

that appeals to those who used it, and it seems to me it brings my people closer to me. I sometimes use it in my family, though my wife and daughter generally object."

HOW ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS WROTE LETTERS.

The conversation here turned to Alexander Stephens. Richard Malcome Johnston was one of Alexander Stephens's closest friends. The two men were closely associated together during a great part of their lives, and one of the best of our American biographies is Mr. Johnston's life of Alexander H. Stephens. During the talk he told me how he secured some of the material for this life. Said he: "Alexander Stephens and myself corresponded together for years, and we got into a habit of writing letters to one another under assumed names. This began in 1862. I had written a bit of doggerel poetry and I sent it to Mr. Stephens with a letter signed 'Jeems Giles.' In this I pretended that I wanted to be a poet, and I asked Mr. Stephens's advice as to how I should improve my style and dispose of my poem. Mr. Stephens recognized the hand writing, and a few days later I received a letter which was signed 'Peter Finkle.' Under this signature Mr. Stephens wrote an answer to my letter. Finkle pretended that he was sort of a private secretary of Mr. Stephens, and he wrote his master's ideas on the subject of my poetry. It was, of course, Mr. Stephens himself. For some time we carried on this sort of a correspondence, my letters always being signed Jeems Giles, and Alexander H. Stephens's being signed Peter Finkle. Shortly after the correspondence began I asked Peter Finkle to give me some stories about his master, whom he called the 'Boss,' and in reply to this Alexander Stephens told me in these letters a large part of the story of his life. He described his school days, and wrote much more freely than he could have written had he been writing concerning himself in the first person. He was one of the most charming writers, and he kept during a part of his early life a sort of a diary or journal. I was visiting him at one time at his home in Georgia. I had asked him many questions about his early life, and just before we went to bed one night he asked me to come to his room. I did so, and he then showed me a dusty old manuscript which was marked 'Noli me tangere.' This was his diary. He said he had not looked at it for years, and that he often intended to destroy it. He read several pages of it to me, and finally consented that I might read the whole of it. This was before the war. I knew him intimately up to the time of his death."

HOW STEPHENS LOOKED.

"Please tell me how he looked?" said I.
"He was a little bundle of skin and bones. He never weighed more than a hundred pounds, and during his youth he weighed less than seventy. In his diary I remember he rejoices at having increased his weight to ninety-four pounds. He was at this time twenty-one, and he states that when he left college at nineteen his net weight was only seventy pounds. During his whole life I venture he did not have a moment which was free from pain. He was always cold, notwithstanding the fact that he wore two suits of silk underclothes

winter and summer. He generally wore gloves in the house and out, and he had the most delicate stomach of any man I have ever known. He was melancholy in his temperament, and was full of fears and anxieties about himself and his friends. He was the most tender-hearted man I have ever known, and he had the greatest sympathy for his friends and everything about him. He was sick for a week, when his favorite dog died, and he lavished more love on his dogs than many men do on their families. He was a man of many friends, and he made his friends' troubles his own. I loved him very dearly, and our relations were very close. I was living near Baltimore during his congressional career, and he wanted me to come and spend my Sundays with him. I did visit him often, but he always gave me an elaborate dinner with wines, to which he invited a number of his friends, and I knew he could not afford it. I would hardly get out of the house before he would begin to write to me, and the day after I returned home I was sure to get a letter from him saying that he wondered how I was feeling, and whether I had gotten home safely. One night I left when the weather was cold and sleety, and he wrote me a letter full of anxiety as to whether I had gotten home safely, and had not fallen or taken cold on the way. When his brother Linton died he was prostrated, and he wrote for me to come to him. He only recovered from the blow by plunging into work and by trying to forget himself in his labors."

HIS CHARACTER.

"Was he a good judge of men, Mr. Johnston?" I asked.

