NAPOLEON AND HIS GENERALS.

Reminiscences Suggested by the Death of Prince Plon-Plon.

CAMPAIGNS OF CONTINENTAL EUROPE

Le Petit Caporal's Military Career, Commencing With the Siege of Toulon, and Ending With Waterloo—Some of the More Prominent Officers of His Army—The Camp-Fires—Crossing the Alps.

The recent death of Prince Plon-Plon, son of Jerome, youngest brother of Napoleon I, revives the interest that is felt in the "Little Corporal," and the following sketch of some of the incidents connected with the rise and fall of the empire will be found of interest to such as love to delve into the pages of history.

So far above all others of his family has been the luster of Napoleon I that even the act that he had a paternal and a maternal

NAPOLEON CROSSING THE GREAT ST. BERNARD.

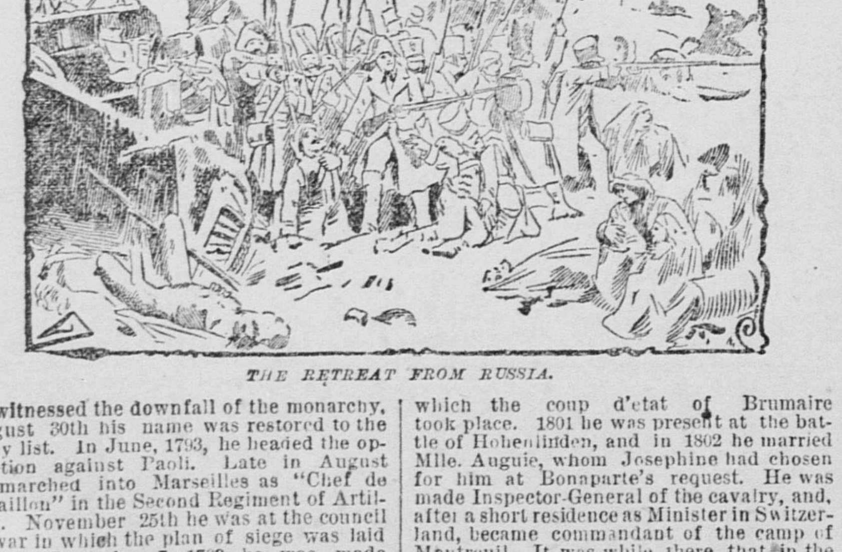
ancestor appears to have passed out beyond the knowledge of the historian. The father of the first Emperor was Carlo Maria Bonaparte, or, as he spelled the name, Buonaparte, who was born at Ajaccio, the capital of Corsica, in 1746. He was a lawyer by profession, and took a vigorous part in Paoli's insurrection. In 1781, he was one of the members of the Council of Corsican Nobility, and also held the post of Assessor of Ajaccio. In 1785 he died of cancer in the stomach, at Montpelier, whither he had removed for his health. His wife, Letizia Ramolino, born in 1750, was celebrated for her majestic beauty and resolute courage. She accompanied her husband through the campaigns with Paoli, and in 1793 emigrated with her family to Marseilles, where for a time she lived in great penury. After her son was made First Consul she removed to Paris; and on the establishment of the empire received the title of Mme. Mere. She cared little for display, and her frugal style of living frequently displeased Napoleon. After the battle of Waterloo she took up her abode in Rome, where she continued to reside until 1836. She had a family of thir-

French Officers of the First Empire.

teen children, eight of whom survived their father and became known in history. Of these, except possibly incidentally, the matters herein narrated will be confined to Napoleon I. and to such others as acted with him in their capacities as officers of the Grand Armee.

Napoleon spent three months in a school at Autun for the purpose of learning the French language. On April 23, 1779, he entered Brienne, and in September, 1784, passed as "cadetgentilhomme" into the military school of Paris. In 1785 he was commissioned Lieutenant in the regiment of La Fere at Valence. This was a regiment of artillery in the service of Louis XVI, and during his connection with it he was stationed at Valence, Lyons, Douai, Paris, Auxonne and Seurre. During these periods he paid a number of visits to Ajaccio on the ground of ill-health, but really to indulge his ambition as an author. It was during this time that he produced his "Letters on the History of Corsica," and "The Narrative of the Masked Prophet." His active life began with the revolution of 1789, but that astonishing career which has all the unity of a most thrilling drama did not begin until 1795. The six years which preceded this may be called his Corsican period.

Passing over his adventures in Corsica we come to his flight from the island in 1792 and his arrival in Paris May 21st. The second revolution is at hand, and he observes without being observed. August 10th



THE RETREAT FROM RUSSIA.

he witnessed the downfall of the monarchy, August 30th his name was restored to the army list. In June, 1793, he headed the opposition against Paoli. Late in August he marched into Marseilles as "Chef de Bataillon" in the Second Regiment of Artillery. November 25th he was at the council of war in which the plan of siege was laid down. December 7, 1793, he was made General of brigade. Shortly after he joined the army of Italy as General of Artillery and Inspector-General. He was arrested at Nice August 6, 1794; was released and back in Paris May 5, 1795. Appointed commander of the army in place of Barras, who resigned, he strengthened his position by his marriage with Josephine de Beauharnais (nee Tascher) and from that moment dates his great European career.

The audacity of his campaigns were the admiration of the world. Henceforth his progress was onward and upward. In 1799 he was declared First Consul and the Senatus-Consulte, which made him Emperor, a change made by the constituent power of the Senate, is dated May, 1804. Republicanism was abolished and a direct line of succession was established. Henceforth the policy of Napoleon might be called insane. He wanted war, even though it should be with the whole world. His first serious defeat was by the Prussians under Bulow and his subsequent retreat across the Rhine, November 1 and 2, 1813, undoing the work of eight years. April 2, 1814, he was formally deposed by the Senate. April 20th he bade farewell to his soldiers and May 4th was landed at Elba, his wife, Marie Louise, setting out to join him April 23d. He had divorced Josephine for reasons of state and she died at Malmaison about this time. He was recalled to France to save it "from the humiliation of a Government imposed by foreigners," and on March 21st entered the Tuileries in triumph.

