"EMPRESS EUGENIE" AND HER COURT.

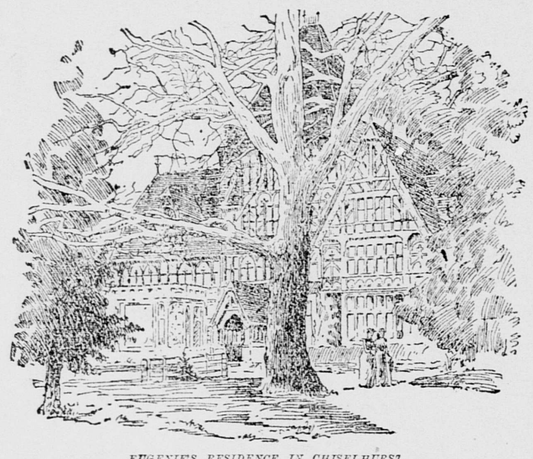
Reminder of the Days When the French Empress Reigned in All Her Glory.

THE EXILE OF CHISLEHURST.

The Room Which the "Nephew of His Uncle" Occupied While in the Lovely Retreat in the Beautiful Parish of Kent—How the Ex-Empress Appears—Features That Have Been Altered by Grief and Years.

IN ONE of the booths at the Mechanics' Pavilion there is exhibited a reminder of fallen glory. It is a picture, or more properly, a copy of a picture which a quarter of a century ago, when it was first placed on exhibition, attracted a great deal of attention by reason of the people it represented. It is a picture representing "Eugenie, the Empress of the French, and the ladies of her court." The following, which was compiled from the "Exiles of Chislehurst" for the Inter Ocean, is at this time not inappropriate:

It is now nearly twenty years since the Emperor Napoleon III, following the traditions of his race, sought a refuge loin de France, and found a home in Chislehurst. This little Kent village saw the end of that eventful life; here was brought, draped in British flags, the body of his murdered son, once the hope of a great nation. Within the walls of a little Catholic chapel on this alien soil they slept side by side for many years, watched and wept over by the stricken Empress and mother, visited often with every mark of grief and sympathy by the Queen



EUGENIE'S RESIDENCE IN CHISELHURST.

Ex-Empress Eugenie.

of England and her gentle youngest daughter. To these narrow lanes of Kent came "Plon-Plon" and his sons, to lay their wreaths of violets upon the tombs. And in every month of January groups of foreigners made their way across the breezy commons to weep with the Empress over the end of their homes and pray for the departed.

In time the bodies of the illustrious dead were taken to a splendid mausoleum built for their reception at Farnborough. Camden House, their refuge at Chislehurst, has lately been dismantled and the buhl and marqueterie, the Louis Quinze cabinets and chairs, associated with their use, scattered among the dealers of London. But despite these changes a certain interest will always attach to Chislehurst, which saw the close of the Emperor's life and the stately funeral of the Prince Imperial—scenes that may prove the last in the drama of the Napoleonic dynasty.

One might wander miles through England to find a more lovely spot than Chislehurst, one better varied by hill, valley, wood and high plains. Though but nine or ten miles from London, it is elevated three hundred feet above that foggy city, and its pure airs are sweetened by their passage over traces of furze and bracken. Some parts of the village possess a measure of antiquity, but bright and new Queen Anne and Elizabethan villas are most abundant, and cluster around the borders of the Chislehurst Commons.

THE TOMBS OF NAPOLEON III AND HIS SON.

In these extended plains nature runs without fear of the scythe or pruning-hook. Close to the wild gorse and light green bracken, intersected by country roads and narrow foot-paths, their wild and rugged appearance is the joy of the village, and contrasts finely with the cultivated adjacent lawns. It is a delight to push one's way through the prickly undergrowth of one of these commons, and penetrate to its very center. Billows of gorse roll off on either hand, the swallows twitter above it, meadow-larks rustle beneath, the nightingale gurgles from some high stem, robins swing on a branch reflected in the dark waters of an overflow, rabbits scamper across the foot-paths, while shiny rooks from the trees that fringe its borders calmly view the scene. Wild flowers, too, sprinkle its turf in their season; primroses, hawthorn, violet, hyacinth, daisies, nestle close to the ground; the red poppy shoots up at harvest; honeysuckle, wild brier and ivy overrun trees and bushes; and the first breath of autumn shows knots of purple heather, frail harebells and great bunches of dogrose berries.

The Emperor, it would appear, admired this ever-changing scene. Once a half-drunken Irishman, who had waited for some time without avail to catch a glimpse of him, set fire to the bracken exactly in front of Camden place. The blaze spread fast, the smoke ascended, and it seemed at one time as if the whole undergrowth would be destroyed. But the Emperor and all of his neighbors rushed from their houses, and in a few moments stamped out the fire. The Irishman had in the meantime gained his object, and shouted in drunken glee, "I knew ye'd coom!"

