AN INDIAN KITCHEN.

How the Food of the Red Man is Prepared.

PRIMITIVE METHODS.

They Never Wash Their Cooking Utensils, and Consequently Everything Has a Mixed Smell and Taste—They Appreciate Good Living, but Dislike the Work.

I HAVE SEEN HUNdreds of meals prepared in the Indian fashion by the savages themselves during the last twenty years while traveling between British Columbia and Mexico, up and down the Rockies, but I can say in all honesty that I have never seen or smelled an Indian stew or roast that I wanted to partake of in all my wanderings," said a gentleman to a STAR writer. "No. not that—that's not the reason at all, for I have been hungry enough, often, but the fact is simply this: an Indian wants a great deal to eat and cares little about the details of cooking, while a white man is much more concerned about the manner in which his meal is to be served than he is about the quantity of it.

"A great deal of nonsense has been written about the depraved appetites of Indians, what nasty messes of putrescent meat, fish and oil they make way with, and other like feasts; but just stop a moment. Go down to that restaurant across the street from us and the chances are that if you are not used to it I can order up a dish of Limburger cheese that will turn your appetite adrift or a plate of 'gamey' deer meat which will drive you from the scene.

SOME PECULIAR TASTES.

"With the exception of rotten fish and roe repasts I have never smelled anything worse than the odor of a portion of that particular Dutch cheese I have just referred to in any Indian spread that has been under my eyes. An Indian, strangely enough, likes putrid fish, but he does not relish his flesh after that fashion or his fowls; a distinctly rotten egg he never eats, but eggs that are well advanced toward hatching he rather prefers; shell fish are always eaten fresh by savages, and I know that if there was any method not involving great care and labor by which animal and fish oils could be kept sweet by their savage consumers these oils would be, for they know and appreciate the difference just as keenly as we do in the case of sweet or rancid butter. Oil takes the place of butter with them; but though they know how to render the fats, and how to preserve the product thereof so as to be sweet, yet the labor is never undertaken, and the strong smell which hangs over all the Indian kitchens is due to this oil itself or its residuum in the unwashed wooden or metal utensils where it is kept.

THEY LIKE ENTRAILS OF ALL KINDS.

"Indians have a marked liking for the entrails of all birds, beasts and fishes—these are the real glout morceaux; they pluck and singe the feathers from most of the land fowls and skin ducks, geese and other water birds, skin all animals and scale all fishes which are distinctly scaled; no bird, animal or fish is ever wasted after these steps are taken by the squaws, who either put the result of their rude dressing into a stew kettle or spit it for roasting before the coals or under the embers; they object to washing the game and fish, saying that water spoils it! They use no salt in cooking or pepper; no spices; no condiments whatever.

"The Indian in his daily search for food takes most everything that he comes across and he has quite a large variety, but when it comes out from the kitchen the result is that it all tastes about the same—venison today boiled in a kettle where fish were stewed yesterday, and a goose goes into this kettle tomorrow—in the meantime the kettle has never been cleaned or emptied fully of the leavings of this day's repast ere the material for the next day's dinner is thrown into it! Naturally, this curious, shiftless cooking gives an indescribably flat and repugnant flavor to everything that comes from the kettle day after day—at least, it is so declared by our palates. But the Indians are satisfied—they simply eat to live, and the pleasures of the table they count of less value than the ease of their labors in the cuisine.

THEY APPRECIATE GOOD COOKING.

"Still Indians appreciate good cooking and were in the full knowledge of making a variety of feast dishes which were very good. They understood the making of gravies, thick soups and corn bread and the baking of fish and meats to a turn long, long before a white man ever set foot on the American continent, but the wooden dishes, such as platters, birch bark kettles and spoons of maple or bass wood were usually so charged with ancient odors as to make a disagreeable impression upon everything that was served in them when offered to the white visitors, and neutralized all the skill of the squaw's culinary efforts. The fact was that dish washing was an undertaking much disliked and seldom thoroughly done in the Indian kitchen, and a rude scraping of the kettles was about all that they ever got before being recharged with a fresh supply of the raw material.

"A small fire and a slow simmering, stewing of meats and fish, vegetables and berries was the invariable feature of lodge fires when the Pilgrims first looked in upon them. The wooden pans or kettles were liberally charged with meat cut into chunks and partially filled with water which was made to boil by reason of hot stones regularly thrown in and taken out as they cooled to make way for freshly heated dorricks, which were kept in reserve among the embers of a steady fire.

"As soon as the iron kettles of the white men were shown to our Indians the labor-saving qualities of these vessels were at once appreciated by Lo, who made the utmost haste to possess himself of them. But he did not change the result at all of his cooking. He simmered and stewed everything as heretofore and failed to wash the iron pots. The act of roasting and baking meats and vegetables involved a vast deal more labor for the squaws, and the slovenly and expeditious stew whereby enough for a large number of voracious feeders was as quickly prepared as if for only a few eaters—this universal stew became well established among the savages long before white men were known to them.

"An Indian warrior or buck when at home, or when squaws surround him, never gives the least attention to the kitchen—not a hint or a suggestion, but takes what the woman or women of his household bring him without a murmur. But after these bucks have lived in contact with white men they often cook at their own firesides, the pattern set them being too forcible, since the white trappers and pioneers were skillful and particular in the preparation of their meals when they had the leisure.

THE INDIAN LODGE ON THE POTOMAC.

"In order that a clear idea of the manner in which the Indian kitchen was managed everywhere in this country of ours before our civilization broke it up, let us look back a little more than a century and regard an Indian summer house or lodge as it stood there on that point where the arsenal is located today, at the intersection of the Potomac and the Eastern branch. This lodge is the shelter of a member of Powhatan's band, a hunter, who, with his two or three squaws, six or seven children and a savage relative or two, has pitched it for the summer here, and who will take it down in November and return to the winter village of his people on the James river with the store of dried meat and fish that he shall lay by for the hymeneal solstice.

"It is a June morning, and not until the sun is high in the heavens is there the least sign of life in this 'tepee;' the inmates, old and young, are all soundly sleeping; but as the day opens and the flies grow lively one or two of the squaws rise. Throwing off the blanket, they get up as they lay down, in full dress; they turn their attention at once to the task of starting up the smoldering fire which is in the center of the lodge, and which they carefully banked before they lay down last night. This being done, one of the squaws makes an inspection of the family kettle or trencher, out of which they all ate as they desired yesterday. After mentally noting how much is left over in this kettle as cold victuals, she gets up and steps out to a scaffold which is erected just outside of the lodge, and on which, out of the reach of dogs and vermin, she keeps all the raw food supplies of the family; if the left-over viands are principally fish she will most likely bring in three or four shad, a dozen or two herring, if she has them, and a piece of sturgeon on a birchbark platter; having scaled and cut these fish into larger and smaller chunks while outside, she empties the fresh supply of raw material into this kettle which holds those remains of yesterday's feeding, and then adds just enough cold water to fill it brimful and float the whole mass nicely,

THE PIE IS COOKED.

