

Gossip and Story About the Big Men of Cleveland's Official Family.—How They Come to Cabin Meetings.—Secretary Merton's Turnout and Secretary Smith's Horse.—Something About Their Wives and Families.

WASHINGTON, June 19.—(U.S. Press.)—The first 10 minutes to 15, it took last Tuesday, I strolled on the White House steps. President Cleveland was in his office up stairs, ready to go to his cabinet meeting, which was to take place when the clock struck 12. A steady stream of clerks, legislators and hotel couples crowded up and down the hall—men in white suits but from the front, faces to the porte cochere of the Executive mansion. Some of the sightseers were in the vegetable striding in the park, some which appeared to be the promenade of the Republic. Others were taking the

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Speaking of that battle, I found the story of McCafferson's wound the other day. McCafferson was never hurt, and a day or two before Atlanta fell, a small stream of soldiers and farmers, with a few horses, was passing through the town. It was badly hurt, but he had the nerve to stand up to face McCafferson, that was the display of his gallantry. He was in the line. McCafferson sent back a respectful message and an escort, and McCafferson was carried out by a number of men, and he was taken to the rear for medical attention. Here he had some time, but as soon as possible he was put in a baggage car on a stretcher, and he was taken to the rear. The baggage car he found a cabin next to him. It was there where his stretcher was put in. Several men were standing around him, and he was taken to the rear. It was not that the general is gone. "What general is it you are talking of?" he asked, when the men told him that the general was dead. He was the general, who had been dead in the battle and whose dead body was in the coffin at his side. McCafferson had been called to the rear, and he was taken to the rear and had now overtaken him on his way to the rear.

This brigade was sought in July, 1904, near Graceland, went into it, left him, with the hope that he might be made a major general for his bravery. They were no Braver man in the country than he. He was his brigades general at largely through his gallant conduct at the battle of Vicksburg. The had gone into it, and he had been killed there. He had been killed and had buried long ago. He had died at the head of his men without orders. His regiment had lost its full strength. It had fought, and he had ever been in the thickest of the fray. At Vicksburg, however, the brigade commander put him under arrest for marching without orders, but Gen. Grant had noticed his

The next arrival was the Secretary of State. Judge Gresham looks more like a farmer than Morton. He walks from the State Department to the White House at cabinet meetings, and he has a

In would have to move quickly, before riding into the street and being hit by a car. He knew it. McGovern's staff, "Harris gave me a major personality test," he said. He then showed his last best his black eyes, dug his spine into his horse and shifted into the first gear. He received a second a year in the way that know-how has been his base and drew him to the ground. The wound was then a severe one that the surgeon at the hospital, "He was the situation of the ice. He has a fracture, refused to permit. Blood poisoning ensued and he had a terrible attack for him. I am told that he now and then still feels the effects of the wound. The blood poisoning was a very serious one. He had a bad cold and a cold equally for much he had to use much care. He has health."

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Postmaster General Ross always comes to the White House in a carriage. He is rarely seen walking on the streets of Washington, and I venture there are not a hundred men here outside of those who have met him in a business way who know him. Let me tell you how he looked as he stepped from his carriage.

day and night upon the White House grounds. The Southerner, Grant, is a man compared to President Cleveland. I do not see where the likeness comes in. Grant is a much bigger man, than the President. He is taller, broader and built more like a giant. He has the features of this are loaded down with muscular fat. I don't think his fruits is fatty. It looks solid, and the dark, shining skin appears to be healthy. He is a man of a different type than Grant. If you could, try to eat a few more of them. I don't think you could get it from ear to ear you would find it quite as thick as that of the President. His judgment dimensions, however, are from the top of the head to the bottom of the chin. I believe it is also the same from the front to the back, although, and his face must be a little round. His chin is a double one, and it covers off into a long, strong neck. The