He entered upon the last of his adventures February 20, 1815, when he set sail from Port Ferraio. Fate was hedging him in and the "Hundred Days" commenced which were to close the drama. Madness seized him, and "Napoleon Liberator" became a poetical idea. The illusion was at an end. The attempt to realize it came to an end in a hundred days—March 13th to June 22d. The great powers issued a proclamation or declaration putting him outside of all civil and social relations, and consigning him to public vengeance as "an enemy and disturber of the peace of the world." In June the allies had more than 700,000 men in the field. Napoleon had but little over 200,000. The then greatest commanders of the age were to meet in final arbitrament—Napoleon, Wellington, Blucher. Wellington and Blucher, with Gneisenau, were superior to Colli and Beaulieu. The action was commenced on the 15th by Napoleon throwing himself with 122,401 between Blucher with 116,897 and Wellington with 105,950, by which he was enabled to occupy Charleroi. His secret and rapid movements dazzled the enemy. On the 16th he won his last victory, blocking the crossroad between Quatrebras and Sombreffe, and slaughtering 12,000 Prussians. At Quatre Bras Ney met Wellington and was forced to retreat. The 17th was spent in retrogade movements, and on the 18th Wellington accepted battle on the heights of St. Jean, so-called by the French, while the English gave the field the name of the village four miles nearer Brussels, and called it Waterloo. The battle commenced about 11:30 o'clock in the morning. About 8 o'clock in the evening the guard cried, "Sauve qui peut." Over 30,000 French soldiers lay dead on the field. France was conquered. Carnot pleaded for a dictatorship. Lucien also liked the Roman word. "Dare?" he said to his brother. "I have dared too much already," replied Napoleon. On the 22d day of June Napoleon abdicated for the second time, and in the same breath he proclaimed his son Emperor of France. He retired to Malmaison, but on the 27th offered his services as General. They were refused, and he went to Rochefort.

On the 15th of July, finding it impossible to escape the vigilance of the English, he went on board the Bellerophon and surrendered to Captain Maitland. The Government decided to send him to St. Helena, where he arrived October 15th. He died at Longwood, St. Helena, May 5, 1821.

Marshal Ney.

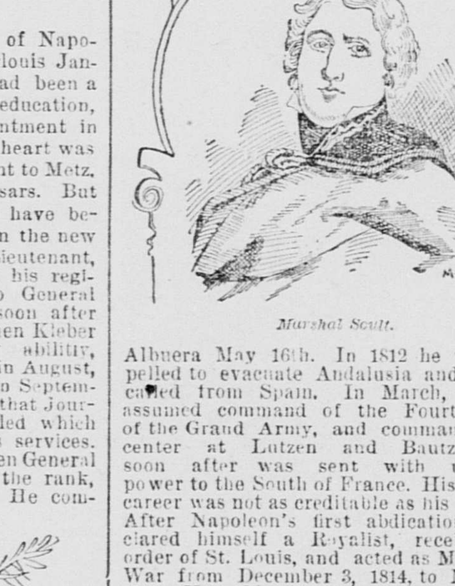
Michel Ney, one of the bravest of Napoleon's marshals, was born at Saarlouis January 10, 1769. His father, who had been a soldier, gave him a fairly good education, and obtained for him an appointment in some neighboring mines. But his heart was set on the army, and in 1787 he went to Metz, and enlisted in a regiment of hussars. But for the revolution he could never have become more than a Sergeant, but in the new state of things he was elected Lieutenant, and afterward, in 1792, Captain of his regiment. He was Aide-de-camp to General Lamarque in March, 1793, and soon after became a Lieutenant-Colonel, when Kleber perceived his eminent military ability, and made him Adjutant-General in August, 1794. He was promoted Colonel in September, and his merits were so great that Jourdan and Kleber actually quarreled which should have the advantages of his services. In February 1795, he might have been General of Brigade, but modestly refused the rank, alleging his own unworthiness. He com-

Marshal Ney.

manded the advanced guard of Kleber at the battle of Altenkirchen, and was made General of Brigade on the field of Forcheim. He commanded the right wing of Hoche's army, and in 1798 took Mannheim. He reorganized Massena's cavalry in Switzerland and in Massena's campaign was wounded three times, after which he was made General of Division. In 1799 he commanded on the Rhine and obtained the armistice during which the coup d'etat of Brumaire took place. 1801 he was present at the battle of Hohenlinden, and in 1802 he married Mlle. Auguie, whom Josephine had chosen for him at Bonaparte's request. He was made Inspector-General of the cavalry, and, after a short residence as Minister in Switzerland, became commandant of the camp of Montreuil. It was while there that, in the name of the army, he begged Napoleon to declare himself Emperor, and on the establishment of the empire he was made Marshal of France, and was presented with the grand cross of the Legion of Honor. In 1805 he commanded the Sixth Corps of the Grand Army, and by his victory at Elchingen was made Duke of Elchingen, and secured the surrender of General Mack at Ulm. Ordered to Upper Adige, he missed the battle of Austerlitz, but was present at Jena and Eylau, and for his action at the battle of Friedland, Napoleon called him the "brave des braves" and gave him the grand eagle of the Legion of Honor. In 1808 he was ordered to Spain with the Sixth Corps, and received the command of Galicia, in which he maintained French supremacy. In 1810, in command of a corps d'arme under Massena, he advanced into Portugal, but was so disgusted at being under Massena's command that perpetual quarrels resulted, and not only were the French defeated at Busaco, but Ney received more than one repulse from Lord Wellington at Pembal, Redinha and Foz d'Aronce. Recalled from Spain he received command of the Third Corps of the army of 1812. At the battle of Moskva, for distinguished services, he was made Prince de la Moskowa on the field. In the disastrous retreat from Moscow he commanded the rear guard, and kept the remnants of the grand army together. He was at Lutzen and Leipsic and in the last defensive campaign of 1814, and with Macdonald, remained faithful to Napoleon to the last. At the restoration he was created a peer, and in 1815 was given command of the army sent to check Napoleon on escaping from Elba, but the sight of the old colors and of his old master were too much for him, and he led his troops over to Napoleon's side. In the Flemish campaign he fought the battle of Quatre Bras against the English on the same day that Napoleon defeated the Prussians at Ligny, and at Waterloo he commanded in person the last charge of the Old Guard. He did not attempt to leave France, and was arrested as a traitor; found guilty of high treason by the House of Peers by 169 votes to 17 on December 5th, and two days later was shot in the gardens of the Luxembourg. He was simply a soldier; intensely brave, rashly impetuous, and as modest as he was brave. France could have spared many others with less regret.

Marshal Soult.