"The fire is now well under way, and the kettle is either hung over it or placed on a stone tripod, and an interval of twenty minutes or longer now occurs before the contents begin to seethe and simmer and the odor of the olla podrida spreads about. One of the squaws now takes up the large birch bark water pail, which she has partially emptied into the stew, and goes out to the spring or the river for a fresh supply. This is brought in and furnished with a wooden dipper. Another trip to the scaffold is made, and a small basket of berries, a handful of dried inner pine bark scrappings and a little trencher of a quart or so of odoriferous rancid fish or bear oil—all these are brought in and deposited squat down on the earth, close by the fire.

"The fish in the kettle having after half an hour's stewing begun to show signs of total disintegration, the kettle is taken from the fire and set down alongside of the coals or partially on them. Three or four wooden or horn spoons are thrust into the contents and an Indian breakfast is served. During the entire time of preparation the squaws have not said a word and the occupants of the lodge, who have been sleeping all around this breakfast fire, so close some of them that their feet are almost in it, have given no sign of awakening or anything else, beyond snoring, that betokened life. Now that the stew is ready, the cooks say so in a brief declaration, which causes most of the family to roll over, and lazily and silently gather about the kettle and the fire.

FEEDING THE CHILDREN.

"The children are furnished with little bark platters, upon which their mothers ladle out a quantity of the fish stew, sprinkle a modicum of the oil, and with this in their hands they either run outside of the lodge or sit down Indian fashion on their heels with their parents around the kettle. The elders dip into the mess with these long-handled spoons aforesaid and, holding the bowl of this utensil in both hands, they alternately blow upon its contents to cool the broth and gravy, and what they cannot suck in they take up in their fingers. Sometimes a lodge having fifteen or twenty inmates will be short of spoons. Then one or two of these useful vehicles will be passed from Indian to Indian, each one sucking in turn of its contents or thrusting his or her fingers into them.

"The solid pieces of fish that come out of this stew and the slips of dried pine 'cambium' are usually dipped with

COOKING BREAKFAST.

the fingers of the eaters into the pannikin of oil. All eat in this manner, and heartily, with a great sound of soup sucking and repeated finger wiping on the hair and scanty clothes of the feeders. They all eat in silence. Hardly a word passes and by the lapse of half an hour they have finished, all winding up with deep pulls at the water pail and porcine grunts of satisfaction.

"The family having dispersed from breakfast the squaws fill up that kettle again with fish, if they have it, or, not having it, with anything else they have in their larder, set it on to stew again, and when settled to the usual point they take it off and stand it up in its usual place by the fireplace. There it remains all day, open and free to every member of the lodge, and all day long it is being sampled first by one and then the other, and no more cooking is done until toward evening or sundown, when the head of the lodge returns from the day's chase or fishing. Then, whatever he brings, be it flesh, fowl or fish, most likely it will be served up in that kettle just as breakfast was prepared, with the same simple accompaniments.

VENISON AND FISH.

"But maybe one of the squaws takes a fancy to roast a piece of venison or to roll a fine fish in grass and green leaves, then to bake it in the hot ashes and coals of a hard-wood fire. She knows how to do this, and do it very well, but it makes her a great deal more work when she has to prepare food in this fashion for fifteen or twenty ravenous mouths. She thinks about it, and if she thinks twice she usually resorts to the stew kettle.

"Such in brief was the routine of an Indian kitchen year in and year out, and it will be observed that the great bugbear of dish washing never troubled Mrs. Lo. But freedom in this respect did not save the aboriginal woman from far heavier burdens and toil than that ever borne by her white sister.

"I think outside of the buffalo feasts of our red men that the only real unalloyed pleasure that they ever took in eating was when they went at stated seasons of the year for berries and nuts and when they were able to pick and roast their green corn. These occasions were truly epicurean, as we understand it, and the pleasure arose in their minds because there was no kitchen work connected with the serving of these items."

DON'T LIKE CONDIMENTS.

Indians like the cooking of the whites in every respect save the use of pepper, much salt or pickles; they did not like our salt meats, but a cornbeef hash is a great favorite. Bread, when soft and warm, is highly relished, and pastries and sweets of all kinds. Tea and coffee they cared for very little, but acquired a taste for rum rapidly. Usually it was spit out quickly when first taken into their mouths with a look of great surprise and disgust, but when the peculiar effect on their brains was understood they invariably became earnest beggars for spirits.

Indians never had regular meal hours; they, after rallying in the morning at breakfast, ate again whenever they felt hungry thereafter during the day, men, women and children. If the family kettle became emptied by the lack of provision during the day the hungry members of that lodge would go into a neighboring one, if not far off, and freely help themselves there. If the stores were exhausted in all directions then the effort of going to bed supperless was nothing for them—it only served to stimulate them to energetic hunting, and they never referred to the subject among themselves as being the fault of any one that there was nothing to eat in the house, but rather regarded it as something that ought to happen once in a while.

Written for The Evening Star.

"Out of Thy Life."

"Out of thy life," could I but find
Where the waters of Lethe run,
Like some pilgrim of old without silver or gold,
I would journey from sun to sun.

In quest of that fount I hath not seen,
Yet fabled in song and prose,
But with waters as sweet and limpid, I ween,
As dew on the heart of a rose.

I would journey unaided save by the stars,
Scarce pausing to break my fast,
O'ercoming all my progress bars,
I would drink and forget at last.

Onward, famished for life's sweetest good,
Onward through forest and glen,
In search of Lethe, that priceless food
For the sons and daughters of men.

Washington, D. C. M. L. A.

A Wonderful Set of Chessmen.

New York Home Journal.

A remarkable set of chessmen has just been completed by an American mechanic. The pieces are made of silvered bronze, and the period of costume and equipment is A. D. 1194, all the characters being historical and contemporary and strictly accurate in every detail of heraldic blazonry and costume.

The knights are in chain-mail armor, with shield, ax, sword and dagger. Their fur coats have each the individual blazon of the wearer. The queens wear royal robes and carry scepters. The bishops are in church vestments, with cross and crozier.

The pawns are men-at-arms in kneeling posture, with spear, billhook and knife. The white men are English, the black French. The English king and queen are Richard I and his Berengaria.

The bishops are Herbert Walter, archbishop of Canterbury, and William Longchamps, bishop of Ely; and the knights are the Earl of Salisbury and Baron of Worcester. The castle is Anglo-Norman, and is a perfectly accurate representation of feudal architecture.

The French king and queen are Philip and Ingeborg, his Danish spouse, the bishops being de Dreux and de Sully of Beauvais and Paris. The knights are also well-known men of the twelfth century, and the castle is Franco-Norman. The set has taken upward of six years to make.

Adam Was Ahead of George.

From Life.

"Who was called the father of his country, Miss Beacon?"

"George Washington was called the father of his country, but this was an erroneous idea, for it has been proven that to Adam belongs the ignominy."

NOVELTIES IN WAR.

Fresh Methods of Destroying Experimented With.

MILITARY BALLOONS.

Poisonous Bombs for Suffocating Armies—Illuminating Shells and Smoke Grenades—Wonderful High Explosives—Flying War Ships—Explosive Bullets—Submarine Boats and Torpedoes.

