

is quiet in his ways when off the stump and is a good conversationalist as well as a good speaker. A friend of his who has gone with him during many of his campaigns told me that McKinley dislikes to talk politics when off the stump, and that he is a man of wide reading and of much general knowledge. He said that McKinley had no particular rules as to the use of his voice, but that after he finishes a speech he always goes to his room and takes off every stitch of his clothes and then rubs himself down with a coarse towel. He then puts on new underclothes to wear during the rest of the day or evening.

NEW STORIES OF GRANT AND SHERMAN.

Speaking of Ohio, it is wonderful how many prominent men come from that state. In Harrison's cabinet there were four men who were born in Ohio. These were Rusk, Elkins, Foster and Noble. President Harrison first saw light in the same state. Senator Allison spent his boyhood in Ohio. Manderson came from Canton and Jones, the silver millionaire, went to school in Cleveland. Senator Stewart of Nevada came from Newark, Ohio. Dan Voorhees got his first spanking not far from Cincinnati and Turpie of Indiana first squalled in Hamilton county. The two great generals of the war, Grant and Sherman, were born in Ohio and the buckeye woods are full of good stories of them. Among others the following were told me by Gen. W. H. Gibson, the famous Ohio orator, who is now postmaster at Tiffin. Said Gen. Gibson:

"I knew both Grant and Sherman before they became famous and I was very close to them during the first part of the war. Grant was the great general of the war and Sherman was great as a pusher of men and a fighter, but Grant was the Washington of our civil strife. Sherman was full of good ideas. They called him crazy when he proposed 100,000 men to be marched right down into Tennessee and on through the south, but that idea was a correct one, and had it been followed the north would have conquered the south more quickly and with a less loss of men. Sherman was very superior as a leader of an army where the lines were mapped out, and as for Grant, he could carry the whole country from the mountains to the sea in his eye. He knew every part of our fighting grounds and of its people from the Pacific slope to the capes of Virginia, and he played the game of war with a full knowledge of the position and the possibilities of every man on the chess board.

GRANT ON THE GENERALS OF THE BIBLE.

"Speaking of military genius," Gen. Gibson went on, "during the earlier part of the war we lay for a long time inactive and Gen. Grant used to come to our headquarters and we had many talks together. Grant has been accused of getting drunk during the first part of the civil war. This was not true. He took a glass now and then, as most of us did, but I have never seen him under the influence of liquor. He was a fine talker and full of ideas. His talk showed that he had been a great reader and he was especially well posted on the Bible. As an instance of this I remember a chat we had on a book entitled 'Partisan Warfare,' which Gillam, an officer of the southern army, had published. I referred to it and asked Grant

whether he had seen it. Yes, he replied. I have read it. Gillam was always a great fool and his book is pure balderdash. Talk about partisan warfare! There is no partisan warfare going on in this world today. The only man in this war who is carrying on his fighting in this way is Gen. John Morgan, the Kentucky raider. If you want an example of partisan warfare you can see it in him. The days of such fighting are gone by. That was the warfare of the past. The bible is full of it, and one of the greatest partisan warriors of the world was King David. He fought all of his campaigns along such lines and he was a good fighter. But the great military leader of that time was Joshua. He would have been great in any generation and in any war. He saw all things and he manipulated his troops with military genius.

GOSSIP ABOUT EX-SECRETARY FOSTER.

"Ex-Secretary Foster lives not very far from Tiffin," said I.