Nicholas Jean de Dieu Soult, Duke of Dalmatia and Marshal of France, was born at Sant-Amans-la-Bastide, now in the Department of the Tarn, on March 29, 1769, and was the elder son of a country notary of that place. He was fairly well educated, and intended for the bar, but his father's death while he was still a boy made it necessary for him to seek his fortune, and he enlisted as a private in the Regiment of Royal infantry in 1785. His superior education insured his promotion to the rank of Sergeant after six years' service, and in July, 1791, he became instructor to the First Battalion of Volunteers of the Bas-Rhin. He served with his battalion in 1792 and rapidly rose to the position of Adjutant-General, Colonel and Chief of the staff to General Lefebvre. It was Soult who practically directed the movements of Lefebvre's division in 1794, and after the battle of Fleurus he was promoted General of brigade. The next five years he was constantly employed in Germany under Jourdan, Moreau, Kleber and Lefebvre. He direected the attack of the French left which won the day at the battle of Altenkirchen, and in 1799 he was promoted General of division and ordered to Switzerland. He particularly distinguished himself in Massena's great campaign, and especially at the battle of Zurich. He went with Massena to Genoa and acted as his principal lieutenant throughout the protracted siege of that city, operating with a detached force without the walls, and after many successful actions was wounded and taken prisoner at Monte Cretto, April 13, 1800. The victory of Marengo restored his freedom, and he received the command of the southern part of the Kingdom of Naples, and in 1802 was appointed one of the four Generals commanding the guard of the Consuls. Soult showed his devotion to the ruling power, and was in August, 1803, appointed to the command-in-Chief of Boulogne, and in May, 1804, he was made one of the first Marshals of France. When Napoleon decided to lead the troops of the camp of Boulogne into Germany, Soult took command of the right wing, and it was by his capture of the heights of Pratzen that the great battle of Austerlitz was decided. He was prominent in all of the famous battles of the Grand Army except the battle of Friedland, and at the conclusion of the peace of Tilsit he returned to France, and was created Duke of Dalmatia. The next year he was appointed to the command of the Second Corps, with which Napoleon intended to conquer Spain, and after the battle of Gamonal he was sent to pursue Sir John Moore, whom he caught up with at Corunna. He was four years in Spain. In 1809, after his defeat by Sir John Moore, he invaded Portugal and took Oporto. He wished to become King of Portugal, but neglecting to advance upon Lisbon he was dislodged by Sir Arthur Wellesley. After the battle of Talavera he was made Major-General of the French troops in Spain, and on the 12th of November, 1809, he won the great victory of Ocana. In 1810 he invaded Andalusia. In 1811 he marched into Estramadura, took Badajoz and fought the famous battle of



Marshal Soult.

Albuera May 16th. In 1812 he was compelled to evacuate Andalusia and was recalled from Spain. In March, 1813, he assumed command of the Fourth Corps of the Grand Army, and commanded the center at Lutzen and Bautzen, and soon after was sent with unlimited power to the South of France. His political career was not as creditable as his military. After Napoleon's first abdication he declared himself a Royalist, received the order of St. Louis, and acted as Minister of War from December 3, 1814, to March 11, 1815. Upon Napoleon's return from Elba, he declared himself a Bonapartist, and acted as Major-General to the Emperor in the campaign of Waterloo. For this he was exiled, but was recalled in 1819, and, in 1820, was again made a Marshal of France. He again became a fervent Royalist, and in 1827 was made a peer. After the revolution of 1830 he claimed to be a partisan of Louis Philippe and constitutional royalty, and was made Minister of War from 1830 to 1834. In 1838 he was Embassador Extraordinary to London for the coronation of Queen Victoria. He was again Minister of War from 1840 to 1844. In 1848, when Louis Philippe was overthrown, Soult again declared himself to be a republican. He died at his castle at Soultberg, near the place of his birth, in 1851.

Joachim Murat.

The paternity of Joachim Murat is involved in obscurity. One account says that he was a younger son of an inn-keeper at Bastide Fortuniere, in the Department of Lot, France, and was born in 1768. According to his own account his father was a well-to-do farmer in that village, and the date of his birth was March 25, 1771. This latter is regarded as correct. He was educated at a seminary at Cahors, after which he entered the University of Toulouse and studied canon law. He was intended for the priesthood, but his reckless life precluded that possibility. In 1789 he attained the rank of "Marechal des logis," but his influence was so prejudicial to authority that he received unlimited leave of absence in 1790. In November, 1791, he was elected by the Department of Lot a member of the garde constitutionelle of the King. In May, 1792, the garde was disbanded and he was appointed sub-Lieutenant in the chasseurs-a-cheval, and on the outbreak of war aid-de-camp to General Hue. Rapid promotion followed, and he was made Captain and then Major of the Twenty-first Hussars. Suspected of republicanism, he was recalled from the front. In 1795 he was in Paris, and when Bonaparte undertook the defense of the convention he sent Murat to Sevres to bring up the artillery. For his services upon this occasion he was made Lieutenant-Colonel of the Twenty-first Chausseurs, and followed Bonaparte into Italy as his aid-de-camp. After the campaign of 1796, he was chosen to carry the flags taken from the enemy to Paris. Promoted to be General of brigade, he rejoined Bonaparte in Italy, and was wounded at Fort St. Georges. He was then sent on a diplomatic mission to Genoa, returning in time to be present at Rivoli. In 1797 he commanded the vanguard in the Tyrol. In 1798 he was for a time commandant at Rome. Thence to Egypt; he led the famous cavalry charge at the battle of the Pyramids. He was then made General of division. Returning to France with Bonaparte, he led into the orangery of St. Cloud the sixty grenadiers who broke up the Council of Five Hundred. January, 1800, he was made commandant of the Consular Guard, and at the same time married Napoleon's youngest sister, Marie Anonciade Caroline Bonaparte. He commanded the French cavalry at the battle of Marengo, and was made Governor in the Cisalpine Republic. He was made a Marshal of France in 1804; titular Governor of Paris, invested with the grand eagle of the Legion of Honor, and appointed Grand Admiral of France with the title of Prince in 1805, and during the same year commanded the cavalry of the Grand Army in the German campaign, and for his conduct at Austerlitz was created Grand Duke of Berg and Cleves. He commanded the cavalry at Jena, Eylau and Friedland, and in 1808 was made General-in-Chief of the French armies in Spain. He entered Madrid March 25th, and was there during the massacre of May 2d, when 158 Spaniards and 500 Frenchmen were killed. He wanted the throne of Spain, but it was given to Joseph Bonaparte and Murat received the kingdom of Naples.