WHOEVER IT WAS, whether Blaine or Harrison, that kept this country out of war with Chile, the failure of a fight was a great disappointment to experts in warfare all over the world, who vainly sigh for a conflict that will afford some sort of test of the value of modern naval and military methods. There has been no battle on the sea since the days of wooden battle ships, and rapid-firing weapons, fish torpedoes, high explosives, submarine destroyers and other devices for scientific and wholesale killing have had no chance for a practical trial. The United States government is taking active part—particularly of late in the line of strategic ballooning—in the experiments which all civilized and Christian nations are engaged with for the purpose of discovering more effective means for wiping out hostile armies and fleets. While busy with smokeless powders, the chief object of which is to make the foe visible, the War Department has been keeping an eye upon the "smoke grenades" that are now exciting attention in England. They are filled with chemical substances which, on explosion, produce clouds of dense black smoke, and are designed to be carried in advance by skirmishers and thrown so as to conceal the troops following. Not less novel and remarkable are the illuminating bombs which are being tested by the Italians. One of them cast among the enemy at night will burst and immediately light up the darkness with a power of 100,000 candles.

One of the most extraordinary of new inventions in warfare is the French explosive called "melinite," which is not only effective for rending and destroying when thrown in a bomb, but also serves a purpose similar to that of the "stinkpots" of long ago. These latter, supposed to have been originated by the Saracens during the middle ages, were utilized as late as the last century by the British, French and Spanish. Smashed among the enemy, they set free volumes of poisonous and asphyxiating gases. Melinite is only three times as powerful as gunpowder, but it has the great advantage of being entirely safe to handle. Its base is a coal-tar product termed picric acid, and it has about the consistency of molasses, being poured into shells and hardening. The fumes liberated by the bursting of one of these bombs are most deadly. Not long ago, for the purpose of experiment, a single one was fired at a vessel on the deck of which had been placed a number of sheep and goats. All of the animals not killed by the fragments of the exploded shell were suffocated to death. One day a French workman digging out of the ground a melinite bomb that had been fired three days before was so far overcome by the gases which it still exhaled as to be with difficulty restored.

PUTTING THE FOE TO SLEEP.

The object of civilized warfare being not to kill, but to disable and capture the adversary, it has been suggested that shells, instead of being loaded with destructive and deadly explosives, should be filled with powerful though harmless drugs, which on bursting would spread a sleep-producing vapor. Thus an entire ship's company might be plunged into involuntary slumber by a single bomb, and in like manner whole regiments and brigades could be forced to resign themselves to sudden and helpless repose to be revived later by their humane captors. The somniferous gas ought to have as nearly as possible the same specific gravity as the atmosphere, so as to be dispersed in the latter and hang in clouds about the enemy, neither rising in the air nor falling to the ground.

High explosives, hitherto untried in either military or naval contests, will play a large and important part in the warfare of the future. The most powerful at present known is "explosive gelatine," being fifteen times as strong as gunpowder. It is made by dissolving gun cotton in nitro-glycerine, the preparation having the consistency of honey. Unfortunately it is very unsafe stuff to use in battle, because a bullet striking it will set it off by concussion. No explosive is good for fighting purposes that can be touched off by shock or otherwise than by actual contact with fire. A novel kind of bomb is filled with what the inventor calls "hellofite." The two chemical ingredients, binitro-benzole and nitric acid, are in separate glass vessels, which are broken when the shot is fired, their contents being mixed together by the rapid revolution of the shell and exploded by a time fuse. Wonderful accounts are given of the havoc created by the bursting of projectiles of this description. Up to the present time no method of throwing high-power explosives from guns by means of gunpowder has been proved successful, although one scientific gentleman has wasted $300,000 of Uncle Sam's money in experiments, which only resulted in bursting many valuable cannon. However, trials that are being conducted under government auspices with a new mixture termed "emmensite" seem likely to solve this problem. Until now only pneumatic guns have been found available for such purposes.

Flying machines for use in war have engaged no little attention of late on the part of inventors. Maxim, the designer of the famous gun, claims to have produced one which can be controlled. He declares that he can fill his aerial car with explosives and hover in it over the city of London, holding that great metropolis at ransom to the extent of as many millions of pounds as he chooses to mention. Thus situated he can announce his terms by dropping a small package containing a statement of them and his ultimatum of "cash or crash!" His contrivance is a cylinder of aluminum containing three-fourths vacuum, its collapse being prevented by strong ribs inside. It is propelled and steered by electric gear, and is further sustained and balanced by the wings of a great aeroplane, with an automatic arrangement of a compensatory nature that brings the machine immediately back to the horizontal when it tends to vary therefrom.

BALLOONS FOR WAR.

The War Department has been recently conducting experiments with balloons for military purposes. It will exhibit at the Columbian exposition one of its new "balloon trains," consisting of three wagons. One of the wagons carries a balloon packed in a basket, while the other two convey cylinders charged with hydrogen gas. When it is desired to send up the balloon, it is taken out of the basket, connected with one or more of the cylinders, and is ready to make the ascent in fifteen minutes. It attains an elevation of 2,000 feet, remaining attached to the earth by a wire rope, through which a copper wire runs. The copper wire connects a telephone in the balloon car with another telephone on the ground, so that direct communication is maintained. If desired, the telephone wire may be continued to the headquarters of the commanding general miles away. Meanwhile, the observers in the balloon car can overlook the position and intrenchments of the enemy, being at a safe distance from the hostile lines. Sketch maps they can send down by means of the wire rope. A plan recently suggested is to send up small captive balloons, carrying nothing but photographic cameras, which could be worked automatically from the ground. They would be allowed to drift over the fortifications of the foe, each one taking a series of pictures of whatever was beneath.

Rapid-firing guns are attracting more attention just now than any other development of the science of warfare. The latest and most admirable weapon of this sort is the invention of Mr. Maxim. It stands on a pivot and is managed entirely by one man, who points the nicely balanced instrument in whatever direction he desires. He has simply to aim, inasmuch as the gun fires itself, throwing a continual storm of projectiles like water from a hose. The operator pulls the trigger once and after that each shot discharges the next one and rifle bullets issue from the muzzle at the rate of 900 a minute. Another pattern projects fifty explosive shells per minute, each weighing ½ pound, while still another throws six 100-pound shells a minute. In order that there may be no pause in the continuous storm of bullets or shells sent forth by these astonishing machines, ammunition for them is furnished on shipboard by an endless leather band, furnished at intervals with hooks, which reaches from the magazine to the main deck. By this means one man can supply a constant stream of cartridges.

The likelihood seems to be that rapid-fire guns will before long practically supersede the great cannon of the old style, which have grown to be so gigantic as to be unwieldy. They are much cheaper also. A 110-ton gun costs $85,000. Its average life is only 95 shots, which means that it is no good after it has fired that number of projectiles. On this basis of reckoning each shot costs about $900, without counting the powder and projectile, which cost $750 more. Sixteen hundred and fifty dollars a pop is a good deal to pay. It is true that when a missile from such a weapon hits anything the latter is likely to be seriously affected. One experimental shot with a 110-ton gun sent the projectile through 20 inches of solid steel, 8 inches of wrought iron, 20 feet of solid oak, 5 feet of granite, 11 feet of concrete and 4 feet of brick back of all the rest. The striking energy of the conical bullet amounted to 54,320 foot tons, which was equivalent to the power necessary to lift 5 giant ships of the size of the steamer City of New York 1 foot out of water. It will be remembered that the famous "jubilee shot," fired from a similar gun on the occasion of the queen's jubilee, fell at a distance of 13 miles, attaining at the highest part of its trajectory an elevation of 4 miles.