Chislehurst's cricket-ground is a favorite resort on Saturday afternoons for match games, and here would often be seen the exile, seated on a bench, with his yellow dog at his feet. He watched with keen interest the varying fortunes of the games, and often staid about the green for several hours at a time. The Emperor was without a companion on these occasions, if we except a policeman who stood a few paces behind.

Camden place can ill bear an added gloom. Its facade is dismal enough—a long, low, yellow brick wall, capped by white ornaments, and extended by wings whose rigid lines are softened by the beneficient ivy. A high, close fence shuts out the lawn from the gorse and bracken of the common. Through a gate, almost invisible when closed, opposite to the front entrance, the inmates of the house emerged when on foot. A long drive, shaded by a double row of elms, limes and sycamores, whose branches stretch over the head of the pedestrian as he walks on the outside of the grounds, runs parallel to the front of the house, and is ended by two opposite lodges. A noble grove of trees, among whose leaves may be found the nests of many rare birds, lies at the rear and merges into a wide expanse of rolling meadow. It is to this park that Camden place owes its attractions, and one who has strolled through it in an English summer's twilight can not wonder that the Man of Sedan chose here to spend the few remaining days of his eventful life. It can hardly be supposed, however, that the Emperor knew himself so near the end. If we set aside political reasons, an affection for England may have drawn him back to its shores. Many Englishmen now live who remember his appearance before the coup d'etat, and some befriended the needy adventurer at that time, and were not forgotten in the days of his prosperity.

Those who saw the Emperor at Chislehurst say that he always walked about the village with one hand on his hip, attended by the faithful yellow dog. A policeman, often unnoticed by the passing stranger, strolled behind.

The children, with their certain instinct, knew him for a friend, and their little advances were never rebuffed. The child of some poor cottager was often sent to meet him as he rambled through the country roads and lanes and was instructed to hand him a folded note. This he never failed to take, with often a smile and a kind word, and place within an inner pocket. Nor did the matter end here, for relief in many instances was sent to the applicant.

But in two years the exile died in the little room at the head of the stairs which faces the beautiful park and overlooks the gentle hills and valleys of Kent. His checkered career was criticised by the journals of the world, which tried to balance his merits. The little children of his lodge, however, knew their loss, and cried as if their hearts would break.

There are many important incidents to be told of the Prince Imperial. The deep melancholy ascribed to him certainly did not appear on the surface. He and a boy companion would lie for hours upon their backs, under the huge trees of the park, and shoot with arrows at the birds that lighted on their branches, or they raced over the wide meadows of the estate, surrounded by a pack of dogs; or the dogs were forced to jump and exercise at the caprice of their young masters.

About the unfortunate boy's horsemanship we have all heard time and again. It is sometimes said that its very perfection caused his death, as he would not mount until every appendage of his saddle was placed in exact position. It is probable now, however, that no more details will ever be added to those already given of his last struggle. When at Chislehurst the Prince delighted to throw himself upon a bare-backed horse and gallop round and round a field. Sometimes the park was chosen for these escapades, and any friend or lady of the household, who happened to be near, was chased round and about through the mazes of wood.

His room at Camden place faced the common's sea of gorse, and was a small, plainly furnished apartment, lighted by two ordinary windows. We looked from one of these at the view that must have been so familiar to him; on its white Venetian shutters was written in pencil, in a cramped, French school-boy hand, "Louis Napoleon, April 24, 1867." There is now on the common, nearly in front of this window, a stone shaft erected by the citizens of Chislehurst to his memory. This monument is a copy, though of lighter build, of that erected by the Queen over the spot of his death in Zululand. The tall column, capped by a runic cross, can be seen from every approach to the common. On it is engraved, beneath two Napoleonic bees:

"Napoleon. Eugene Louis Jean Joseph. Prince Imperial. Killed in Zululand 1st June, 1879."

Camden place, which will pass into history as the last home of the Emperor and his unfortunate son, was brighter within than without during their residence, and had, moreover, for a heritage, recollections of Camden, the antiquary, who at one time lived here. Its vestibule, entered by wide glass doors, was set with old oak carvings removed from some Italian villa. The drawing-rooms owe a porcelain mantel to the same source. A small apartment near was used as a smoking-room by the Emperor. On the opposite side of the hall, to the rear of the house, overlooking the grass-plats that intervene before the wood of the park, was the study of the Prince. Its walls were hung with Flemish tapestries, a few low cases filled with books were ranged about, and in the center stood a leather-covered table. Here the young Louis plodded through his lessons, and when fatigued would jump through the low French window upon the turf below. A much finer room adjacent was fitted up for his return from Zululand, but this the poor boy never saw. The Empress chose her room in the right wing of the house, that ill-fated chamber of the murder. It is wide and commodious, and its windows look through masses of green ivy, whose tendrils have taken firm hold; so the vine covers, winter and summer, the outer wall, but the horror of the murder lingers within. If that gossip which always follows those high in rank may be credited, the Empress has said that "the house was fated, and nothing but misfortune has followed her since she entered its doors."