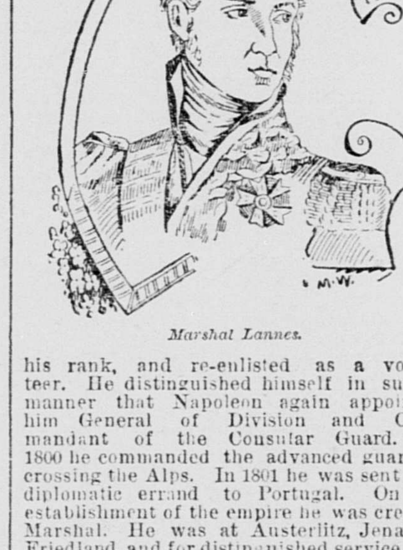
Entered Naples in September, 1808, under the name and title of King Joachim Napoleon, took Capri from the English and organized a Neapolitan army of 80,000 infantry and 10,000 cavalry. In the campaign of 1812 he became offended at Napoleon and threw up his command. He began an intrigue with Austria, and in March, 1813, offered to surrender his claims to Sicily if Austria would guarantee Naples to him. In January, 1814, he seized the principality of Benevento, for which Austria promised him Ancona and a force of 30,000 men. Distrusting

Joachim Murat.

Austria, he declared in March, 1815, that he would restore the unity and independence of Italy. On May 2d he was defeated at Tolentino, and escaped to France May 27th. He offered his sword to Napoleon, who refused it, and he hid near Toulon with a price upon his head. After Waterloo, England refused him a refuge, and he fled to Corsica. He refused an offer of asylum from Metternich, and started with six ships to recover Naples. By mistake he landed at Calabria October 6th, where he was hated. He was taken prisoner, and on October 13, 1815, was tried by court-martial for disturbing the public peace, found guilty, and shot within the half hour. He met his fate bravely, and was buried at Pizzo.

Marshal Lannes.

Jean Lannes, Marshal of France, was born April 11, 1769. He was the son of a livery-stable keeper, and in early life was apprenticed to a dyer. His education was limited, but in consequence of his proficiency in manly sports he was elected sergeant-major of battalion at Gers in 1792. He was in the campaign of the Pyren ees in 1793 and 1794, and was elected Chef de Brigade. In 1795 he was dismissed from



Marshal Lannes.

his rank, and re-enlisted as a volunteer. He distinguished himself in such a manner that Napoleon again appointed him General of Division and Commandant of the Consular Guard. In 1800 he commanded the advanced guard in crossing the Alps. In 1801 he was sent on a diplomatic errand to Portugal. On the establishment of the empire he was created Marshal. He was at Austerlitz, Jena and Friedland, and for distinguished service was made Commander-in-Chief. In Spain, in 1808, he defeated Castanos November 22d. He captured Saragossa February 21, 1809. At Aspern or Wagram, while endeavoring to carry out Napoleon's orders, he received a mortal wound. His oldest son was made a peer of France by Louis XVIII.

Napoleon's Chief Officers.

The chief Generals and Marshals who accompanied Napoleon in his campaigns were: Alvinzi, Augereau, Andreossy, Berthier, Bessieres, Berthollet, Bourrienne, Boudet, Bernadotte, Beaumont, Bon, Cervoni, Chabran, Chambarlhac, Champeaux, Desaix, Duroc, Dupont, D'Hautpoul, Davoust, Friant, Guyeux, Gardanne, Gudin, Junot, Jou-

Marshal MacDonald.

bert, Kleber, Kellermann, Lannes, La Harpe, Laselle, MacDonald, Murat, Massena, Marmont, Moncey, Mainomy, Mahler, Milhaud, Monge, Marescot, Ney, Nansouty, Oudinot, Provera, Requier, Rampen, Rapp, Rivaud, Serrurier, Savary, Stengal, Soult, Verne, Verdier, Victor, Walther and others.

Camp-Fires.

An author classifies Napoleon's campaigns as "Camp-fires," under the following heads: Toulon, Monte Notte, Mondovi, Bridge of Lodi, Castiglione, Arcola, Rivoli, Alps, Nile, Mount Tabor, Aboukir, Marengo, Ulm, Austerlitz, Paleny, Jena, Narew, Eylau, Friedland, Madrid, Ratisbon, Aspern and Eisling, Wagram, Niemen, Witepsk, Smolenska, Wiazma, Borodino, Moscow, Malo-Yaroslavetz, "In the snow in Russia," Krasnoe, Borysthenes, Lutzen, Bautzen, Montereau, Arcis, Waterloo. The camps are given in order as they occurred.

Crossing the Alps.

The crossing of the Alps with his immense army and all of his munitions in midwinter was at that time thought to have been the most wonderful performance ever undertaken. The crossing was effected at Tavwis, the loftiest pass in the Noric Alps, in February, 1797, the weather being at the time intensely cold. As Napoleon shared the hardships of the march the soldiers did not mind it.

COFFEE KILLS GERMS.

The Bacilli of Typhoid Fever, Cholera, Etc., Succumb to Its Power.

Coffee has disinfectant properties. Only recently a certain Dr. Luderits has studied in detail the germ-killing action of coffee infusion. Using by no means strong infusions, he showed that a certain harmless micrococcus germ dies in a 10 per cent coffee solution in from three to five days. The bacillus of typhoid fever perished in from one to three days under the coffee influence, and the cholera bacillus in from three to four hours. The germ of anthrax or splenic fever died in from two to three hours; but the spores of the young forms of the latter germ perished in from two to four weeks only.

These latter results speak well for the power of coffee as a germicide, for anthrax germs and spores are by no means easy to scotch or kill. Possibly after these revelations coffee, administered internally, may be utilized as a remedy for germ-produced diseases. As it is, its virtues as a reviver and "pick-me-up" have long been appreciated outside the medical world.—Chicago Herald.

The Little Ones Green With Envy.

Miss Alice Brown of Springfield, Mass., is the happy owner of a doll-house which awakens the admiring envy of all her little mates. The house (of two stories and an L) was planned and built by a carpenter, and the furniture was made in Boston. The parlor is fitted with a velvet carpet and furniture upholstered in blue plush. The guest-chamber is furnished in pink satin and the equipments of the rooms are complete to chandeliers on the parlor walls, napkins on the dining-table and pots and kettles on the cook-stove.

WASHINGTON, THE GAY CITY.

What Is Going On in Society Circles at the National Capital.

The Bernhardt Furor—Young McKee Entertains Young Friends—The Italian Minister. A New Minister From Peru.

Special to THE SUNDAY CALL.