SMALL CALIBER RIFLES.

It is a remarkable fact that the caliber of the rifles supplied to the armies of Europe has diminished within the last four years from 45-100 to 25-100 of an inch. Several very interesting results are accomplished by this change. To begin with, owing to the less resistance opposed by the air to the smaller bullets they go straighter and the marksman can use his sights for point-blank range up to 500 yards. The improvement in accuracy is very great and the velocity of the projectile is so far increased that the latest pattern of weapon will kill a man at a distance of three miles. So much greater is the penetrating power of the smaller bullet that it will go through the bodies of four men in a row when fired from a distance of one mile. This was ascertained by the French, who, for the purpose of accurate experiment, stood up four dead men in a line and practiced upon them. Another advantage of the new departure is that one soldier can carry as many as 160 rounds of cartridges. Last, but not least, the smaller bullets are much more humane for use in war. Individuals wounded by them, if not killed outright, are likely to recover. During the late civil conflict in Chile an excellent opportunity was afforded for comparing the relatively slight injuries inflicted by the new-fashioned projectiles when contrasted with the wounds caused by bullets of the old size.

Modern warfare is at the same time more humane and more cruel than any style of fighting adopted among nations in times past. It stops at nothing that will injure or destroy the enemy. During the rebellion when the south began to use torpedoes there was a cry of protest throughout the north. It was said that such an abominable method of killing men was not consistent with the laws of war recognized by civilized peoples. Nevertheless it was not long before the north adopted and employed torpedoes extensively. Up to the present time explosive bullets have been distinctly set down as being beyond the pale of recognition by civilized belligerents. The very notion of firing a shot into the body of an antagonist that would burst and tear him all to pieces was regarded as horrible and barbarous to the point of savagery. But now, forsooth, such sentimental views are put aside altogether, and in the next war between great and Christian powers explosive bullets are to be a common form of projectile, not fired singly, but discharged into the ranks of the foe in streams. At the same time bombs filled with diabolical combinations of chemicals many times as powerful as gunpowder will rend whole regiments limb from limb, while those who may happen to escape the flying fragments will be smothered to death by poisonous fumes. A commodore in the United States navy said to the writer yesterday that only two means of destruction were regarded as impossible in war—namely, poisoned bullets and the poisoning of wells. Surely it will not be long before the prejudice against even these will have vanished.

TORPEDOES AND TORPEDO BOATS.

One of the most astonishing inventions of modern times is a new torpedo boat now undergoing trial at Detroit under the eyes of government experts. It fairly realizes the design of the imaginary Nautilus created by the fancy of Jules Verne. In fact photographs of the craft as it lies on the surface of the water and nearly submerged strikingly resemble the pictures of the submarine boat which illustrate the romance of the French author. It is cigar-shaped, pointed at both ends, and has a small dome-like turret on top, through a glass in which the steersman looks along the level of the waves. While running thus the twin screws are driven by a steam engine. When the vessel wishes to sink the little smokestack is unshipped and down the cigar boat goes beneath the water, which closes over it while it pursues its way at a depth of ten feet or more. It can stay under for half an hour comfortably, the supply of air sufficing for that length of time. While it is submerged the screws are run by batteries in which electricity is stored by the steam engine. The interior is lighted by electricity.

A new kind of automatic torpedo, which does not carry men, is called the "Victoria," and has been recently offered to the British government. Its motive power is compressed air, contained within it, and it is steered and controlled by means of an electric wire from shore. It moves beneath the water, approaching the object of its hostility unseen. If the operator wishes to see just where it is on its course he touches a button and it jumps out of the waves like a dolphin. The torpedo most favored by the Navy Department here is the invention of Capt. Howell, U. S. N. It is worked on the principle of the gyroscope, having a wheel, which is spun up to a tremendous rate of speed before the torpedo is discharged from the gun. Owing to this device it maintains a perfectly straight course. The trouble with the celebrated Whitehead torpedo is that it is hard to guide and is very apt to go crooked. If it strikes the object aimed at, however, something is sure to happen immediately. On April 12, 1891, the Chilean insurgent battle ship Blanco Encalada steamed into the harbor of Valparaiso for the purpose of doing some damage. After accomplishing this object to a considerable extent she came to anchor for the night, not taking the trouble to put out her torpedo nets or even to keep a good watch. Presently along came two torpedo boats, the Almirante Lynch and the Almirante Condell, belonging to the other side in the war, and they fired half a dozen Whitehead torpedoes, resembling so many big steel fish, at the Blanco Encalada. One or two of the torpedoes hit the ship, and the latter was blown up, with great loss of life. But this is not deemed a good test of the effectiveness of torpedoes in warfare, owing to the fact that she was an old-fashioned wooden craft. It is very doubtful whether such a torpedo would sink a man-of-war of the modern type, provided with separate water-tight compartments.

RAMS IN FUTURE NAVAL BATTLES.

Naval authorities assert that rams will be the most effective weapons in the naval conflicts of the future. In the building of every battle ship nowadays much attention is given to making the stem as powerful as possible in order that she may ram an adversary effectively. Methods of conflict on the sea are reverting, curiously enough, to those practiced 2,000 years ago when Rome was mistress of the waves. Then vessels of war were propelled by two or three banks of oars; now they are driven by two or three screws. Then, as now, the most deadly blow was struck with a ram. Then, as now, the commanding officer stood in a "conning tower" directing the movements of the ship, issuing orders for the launching of missiles against the enemy, and at the critical moment "giving the stem" to an opposing craft. In order to conceive the power of a modern ram imagine a ship weighing 5,000 tons driven at a speed of fifteen miles an hour against a floating antagonist. The force of the blow can be figured out by multiplying the mass into the square of the velocity. Twin screws help quick steering so much that a vessel so equipped is hard to strike, but practice in this kind of maneuver is obtained by European officers with twin-screw launches, which, with well-padded bows, rush at each other and fight as men do with soft gloves.

The modern man-o'-war's man is rather a soldier and mechanic than a sailor. A battle ship no longer carries sails. It has only one mast, called the "military mast," with two tops, from which rapid-fire guns are designed to hurl a shower of projectiles against the enemy, particularly picking off the gunners and officers of the adversary. Such a vessel is a floating fortress—an enormous mass of machinery. She is lighted within by a myriad of electric lights and is ventilated by powerful fans run by electricity. No fewer than seventy-eight sets of engines for various purposes, each set requiring its own gang of mechanics, are included in any great new style ship of war.