The windows of the room face the little gate used by the household when on foot. Strangers who claimed for themselves the right to stare lingered about it, and from its narrow portals were often seen to come the three exiles together. But at last the widow without husband or child pursued her way each morning toward the little Roman Catholic chapel to pray for the repose of their souls.

Our conceptions of the Empress Eugenie are gotten from those pictures taken in the bloom of youth, and it startled me to recognize the same features altered by grief and years. She was on her way to the chapel wrapped in heavy black. One hand rested on a cane, while with the other she leaned heavily on the arm of her companion. But I could note in her face the same full blue-gray eye, though now faded and washed with tears. Over it drooped the heavy lid, which, when fully raised, as it was when she spoke to a group of children who stood near, showed an eye still lovely in both its shape and expression.

Her delicate features retained their fine molding, though the chin was perhaps a trifle more round, but the rose tints had departed and left in their place a complexion smooth indeed, but unmistakably sallow. The Empress at this time, soon after her return from Zululand, was dressed in heavy black. A long hooded cloak fell almost to the bottom of her skirt, which was in turn exceptionally short, while boots and gloves both showed the marks of wear. But little of the fine gray hair appeared beneath her round hat, about which was fastened a common gauze veil.

Yet neither years nor dress nor rheumatism could conceal the elegance of her gait. Every movement was graceful, and she returned the salutations of those who passed her with all the courtesy and dignity of an Empress. The Duke of Bassano walked by her side, while the faithful valet of the Prince, who attended him from infancy, and several gentlemen of the household followed in her train. The valet is a tall, broad-shouldered Frenchman, who accompanied his royal master on that fatal journey to the Cape. He was compelled by the authorities to remain at Durban while the Prince advanced with the army, and was thus far away at the time of his death. When the direful news reached Durban the poor man literally nearly died from grief, and when he returned with the corpse of the Prince to Chislehurst was wasted in body and changed in countenance almost beyond recognition.

The chapel is a little place built of gray stone, and flanked by two short transepts. A neat church-yard, through which is scattered many a white cross, surrounds it on three sides, while on the south wall of the church is joined the house of Father Goddard, its priest.

A step beyond the ivy-covered porch showed an oak-ribbed roof, an altar, poor in its simple decorations, and benches for the worshipers. A single aisle extends the short length of the church, and a few steps disclosed until two years ago on either hand the piles of flowers which marked the tombs. A little chapel on the northern side, built by the Empress, contained the body of Napoleon III, Emperor of the French. It was inclosed in a rich sarcophagus of polished gray marble, which rested on a mosaic pavement decorated on its borders with the eagles of France. A visitor could hardly fail to draw a mental comparison with that other sarcophagus far away in the Invalides, and that other mosaic emblazoned with battles "A toute la glorie de France." Engraved on this marble tomb were the simple words, "NAPOLEON III." A brass plate near by told that the sarcophagus was presented by the Queen.

The Roman Catholic Church, Chislehurst.

A little silver crucifix stood in a corner. Heaps of wreaths, mostly woven from artificial violets, were disposed about the chapel, their broad ribbons marked with the names of the donors, or some words of affection, and all were dimmed by dust.

THEY HATE HER.

Young Girls Who Express Their Disgust of Annie Rooney.

"We've sung the covers off the hymn, books, professor," said the blonde, "and the piano aches with waltzes and transcriptions, and we can't go fishing because there's nobody to put the nasty worms on our hooks, and we can't play lawn tennis because there isn't a level place in Vermont big enough for a court, and we've talked to each other until we're all cross, and—what can we do, professor?"

"Nobody to bait your hook!" The professor was moved to righteous disgust by this. "You haven't any genius for amusement," he continued. "Why don't you write poetry? Come, there's heaps of fun in it. Let's try with one stanza each."

So, for lack of anything better, it was agreed, according to the Sun, that each member of the party, the professor included, should put into rhyme and four lines his or her most lively thought. A half hour was allowed for the work, and at the end of that time the professor, who had been slyly consulting the back pages of a dictionary, where many rhymes are set forth, gathered the manuscripts in his hat, shook them up, and proceeded to read the first that came to hand. This was the poem:

There are men enough in the mountains,
But woe! there are none for me;
They're all a-gone on another girl,
The famous Annie Roonee.

"H'm," mused the professor, "that's a rather forced rhyme," but his comment was cut short by a chorus of "Why?" "My!" "Who!" and a series of astonished giggles as the girls looked at each other. They became serious when the professor, after a puzzled glance at them over his spectacles, read the next one:

In vain have I mured the nice young man
Who comes to the hills to be spooney;
A mean old thing got hold of him first,
And her name is Annie Rooney.

The girls were as silent as if they were mourners at a funeral of their dearest hopes, and the professor peered sharply at one and another through his glasses.

"I hardly expected this display of jealousy, girls," he said gravely, as he took up another manuscript and read:

If I were a nice young man, which I'm glad I'm not,
I'd have a girl to myself, or go without;
And I'm sure I wouldn't sing of the same old girl
That every other fellow is singing about.