WASHINGTON, March 20, 1891.—The city has not lacked excitement during this week of penance. Nothing in Lenten regulations prevents the faithful from attending the dog show, and before and after church society meets and talks before the rows of kennels at the riding school. Bedivere, the splendid St. Bernard, is the prize animal and the chief object of interest, and nothing could be finer than the gravity, the repose, the dignity of this splendid creature. While a hundred small dogs yelp and howl and bark without ceasing Bedivere is calm and well contained. One has a curiosity to know what it might be like if those jaws were to part and the huge creature should lift up his voice to bay or howl.

More unusual than this and more compelling has been the week of Bernhardt, and beginning with a slim audience on the first night, which called forth some extreme remarks from the gifted tragedienne, the divine Sarah has steadily worked the community up to fever heat with these last nights of Cleopatra. The diplomatic corps have attended as a body every night, and all who understood or who could even look as if they understood French, have hung on her words and applauded wildly. Her costumes have interested womankind beyond her lines, and her interpretation of Cleopatra has been as nothing compared to her dressing of Cleopatra. That marvelous swathing in yards and yards of pale crepe has defied any imitator, and her jeweled head-piece and ceinture have dazzled every beholder. Truly there is no one like her, and Bernhardt is the theatrical incident of the century.

Mrs. Harrison continues her series of ladies' luncheons, and a table set with pink roses succeeded the first party, where everything was in violet, with tiny baskets of violets as favors. Quite as important as these midday feasts to maids and matrons was the birthday party of

MASTER BENJAMIN HARRISON M'KEE

On Monday. That young man, having reached his fourth year, was arrayed in his first pair of trousers, tricked out with a ruffled shirt and made host to fourteen other youngsters. Fifteen high chairs seated the company, and a simple menu, with many tricks, toys and surprises, delighted them. The orchestra of the Marine Band played all the tunes popular with such juveniles, and they danced to "Annie Rooney," and screamed with delight when that air began to dance from the strings. The President looked in upon the gay scene for awhile, and Mrs. Harrison and her daughter, with Mr. McKee, danced with the children and led in their pretty games.

There was official consternation when the news of the New Orleans riot reached the city, and the excitement and wrath of Baron Fava, the Italian Minister, was intense. Baron Fava is the dean of the diplomatic corps—the tallest slimmest possible man, with gray side whiskers, a prominent nose, and a peculiar countenance altogether. He always wears a single eyeglass, and carries his head forward in an alert, intent pose. He is quick and nervous in speech and movement, restless and excitable, and the news from New Orleans was a spark in a powder magazine. It speaks volumes for Mr. Blaine's tact and magnetism that he could calm and restrain Baron Fava to the extent that he has. Baron Fava was about to start to Europe for the summer, but this little international episode prevents his leaving until some solution of the situation is reached. Baroness Fava, who is in poor health, has not been in this country for several years. During President Arthur's time she was quite prominent in social life, but has cared little for Washington since those gay winters, passing most of her time in New York when on this side. Baron Fava's son is a civil engineer, who has adopted America for his home, and Mr. Francis Fava has been very busy of recent years in surveying, subdividing and platting the suburban tracts about Washington, which have had such great booms.

A NEW PERUVIAN MINISTER

Is soon to arrive and farewell entertainments to Mr. Hansen of the Russian Legation are still succeeding one another. The latest entertainment was a costume dinner party of men, and the disguises and make-ups were very well done. Many of the foreign circle are planning tours to Europe this summer, and Postmaster-General Wanamaker's family will soon sail to pass the time until next autumn in foreign travel. The Attorney-General's elder daughter, Miss Florence Miller, goes abroad with a party of friends, and the Chief Justice's daughter, Miss Grace Fuller, whose wedding occurs in Easter week, will make a wedding journey across the water. Mr. and Mrs. Russell Harrison and Mrs. McKee have been very seriously considering whether they should yield to the urgings of Minister and Mrs. Lincoln and make a trip to England. Mrs. Lincoln is very anxious to present these two young countrywomen of hers to her Majesty, and the beauty of Mrs. Russell Harrison would surely make her the success of the season over there. Were there not the temptation of the California trip these distraught young matrons could more easily decide what to do, but the Pacific Coast is so attractive to them that it is more than possible that the trip across the water will be postponed and the one across the continent taken instead.

Among spring visitors are Mr. and Mrs. Frank R. Stockton, who have taken the house of a friend for a brief season, and are greatly enjoying their housekeeping visit to the capital. It is several seasons since Mr. Stockton made any stay here, but he and his wife are pleasantly remembered, and have immediately surrounded themselves with the bright and clever people of their kind. A large company of distinguished and congenial spirits was invited to meet them at Mr. Thomas Wilson's home on Wednesday evening, and this most original master of fiction was the animating spirit of the company. Mr. Stockton is a small, sallow, dark-eyed man, who wears almost a sad and quiet countenance when he is in repose, but the whole face is illumined by the eye, whose quick brightening and dancing immediately tell of the fun bubbling behind them. Mrs. Stockton is a little stout, quiet and reserved, and it is only after acquaintance that she is found to be as

FULL OF HUMOR

And merriment as her husband. Mr. Stockton dictates all his stories to her, and much of the sparkle and fun is hers, the two working together and supplementing each other admirably.

Before another year Washington is to rejoice in a second cable road, and the swift moving vehicle will be chasing up and down the avenue. The many curves and corners to be rounded are going to make it an expensive line to build, but humane people will not suffer the long minutes while the poor horses drag a car up the steep toboggan slide of Capitol Hill. To Western people it has always been the wonder that horses should continue to drag street-cars around this city, while the Patent Office was crowded with models of every other kind of traction machine, electric and other motors and contrivances. The Seventh-street cable line, which is an air line route from the river front to the northern boundary line of the city near the Soldiers' Home gates, has proved a most successful venture, and the cable will now sing in its trench all the way from the navy yard to Georgetown, and from the Treasury corner to the end of Fourteenth street. A new electric motor line now connects the Treasury corner with the Catholic University and the race track, and Washington is fast becoming a real city.

The result of the California election has been watched with great interest here, and its conclusion was a great relief after the unpleasant way some Legislatures have had of delaying things for weeks and weeks. Society would have warmly welcomed Mr. Estee, and the accession of Mrs. Estee was looked forward to by those who had become acquainted with those agreeable Californians during the Pan-American season. Mr. Felton cared little for society while he was here, and even his daughter's interests were more in Philadelphia than in Washington during the season here. Representative and Mrs. McKenna and Representative and Mrs. Morrow have kept up their close friendship with Mrs. Elkins—formerly Miss Felton—and frequently visit her at her home outside of Philadelphia, and bring word from her to her Washington acquaintances. During the first two winters that he was here Mr. Felton occupied the house of General Chauncey McKeever on H street, the shuffle of details at the War Department having sent General McKeever to San Francisco just as Mr. Felton came to Washington. Unkind fate has lately disturbed General McKeever's enjoyment of his beautiful house here, and he has now to report to General Miles

FOR STAFF DUTY AT CHICAGO.