"Yes," replied Gen. Gibson. "Charley Foster was raised at Fostoria, a few miles from Tiffin, and he has a large amount of property there. His father came here when the country was young and Charley was born in a log cabin and he got his business education in his father's store. The same store is still in existence today and Foster has an interest in it. He has other interests throughout this part of Ohio and his private property is such that he can't afford to take a public office. I happen to know that he was very reluctant to accept the secretaryship of the treasury and he is glad to get out of it. The treasury has so affected his health that I fear he will never be the man he was before he entered it. That government machine is too big for any one man. It has killed nearly every statesman who has tried to cope with it. It made Fairchild sick, it sucked the juice out of Manning's giant physique, it killed Folger, and Foster was very close to the edge of the grave when he had to go off to Europe to get a rest. And still Secretary Foster was warned that it would ruin his health if he tried to master it, and he had the best advice on this subject that any secretary of the treasury has ever had. This came from Judge Niblack of Indiana, and I saw the letter which Niblack wrote to Foster at the time he was offered the appointment. It was a very strong letter and I can of course only remember the substance of it. Judge Niblack told Foster that he wanted him to accept the portfolio of the treasury, but only on the condition that he would act like a man of sense when in office. 'The treasury,' said Niblack, 'is too big a thing for any one mind to grasp in all its details, and if you attempt it it will surely ruin your health. There are, however, in the department scores of men who have been connected with it for years and who understand perfectly the different parts in which they are employed. You want to make these men do the work for you, to accept their prophecies and rely on their estimates. Let them up make out the papers for their own branches and incorporate their ideas into your report as yours. Devote yourself almost entirely to great questions and you will end your career in the department with a record as the greatest and ablest of our secretaries.' I think Foster went into the treasury with the idea of doing this," said Gen. Gib-

son, "but he is such a practical business man that he could not let things pass him without investigation, and hard work almost broke him down."

"Secretary Foster has large interests with Senator Cal Brice, has he not?"

No, I think not," replied Gen. Gibson. "He was with Brice in the Ohio Central deal and he had a small amount of stock in the Nickle Plate railroad, but most of his interests are right here in Ohio and I don't think he indulges to any extent in speculation. As for Cal Brice, he is a born speculator and he has the greatest nerve of any speculator I know. He can lose a million dollars and not wink, and from his face and talk you would not know any difference. They would be just the same though he had gained a million instead of lost it. Brice is a very shrewd business man and he has extraordinary ability."

FRANK G. CARPENTER.

WAKEMAN'S WANDERINGS.

LONDON, March 13, 1893. If foreign travel has its sad and pathetic coloring, it is still often enlivened with many diverting situations, amusing incidents and genuinely humorous aspects.

But few rays of this genial sunshine fall upon the face of sunny Cuba. To the mind and heart of the traveler it remains a sort of terrazo doloroso in perspective. Save for its matchless tropical beauty and the languorous beauty of its women, it remains plaintively in the memory; altogether somber in tone and color. This observation will hold true of travel in all countries whose folk are of the swarthy Latin lineage. From many visits to the beautiful island I can recall no more than three situations where the foreign spectator might be beguiled into mirthful emotions; and these possessed the quality of ridiculousness rather than humor.

One of these I witnessed repeatedly late at night. It is the outgrowth of surveillance of parents over daughters. It is the solitary midnight serenade. Time after time, on returning to my hotel from divers wanderings at night in the Cuban capital, have I passed these love stricken youths, stationed opposite the homes of their inamoratas in all manner of agonized attitudes, strumming dew-niuffled notes upon ancient guitars, and lifting their voices in passionate though doleful petitions to the night, the moon, the stars, and all the saints, to aid them in reaching the ears and hearts of their adoradas. The favorite, indeed almost the universal, ballad sung by these love lorn Cuban youths is "La Luna," of which I recall one stanza:

Mis penas y mis fatigas,
Ya no se pueden contar,
Se alcanzan unas a otras
Como las olas del mar.
Luna, bella protectora,
No me niegues tu fulgor;
Voy en busca de un tesoro—
Voy en busca de mi amor.

My sorrows and languors,
Unmeasurable portion,
They follow each other
As waves of the ocean.
Sweet Luna, protectress,
Deny not effulgence;
For a treasure I'm searching—
My dear love's indulgence!

Nobody pays any attention to those who thus pour out their souls upon the