



TOPPED THEM.
and earned the name of "Stonewall."

federate lines of the second battle are buried on a knoll a quarter of a mile from Groveton. As the positions of the opposing armies so often overlapped, it is believed that the skeletons of many Southern soldiers are buried in the national cemetery at Arlington, fifty miles away, and that the bones of many a Union man now rest in the Confederate cemeteries at Manassas and Groveton. There are two monuments to the federal slain, one to the dead of the first and the other to the dead of the second battle.

A GIANT SORROW.

Hopes for a Brobdingnagian Race Nipped in the Bud.

(Written for The Tribune by the American Consul at Rouen, France.)

If you were dying a millionaire, with no kindred, what disposition would you make of your money?

It is related of an aged German who died recently that he left a fortune to a young woman, an entire stranger to him. The old man often asserted that he was the only honest man in the empire. It was always his custom, upon boarding a tram, to find a seat, if possible, in the rear, near the conductor, and to show him-

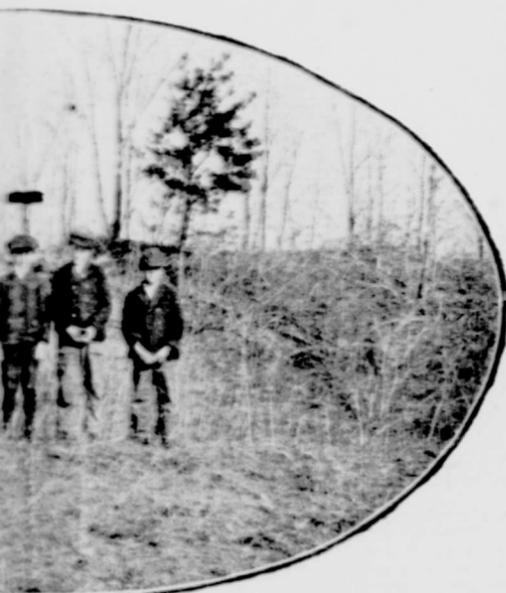


HEADQUARTERS OF FEDERAL GENERAL DEFEATED IN FIRST BATTLE OF BULL RUN.



AS IT LOOKED IN THE CIVIL WAR.

rallying their troops to the colors.
War by courtesy of The Century Company, publishers.)



HOUSAND WERE SLAIN.
as charged in face of murderous fire.

self obliging in passing up the money of the passengers and in returning the change, to which he was deft enough, in most cases, to add an extra coin. It was only after practising this for some years that a girl one day exclaimed: "Conductor, you have given me too much!" and handed back the extra coin. The old German followed her far enough to learn her name and address, and, when dying, left her \$50,000.

This was hardly more peculiar, however, than the will made some time ago by Count Alexandre Louis Saint-Ouen de Pierrecourt, who, dying at the age of eighty-three years at his villa, No. 60 Qual de Courbevoie, Paris, left more than \$1,000,000 to his native city of Rouen, France, for the regeneration of the human race, or, as expressed in his will, "to develop a race of giants." "The city must, if it desires to inherit the money," reads the testament, "establish an annual prize of at least \$20,000, to be given to two giants, in order to develop physically the human race. The couple who try for the prize must be visited by physicians of the city, and the prize divided equally between the couple pronounced the strongest and healthiest."

When the news of this strange legacy reached Rouen there was considerable comment. "Giants don't run in the streets," remarked some one, and a friend of mine said: "The count may have been wise, yet there are more fools than wise men, and among wise men more foolishness than wisdom." A philosophic old Norman observed: "Well, that man was crazy. If people who can see have blind children, and those who can hear have deaf ones, and those who can talk

at times have dumb ones, what's the matter with giants having dwarfs?" According to which reasoning there would seem sometimes to be madness without method.

One of the Rouen morning journals, in commenting upon the sanity of the count, related a story of Mulligan's mother, who lay dying. All of her relatives were called to the bedside, where they stood dropping tears and taking a sly inventory of the furniture.

Bridget was to have the furniture. "How generous o' the dear cratur!" cried Bridget.

"Indade, indade, she is!" cried the rest of the family.

The horse was to go to "Tim." "Conscious and raysonable to the last!" exclaimed "Tim."

The family loudly agreed. The old woman's watch was to be given to "Pat" and the cow to Kathleen.

"Wonderful! Her memory's perfect to the end!" cried everybody in chorus.

Then Mulligan's mother begged them to remember Donovan, and pay the fifteen pounds which she owed him.

"Don't listen! Don't listen!" shrieked all the relatives together. "She's ravin', poor soul, she's ravin'!"

But Count Saint-Ouen de Pierrecourt was not raving. He was a sensible, scrupulously economical old gentleman. He was in earnest. Hundreds of years ago the Norman was a big, strong, flaxen haired, blue eyed giant. I remember my old history described Rollo as "a warrior of gigantic stature, active, enterprising, indefatigable, and well fitted to become the founder of the powerful Kingdom of Normandy." And the magnificent statue of him which stands in one of the principal gardens of Rouen looks the truth of the description. But that was a thousand years ago. To-day the stature of the Norman is below the average, and his power of endurance not very great. In all likelihood it was when seeing and thinking upon this retrogression that Count de Pierrecourt determined to do what he could to regain for his native region what it had lost in the way of physical manhood.

Despite last century's gains in sanitary science, the count seemed not to have forgotten the old women of long ago who usually reared ten to fifteen children, from whom all kinds of ailments, whether toe itch or hydrophobia, were fought off by herbs which hung in bags on the



IN MEMORY OF SIXTEEN THOUSAND SLAIN. Monument at Groveton for Union dead in second battle of Bull Run.

kitchen walls. And doubtless the count remembered, too, that these same good mothers lived to be agile, cheerful and sane old bodies of ninety, and their children so tough that nothing could kill them; while the present day mother is disabled, "shelved from work at forty," and, instead of leading healthy, rosy cheeked human beings of her own blood by the hand out into life to increase the thrift, activity and population of her country, usually grasps a chain to the end of which is a dog. He, perhaps, too, thought of the deteriorating effects of the French wineshop, or café, which exists in the cities of Normandy and Northern France every twenty-five yards, and has virtually replaced the club and entered greatly into politics. "For a candidate, a good stomach is better than a good platform," recently remarked an eminent Franchman. But, whatever were

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ARMY ENGINEERS SURVEYING THE BATTLEFIELD CAMP SITE.