"This," cried the professor, "undoubtedly refers to the same young lady, and I am surprised and mortified that sensible people like you should be so silly. I say nothing of the wretched meter or the defiance of all laws of prosody. It's the sentiment, girls, the sentiment that strikes me to the heart. I wont have anything more to do with it," and he laid down the poems with a slam.

"You began it, professor," said the girls, "and you must see it through," and so by dint of hard persuasion he was led to read another poem.

Blow high, blow low, ye mountain winds.

"Now, that's like poetry," he interrupted himself to say, and he began again with marked satisfaction.

Blow high, blow low, ye mountain winds,
Blow ye from near or far,
But blow me the sound of some other tune
Than the young man's name is.

"I fear," said the professor, "that this simply masks the same evil spirit more plainly exposed in the others. But maybe not—maybe not. We'll try another." And he read:

She's on his lips the whole day long,
Of her he sings and sighs:
If ever I meet Miss Rooney,
I'll scratch out both her eyes.

Disgusted, the professor left the room, having first denounced the girls as heathens.

C. Goodrum of Athens, Ga., has invented an improvement on the telephone which, it is claimed, would revolutionize telephonic communication. It is now announced that the Bell Telephone Company is fighting the granting of a patent by the authorities at Washington.

The Best Man in the World.

Well, if not positively the best, one of the wisest is he who checks disease at the start in his own system. In preserving or restoring the heaven-granted gift of health, he deserves profound consideration. His example is worthy to be imitated. The complaints which afflict us are largely attributable to a want of tone in the stomach, either inherent or inflicted by ourselves upon that much-abused repository of the food that should nourish us. What is its requirement in adversity? A wholesome tonic. Nonesa good, if we rely upon experience and testimony, as Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. Unmedicated stimulants wont do. Regulation, as well as invigoration of the digestive viscera, is not to be effected by these. Through the agency of the stomachic named, strength of the entire system is retrenched—dyspepsia and biliousness overcome. Malarial, kidney, bladder and rheumatic complaints are eradicated by this salutary reformer of ill health. 42

THROUGH VINELAND.

Napa Valley as Viewed From the Car Windows.

San Franciscans Who Have Country Homes There—Some Reminiscenses of Long Ago.

Written for THE SUNDAY CALL.

GOOD morning, Judge!" I remarked cheerily as I sat down beside an elderly, rustic-appearing gentleman in one of the cars of the Napa Valley train before it started from the landing at South Vallejo, the other morning. "Acquainted with this section of the country and its people, I presume?"

"No, I ain't!" he replied, testily; "and right here let me tell you that you can't work me into no confidence snap, neither. Now g'long and mind yer business," and then, as if satisfied with his alertness in spotting a swindler, he gazed out of the window at the placid countenance of the venerable Captain Gedge, the father of the talented California actor, George Osbourne, while the scribe, wondering where his rural highness learned his English, left the car in search of some one familiar with the valley through which he was about to journey who would enlighten him about the people who inhabited it and their possessions. Through the courtesy of the conductor this was soon accomplished, and in pleasant company the ride began.

Three years ago I began making excursions to various parts of the State whenever an opportunity presented itself, and my note-book is always a part of my baggage, and from it in leisure hours much pleasure has been derived, while during my trips the work of jotting down what I see serves to make the time pass quickly and renders each excursion more enjoyable. More than once have I felt that a guide-book would be an acceptable companion, but when one gets off the overland route such a publication is not obtainable; in fact, a guide-book could hardly be expected to give the local information and answer the great number of questions an interested traveler will ask. In the following lines I shall endeavor to anticipate some of these.

When the train pulled out of the Oakland Mole on the arrival of the 8 o'clock boat it took ten coaches to accommodate the great crowd of travelers and the majority left the train at Vallejo and crossed the Carquinez Straits to Vallejo, where some stop, while others go out over the Santa Rosa route to Sonoma Valley, but the bulk of travel is in the direction of Silverado, as Mount St. Helena is known by old settlers.

Just after passing North Vallejo through the right-hand window the mansard roof of the main building of the Good Templars' Orphan Home looms above the grove of eucalyptus, and soon after on the left we run alongside Napa River, in which the tides are noticeable for two or three miles above Napa and which is navigable to that little city. The landscape is not attractive, and our little group listens to a yarn or two as we go rattling along, but soon a change occurs.

NAPA JUNCTION

Is passed, then to the east of the track several thrifty orchards come into view, and then some newly whitewashed fences and other evidences of careful management mark the home of Mr. Middleton, whose faith in the fruit industry is evidenced in the labor expended on the cultivation of his 130 acres of orchards. The trainman announces "Thompson's," and a brief stop is made at J. W. Thompson's place, whose grounds lie east of the track. But we are off in a jiffy, there is only time for a glimpse, and then attention is directed to a thickly wooded section to the west of Suscol, the property of Judge John A. Stanly. The landscape is dotted with stately oaks, and as the train progresses the view becomes more and more picturesque. Soon to the east the sightly buildings of the Napa Insane Asylum attract attention with its towers and cupolas, and presently Napa is passed through.