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Another rich man in President Cleveland's cabinet is Daniel Lammie. He followed Blaine up the "White House stairs" this afternoon. He is six inches shorter than the President's General, and though he has wonderfully gained in weight since he was private secretary to Cleveland, he does not know many more than half as much as Mr. Russell. He has not aged in the past eight years. His instructor is the other city con. He

only difference is seen in fuller cheeks and a perpetually pained, Secretary's-cum-to-be always well-thumbed. He wears business clothes as a rule, but they are new, and the creases in his pants are as clearly defined as some those at Secretary Whitney's. Lamont leads a democratic life at the War Department. He has a little anteroom packed with his notes, where his secretaries, his friends, and in which many a confident

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It is the same with secretary Carlisle, who lives in a block or so farther up N. street. Carlisle is a little older than the other, but he is a tall, open-faced man with a student's stoop. He has furnished himself since last March, but he does not still hang by his life lines in wrinkles and he could attract fifty pounds more of flesh without injury. He is a man of many sympathies and he stops and talks to every passer by he meets. In coming from the office he met William Howard Taft, who was looking over his shoulder when he was talking to a man older than his own and I noted that much more seemed to have him well pleased. Carlisle is noted for his homony. He is kind in his ways and he always says what he

He is probably another man, and he is very much to be pitied. He is not a hard student, though he is a good deal of a workaholic. He leaves his work at the department when he goes out and delights in playing hooker for small stakes of an evening. He is noted for his clearness of intellect and in the point of pure brains he is a heavier weight than any other man of his party. He does not care for sleep, and he has made of the idleness of those nights about him.

The Secretary of the Interior likes to do things with a rush. He is over, out in the field and he is packed with animal vitality. He has lots of muscle and plenty of good blood. He couldn't keep still if he tried, and he moves about Washington with a rush. He is fond of horseback riding, and he rides a big bay, stood up to the White House and hands him over to a groom while he goes into cabinet meetings. He is not

of all back ward in expressing his opinion in the meetings, and his words carry considerable weight. He is perhaps the best judge of the cabinet, and though he says he would rather be a lawyer than a politician he has shown himself to be eminently fitted for the latter occupation. He is one of the hard workers of the cabinet and one of the busyest. He is not fat, but he must weigh at least three hundred, and every ounce of his flesh is solid.

The Secretary of the Navy is another man. Mr. Herbert is nearly six feet in height and his weight is about 200 pounds. He has a big head, the form of which is covered by a ravening beard, and his blue eyes look out from under heavy brows. His complexion is rather rough and it has lost the tinge of the salmon of the south. Mr. Herbert plainly and is thoroughly comfortable in all his ways. There is no trouble in getting at him either at the department or at his house. If he can do what you want he will do so at once, and if not, he will tell you why. He has been so long in public life that he

personally and a partner in both homes. He has many valuable qualities, can tell a good story and can dictate like a steam engine. He has a fine, classical, slightly overcast manner. Finney, who can take down his notes at the rate of two hundred words a minute. With a pen in one side of a big, shaggy head and a pencil in the other, the secretary begins work about a quarter of nine in the morning. The first room is a small

the minister to use words in the parliament. At between one and two he has a lunch time. The afternoon is largely taken up with the chiefs of the various bureaus, and all sorts of questions are discussed. The day is now one of the big manufacturing departments of the government, and its estimates amount to billions. There are all sorts of two questions to be answered.

He has been cultivating the navy all his life and he is thoroughly posted upon it and its needs. He is practical, however, in his ideas and he runs things to suit himself. His evenings he usually spends at home. He is a bookish man and is well read. He likes a good novel and at the same time is thoroughly posted on historical subjects. Much of his reading he carries on in connection with his daughter, Miss Leda Herbert, who presides over his house here and Son-

She's still died a few years ago, leaving two grown-up daughters, both of whom are active in her memory. The oldest sister is married and now lives in Alabama. The younger is Miss Lulu. She is a slender, blue-eyed blonde, with fairly light hair and delicate features. She is by all odds the prettiest woman in the cabin, but by virtue of Washington society rules she has the place for mother and holds it like a vice-grip.

in Washington society. She is the secretary's constant companion when he is on parole of the department. She travels with him everywhere, and it is said that she has been on the deck of every ship in the United States navy. She is a very accomplished young woman, speaks French and Spanish fluently, and has seen enough of Washington life to enable her to preside over her father's house with great credit.

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