

ton with Mrs. Miles. When I arrived on the opening night I was conducted to the small ball-room, where I found ten or more major-generals in full uniform, Governor Sayre from Texas, Mr. Aspiroz, the Mexican Ambassador, who had come from Washington to bring us the present from President and Mrs. Diaz, and ladies of their company. On General Miles's arm, attended by these distinguished men and their wives, we proceeded through crowds of spectators to the lower ball-room. When I entered, I found three thousand people already assembled! The head of the armies of the United States received a magnificent welcome. From Mrs. Astor's box he made the opening address, followed by a most touching narrative from Governor Sayre. My dear Mrs. Carlisle appeared in the box with a lovely wreath of laurel for General Miles. But I cannot describe the scene. Nothing like this bazaar has ever been seen in New York. There have been others — but without the *cachet* of military rank at home and royalty abroad. Telegrams from Mrs. McKinley; letter and a splendid silver present from Admiral and Mrs. Dewey; letter and present of rare embroidery from *petite* Madame Wu of the Chinese Embassy; letter and present of a silver flask from Madame Dreyfus, — these and many similar incidents cheered us in the hour of our triumph — an hour, too, of great bodily weariness.

We rang down our curtain with *éclat* — our own Mark Twain just off his home-coming steamship responding at once to my letter of invitation, and making a happy speech. From my seat in the low