

himself. He often wears a slouch hat, but today he had on a stiff silk plug, the nap of which was well roughed up. He came up the walk to the porch with a look of determination written all over him. This said, "I am going to get there by and by," and he did. He spoke to the guards as he came up and saluted every one with a Democratic "How do you do." He had no papers to carry, nor did he put on airs. As he passed me I noted that the gray hairs have crept rapidly in and out among the black strands of his hair and beard, and that he is now on the edge, of growing old, though his walk shows that he still feels the wound which he received at the battle of Atlanta.

A WAR STORY OF GRESHAM.

Speaking of that battle, I heard the story of Gresham's wound the other day. Gen. McPherson was over him, and a day or two before Atlanta fell, a shell struck Gresham and carried away the fleshy part of his leg above the knee. He was badly hurt, but he had the nerve to send word to Gen. McPherson that he was disabled and had been ordered to the rear. McPherson sent back a sympathetic message and an escort, and Gresham was carried out by a roundabout course to a place where he could get medical attention. Here he laid for some time, but as soon as possible he was put into a baggage car on a stretcher and in this way carried off. In this baggage car he found a coffin next to him. It was there when his stretcher was put in. Several men were standing about it, and he heard one of them say, "It is too bad that the general is gone." "What general is it you are talking of?" he asked; whereupon the men told him that they were speaking of Gen. McPherson, who had been shot in the battle and whose dead body was in the coffin at his side. McPherson had been killed shortly after he had sent him his escort and had now overtaken him on his way to the rear.

A MAJOR GENERALSHIP OR BUST.

This battle was fought in July, 1864, and Gresham went into it, I am told, with the hope that he might be made a major general for his bravery. There is no braver man in the country than he. He won his brigadier generalship largely through his gallant conduct at the battle of Vicksburg. He had gone into that battle a colonel of the fifty-third Indiana and had rushed into the storm of it at the head of his men without orders. His regiment had done its full share of hard fighting, and he had ever been in the thickest of the fray. At its close, however, the brigade commander put him under arrest for marching without orders, but Gen. Grant had noticed his bravery and he ordered his release. It was on Grant's recommendation shortly after this that he was made a full brigadier. At this battle near Atlanta he realized that the war was nearly over and that if he was to win higher honors he would have to move quickly. Before riding into the engagement he said to one of his friends on McPherson's staff, "Here goes for a major generalship or bust." He then slouched his hat over his black eyes, dug his spurs into his horse and dashed into the fray. He had ridden barely a dozen rods before he received a shot in the leg which knocked him from his horse and threw him to the ground. The wound was such a severe one that the surgeon at the hospital ad-

vised the amputation of the leg, but this Gresham refused to permit. Blood poisoning ensued, and he had a hard struggle for life. I am told that he now and then still feels the effects of the wound. The blood poisoning left his stomach weak, and though he has a great capacity for work he has to use much care as to his health.

I was thinking of this story as I saw the general push his way on into the Executive Mansion. There was hardly a limp in his walk, but what an historic path his feet have trod. From the war until now he has been a part of our history. He has had the closest associations with men of both parties. Gen. Garfield at one time intended to make him Secretary of the Interior, and President Arthur thought enough of him to make him his Postmaster General and Secretary of the Treasury. He has never been an office seeker, and he said not long ago that he had never allowed ambition to take hold of him for fear it would make him its slave. There is no man in the cabinet who has so many strong friends as Gresham, nor any who is more democratic. He has torn the red tape from the State Department and you may find him almost any evening ready for a chat at his home. He has the confidence of the President, and I venture he makes no bones of saying just what he thinks without regard to the consequences of Cleveland liking it or not. He sits at the right of the President in his cabinet meetings, and he usually comes into them about five minutes late.

A LOOK AT THE ATTORNEY GENERAL.

