

who have public business. These men after they have passed the guards down stairs are allowed to go up the stair case between the east room and the vestibule. At the top of this there is a guard in citizens' clothes, and passing across a hall you come into another corridor, in the rooms of which at the back are the offices of the President and Mr. Thurber, and also the big parlor in which the cabinet meets. As you step into this corridor you see seated at a desk one of the most trusted servants and best watchmen any ruler has ever known. This is Sergt. Loeffler, the special messenger of the President. He is a wiry, sharp-eyed man, with a gray mustache. No one knows how old he is, but his muscles are iron. He was fighting the Indians long before the war began, and for the past twenty years he has been one of the confidential servants of the White House. It is he who takes in the cards that reach the President. He knows all the prominent men of the country and he sometimes detects bad characters who have passed the men below. In this same corridor you find a couple of colored guards, among them Arthur, who has been the messenger of the private secretary of the President for years, and if you are an unknown man your card will be given by Sergt. Loeffler to Arthur, and you will have to go in and have an interview with Private Secretary Thurber before you can pierce the divinity which hedges our American king. Mr. Thurber has naturally a great reverence for the President. He appreciates the dangers which surround him and one must have indeed good credentials and an honest face to be admitted by him into President Cleveland's office. Just across the hall are the offices of another corps of clerks, including Col. Wm. H. Crook, who has been twenty-eight years connected with the Executive Mansion and who was one of President Lincoln's special body guards when he made his trip to Richmond. All of the employes of the White House are connected with the President and the private secretary by electric bells, and the whole army could be called into the President's room by the pressure of a button.

NIGHT IN THE WHITE HOUSE.

I have shown you that it would be almost impossible for any one to break into the White House at night. I want to tell you how easily the man would be caught if he got in. He would, in the first place, have to pass the men on the city police force, climb over the fence, and get to the White House itself. He would have to do this under a blaze of lights, for electricity and gas unite to turn night into day, and the lamps in front of the mansion always burn. Suppose he got to the front door and picked the locks, he would find himself, on entering the vestibule, in the hands of the three policemen who are always on guard there after dark. He could in no way break into the front of the mansion except through this door or the windows at its sides. If he attempted to enter the basement door facing the treasury, he would be captured by the policeman stationed there, and if he eluded him, upon getting into the basement, he would find himself in a wide hall lighted by electricity and patrolled by a stalwart officer armed to the teeth. If he could possibly pass him he might get to the second floor of the house by the stairway which comes out into the

private corridor of the mansion near the conservatory, and thence he could slip up the private stairs to the second floor and be in the living rooms and sleeping rooms of the President. To do this, however, he would have to break locks, and the slightest noise would be heard by the officers in the vestibule, so that you could see he would have an almost impossible task. In case he got to the President's bed room, a touch of the button by Mr. Cleveland would set the electric bell on the lower floor to ringing, and the policemen and the servants would come rushing in at the sound.

A ring at the telephone of the office near by would call the whole police force of the city to the White House in a few minutes, and a connection could be made with the armed forces at the navy yard, so that a force of soldiers would surround the mansion and prevent any possible escape.

DANGERS OUTSIDE THE WHITE HOUSE.

The chief danger lies outside the White House. So far no attempt has ever been made to attack a President in the Executive Mansion. The risks are too great. The attacks upon Lincoln, Jackson and Garfield were all made when they were away from the house, and the scheme to abduct Lincoln included the capturing of him while he was on his way to the Soldiers' Home. The guards which are now placed about a President when he is away from office are better than they have ever been before, and the safety of the President is carefully watched when he is at his country home. Eight mounted policemen patrol the roads of this part of the Washington suburbs, and you can hardly go into the country now about here without meeting a policeman on horseback. The police service of the capital has, in fact, never been so efficient as it is today, and the President is seldom away from the eyes of the police. When he goes to church there is an officer on the street outside, and his afternoon rides seldom go outside the range of the mounted police.

THE PRESIDENT A BRAVE MAN.

I am told that the President objects to the close watch which is kept upon him. He is a brave man, and he does not like it. He was, you know, attacked by a crank when he was governor of New York, just before he was elected President. He was on his way to the Capitol in Albany, when a man sprang out from the corner of the street and tried to strike him in the face. President Cleveland at first acted merely on the defensive, but toward the last of the trouble he gave the man a fairly good pounding. While he was making the assault a friend of Mr. Cleveland's came up and seized the man, and Mr. Cleveland thereupon went on to the governor's office. The man was not satisfied with some action of Cleveland in regard to a pardon, and the trial which ensued showed that he was crazy. There is a story here that President Cleveland was attacked during the campaign by a crank in New York. I cannot vouch for its truth, but it is said that about three weeks before the election a man called at Mr. Cleveland's house on West 54th street in New York and asked to see him. He was shown into the parlor, and a moment later Mr. Cleveland entered. As he did so the man raised a revolver and snapped at

him. The cap missed fire, and Mr. Cleveland, throwing his arms around the man, pressed him against the wall and called for help. A few minutes later he was in the hands of the police, and shortly after this he found a place in an insane asylum. Through Dr. Bryant and Superintendent Byrnes the matter was kept out of the papers, and today no one but the President and his most intimate friends know the exact facts of the case.

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Written for this Paper.

WAKEMAN'S WANDERINGS.

LONDON, Nov. 23, 1893. To the traveler in Norway the impression is constantly recurring that the country possesses the greatest amount of majestic scenery and the fewest people of any habitable land on the face of the globe. Perhaps this feeling is strongest with the wanderer on foot along the mountain highways. What might be termed the superabundance of nature's tremendous spectacles often saddens and even appals the spectator, who finds scant relief in human contact or even in that scenic contrast which provides repose from awe-inspired emotions.

These panoramas of nature have been provided in such vast proportions and are so endless in number, that something like head-ache and heart-ache follow the unrelieved emotional tension. One involuntarily cries out, in the surfeit of it all, for respite; just as one who has passed with unwrecked mind through the mountain-height spiritual and sound tornadoes of Wagner's "Parsifal," at Bayreuth, feels that reason might be easily dethroned if the human gaieties of Berlin and Paris were not conveniently near to assist in speedy restoration.

Without a companion I should have despaired of tramping more than from one dreary station to another. Indeed I find I love best the lands of peoples, of activities and homes. The mile-posts, as would be remarked in dear old Ireland, are too far apart in Norway. There are too much of frozen fjeld and glacier-peaked mountain between clusters of homes. And when, after always journeying long and far, you come upon human kind, while you certainly meet honest folk, hospitable folk and, universally, folk possessing extraordinary virtues of mind and character, you still detect the ineffable sadness and appalling loneliness of surrounding nature reflected in their faces; as you will find, the world over, vacuous meagerness transmitted from changeless surroundings into the natures and faces of all human stand-stills and stay-at-homes.

Whenever I close my eyes and see Norway and her people in retrospect, both seem to blend in solidified strata of perspective. Down there, almost on the sea level in the lower valleys, are the scant folk with solemn faces and solemn ways; so measured and exacting in toil or pleasure that they suggest huge lichens which have clung through the storms of ages to the mountain bases of stone. The next stratum is an intermingling of forest, rock, moraine and waterfall; the latter so stupendous and fleecy that they seem like shattered descending glaciers, arrested in their headlong course and frozen into a white so wondrous that no earthly art can attain its purity. Above this is a thin layer of humans and herds, the very