Up in the canyon, on the side of the mountains to the east, is a cluster of buildings not plainly seen but sufficiently so to attract attention. It is the Napa Soda Springs Resort.

Oak Knoll comes next, and off half a mile from the train one sees a magnificent orchard, the home of Drury Melone. Peter Cain, who purchased the entire crop of this and a number of other places in the vicinity is authority, was one of our group. He described two cherry trees in Mr. Melone's orchard, which he challenges any other grower to duplicate. They are 75 feet high and the limbs spread out forming a circle 150 feet in diameter. These trees the past year produced 300 ten-pound boxes of fruit which sold at wholesale in San Francisco at from 35 to 40 cents per box, and were sold to the consumer at 50 cents a box. Improbable as this may seem, Mr. Cain declares this to be an absolute fact.

The high ranges of mountains on either side of the valley begin to come closer together. Just beyond the Melone orchard, high up on the mountain which separates Sonoma and Napa valleys, a large white house among the trees is pointed out. The late R. B. Woodward, Mrs. Melone's father, proprietor of the gardens on Mission street which bear his name, was a sufferer with asthma, and imagined that he could breathe easier at a higher elevation; so he built a house there and occupied it for some time. But since his death it has been untenanted, notwithstanding which it is kept in repair by his children.

The next noticeable place is on the right of the track—Smith Brown's "Eschol" estate—and on the left comes Irvingwood, which ex-Lieutenant-Governor Johnson bought a couple of years ago from W. H. Mills. One wants to see

ALL THE FINE HOMES

Within the line of view, but the train moves rapidly and it is just about as much as a person can attend to to catch it all. After passing Truebody flag-station a two-story white house, with red roof, standing among the trees at the foot of the western hills, is the residence of Judge Suffold, formerly of San Francisco, candidate on the Democratic ticket for Superior Judge.

Following along in the same direction, the eye soon rests upon the group of buildings of the State Home for Veteran Soldiers, the main structure very much resembling a church edifice. A new house is just nearing completion which will be used for a hospital.

Yountville is the next station, where, on the right, the mother of Willard Gibbs has a pretty place, while on the opposite side of the track are the extensive grounds, wine-cellar and residence, the latter a handsome, one-story, square cottage, with broad porches, of G. Groezinger, with his vineyard adjoining.

After passing Yountville an observant traveler will notice an elevated mound to the right, which caused the railroad to make a sharp curve. It is known as "the island." It rises above the valley to an elevation of some 200 or 400 feet, with a strip of low-lying country cutting it off from either range of mountains. At the northern end of "the island" a sign over the entrance-way announces "La Lomita." Here in 1860 Rev. John L. ver Mehr, the first pastor of Grace Episcopal Church of San Francisco, retired for the benefit of his health and for the purpose of tilling the soil, which he did with satisfactory results so far as securing a beautiful home, but not to his profit financially, and in 1873 it was taken from him to satisfy a mortgage and subsequently passed into other hands. Now it is a point of interest to all old Californians as being the home at one time of so well-known and respected a man as was Dr. ver Mehr. It is always pleasant to recall the memory of a good man. In 1849 a few Episcopalians had been worshiping each Sabbath in a private house, until the congregation reached such a number that a chapel was erected at the corner of Powell and St. Louis streets and was completed and dedicated on the 7th of January, 1850. Dr. ver Mehr continued as pastor until ill-health compelled him to resign, when Bishop Kip took charge of the parish.

Then on the left some distance from the road is situated the fine vineyard and stone cellar of John Benson, the San Francisco capitalist.

"To Kalon" comes next, at Oakville Station, where H. W. Crabb has 500 acres in vines. A noticeable feature of "To Kalon" is the clearing off of vines to make room through the vineyard for a race-track, the owner having a fondness for fast horses, of which he possesses a number.

Then the sight-seer is pained at the sad appearance of Judge Hastings' place, with its big brown warehouses, surrounded by an uncultivated vineyard. Not a clod has been turned the past year, and the place presents a deserted appearance.

WEST OF RUTHERFORD

Captain Gustav Niebaum, Russian Vice-Consul at San Francisco, has a $25,000 residence and also one of the finest-appointed wine-cellars in the world, representing an outlay of something like $200,000. The floors are of tile, while all the metal-work is silver-plated, including the cooperage. West of Rutherford John M. Morton, son of the War Governor of Indiana, O. P. Morton, has a pleasant summer residence, while up in the mountains further west ex-Railroad Commissioner Beerstecher has cleared a tract of what was at one time considered to be undesirable land and has transformed a rugged, rocky, underbrush wilderness into a paradise.

East of Bello (which means "beautiful," and which might appropriately be applied to the whole valley), J. H. Wheeler, formerly connected with the Viticultural Commission, has his winery, with the family residence on the opposite side of the track. Mr. Wheeler has lately added considerable old vineyard to his place. At Vineland Station is the winery and residence of John Thomann, and beyond, on the west of the road, an uncleared tract of land is known as Crane's Park, which Dr. Crane's residence adjoins, and in a few minutes St. Helena is passed.