Mrs. John Sherwood of New York has made a little variety in lenten entertainments by her reading of her paper on the "Possibilities of an American Salon," to a distinguished company at Dr. Hammond's house. Mrs. Sherwood is interesting on every subject she considers and she is a speaker and reader of fine presence and great charm. New York having always accepted her as the fashion and deferred to her as an arbiter, Washington gladly follows. Mrs. Wanamaker gives an afternoon at home to-morrow, when Miss Gheen, a gifted young woman of Philadelphia, will read and recite. The courses of lectures and morning concerts, the reading and sewing clubs are coming to a close with this week, and next week will be given up wholly to church-going, the milliner and the dressmaker, and then comes Easter. Society will bloom again with the bonnets, and quite a list of gay things are on for that first week, and the gay world will hold together for a month or six weeks yet. There is no place to go to in April and Washington offers more of climate and interest than any other city, and its suburbs are most delightful. There is a real estate boom and a visible growth in every quarter. The Catholic University is now a finished thing and a suburb of pretty houses has grown up around it, and the sod has been turned for a Methodist University. A large Chautauqua establishment has been laid out to northwestward, half way to the Great Falls of the Potomac, and workmen are hurrying the structures forward for this summer season. With Mrs. Thurber's National Conservatory of Music, now chartered by Congress, and its opening assured in the autumn, and Senator Edmunds still intent upon having Congress endow a national university, the capital of the country bids fair to become an educational center and worthy of itself in that regard. With the tax on art reduced to 15 per cent Miss Kate Field has dreams even of a Government school of fine arts in the next century, and of Senators even knowing something about the subject when they take up the people's expensive time in discussing it in open session.

RUHAMAH.

HOODOOED BY A TRAMP.

The Conductor of the "Devil's Own" Got the Death Mark.

"See that man?" asked a Broadway car conductor to a New York Sun reporter, as he jerked his thumb toward a passenger who alighted at Union Square.

"Yes; what of it?"

"In the last stages of consumption, and he'll never see the leaves again on these elms."

"Well?"

"Well, it isn't two years since he was a freight conductor on a road running West, and I was his head brakeman. Jim and I were in the same crew for more than three years."

"And he got hurt, I suppose?"

"No, he got hoodoed by a tramp. You may smile, but you can't alter my belief, and he knows it as well as the rest of us. That man used to be a terror to tramps. Indeed, we all did. Our train finally got such a reputation among the fraternity that they called it 'The Devil's Own,' and it wasn't once a week that any of them would try to beat us. I've seen Jim tackle six of them at once, and, Lord o' massy, how he used to knock them about!"

"But about the hoodoo?"

"Well, one night at a water tank Jim pulled a tramp off the buffers. He was a chap who wasn't posted, or he wouldn't have been there. He was sick and weak, and perhaps he was an honest fellow, who was playing in hard luck. However, Jim pulled him down and used him rough, and while they were struggling the train backed up and cut the stranger's legs off. Lands! but what a sight it was, and he lived for a quarter of an hour and cursed Jim with his very last breath. He called out that the Lord would surely punish him and he prayed that ill luck might follow him, and he cast a hoodoo over him as sure as we stand here."

"Well?"

"There is no 'well' about it. On the next trip Jim had a collision, on the very next he had a hand smashed, and in six months he lost his place. Then his wife died, a sharper beat him out of $200 he had saved up, and Jim tried to suicide from a ferry-boat. They saved him, but he's penniless, walking in the shadow of death, and I'll bet you there isn't an hour in the day he doesn't recall the words of that dying man. I've slipped him many a quarter in the past year, but he wont want many more. He's got the death-mark and he's going to go. It's a case of hoodoo, sir, and every man on his old train knows it is."

THE REAL CAUSE OF DEATH.

Fat and Lime the Chief Factors—Microbes Mere Accessories.

The most common cause of death is fat and lime. Microbes are mere accessories in causing death. Take myself as a case in point. Once, when younger, I could lift my leg on a level with my head, writes a doctor in the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. It is an effort for me now to get it half that distance. Lime deposits are the cause of it. It is only a few days since that I performed a post-mortem on the remains of a distinguished journalist who died in this city at an advanced age. When I reached his heart I took my knife and on rubbing it over that organ it sounded as if it were being rubbed over a rough stone. The heart was fairly encased in lime. I have now under my care a distinguished literary man—a nonogenarian. He is going to die. (The patient has since died.) His death will be caused by abnormal deposits of lime. There is no mystery in death. It is as natural for man to die as to be born. We are born, we develop, we grow ("grow" is right) and we die. Is there anything strange about that? Man is like a tree. He lives his time, then withers, decays, dies. When we shall have learned everything we shall be wise enough to prolong the life of man, but by reason of the materials of which the body is composed he must die.

SWORDS SMILED AND SMILED.

And All Because He Had His Own Ideas of a Joke.

At Norwalk, Conn., D. R. Swords runs a meat market. It is charged that he is a male gossip. Recently there appeared in the local papers an article severely bearing upon Miss Kittie Moore, and everybody agreed that it must have been written by Swords. Kittie Moore fell in with the idea, and Thursday evening, accompanied by her beau, A. W. Smith, she called at the meat market. Swords was there, relates the Detroit Journal, and without any formalities the young lady—every female who engages in this sort of business is a lady, understand—this young lady proceeded to cowhide her traducer. He laughed for a time, but the blows grew more and more enthusiastic until the victim winced under the pain. He stood it heroically, however, until Kittie Moore got tired. Then he broke into a loud laugh and explained that the joke was on her, as he hadn't written the offensive article. Great joke!

The Conductor's Turn Came at Last.

He was the chronic car-joker on that line of road, and seldom boarded the train without guying the conductor, or left it without raising a general laugh at the company's or trainmen's expense. Yesterday, however, he arrived late at the station and barely in time to swing on without a ticket. He had just caught his breath, after seating himself with the usual daily crowd of fellow-travelers, when the conductor appeared.

"Haven't got any ticket," began the joker, in his usual vein, and the crowd awaited its daily guy.