Should the United States become involved in war tomorrow the harbor of New York would immediately be planted with a system of subaqueous mines, the precise locations for all of which are plotted on charts in the possession of the War Department. Two telescopes, trained from different observing stations, the latter connected by telegraph, would follow any hostile vessel that ventured to enter the port, and the minute she arrived over one of the mines she would be blown sky high. This simple operation would be performed by a gentleman quietly seated at a table, with a map before him and his finger on an electric button. However, a very recent invention so arranges matters that the ship, on coming within reach of such a mine, gives notice of the fact, despite herself, to those on shore and is immediately destroyed by a touch of the button. All important harbors in Europe and in this country will be provided with such means of defense in case of danger. Another novel device is the "range finder" for use on shipboard. There are two telescopes, one at the bow and the other at the stern, each in charge of a man whose sole duty is to keep his instrument pointed at the enemy's craft. The telescopes are connected by wire with a dial on the quarter deck, and the needle of the dial keeps automatically indicating the precise distance of the adversary, so that the commanding officer can direct the handling of the guns accordingly.

POWDERS WITHOUT SMOKE.

Smokeless powders are rapidly securing universal adoption. They are expected to be especially advantageous in naval actions, enabling the captain of a ship to keep the enemy well in view, maneuver his vessel to advantage, judge of the proper moment to use his ram and see torpedoes in time to avoid them. Such powders are made in a curious shape, being turned out in the form of sheets rolled like maps, which are cut first into long square strips and finally into little cubes. The very latest thing in the way of a defensive armor is a layer of cocoanut fiber and granulated cocoanut husks inside the outer skin of a vessel. A Danish cruiser, the Hekla, was fixed up in this manner and a big shot was fired clean through her below the water line. The layer of woody stuff closed up behind the great bullet so that scarcely any water entered. A fairly successful trial was made the other day on the same lines at Norfolk, Va., a shot being fired through a tank with such a lining.

In Bulwer's novel entitled "The Coming Race" the strange people calling themselves the Vril-ya were represented as possessing such tremendous means of destruction, controllable by the merest infant, that they never thought of making war among themselves, since to do so would have signified universal annihilation. One is tempted to imagine that some such state of affairs must actually arise in the world before very long, when nations will no longer dare to fight because of the frightful power of their own weapons. When armies cannot come within sight of one another without being literally wiped out en masse, when submarine boats have all battle ships at their mercy, when air ships can hover over fortifications and cities and reduce them to ruins by dropping explosives, there will be nothing for the human race to do but to abandon for good the great and noble institution called war. Then in truth the much-looked for millennium will have arrived. RENE BACHE.

A FLOOD OF FIRE.

Relief Needed for the Sufferers at Oil City and Titusville.

It has already been announced that Mr. Frederick L. Moore, the treasurer of the fund contributed for the relief of the sufferers along the Chesapeake and Ohio canal several years ago, had decided to turn over the balance of that fund to the relief committee in the oil regions. The terrible disaster which fell upon the people of Oil City, Titusville and vicinity has aroused general sympathy throughout the country. Contributions have been sent in and while the citizens there are bravely attempting to meet the emergency unaided, yet it is known that help from the outside would be more than welcome. THE STAR will take charge of contributions and see that they reach the proper authorities. The following letter received by Mr. Moore during the past week from Mr. J. R. Campbell, one of the leading citizens of Oil City, Pa., gives a graphic view of the situation:

Your telegram, just received, was a cheery light of sympathy in the midst of our gloom. Since last Sunday morning we have been too busy burying the dead, feeding the hungry, clothing the naked and finding roofs for the homeless to fully appreciate the extent of our disaster. No specific appeal has been made by our cities to the country, for heretofore the oil region has taken care of itself in its many misfortunes and responded liberally to all outside calls. But this casualty came upon us when a long period of low prices for our commodity had drained the resources of our wealthiest, and we must have liberal assistance for the destitute homeless ones, not only for immediate needs, but to carry them until self sustaining. Philadelphia, Pittsburg and Erie have all sent money and committees of investigation, and, impressed with our needs, have returned home to raise further funds. I wired you briefly the situation and will mail you newspaper with local details, but the half cannot be told nor a forecast be made of the poverty, sickness and deaths that will be caused by the catastrophe.

Titusville, about eighteen miles north of Oil City, on Oil creek, is quite a manufacturing and oil-refining point. The homes of the working people were scattered over the flat lands bordering the creek. Rows of pretty little houses, with their gardens and surroundings, extended for nearly a mile.

An immense fall of rain (some say a cloud burst) near the top of the water shed some twenty miles away tore away several dams and the liberated waters repeated the Johnstown disaster. Tanks at the refineries were lifted from their foundations and their contents, almost instantly fired, were carried in immense flames in every direction. In the little time that had elapsed between the first rush of water and the awful flames many had been rescued and carried to the higher lands. You may imagine the fate of those remaining in their houses. They were licked up, almost literally, and their charred and disfigured bodies were only saved from utter cremation by sinking under the water.

The same story almost is to be told of Oil City. We were congratulating ourselves that the flood had reached its height, when the foundation was washed out from under a tank containing 17,000 barrels of benzine at a refinery about a mile above us. The swift current carried it rapidly along, churning the volatile fluid into vapor, which exploded in several places nearly simultaneously. Houses were blown down and men, women and children thrown into the water or burned to death in an instant. At one point, where a narrow road runs under a high bluff and the channel was close to shore, many spectators had gathered and others were trying to help the submerged residents. In an instant the air was full of flame and but few escaped alive. Our firemen worked nobly, but could not help the submerged. They prevented the spread of flames on dry land.

We had a well-organized relief association, composed of our best citizens. They at once opened rooms and commenced to care for the destitute.

Our hospital association has been for months preparing plans for a large building. We obtained a vacant house, fitted it up with cots, &c., and at noon the next day had it filled with groaning patients. Doctors and nurses tendered skilled service and soothed the agonies of the suffering and closed the eyes of the dying.

Sanitary matters have been looked after by an efficient board of health. As soon as the waters subsided the debris was thoroughly ransacked and many bodies taken out. Today the entire city is in first-rate sanitary condition, for which we have been highly complimented by the representatives of the state board of health and the governor of the state, who have been with us in person. At Titusville the same action has been taken, regardless of cost—trusting to the country to help us out. We estimate at least $200,000 will be required to pay the bills so incurred and in helping the poor to a self-sustaining basis—this for the two cities and the intervening eighteen miles. So far not over $100,000 has been provided. If you can do anything for us among your people it will be gratefully received and carefully and judiciously distributed.

The business houses and better class of residences were not affected by either fire or flood, but some of our largest manufactories were either destroyed or dismantled, thus adding to our load the care of many improvident unemployed.

I have written you the above disjointed sentences in the midst of interruptions, but thought best to try to show you the situation and perhaps enlist the sympathy of some of your citizens who might be able and willing to help.

Written for The Evening Star.

The Shadow.

Along the garden path a shadow sped:
I looked above. On gorgeous pinions fled
A butterfly. And still its shadow stole
Dark on the earth; and soon the neighboring air
Had lost the pinions, and the path was bare.
Even so appears the mystic-winged soul,
Even so its mournful shadow on the ground,
Mournful, though birds make music, flowers surround—
And then all's gone! It is a shadow dies,
No more, when God commands our pinions rise!
—SEATON DONOHO.

Washington, June, 1892.

Cheap.

From the Detroit Free Press.

"I felt so cheap during the ceremony," confessed the bride to her dearest friend.

"Why, my dear?"

"Because pa gave me away."

We'll Send a Nine There Soon.

From the New York Herald.