Then comes the Berringer Bros.' winery and distillery on the left and through the same window is seen the immense winery of W. B. Bourn, the San Francisco capitalist, who owns seven vineyards in the valley. The building is 450 feet long and has the distinction of being the largest surface wine-cellar in the world. Opposite Mr. Bourn's, some distance off, is the place of the famous wine-maker, Charles Krug. At Barro Station is York's winery, and a few steps north is the Co-operative Distillery Company's building—the enterprise including wine-growers whose business will not warrant individual plants. Then out in the direction of Howell Mountain, to the east, a six-story building is noticed. It is the Crystal Springs Rural Health Retreat of the Seventh-day Adventists. Howell Mountain, which is distinguished by a single stately pine tree on the highest ridge to be seen to the eastward, is a plateau containing some 30,000 acres, where John Thomann, Judge Hastings, W. C. Aiken, W. S. Keyes, Brun & Chaix of Oakville, the Wells-Fargo Bank and Edward Hast of the Bank of California have made extensive improvements.

All this mountain, which is in fact, but a high plateau, averaging 1500 to 2500 feet altitude, was once the property of the pioneer Yount, who came to California in 1826. A granddaughter of his, Mrs. Rutherford, lives near the site of her grandfather's old home. She grows indignant when she speaks of the absurdity of the name "Howell" clinging to the mountain. Howell was the name of a hired man who worked for Yount on the mountain and was anything but an agreeable citizen. General Vallejo granted Yount title to the mountain, the 10,000 acres being known as the La Jota Rancho, because Yount erected the first mill in the valley. The mountain now should not be known in history as Howell or Angwin, as the postoffice is wrongly named, but either Mount Yount or La Jota. The creek which flows from the mountain and one private place, that of Mrs. A. C. Aiken, both retain the historic name of La Jota. Mrs. Rutherford remembers affectionately Rev. Dr. Ver Mehr, elsewhere referred to, and to him she is largely indebted for her early education.

Then comes Larkmead, west of which in the foothills is located the famous place of Jacob Schram, the pioneer wine-maker of the valley, comprising 100 acres of vineyard, and whose hillside tunnels have a storage capacity of 250,000 gallons. While one wonders how many more surprises await, Calistoga, the terminus of the road, is announced, and our guide hurries us off to the baths to enjoy an immersion in the hot sulphur water which has made the place famous before lunch is partaken of. Sam Brannan's ideal place is a perfect wreck, but much remains to remind the visitor of the time when the Calistoga Hot Sulphur Springs was the resort for many of the most prominent people of the State. The palms which were planted in front of each of the twenty-one cottages, besides being scattered about the grounds, have attained a size which makes them a curiosity—thirty feet high and seven and a half feet in circumference was one I measured. It is thought the present owners will at a no distant day build a hotel and new cottages, and that the place will be made a model terminal resort for the Napa Valley Railroad. As the city of San Francisco multiplies its population the demand for such a resort increases. Within easy riding distance of the metropolis through one of the prettiest valleys on the Coast, with first-class accommodations the baths could not fail to attract a liberal patronage. Even now the proper thing when visiting Calistoga is to take the waters externally as well as inwardly. Major Johnson, who kept the "springs" after they fell into the hands of the bank, still resides in Calistoga. Mrs. Sarah Winans has a country residence here, while her brother, Alexander Badlam, has one about twelve miles north on the road which crosses St. Helena Mountain into Lake County. The late Virgil Williams' place out on the Geyser road is now owned by Adam Schwedt of San Francisco. Robert Louis Stevenson, the novelist, some years ago camped in the mountains north, but made Calistoga his headquarters. He wrote a story in which this section played a principal part, which he called "The Silverado Squatter." Two ponies he used in his excursions about the country are still here and though quite aged are valued on account of their services to Mr. Stevenson and their connection with his story.

Napa Valley, besides being one of the leading wine-producing sections of the State, which it maintains notwithstanding the ravages of the phylloxera, contains the summer homes of many San Franciscans not already mentioned, who have built fine country houses and surrounded them with gardens of surpassing beauty. Among these are Mrs. Howard Coit, A. L. Tubbs, Tiburcio Parrott, Hon. M. M. Estee, T. C. Grant, Fr. H. Rosenbaum, W. Frank Fuller, Colonel J. F. Fry and Mrs. A. J. Pope. As a sanatarium the northern portion, and especially the pine-clad foothills which surround it, has long been recognized as among the most noted in California, and visitors to the State have not seen it all who return home without visiting Napa Valley.

JOSIAH LIGHTHEART.

LA DUCHESSE D'UZES,

Who Gave $600,000 to Further the Cause of the Royalists in France.