"All right; give me 50 cents," responded the official.

"Never carry anything so small," and the traveler picked out a $20 bill, but did not pass it up.

"Make out your receipt first," he continued: "I'm all business to-day." Then as the receipt was duly punched out, he took it and began a long and labored inspection of it, still holding on to his $20 bill, at the same time aggravating the busy conductor with superfluous questions: "Engine all right? Air-brakes or hand-brakes? Newsboy chained? Any rebate on this ticket? Punched it all you want to? Any stop-over allowed?" etc. As the conducter began to tire of the business, the funny man handed over his $20 bill and suddenly drew it back, adding, "One question more: Is this a through train?" "Bet your life," replied the conductor, taking the bill; "and what is more," he added, pocketing the bill and deliberately moving away, "it's through without 'change,'" and the entire car smiled at the funny man and his disappearing $20 bill.—Buffalo Commercial.

Nature's True Tonic.

One of the advantages of light gymnastics is that the sick and convalescent can make what appear to be trifling efforts, and by them, in time, be restored to active health. If too feeble to be practically able to make but little exertion, try what are known as deep-breathing movements. Lie flat upon the back, take as long and as deep breaths as possible, and while the mouth is closed slowly throw the arms up in front and then at the sides. Rest for ten minutes. Try again the same inhalation and exhalation of air, the latter being pure and fresh. After a while attempt the same, sitting up. These exercises can safely be taken by the sick one every day, several times, and the whole muscular system will be improved, just as if some revivifying tonic had been given, a far better one than any charged with alcohol or some like stimulant.—Ladies' Home Journal.

A Yale (Mich.) business man, whose sign reads "Undertaker and Photographer," is said to give a photograph of the deceased with every coffin he sells.

ASCENDING MOUNT WILSON.

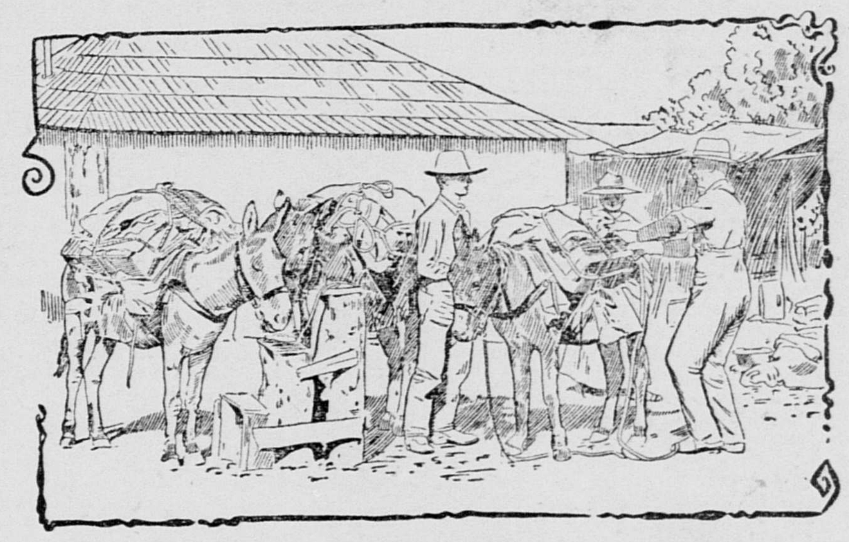
A Trip to the Site for the New Refracting Telescope.

THE GENTLE SIERRA MADRE BURRO.

A Grand Panoramic View of the Country as Presented From the Summit of the Mountain—The Scene by Moonlight and Starlight—Watching From "Echo Rock" the Rising of the Glorious Orb of Day. Down in the Valley Again.

Written for THE SUNDAY CALL.

On pleasure bent our party of eighteen left the hotel at Pasadena on the 9:03 o'clock morning train of the Santa Fe, and twenty minutes later we were clambering into survey buses that had the day previous been ordered to meet us at Santa Anita, and after a two-mile drive we were landed at the foot of the trail, where burros were secured, and then began in earnest the ascent of the now famous Mount Wilson, the site on which is to be located the great 42-inch refracting telescope—the objective point of a 12-foot toll-road now nearing completion, and also one of the most modern of mountain railways. The trinity of our transportation consisting of the rail-car, stage-coach and



GETTING READY.

the gentle unobtrusive burro reminded each member of our party that the old ever laps over onto the new. As a mode of travel the modern railway coach is of course enjoyed and admired by all. The stage-coach has played its part, and that a most romantic one, in the development of the Pacific Slope, as well as in the world's fiction, and is known of all men; but the burro, remnant of barbarism, is not so well known to-day as he deserves to be. The portiere which conceals from the present the dreamy slumbering past, when drawn aside discloses to the gaze a study in nature that is full of interest. In the center of the scene that was presented to our view, when nature's lambrequin was torn down, stood the burro, the slowest of God's creatures which man has pressed into service; an animal which, except in the mountain regions, so far as the man of the world is concerned, has been, long since, dead and buried. He is the fringe that decorates the mountains of the "wild and woolly west"—a cross between fond hope and abject despair; buoyant expectancy and overwhelming disappointment; deaf to entreaty and unresponsive to blows, as confiding, as guileless, he stands to-day complete in every appointment conducive to exasperation and impromptu profanity. This is a faint and imperfect description of the Sierra Madre Mountain burro. However, there is something about him that makes the burro a feature in the trip and the steam-cars that will soon be winding their way up to the summit, over their electric appliances, will bring to the promoters of that laudable enterprise a problem difficult of solution, and it will be "how to fill the weird and primitive niche now occupied by the Mount Wilson burro."