The French astronomer who believes that the inhabitants of Mars are trying to signal to us has not as yet been able to determine what they are trying to say. Perhaps they are asking, "What is the score?"

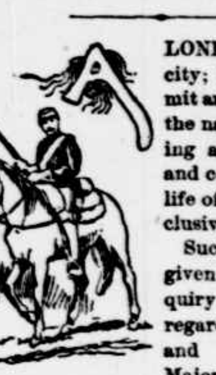
GEN. ALFRED PLEASANTON.

A SOLDIER HERMIT.

A Distinguished Union General Leading the Life of a Recluse.

RETIRED FROM THE WORLD.

The Career of a Brilliant Soldier Ending in Disappointment—A Native of the District—His Services in the Mexican and Civil Wars—Some of His Personal Characteristics.



ALONE IN A GREAT city; practically a hermit amid the throngs of the nation's capital; living a life of comfort and contentment, but a life of seclusion and exclusive retirement."

Such was the answer given in reply to an inquiry a few days past regarding the welfare and whereabouts of Major General Alfred Pleasanton, whose name and fame a few years ago were on the lips of nine-tenths of the American people, and the records of whose exploits as one of the greatest cavalry leaders of our late war would fill volumes of graphic history. Apparently in the full possession of all his mental faculties, and with no serious physical ailment, this man of genius, a soldier of two great wars and explorer nearly fifty years ago of the then unknown domain of our great western territory—an Indian fighter of great renown, a traveler whose face and figure was at one time well known in every court of all the great powers of the old world, a scholar, bon vivant, wit and most companionable of all the agreeable public men of his day—voluntarily betook himself to his private apartments in a snug little hotel in the very heart of Washington on the 15th day of May, 1890, and has not since been seen by or talked with, all told, more than a dozen of his fellow beings. And with two or three exceptions those who have seen or talked with him since that date have been of those necessary to him in administering to his personal wants.

BOON COMPANIONS.

Years ago an Irishman named Greason, a man of peculiar temperament as well as of queer physical build, opened a hotel and restaurant at the corner of 13th and E streets northwest. Gen. Pleasanton was a favored guest, or patron, who besides eating and drinking, also had lodgings with "Ould Greason," as he was in the habit of calling himself. And it was through a combination of the efforts of that strangely assorted pair that the exclusiveness of the dainty litle old-fashioned hostelrie was kept up in those days. "Ould Greason" had a way of making any one he disliked, or whose patronage he did not desire, feel that his "absince was more welcome than his prisince," and the general had his own manner of demonstrating a social "freeze-out" that was equally as effective. But there was one thing beside the eating and drinking they had in common each with the other, and that was horse, the love of the horse. If there was anything that the old cavalryman did not know about a horse it was certainly something not worth knowing, and if there was one thing above all others that the old Irishman prided himself on it was his thoroughbred trotter, the best and the best kept and best equipped road horse in the District of Columbia. So they discussed horse affairs by the hour and told and retold horse tales by the day, week and month. The general had then dropped out of politics, wherein he never did dabble much, and had stepped aside out of the stream of fashionable, social or official life, whereon he had floated and sailed from the days of his cadetship at West Point down to the period of his friendly association with his fellow horsemen. They got along swimmingly together, and one of the most familiar sights out on the 14th street road in those days was Greason's sleek and clean top buggy, in which he drove a bright bay trotter, also sleek and clean, oftentimes with his chum, the general, at his side. There was a marked contrast between the two—the general being slim of build, erect and prim, always soldierly in every attitude, while his companion was thick set, hump-backed, with a squatty attitude, his chin thrown forward so that his short fat neck pressed down against his broad chest in the unsoldierly position of go-as-you-please. Both were an inch or two below the average height. This companionship was retained and cherished until the good old Irishman died and the general fell into financial straits. But he always kept his lodging quarters at the "Greason House," and it is in the low-ceilinged, small-windowed, southwest third-story front room that he may be found now, provided, of course, that he permits himself to be found at all.

HIS DISAPPOINTMENT.

Years passed after old man Greason's death; years of discomfort and privation for the general. There was a bill pending in Congress to retire him as a brigadier general. He felt that so much as that recognition was his due at the hands of the country he had served so faithfully. He had been a major general in command of the cavalry corps of the Army of the Potomac; he had fought the first real cavalry fight of the war at Brandy station, June 12, 1863, and then and there proved his superior abilities as a dashing and almost invincible commander; had met and thwarted the advance of the enemy upon Gettysburg, holding Lee's armies in doubt and abeyance until Meade's infantry came up to fight the decisive battle of the war, and had never been found wanting when duty and patriotism required his presence either in camp or in the field. He won his spurs as far back as the battle of Resaca de la Palma in the war with Mexico, when as lieutenant and adjutant of Col. May's battalion he earned well-deserved special mention in the official reports of that most remarkable engagement. Gen. Zachary Taylor, afterward President, "Old Zach," was especially fond of him, and in recognition of his gallant services recommended him for brevets and promotion. All these things, and more beside, connected with his services to the government in a civil capacity as commissioner of internal revenue and as subtreasurer of the United States treasury crowded upon his mind, and for the time being he thought that in his declining years his services entitled him to some substantial recognition and especially to restoration to the army and retirement with rank of a general officer. His friends were numerous, both in the Senate and House, and especially among the southerners who had belonged to "the old army" before the war. In fact, it was due in part mainly to the efforts of the latter that he was finally restored to the army and then retired with the rank of major of cavalry, a disappointment to him. No wonder, then, as years elapsed he became soured toward all the world, almost, and eccentric both in thought and manner, even to the extent of a certain negligence in the style of his dress, and bordering on recklessness as to the system of his daily life. Thus he became a hermit—or more properly speaking a recluse—in the places and among the people that once knew him only to do him honor and to award to him exceptional recognition as a man exalted by his own genius far above the ordinary citizen. This appreciation follows the great soldier today even to the solitude of his voluntary retirement.

A NATIVE OF THE DISTRICT.

Gen. Pleasanton was born in the District of Columbia. Entering the United States Military Academy at West Point as a cadet on September 1, 1840, nearly fifty-two years ago, he was graduated from that institution July 1, 1844, and attached to the first regiment of dragoons with rank of brevet second lieutenant. Subsequently, on November 3, 1845, he was appointed second lieutenant of the second dragoons, with the history of which famous regiment he has ever since been identified. He received the brevet of first lieutenant, United States army, to date from May 9, 1846, "for gallant conduct in the battles of Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma," and became first lieutenant of his regiment, the second dragoons, September 30, 1849. He served as regimental adjutant from July 1, 1854, until March 3, 1855, when he was promoted to be captain in the second cavalry—"the same old regiment, new name"—the designation of the second dragoons having been changed to that of the second cavalry upon the reorganization of the regular army in August, 1861. Subsequently, in the natural order of events, on February 15, 1862, he became a major of his regiment—the rank with which he is now retired. He resigned from the army January 1, 1868, was reappointed major U. S. A., October 19, 1888, twenty years later, and was retired with that rank on the 23d of the same month. He had been a brigadier and major general of volunteers during the war of the rebellion, having been honorably mustered out as of the latter rank January 5, 1866. His brevets in the regular army, which he, of course, still holds ("not being offices, but personal attributes," as dear old Gen. Henry J. Hunt used to say), but which carry no pay or command, are those of lieutenant colonel U.S.A., "for gallant and meritorious services at the battle of Antietam, to date from September 17, 1862;" of colonel, U. S. A., "for gallant and meritorious services at the battle of Gettysburg, to date from July 2, 1863;" of brigadier general, U. S. A., to date from March 13, 1865, "for gallant and meritorious services during the campaign against the insurgent forces under the rebel Gen. Price in Missouri," and of Major general, U. S. A., as of the same date, "for gallant and meritorious services in the field during the war."