A series of articles recently published by M. Mermeix, formerly editor of the Boulangist paper, La Cocarde, and now on the staff of the Paris Figaro, have thrown an

La Duchesse D'Uzes.

interesting light on the operations of the adventurous General, and especially on the sources whence he received the large sums of money that were used to promote his political career. She gave 3,000,000 francs ($600,000) for the purpose of having the Bourbon family re-established on the throne of France by assisting Boulanger in his efforts to overthrow the Republican Government and to establish himself as Dictator of France. The Duchess is a daughter of the Comte de Montemart, and from her mother's side a granddaughter of the famous Veuve Clicquot. Her son-in-law is the Duc de Luynes, one of the most intimate friends of the young Duc d'Orleans. The duchesse is said to possess a fortune of about twenty million francs, besides an interest in the firm of Clicquot & Cie., which yields her about two million francs a year. When in the course of the Boulanger campaign things began to look doubtful, the Duchesse d'Uzes appealed to the Compte de Paris, and it is said the pretender "reimbursed" her by giving her a note of hand for the sum of 3,000,000 francs, payable whenever he should sit on the throne of France, and, to assure her that he was in earnest, the Prince had the note indorsed by the Marquis de Breteuil, the Duc de la Tremouille, and several other prominent royalists.

WATCHMEN LOCKED IN.

Men Who Guard Big Buildings Cannot Get Out Till Released.

In some of the big business buildings in town there are no night watchmen.

The Adams Building, for instance, is not guarded by anybody at night. Each tenant has a key to the building, and he can come or go out at any hour of the day or night. At 6 o'clock a big bell sounds loudly in the building, proclaiming that the front door is closed for the night. Nobody can get in after that unless he has a key.

The Equitable Building's watchman is locked in over night, and the policeman in whose beat the building is situated must look in at the door and report the presence of the watchman.

The watchman is also obliged to record his presence at certain points of the building at certain times during the night.

At the big building of the New England Mutual Life Insurance Company in Postoffice square, there are two night watchmen. They are locked in the vaults over night and have telephonic communication with Police Station 2. They are also provided with the Holmes burglar alarm, and in case of illness, or accident, or fire, or robbery, can communicate directly and immediately with the proper persons.

Whoever responds to their summons, however, must give the countersign before he can secure admission.—Ex.

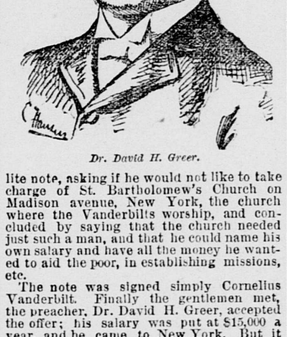
VANDERBILT'S ALMONER.

A Man Who Preaches to Millions and Dispenses Charity.

The Coming Palace of New York—Solving the Problem of Charity by Helping People to Help Themselves.

Special to THE SUNDAY CALL.

ONE Sunday morning, some three years ago, Cornelius Vanderbilt found himself in Providence, R. I., with a couple of hours to wait for a train to take him to Newport. The sun was shining brightly and the church bells chiming a melodious invitation to worship. He followed the sound of the bells until he reached Grace Church. He was ushered into a comfortable seat, and in a few minutes a minister, with a clean-cut face, a broad forehead, and the air of a man who knew what he was about, stepped forward in the pulpit and began to preach his morning sermon. Although it was summer the church was filled and the discourse was listened to with attention, for the speaker happened to be an orator as well as a theologian. After the sermon Mr. Vanderbilt pushed his way toward the preacher's room, said he was a stranger in the city, but the sermon had made such an impression upon him that he thought it was his duty to give the preacher a word of encouragement. He did not tell his name and the preacher never dreamed who he was. The next Sunday, and the next, Mr. Vanderbilt was an eager listener in the same church, and then one morning the preacher was surprised to receive a polite note, asking if he would not like to take charge of St. Bartholomew's Church on Madison avenue, New York, the church where the Vanderbilts worship, and concluded by saying that the church needed just such a man, and that he could name his own salary and have all the money he wanted to aid the poor, in establishing missions, etc.



Dr. David H. Greer.

The note was signed simply Cornelius Vanderbilt. Finally the gentlemen met, the preacher, Dr. David H. Greer, accepted the offer; his salary was put at $15,000 a year, and he came to New York. But it was not on account of the pay, for Dr. Greer is himself a wealthy man, and his yearly salary is always given over to the poor. He accepts nothing for his services. His preaching has made him very popular here. The reason he came to New York was that he could work in a larger field, and Mr. Vanderbilt wanted, besides, a man to act as the dispenser of the enormous sum that each year he gives to those who need it and who are deserving. So, although Dr. Greer preaches to one of the largest and wealthiest congregations in New York, his main work is to dispense the Vanderbilt charities.