"Not as individuals," replied Mr. Johnston. "He had broad ideas of mankind in the aggregate and his foresight as to public questions was wonderfully accurate. But the poorest, meanest, shabbiest negro could impose upon him, and he was deceived again and again by beggars and frauds. He was the soul of generosity. He made, I venture, as much as \$300,000 during his lifetime, but he died poor. He spent his money as fast as he made it and he didn't seem to appreciate its value. His law practice was large during a great part of his life, and he received a great deal of money from his books. His 'Constitutional View of the War' must have sold about 70,000 copies. It was published in two volumes. His royalty was 35 cents a volume, and his receipts from it amounted to \$35,000. He kept open houses at Liberty Hall, his place in Georgia, and every train brought him guests, some of whom he had never met before. He was fond of society and was a most charming talker."

STRAWBERRIES AND DEATH.

"Referring to Alexander H. Stephens' friendships," continued Mr. Johnston, "he was to a certain extent superstitious, and one of his superstitions was that his dreaming concerning fruit indicated the sickness or death of one of his friends. He might, for instance, dream of eating strawberries. He would wake up in the morning terribly worried, and if a friend came in in the course of the day and told him that one of his acquaintances in the back districts of Georgia had died he would say emphatically that he knew something would happen and that there was the result of those strawberries."

HOW ALEXANDER STEPHENS LOVED.

"How about his love affairs? He

never married. Was he an admirer of women?"

"Yes," replied Mr. Johnston. "Alexander H. Stephens had all the chivalry of a knight of the middle ages and all of the passion of an Apollo. He appreciated, however, that his physical condition would not permit him to marry, and though he fell in love once or twice during his life, he never prosed marriage to anyone and he kept his passion a secret. When he was teaching school he fell in love with one of his pupils, but he never spoke of it to her, nor to anyone else until nearly forty years later. He was also in love when he was forty, and he was always an admirer of beautiful women."

From Alexander Stephens the conversation drifted to Gen. Bob Toombs, whom Mr. Johnston called the greatest intellectuality he had ever known, and from him to other great men of the South. He said that he thought the giants of the South were not as well known as those of the North. It was only during recent years that the South had contained many literary men. The Southerners of the past were more like the Romans, in that they were men of action and not writers. The Northerners Mr. Johnston compared to the Greeks, who were poets and scholars, as well as soldiers. He said that he thought the war had changed the South in this respect, and that the present era of literary activity and of literary production in the South was largely due to this change. Throughout the whole conversation Mr. Johnston exhibited the warmest of sentiments in regard to the North, and his friendships are by no means bounded by Mason and Dixon's line.

FRANK G. CARPENTER.

THE EUROPEAN MISSION.

[Millennial Star, Feb. 12.]

ARRIVALS.—The following missionaries for Great Britain arrived in Liverpool from Utah and Idaho, per Cunard steamer *Etruria*, Saturday, February 3, 1894: Ira Beunton, of Taylorville, Salt Lake county, Utah; A. P. Kester and J. W. MacDuff, Salt Lake City; Edgar M. Lindsay, George Town, Idaho; James C. Woods, Erbe, Tooele county, Utah; John M. Dalton and George B. Houtz, Springville, Utah county, Utah; Nathan Reeves, Kayserville, Davis county, Utah.

APPOINTMENTS.—Elder Ira Beunton has been appointed to labor as traveling Elder in the Liverpool conference.

Elder A. P. Kester has been appointed to labor as traveling Elder in the London conference.

Elder J. W. MacDuff has been appointed to labor as traveling Elder in the Manchester conference.

Elder Edgar M. Lindsay has been appointed to labor as traveling Elder in the Irish conference.

Elders James C. Woods and Nathan Reeves have been appointed to labor as traveling Elders in the Nottingham conference.

Elder John M. Dalton has been appointed to labor as travelling Elder in the Welsh conference.

Elder George B. Houtz has been appointed to labor as travelling Elder in the Leeds conference.

They pay 25 cents each for cotton-woods at Eddy, N. M., and are planting thousands of trees this year.