Such is the outline or skeleton of his record in the military service, as officially recorded in the army register, the ups and downs of which and the finale thereof probably having no parallel in the history of any other distinguished commander during the half century that has elapsed since for some unknown reason he was dubbed "Kate" by his fellow cadets at the Military Academy. Among his classmates there were Gen. Grant himself, Gen. Jubal A. Early of confederate fame, known then and now as "Late Early," for the very good reason that while he was always early on the occasion of any roll call, drill or other function, he was also always late, as he was, for example, upon one memorable occasion when a certain "find" in the cellar of the Blair mansion in the suburbs of Washington proved a potent and important factor in his failure to effect his contemplated capture of that capital. There, too, was Gen. James Longstreet, commonly known as "Pete," and Gen. Phil Sheridan and Gen. Rosecrans, who was a first classman when Pleasanton was a "Plebe" and used to teach him mathematics, as well as dozens of others of that day and generation, too many of whom have, alas! passed away, but whose names and deeds will always serve to embellish the brightest pages of American history.

GREAT SCOTT!

Gen. Pleasanton is a man who never profanes his lips with an oath, nevertheless he is not guiltless of the use of epithets. Years ago, before the now familiar exclamation "Great Scott" dotted the columns of the newspapers of the country, he used it as his most frequent substitute for the expression of a meaning generally conveyed by the use of downright vulgarity and profanity. He was doubtless the inventor of that odd phrase, suggested by the wonderful campaigns of Gen. Scott in Mexico, and it is a pity, perhaps, that he did not file a caveat to cover it or have it copyrighted for his own especial use and benefit. At any rate it has served the purpose thousands of times, in print and otherwise, of giving vent to both humorous and serious emotions. But his greatest and most forcible epithet is "Great Cæsar's Ghost." When he hurls or hisses those words through his teeth, albeit his voice is soft and pleasant to the ears of his listeners, he conveys an impression of earnestness, indignation or surprise that do not reside in any other vehement and italicised expression. With his eyes half closed, with disgust or contempt or derision marking every feature, with his dainty little fingers twiddling the air, so to speak, as his small hands are thrown upward above his head, combined with the peculiar nervous motions of his body, the man who hears him utter them at once grasps the impulse of his thoughts and understands that his vocabulary of vituperation has been exhausted, that in that way only can he "do the subject justice," and that he has nothing more emphatic to say. For example, when some luckless blunderer may mistake him for the other Gen. Pleasanton of blue-glass-cure notoriety, he is at once overwhelmed and silenced with the exclamation, "Great Scott! No, sir. I am not that man. No, sir. That is my brother, a militia major general, who lives in Philadelphia. Great Cæsar's ghost, man, what do you take me for? Who do you think I am? Great Cæsar's ghost, no, sir!"

And then, if his humor is inclined that way, he will launch forth into a stream of reminiscences of the embarrassments and provoking situations he was subjected to in Paris twenty odd years ago, when the blue-glass-cure craze was at its height all over the speculative and credulous world, and when, as he once expressed it, "The people here and over there seemed to know more about blue glass than they do about the men, the real men, who commanded our armies during the war. Confound 'um! Blue glass? No, sir! Great Cæsar's ghost; confound 'um!"

And were he to "swear like a trooper," or as the army "swore in Flanders," he could not make his disgust felt more decisively. It is the general belief this eccentricity grows out of a deeply implanted religious sense, which every now and then shows itself, even during his most ordinary conversations. To illustrate this meaning, let me explain that his beau ideal of a great soldier, the greatest soldier of modern times, he finds in Napoleon, "the great Napoleon Bonaparte," as he phrases it. There are few lines ever printed in this country or abroad about the first Napoleon that he has not read. Nothing delights him better than to talk about the career of that remarkable genius, and he finds no little gratification in airing his familiarity with even the smallest details connected with it. Invariably he concludes conversation upon this topic by producing a printed slip, printed at his own expense for general free circulation, relating a soliloquy said to have been uttered by Napoleon at St. Helena, in which comparisons are made between the world's greatest conquerors and the founders of its greatest empires or kingdoms.

HIS PIPE ABANDONED.

Two years and half ago, or more, the general called the late Dr. D. W. Bliss to his aid, and the skillful surgeon performed several difficult operations upon his patient, the necessity for which grew from a development of disease caused by almost a life-long service in the saddle. At that time he consulted Dr. Bliss regarding his habits and received sound advice in return, and which he proceeded to regard or disregard as the impulse of the hour prompted him. He had always been a great smoker, but had a horror of the habit of chewing tobacco. He loved his pipe, generally a regular corn-cob or a plain reed stem with a Powhatan bowl, and often smoked cigarettes, a vice he acquired while serving in Mexico. But now, in his chamber, where he has lived so long the life of voluntary exile, he does not smoke at all. In other words, instead of smoking, as the Germans say, "with one fire," that is lighting one pipe right after another, and so on, day in and day out, as inveterate a smoker as Blucher or Bismarck or Gen. Grant, he smokes not at all. Likewise his habits of drinking and eating have been radically changed, for he drinks now only two or three milk punches daily and eats good plain food at regular hours.

The canvas back, the terrapin and all the dishes he relished so highly in days of yore have been abandoned. But he has everything his appetite may crave and, with good digestion waiting upon it, he eats to live and contentedly remarks that he no longer lives to eat. In other matters his habits are regular, for, like clockwork, he gets all the daily papers, keeping well posted regarding the affairs of the world of which he is part and parcel, but which he holds away off at arm's length and with which he associates as little as possible. No one of the few who see him ever think of asking him a reason for this most marvelous change in his manner of living, for they know it would be useless. In fact he has resented several inquiries of that kind in such a manner as to show that they are extremely distasteful to him. Gen. Rosecrans wrote to him about a year and a half ago asking about his health and other questions that any old-time friend would be apt to ask, but he did not answer the letter for months, and it is now nearly a year since "Rosey" saw "Kate."

The general was not always accessible, but oftentimes when in the humor he could be and was one of the most entertaining and agreeable of men. Not many years ago I occasionally enjoyed the rare pleasure, on bright moonlight summer nights when all the town was asleep, of inviting the general to ride with me in an open "victoria" about the quiet, embowered streets of the northwest part of this beautiful city. With his ever-present pipe or cigarette in hand he was wont to discourse of men and events, of science, art, poetry, of travel, adventure, history and discovery, a treat that was as rare as it was interesting, as instructive as it was uncommon, and only to be equaled in my experience with similar talks in which I was the listener only that I often enjoyed after the war during the ten years of intimate service under and association with that other paragon among soldiers and scholars, the late Major Gen. Gouverneur K. Warren of the corps of engineers, and the famous commander of the fifth army corps.

