

few men who can chew tobacco without the habit being visible to his associates.

President Harrison is expected in Washington within a few days. He will hardly call upon President Cleveland. He has shunned the White House ever since he left it. His presidential career contained many unpleasant things which are unknown to the world, and the loss of Mrs. Harrison while he was in the White House has associated it with his saddest reminiscences. I talked not long ago with a prominent Indianapolis woman, to whom President Harrison lately spoke upon this subject, in the most pathetic terms. This lady had been a close friend of the President and Mrs. Harrison, and during a call upon a the ex-president she asked him whether he was not happier outside the White House than in it. He replied that he was, and that he had a horror at the idea of being possibly asked to return there. He said:

"You cannot appreciate the feeling I have toward the White House and the presidential office. It is filled with disagreeable things, and the President of the United States, if he will permit it, could keep himself miserable all the time. There are so many unpleasant things in the newspapers, and the life is one of wear and tear and worry. I guarded myself from many of the disagreeable things said about me by my private secretary. Mr. Halford never allowed me to see the unpleasant things, except when they were necessary. Insulting letters or unjust newspaper criticisms were never presented to me, and I hardly knew that they existed. I gave instructions that they should not be allowed to come into the hands of Mrs. Harrison, and I supposed they had not. But after her death, among her papers, I found tied up a bundle of such things. In some way she got hold of them, and I really believe it was that which killed her. 'No,' concluded the President, 'I have no desire to go back to the White House. My life there was filled with sorrow, and I do not want to repeat it.'"

I have heard a number of stories like this. Harrison is supposed to be as cold as snow, but his friends say he really has warm soul inside his icy cuticle, and one of his greatest troubles is that he cannot show what he feels. He may have the kindest feelings toward people, but he lacks the ability to express them. His skin his sallow and repellent. His cold blue eyes give forth no spark save when he is angry, and his face has no more nobility than that of the statue of Washington in front of the Capitol. Many a time he makes a man feel uncomfortable when he really likes him and wants to please him. I heard an incident not long ago which illustrates this. It was at his home in Indianapolis. A prominent man had called, with a letter of introduction the General Harrison. He was admitted and for an hour talked with the President and his family. Harrison, however, was, as usual, gruff and cold. He said but little, and when he did speak it was in opposition to the views advanced by the caller. When the man left he turned about and remarked to Mrs. Harrison:

"That man is a good fellow. I like him very much, and I want to know him better."

"Oh, why didn't you tell him so Ben?" replied Mrs. Harrison. "Why

weren't you more warm in your reception of him? He has gone away, thinking you cold and hard, and I venture he believes that you have no sympathy whatever with him."

"I don't know," replied General Harrison. "Somehow or other, I can't do it. It's not in me, I suppose."

President Harrison is, in fact, a natural kicker. There are today a good many men in the United States who would not like to see him nominated. There is a prospect that they may goad him into being a candidate that he is not one. He likes to fight, and his nature is combative. Shortly before his death, Jeremiah Rusk, Harrison's late secretary of agriculture, told me that during the cabinet meetings the President always took the opposite side of every question proposed by his cabinet ministers. Said Mr. Rusk:

"You could never tell what his real opinion was. He would argue in favor of his position as though his soul was bound up in it. After the matter was thoroughly discussed, and the members of the cabinet had gone away half mad, he would follow just the policy which he had argued against. I suppose he took this method to find out the arguments for and against matter upon which he had to pass. I think his nature has been developed in this direction by his practice of the law."

Speaking of Mrs. Harrison's death: It is not generally known that she had a presentiment that she would die before she left the White House. The story was told me by a man who was present at the Harrison house on the morning that the presidential party left for Washington. Mrs. Harrison came down stairs when ready to start, with the President on her arm. When she got to the bottom she tripped and almost fell, and she superstitiously thought that this was an omen that she would not live out the administration. It made a deep impression upon her, and during her last illness she said:

"I will never get well. I tripped on the bottom stair."

Frank G. Carpenter

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

I was sent in 18— with important papers and instructions from the secretary of war, with which I was to proceed and deliver to several military posts located in the far west. At this early date the railroad had only reached to Omaha, Nebraska, at which point I obtained a mustang, and proceeded on my overland journey to San Francisco.

Three months after I left Washington, a pretty morning late in June, I found myself emerging out of Emigration canyon on the high table-land overlooking the great Salt Lake, and the beautiful "Mormon valley." Salt Lake City spread over the level prairie with its white adobe houses, wide streets, rows of green trees, and beautiful vistas rolled in by the Wasatch range of the Rockies which made a magnificent background. I disposed of my faithful little animal and after a night's sojourn in the sainted city, the next morning in an old tally-ho coach, behind four spirited English hackneys, I resumed my long journey.

We sped rapidly through the valley

directly south over the old State road made famous by the ill-fated emigrants who met their doom at Mountain Meadows some years before. Just before crossing over the Utah line into Arizona we stopped for luncheon, and change of horses, after which we commenced to experience the roughest part of our journey, ascending lofty mountains and descending into narrow defiles with perpendicular walls from which projected massive boulders of gigantic size, now out on the open desert where the atmosphere was as clear as a bell. The stage was heavily loaded, several passengers having joined us at the Relays, among whom I noticed a very pretty innocent sad faced girl with an aristocratic bearing which indicated culture and refinement. She seemed to know no one, and no one knew her. When we were well on our way some one said something about road agents, but the remark was not discussed, and nothing disturbed the serenity of our travel except a dark heavy cloud that hovered threateningly over us, and occasionally a sullen rumble of distant thunder. It was now quite dark; some of the passengers were dosing and others were discussing the prospects of the country over which we had come. I asked the driver whether we would make Grand Point before ten o'clock. He answered me with a significant shake of the head, from which I inferred that trouble was not far ahead of us, for just a few weeks previous to that time an emigrant train had been robbed, and not by Indians either.

However, my suspicion was soon verified. As the stage turned into a narrow pass, an ever recurring feature of the landscapes of the rocky mountain country. "Hold up, stranger, I wish to ride with you" came in a rough voice from out of the darkness. The heavy green foliage that hung on both sides of the narrow drive way made it a very dismal place; but the only answer to the voice was the crack of the driver's whip over his faithful leaders. A few pistol shots were fired, and I began to think it would be a long chase. But I was mistaken; for two confederates ran out from their concealment, and grabbed the two horses in front, forcing them back on the wheel horses almost upsetting the coach; and to add to our consternation and confusion, the scattering clouds which had followed us so persistently for the last few hours had gathered, the pent up fury of the elements was let loose, and the mountains resounded with the impetuous rage of the thunder, lightning, and rain. It was indeed an awful night.

I crawled out of the stage as I thought, unperceived, but I had no sooner got squarely on my feet than I was ordered to throw up my hands, which I was not long in obeying. I was approached by a daring-looking fellow with a heavy black mustache, and a peculiar stoppage or hesitancy in his speech. I told him the young lady who sat in the upper corner of the coach was my wife, and assured him that she had what money and valuables we possessed. To my surprise the ruse worked admirably. He went to her, taking everything she had, which, I afterwards heard, was a diamond ring, and several hundred dollars in money. He then started back in the direction in which I stood, but stepping to one side the friendly darkness concealed me from his view.

The robbers, mounting their horses,