As the door closed behind Judge Gresham I saw the Attorney General walk into the White House grounds. A little sober, student-like man, with a gray mustache and iron gray hair, he came gingerly along, with his overcoat on his arm. The day was warm, and Gresham had left his coat at home. Morton was clad in a business suit, but the Attorney General carried his coat, though it was within an hour of high noon and he had only to walk across the street. Olney is one of the reserved men of the United States, and if it were not irreverent I might call him and Secretary Bissell the clams of the cabinet. Neither of them likes to appear in the newspapers. Neither will submit to interviews, and both slip in and out about Washington as though they were walking on eggs and feared the result of boisterous exertion. Olney and Bissell are both lawyers and neither was much known before he came to Washington. Attorney General Olney is sixty-seven years old. He is worth a fortune, and his law practice, largely connected with railroads, has, it is said, been netting him \$50,000 a year for a decade or so.

BISSELL AND HIS CARRIAGE.

Postmaster General Bissell always comes to the White house in a carriage. He is rarely seen walking on the streets of Washington, and I venture there are not a hundred men here outside of those who have met him in a business way who know him. Let me tell you how he looked as he stepped from his coupe today and stood upon the White House steps. The Postmaster General has been compared to President Cleveland. I do not see where the likeness comes in. Bissell is a much bigger man than the President. He is taller, broader and

better made. He has a glant frame, and the bones of this are loaded down with muscular fat. I don't think his flesh is flabby. It looks solid, and his dark, sallow skin appears to be healthy. He has a bigger head than President Cleveland. If you could trust a ruler through it from ear to ear you would find it quite as thick as that of the President. Its longest dimensions, however, are from top to bottom. I venture it is nine inches from his crown to the medulla oblongata, and his face must be a foot long. His chin is a double one, and it slopes off into a long, strong neck. The Postmaster General has a good, broad forehead. It is high, as well as broad, and he combs his black hair straight up from it, making it look still higher. His head is very high above the ears, and the ears are of a good size and set close to the head. Postmaster General Bissell has a pleasant expression. He is honest in his manner, and he can laugh. I judge he would make a good club man, though he has not spent much time in club life in Washington. He is noted for his reticence in regard to himself and his department, and the cold chills corrugate his fat back until it looks like a washboard when he is asked to make a statement for newspaper publication. He is, perhaps, the closest to the President of any man in the cabinet, and psychically he and Cleveland are in fact the halves of one soul. The Postmaster General lives here at Washington about two blocks from the White House. His home is a big brick of three stories and an English basement. It has a prison-like entrance, and at the right of this is a little office or library, where the Postmaster General receives his gentlemen friends of an evening. He does much of his work at his home, and he smokes and works here far into the night. He is a man of culture, of good education and a graduate of Yale. His wife is one of the most accomplished women of the capital, young and charming. She is a fine musician, and received a part of her musical education in Europe. She is a New York girl, and was a schoolmate of Mrs. Cleveland at Wells College. The Postmaster General is said to be rich. He has made a fortune at the law and in railroads, and is said to be worth as many hundred thousand dollars as he weighs pounds. As he tips the beam at about three hundred, this would make him the possessor of more than a quarter of a million.

LAMONT AS WAR SECRETARY.

Another rich man in President Cleveland's cabinet is Daniel Lamont. He followed Bissell up the White House steps this afternoon. He is six inches shorter than the Postmaster General, and, though he has materially gained in weight since he was private secretary to Cleveland, he does not now weigh more than half as much as Mr. Bissell. He has not aged in the past eight years. His mustache is the same wiry red. His china-blue eyes look out from under the same heavy, unwrinkled brows, and his only difference is seen in fuller cheeks and a perceptible paunch. Secretary Lamont is always well dressed. He wears business clothes as a rule, but they are new, and the creases in his pants are as clearly defined as were those of Secretary Whitney's. Lamont leads a democratic life at the War Department. He has a little ante-room back of his office, where he receives his friends, and in which many a confiden-