He has just perfected plans for a novel purpose, a mission somewhat like the People's Palace in London called into life by Besant's "All Sorts and Conditions of Men"—a mission, in fact, that is, if not some use, for during the months from January to June this year 204,647 persons used it, and the issue of books amounted to 36,000. On Sundays nearly 30,000 persons availed themselves of the library and reading-room. The widow of William H. Vanderbilt and all the other members of the great family were pleased with the idea, and Cornelius Vanderbilt gave the preacher carte blanche to go ahead with the work, and now the plans are all drawn up and adopted, and soon the great work will be fully under way. It must not be understood that this is only missionary work by Dr. Greer has taken up since he came to New York. Not only have the Vanderbilts contributed largely to other needs, but scores of other wealthy men and women have aided Dr. Greer. Missions have been established in different parts of the city, and in his tender solicitude for the safety of other people's souls and their bodily comfort even the much despised "heathen Chinee" has not been neglected.

Mr. Vanderbilt has shown his high regard for his minister in many ways. One of the most magnificent receptions ever given at the former's palatial residence on Fifth avenue was given in Dr. Greer's honor soon after the latter had assumed charge of St. Bartholomew's Church. Between the younger generation of the family and Dr. Greer a strong bond of sympathy is known to exist. This will cause no surprise to any one who is at all acquainted with the men, for the reason that in many ways their tastes and habits are extremely alike. All the members of the Vanderbilt family, with scarcely an exception, are deeply religious, and their money is ever ready to help the distressed or to further any good cause. With Dr. Greer as their almoner it can hardly be doubted that poverty will receive such a blow that it will not dare to raise its head in the vicinity of St. Bartholomew's, at least.

It is estimated that the New York People's Palace when completed and furnished throughout will cost not less than $250,000, and it may run up to $1,000,000. The building arrangements are in the hands of a committee consisting of Cornelius Vanderbilt, W. H. Appleton, G. A. Crocker, W. H. Butterworth and Rev. Dr. Greer, ex-officio.

The exterior of the building will be as inviting as light, pressed brick and white and terra-cotta trimmings can make it. But this is not all by any means. Elevators are to be provided for the use of any one who desires to avail himself or herself of this way of going from one part of the building

Mrs. C. Vanderbilt.

to another. Some people will, no doubt, shake their heads at this, but those having the matter in charge do not believe that feeble old men or women should be asked to climb five pairs of stairs, even if they are poor, so the elevators will be run at all hours while the building is open, which will be from about 9 o'clock in the morning until 10 o'clock at night. These facts are mentioned merely to show the liberal spirit that animates those who control the destinies of the "palace of the poor."

The building will be situated on Forty-second street, between Second and Third avenues. It will be 100 feet deep, 85 feet high, with a frontage of 75 feet on Forty-second street. It will be five stories high on one side and seven in the rear of the building. In the basement will be located the culinary department and a large dining-room, where the hungry and penniless will be fed free of charge. Here also will be the workshop and a capacious plunge bath, with as inexhaustible supply of fresh water as if Niagara's rushing torrent emptied into it. This also smacks a little of the luxurious, but as it is a well-known fact that many of the great unwashed have a strong repugnance to water in every form except in the nature of a "dip," it was probably thought best to regard their prejudice in this matter, and the plunge was substituted for the more or less effective tub. It does not require that a person should be deeply versed in the science of sociology to figure out the effects of a rousing good bath and a hearty meal on a man or woman who is anxious, or even disposed to do all right. This can be easily ascertained when it is remembered that the workshop is on the same floor and quite convenient at all times.

The main door will be high and wide, and has been designed expressly to convey the idea of a hearty welcome and the good cheer to be found within. The Legend, "Applicants for aid will pass in the rear door," so often seen on charitable institutions, will have no place here. The first floor will be one large hall, capable of seating from 1000 to 1200 persons. Two large, open fireplaces, one on either side of the room, will throw out a bright, ruddy glow and genial warmth in winter, and everything will be as cosy as possible. Nothing in that room at least will in any way suggest religion. This is also an innovation, perhaps, but the fact seems to be that many people who would otherwise only be too glad to avail themselves of the advantages of the place object to having them diluted too strongly with religion, and would feel an unnatural restraint and reserve in what they considered a sacred edifice. So that the people may have the benefits of a church, however, here will be a chapel on the same floor, in which funeral services and other terms of worship will be held.

On the second floor will be a large Sunday-school room capable of seating 1000 children. Another room on the same floor will be for

Vanderbilt before his Sunday-School Class.

a mothers' meeting. It will be a bright, comfortable place where the poor women of the parish can spend a social evening. They will be provided with materials for sewing. If they need the garments they may take them away; if not they may leave them for others who do. In the same room during the week a sewing-school for children will be held. They will be taught how to make their own garments and they will also be supplied with the materials necessary for that purpose. A kindergarten will also be held here for very young children.

On the floor above will be a library and reading-room, fully equipped; a boys' club-room, class-room and rooms for social meetings and other purposes. Just how far the matter of instruction will be carried has not been fully decided upon as yet. It is probable, however, that the common English branches and two specialties, such as stenography and type-writing, will be taught. On the fourth floor will be a gymnasium, for the use of the men of the mission. It will be supplied with all the needed apparatus for healthful exercise, and a competent instructor will show the workman with stooping shoulders how he can straighten and at the same time strengthen the back; and the