

know, the President-elect walked regularly to church with his aged mother on his arm.

I believe that President McKinley gets rest today by his care for his wife. Mrs. McKinley, though she is better now than she has been for years, is still quite weak at times, and the President often leaves his work and goes to see her. He is devoted to her, and when with her I doubt if he thinks of the cares of state or the troubles of office seekers and congressmen. It is the loosening the string of the bow now and then that preserves its elasticity, and it is thus that the President's love forms another secret of his strength.

But whatever the President's natural strength may be he has certainly added to it by his stay here. There is no more beautiful place in the United States. Lake Champlain lies between the Green mountains and the Adirondacks, in a little hollow so roofed with the sky which hangs upon the dark blue mountain tops, that you seem to be in a great amphitheater somewhere high up in the attic story of the world. The President is here just over the eastern rim of the great Mississippi basin, which forms the great central part of the United States. He is in the lower basin of the St. Lawrence and the Great Lakes, only an hour's ride by rail from the Canadian line. Think of that! Twenty-five miles from here is a country with which the great nation over, which the President rules is to a certain extent at odds. The London papers after the late Sherman seal letters were filled with rumors of war. Were this not a civilized age how easily could a couple of regiments from Canada slip over and kidnap the President. I walked past his rooms at midnight last night, not a soldier was on guard, not a policeman was in sight, not even a detective in citizen's clothes to sound the note of alarm.

There is no man in the country who leads a simpler or plainer life than McKinley does here. He is in the hotel as one of the guests, and outside having his meals with his family in his own rooms he is, at his own request, treated almost absolutely the same as the rest. He has not a snobbish hair on his head, and he is as plain in his ways here as one of Andrew Jackson's old clay pipe stems. He walks about the grounds alone at times going down to the lake and wandering through the pine forests which skirt its banks below the hotel. He is the ruler of 75,000,000 people, and he has more power than Queen Victoria, but he puts on no more airs than the man who is now driving the lawn mower in cutting the grass in front of this hotel. He could have had cottages in a dozen different mountain sections if he would have accepted them.

Several score of hotel proprietors wrote him offering him their hospitality, but instead he picked out this place by the advice of the Vice President and Secretary Gage, and then made a plain, everyday business arrangement as to prices and accommodation. I don't know what his bills will be, but I know that he expects to pay for everything he gets, and that he will accept no favors in any way. Is it not a curious thing that the President of as great a country as ours should have to consider the question of expense? But I doubt not that Mr. McKinley does so, for he has a large family and when you add to this the half-dozen secretaries and clerks

who are needed along you can see that the account is no light one, especially at a place like Hotel Champlain, where the regular price for rooms is \$5 per day.

And still this is an ideal place for a presidential vacation. Mr. McKinley does not like to change, and it is not improbable that next summer will find him again where he is now. Here he is away from the office seekers. He has given orders that only the most imperative mail be forwarded to him, and all the surroundings are of health and peace. The hotel itself is very large. It covers at least half an acre, but its guests are singularly quiet, and the politician is not to be seen.

The scenery here is of its own kind. It is most beautiful, and the cloud effects change the aspect of nature every hour. Let me give you some of the pictures upon which the President is now looking to rest his soul. His quarters are in the annex of the hotel, with windows giving views of both lake and mountains. Out in front of him there is a dense forest of dark green pines through which the breezes from the Green mountains of Vermont rush after their flight across the lake in order that they may be perfumed with life-giving balsam before they kiss the President's lips. Beyond the pines lies Lake Champlain, its glassy surface slightly rippled by the breeze and painted with golden wavelets by the setting sun. A long chain of pretty islands lie like great emeralds upon this sea of gold, and beyond are the smoky blue hills growing darker as they rise one upon the other until they saw their way into the silver and purple sky. How quiet it is. You can hear the clack, clack, clack of that man's feet as they touch the steps of the stairs which lead from the hotel piazza down the bluff to the beach. You can hear the birds singing in the trees, chattering at one another and one now and then bursting out into a volume of liquid song. That is the concert which greets the President's ears as he opens his eyes in the morning—a concert which is kept merrily up all day long.

Let us turn about and look out of another window. In front of us are some of the highest of the Adirondacks, their peaks resting in golden clouds. Between the mountains and the President is a park of velvety green, and there upon it are two ground squirrels playing. They have come out of the pines for a gambol together and almost scare that robin red-breast, who, though it is late in the day, is diligently seeking for the typical worms.

You have read the telegrams about the President's movements, how he has taken one or two yacht trips, and how he has crossed once or twice over the lake to Vermont. He has taken rides to see Au Sable chasm, about twelve miles away. Here the waters of the Au Sable river, after dashing over a great falls of oil and foam as they wind their way through one of the most wonderful gorges of the United States. It is 200 feet deep and two miles in length, and its beauties have been compared to those of the Yosemite in miniature. You have heard how he has gone fishing and what he has caught, and I can tell you in passing that so far his hook has not been baited beforehand with fish in order that he may be reported as lucky nor has a deer been tied up by a guide that he may make a sure shot, as according to the story told here was done

for President Cleveland during one of his Adirondack hunting excursions. So far as I can learn President McKinley has no ambition to shoot deer. He has not so far even attacked the ground squirrels which he meets with in his walks on the lawn, and so far as attempting to murder any of the innocent hogs which are found in the country roads away from the hotel, as our bloodthirsty Ben Harrison did when he was taking a presidential vacation in Virginia, I know that McKinley would scorn it.

The President will be in his element at the Grand Army reunion at Buffalo. He is a strong Grand Army man, and always wears a red, white and blue button in the lapel of his coat. He had one on when I called upon him today. He likes to go over his soldier life with his old comrades, and his eyes lighted up when I mentioned the Grand Army. He is fond of military affairs, and it is not known to many that he narrowly escaped being swallowed up in the regular army when the war closed. He entered the service, you remember, as a boy, was promoted to be captain and finally rose to the rank of major, receiving much honorable mention from his superior officers. He was given to understand at the close of the war that if he remained in the service that he would be well treated, and he came back home, full the idea of joining the regular army and making war his profession for life. A good salary was sure at the start, and the uniform seemed popular and pleasing. When he proposed the matter to his father, however, the elder McKinley, who was a man of strong common sense, said nothing for a moment, and then settled the business as far as his advice was concerned, in the following:

"Well, William, you may do as you please, but I have never thought that soldiers amounted to much in times of peace."

This set young McKinley to thinking, and the result was that he gave up his soldier idea and went to studying law. Then he became prosecuting attorney, and the law thus formed the stepping stone to his political career, which landed him in the White House. Had he chosen the other path he might possibly have been the colonel of the regiment which is at the barracks here today, subject to some other man, who, in that case, would now hold the place of President of the United States. Truly the ways of destiny are strange.

Yours truly, G. Carpenter

DOMESTIC SCIENCE.

"Fritadella" in the chafing dish, though most aristocratic of title resolves itself into a sort of glorified hash, that properly evolved is an ornament to the hash family, and is worthy of a high sounding name. Its ingredients are two tablespoonfuls butter, one tablespoonful onion cut fine, one cupful fresh bread crumbs, one cup cooked meat chopped fine, one tablespoon salt, one-half salt-
 spoon pepper or paprika, one-quarter of a nutmeg, one teaspoonful thin yellow rind of lemon, one-half cup of hot water or one-half cupful weak stock. Put the butter in pan and cook the onion in it until it turns yellow. Add the crumbs, meat, seasoning and cook