The mountain trail upon which we ride is broad and not at all difficult to climb, and the sweeping landscapes that greet the eye are grand and inspiring, in the midst of all of which delight a self-consciousness of man's littleness creeps uninvited over one. Giant granite columns, rough and angular, bid defiance to time, and many of them have nestling at their base the most delicate of ferns, reversing, it would seem, the conventional architectural design by placing the capital of leaves at the base of the column. Many of these immense rocks are supporting enormous loads of earth and larger rocks; the rains, which sometimes come in torrents, tear or wear away the foundation of these piles of granite, and they go rolling down with the foaming mountain

STEIL'S CAMP, WILSON PEAK.

streams. But the same action of the water that carries them away lays others bare. It is to the relentless and unremitting war of the elements, that is ever going on, that man is indebted for the magnificence of mountain scenery, and nowhere is the grandeur of Mount Wilson eclipsed. It would seem that some angel of blessing and goodness, in a moment of intense good will toward man, had pronounced special blessing upon all of this portion of the sun-kissed earth, thereby placing it from under the ban of calamity and disease. From the summit of Mount Wilson a panorama is unfolded to the beholder that is replete with all the requisites of esthetic beauty and magnificent splendor. The geography of Los Angeles County is before him; beautiful Pasadena, the city of typical homes, and the home of the present Governor of the great State of California, Hon. H. H. Markham, is in the foreground as we look southward, and from this lofty eminence seems as safe and quiet as a guarded fold; lying a full mile beneath our feet its squares and streets resemble the squares and lines upon a checker-board. The story of the reclamation of the site of the lovely city, and indeed of all the soil beneath our gaze, from the dominion of the coyote and jack-rabbit, reads more like some fairy-tale than authentic history. Southward the view extends for sixty miles, embracing within its broad sweep the beautiful Catalina Islands, over which imperial Los Angeles County asserts jurisdiction; eastward the eye can see fertile fields and valleys for eighty miles, hemmed in and protected from the disagreeable north winds by a series of snow-capped mountains that glisten and sparkle in the sun like the jeweled sails of some exaggerated fabled ship. Upon this famous expanse of fertile and protected soil thousands of happy homes with enchanting grounds have sprung up within a decade. The sun, that is so delightful in winter, is not severe when midsummer has come. The equableness of the temperature of picturesque San Gabriel Valley is secured to it so long as stands its cordon of mountain peaks, and its fame is as well secured to it as are its romantic mountain ranges. Three miles beyond Pasadena, and easy to single out, stands the old San Gabriel Mission, founded by the padres more than a hundred years ago, a miniature of which was on exhibition in the recent State Citrus Fair. Northward and westward ranges of rugged mountain alone are presented to the inquiring gaze. The ever-changing lights and shadows are a source of deepest admiration, and we devoted much time to reviewing the kaleidoscopic scene. Such sweeps of upheaved soil and granite—a part granite bare and solid, a part granite decomposed and littered with the debris of ages; places covered with huge though scraggy forest trees and a most impenetrable mass of shrubs and foliage; trees in blossom and odorous leaves and vines; cataracts here and jagged rocks and boulders everywhere. The view, grand at the first point, rounded by the trail grows grander still as the trail advances toward the summit. The canyons, too, deep and wide, are deeper and wider, the peaks are higher, the view more expansive, and at the summit the whole is superlatively majestic. The hotel accommodations upon the mountain tops are all that can be reasonably expected; a party can be well cared for while there. There is just enough frugality about the whole to make one feel that he has been transported to some elysian park. After nightfall we built a huge bonfire that blazed up beautifully, and beside the warmth and glow of which our party gazed down upon the electric lights of the two cities, Pasadena and Los Angeles. The moon rose later and its light with that of the stars gave a different yet delightful aspect to the strange shapes and shadows of the mountains about and the valleys below us. Songs and story-telling consumed the later hours of the evening, which were spent in the gentlemen's apartments of the log-cabin hotel, situate in a pretty little glen beside a running brook of purest mountain water about half a mile from the mountain top. The next morning our entire party arose at an early hour, and forming a sort of reception committee took up a position upon one of the prominent points called "Echo Rock," where we awaited the arrival of the glorious orb of day. Rising above the mountain tops Old Sol completely distances all competitors, and gives a strong excuse for the faith of the sun worshipers. Certainly nothing could be more awe-inspiring than is the coming of this monarch of the sky. Words cannot tell of the magnificence of the rising sun viewed from Mount Wilson across the serried host of mountain ranges. With what wonderful rapidity doth the whole scene change, yet in all the variety of light and shadow there is a god-like equality. The scene is rapturous, and loses in the telling thereof. Its stronger appeal is to the sense of sight. Not until the sun was well up above the horizon did any one suggest that we retrace our steps.

Reluctantly we quitted the spot, and soon were reveling among the trees and jutting crags, returning soon to the hotel for breakfast. That finished, we resumed our rambles. Careless of the sun, the cheeks of the ladies of the party begin to take on a more rustic and healthful hue. Lunch over, and the descent as interesting as the ascent of the day before had been was begun. Along the way many things unnoted in our upward climbs are exposed to view, by which means nature makes an appeal that is not likely to be made in vain to our party of mountaineers pro tem. to come again. The foot of the trail was reached after an invigorating ride of four hours.

We returned to the railway station in time to catch the 5:30 o'clock train in the evening, and although well pleased with the trip with all its many vicissitudes and adventures, we were all glad to get back to beautiful Pasadena.

The ascent of Mount Wilson should be made by all those whose sentiments find voice in the words, "I love thy rocks and rills."

R.

ECCENTRIC BEECHER.

He Wore a Silk Hat Only Once, While Romping With the Children.

All who ever saw Henry Ward Beecher and knew his figure can appreciate his reason for always wearing a soft hat—a reason which makes the following anecdote the more comical, says the Yankee Blade. J. B. Pond, Mr. Beecher's traveling companion and lecture agent, was asked if the great preacher did ever really wear a silk hat. He smiled, and then quickly exclaimed:

"Only once. I must tell you about that I was at Mr. Beecher's house one afternoon and we were to leave the house at 4 o'clock to catch a train. Mr. Beecher, according to his custom of an afternoon, had lain down for a nap. I was in the library, when, as the hour approached, Mrs. Beecher called my attention to the fact and asked where Mr. Beecher was. I went up to call him, but he was not in his room. I went downstairs and thought I would get my hat, which was a silk one. I could not find it where I had left it in the hallway. Just then Mrs. Beecher called my attention to the front of the house.

"Mr. Beecher had a cardigan jacket which he used to wear around the house at times, and you can imagine that it was not particularly becoming to his form. I went to where Mrs. Beecher stood and looked out. There in the middle of the street, with a lot of children around, stood Mr. Beecher in his cardigan, my silk hat on his head and a stick in his mouth with strings attached, as children make bits, and he was prancing up and down, back and forth, playing horse with the youngsters. You would have died a laughing seeing that sight.

"'Henry,' exclaimed Mrs. Beecher, 'what on earth are you doing? Do you know what a sight you are? You will lose the train.'

"Mr. Beecher stopped, drew out his watch—he always carried a first-class timekeeper—and replying, as he put it back, 'No, I wont; I've got two minutes yet,' off he galloped with the children at his heels in high glee. He used up the two minutes and we just caught the ferry-boat in time."

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