HIS BACHELOR LIFE.

Gen. Pleasanton was never married, although in the long ago when, as a classmate describes him, "he was the handsomest youngster in the army," he was assuredly a great catch and must have been the object of great solicitude among the match-making mammas of those days. It is an interesting treat to listen to his tales of society affairs on two sides of the world when he was young. But while not being a woman hater, or anything of that kind, on the contrary he is a great admirer of a handsome woman, he seems to have had a preference for the company of men. While living, or rather wandering abroad, like the globe-trotter class generally, his paramount endeavor seems to have been to escape the meshes of the match-makers, as aforesaid. So it followed that he was habitually a frequenter of clubs, cafes and chop houses, where in London he met Dickens and Thackeray and the same kind of people on the continent. Severely democratic in his selection of friends and companions he was as frequently seen with one and all grades, from the Prince of Wales, up or down, as the case may be, and even in those days he began, possibly, to develop the eccentricity which has now culminated. A friend of mine, formerly an officer of the army, says he met the general once at "The Langham," in London, when he had for comrades, for the time being, a half a dozen men, any one of whom might have been a runaway sailor, or the next might have been a millionaire New York broker, and the next a sprig of English nobility, or an actor, or a painter, and so on, a real Bohemian party. He was regaling them with tales of adventure and criticism of art, invention, literature and a little of everything else besides. My friend said to him: "General, you should write a book; your mission in life will never be fulfilled until you have written a book."

"Great Scott!" he replied, with intense earnestness, "Great Cæsar's Ghost! Art thou mine enemy?" J. A. J.

POLITICS IN EUROPE.

Views on the Presidential Nomination—Signs of Continued Peace.

The result of the Minneapolis convention has been the subject of much discussion in Europe this week. As it was a general belief that Blaine would be the nominee of the republican party his defeat has caused much comment. A French newspaper compares the case of the American statesman with that of Prince Bismarck, supposing that his failure to secure the nomination closes the public career of the man who, after Lincoln and Grant, seemed to be the most popular leader of his own party. But the news did not excite otherwise the criticism of the European press. Their special attention will only be stirred by the result of the presidential election next November. On this subject the opinion seems to be in Europe that if sectional dissensions in the democratic party continue, President Harrison will serve a second term without any doubt. The nomination for Vice President of ex-Minister Whitelaw Reid is considered over the Atlantic as a source of strength to the republican ticket, though it was a general belief that Mr. Morton, a predecessor of Mr. Reid at Paris, would be renominated.

FRANCE AND GERMANY.

The visit of the czar to Kiel and the festivities of Nancy were scarcely over when it was publicly stated that both the kaiser and the czar knew of the visit of Grand Duke Constantine to President Carnot. And though a German newspaper gave out that the grand duke's action had not been indorsed by his sovereign, yet it is a general impression now that the sudden appearance at Nancy of the Russian grand duke had been agreed upon by the powers in order to avoid national excitement in France and on the German frontier. The German press view the visit of Alexander III to Kiel as a positive sign that peace will be preserved in Europe for a longer period than was generally expected and that the "coming war" is not a subject of discussion so long as "a cordial entente" reigns between Russia and Germany, or, to quote the proper words of the article, "between the Romanoff and the Hohenzollern."

OTHER INTERNATIONAL TOPICS.

But there are other questions that have contributed to keep the European press busy last week, such as the journey of Bismarck to Vienna, the great strike in Spain, the insult to President Carnot at Longchamps by three persons, who, says a dispatch, were released the next day; the great reception tendered by England to the Prince of Bulgaria and the hoisting of the flag of Great Britain for the first time at Fez, Morocco, by the new minister of her majesty.

A French leading newspaper, the *Journal des Debats*, speaking of this last fact, seems to believe that England is trying to establish her influence in Morocco in the same way as she did in Egypt. It is reported, in fact, that the new English minister plenipotentiary, after a journey through the country, has asked of the government a concession for building a railroad from Tangier to Fez and a telegraph line connecting all the cities on the coast from Tangier to Morocco, also the admission of Morocco to the postal union.

This question is likely to be closely watched by the powers who have business in the Mediterranean sea. The growing influence of England in Morocco, the only independent Moorish empire on the northern coast of Africa, is a subject of serious discussion, especially in France and Spain, where it is considered that an English occupation of Morocco would practically give England the key of the Mediterranean from Gibraltar to Suez. The press of London, in answer to the argument discussed by the press of Paris and Madrid, points out the fact of the practical occupation of the regency of Tunis by France and of the strategic fortifications of Biserte by French guns recently undertaken.

MARRIAGE AND DIPLOMACY.

On the subject of the marriage of the daughter of the Duchess of Edinburgh to the heir of Roumania and of the probable marriage of Princess Maud of Wales to Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria, now at London, a dispatch from Paris states that such an event would give Great Britain the control of a double stronghold on the road to Constantinople. "If the match should take place the result might be a conflict such as Europe has been dreading for a long time," inasmuch as at present "England is apparently doing her utmost," concludes strangely enough the quoted cable, "to give offense to the Franco-Russian alliance."

HYATTSVILLE.

Correspondence of The Evening Star.

HYATTSVILLE, MD., June 17.

The residence of Mrs. Elizabeth Parker, near the Eastern branch below Bladensburg, was the scene of a pretty double wedding last evening, the contracting parties being Mr. Wm. G. Spicer and her daughter Mamie and son Charles and Miss Mollie Shaw. Rev. Mr. Zimmerman, pastor of the Southern Methodist Church of Hyattsville, performed the ceremony, and Miss Louisa Day played the wedding march. The brides were becomingly attired in dresses of cream crepon and carried bouquets of La France roses. After the ceremony the invited guests, who were quite numerous, adjourned to the dining room and partook of a sumptuous supper. The bridal couples were the recipients of many valuable presents.

The Owl Social Club of Bladensburg will give a dance in that village next Tuesday evening.

A meeting of the Hyattsville Athletic Club has been called for next Monday evening to make arrangements for the outdoor concert and fete which will be given on the lawn tennis grounds on the 1st of July.

"Buck" Scott was arraigned before Justice Henley in Bladensburg last Wednesday evening for being drunk and disorderly. He begged so hard to be released that the case against him was dismissed under the agreement that he would leave the town for three months.

The ladies connected with the Mission Methodist Church of Bladensburg will give a strawberry festivel and lawn party for its benefit next Tuesday evening. It will take place on the grounds of the church.

COUNTY NEWS.

Mr. Shaffer is having a six-room cottage erected on the corner of 4th street and Talbert avenue in Laurel.

Warren Post, No. 45, G. A. R., of Hyattsville will give a campfire at the Academy of Music in Laurel next Thursday evening.

Mr. James L. Pumphrey was recently married by Rev. N. N. Hall to Miss Lizzie Burch of this county.

Rev. J. Arthur Evans has taken charge of St. Paul's Episcopal parish.

On next Monday the regular non-jury term of the circuit court will meet at Marlboro'. A final hearing of the case of the Washington and Potomac Railroad Company agt. the Washington City and Point Lookout railroad and others has been set for next Friday. H.

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