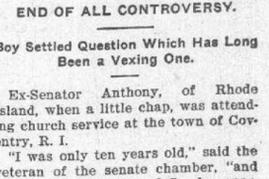
"It's just a freak of nature," said Dr. Carl Parker. "The steer is in good health and the rather unusual location of its blood pump in no way affects it. A smart blow would kill the steer, but we are careful in handling it. We keep it merely because it is a freak of nature."—Kansas City Star.

END OF ALL CONTROVERSY.

Boy Settled Question Which Has Long Been a Vexing One.

Ex-Senator Anthony, of Rhode Island, when a little chap, was attending church service at the town of Coventry, R. I.

"I was only ten years old," said the veteran of the senate chamber, "and had been sent to attend Sunday serv-



He Preached at the Boy.

ice alone. I always accompanied my mother, but on this particular Sunday she was slightly indisposed, and thereby forced to remain at home.

"I was occupying a seat very near the pulpit, and the theme of the divine was 'Am I My Brother's Keeper?'"

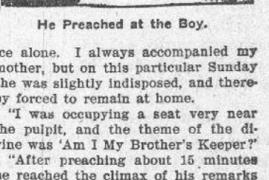
"After preaching about 15 minutes he reached the climax of his remarks with the words of his subject, and his gaze seemed to rest directly on me. I commenced to fidget a little, but he didn't turn his eyes from mine for a second and after a short pause he burst forth again: 'Am I my brother's keeper?'"

"I could stand it no longer, and answered in a meek voice: 'No, sir.'"

HEARD MANY MILES AWAY.

Sound of Submarine Bell Carried for Long Distance.

The fact that the sea is a marvelous conductor of sound, as all swimmers know, has now been turned to valuable account by an ingenious device known as the submarine bell. The bell is dropped deep into the sea from a lightship, and rung at intervals by a cable attachment, as shown in our picture. In order to hear the sound other vessels are fitted with a submarine telephone, the receiver of



Houseful of Hornets.

A few days ago, while hunting, Bartley Eckfeld of Marion, O. found a hornets' nest, which he took home and hung up in his library. The warmth of the Eckfeld home put life into the hornets and the family spent a day fighting the fierce insects.

School Without Pupils.

A peculiar condition of affairs exists in the Concow school district at Oraville, Cal. The trustees desire the retention of the present teacher, while the parents insist a change shall be made. The differences have resulted in a deadlock. The trustees have no children to send to school, and as the parents refuse to send theirs, the school has no pupils. The teacher in charge appears every day, calls the roll and remains throughout the day, observing the regular routine of school work, dismissing for recess and noon.

Paradise.

"Whah not only de wicked ceases from troublin,' an' de weary am at rest, but whah," here Parson Crinkle-top lowered his voice to a hoarse whisper, while he leaned far over the pulpit to look his awestruck flock full in the face, "dey has ter stop in de middle ob de collecksin to go an' empty de box!"—Puck.

Must Make Allowances.

As a matter of fact, no new congressman is expected to be as wise as he looks.—Washington Times.

Famous Americans Handsome of Person and Mental Giants

Major Truman of California Talks Entertainingly of Noted Men Whom Nature Seemingly Had Fashioned to Be Leaders—Blaine and Conkling Among Them.

The memory of Maj. Gen. C. Truman, of Los Angeles, Cal., is a gallery of Adonises. In the Graphic of that town he paints with beautiful parts of speech—to use his own language—the portraits of the handsomest men he has known.

"The first really handsome vision that comes to my mind," says the major, "is that of Col. John W. Forney, editor and proprietor of the Philadelphia Press, and a conspicuous personage from 1844 until 1884. Col. Forney was tall and straight and handsome of face and figure.

"One of the most strikingly handsome men I have ever met was Gov.

Warmouth, of Louisiana. I spent an hour or more with him at the Ebbitt House in Washington one evening in 1880, and I thought him one of the most enrapturing persons I had ever come across. His voice and manner held me spellbound.

"Andy Johnson, of Tennessee, had a splendid face, with sparkling little black eyes, and from his lips sometimes spilt words dropped like pearls. William M. Gwin, of California, was massive but courtly and had a complexion like a peach.

"In the house before the war there were some remarkably handsome men, among whom was Dan (Daniel E.) Sickles, for whom I cast my first vote in the Fifth ward of New York in 1856. He was the finest looking man in congress at that time. The next handsomest congressman was Henry Winter Davis, of Maryland, who was one of the most brilliant orators in congress.

"But Blaine, who came later, was the handsomest and most magnetic of all. Conkling also was exceedingly handsome and even majestic (if I may

employ such a term), but was the most conceited man who ever strutted through either the senate or house premises.

"Coffax was a good looking, meek appearing member and was always groused as if coming out of the veritable bandbox; he was severely good until Oakes Ames, the tempter, came along with some Union Pacific stock—he actually died from grief a short time after the Credit Mobilier investigation, and so did Congressman James Brooks, of New York.

"One of the handsomest men I ever have known was Gov. Andy Curtin, of Pennsylvania. Everybody called him handsome. He was a perfect blonde, without a single strawberry mark. He was fond of a punch or julep, and could get away with three fingers of old Monongahela when occasion required.

"I remember Philip Barton Key as a remarkably handsome man, who was shot dead in Washington in 1857 by Dan Sickles; and also I remember Sam Butterworth, the big fine looking person who urged on the shooting.

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