

"Would you advise a high tariff?"

"No," replied Senator Sawyer. "I don't think we need a high tariff, but we need a tariff that will protect. At present the duties are made ad valorem instead of specific. Ad valorem means according to the value or selling price of the goods to the importer. Now, any one can lie as to the price of goods, and the merchants of Europe make out two sets of bills. One is for the customs collector at a low price, and the other for the importer at the price which he really pays. Millions of dollars are stolen from the government by these fraudulent undervaluations. You can't cheat as to the weight. A pound is a pound the world around; and if the duty is charged according to the pounds of goods or the gallons of liquid, there would be an enormous increase in revenue. It will take time to do this, but it must be done before we can have honest importation."

"Do you think we will have permanent hard times?"

"No, indeed; this country is bound to come out right in the end. It did look a little bad when Bryan was making such an active fight. Had he been elected, we should have had more hard times for a year or so. The next election, however, would have brought everything all tight, and the country would have gone on with its old-time prosperity."

"By the way, senator, I see that Spooner has come back to the Senate."

"Yes," was the reply. "He wanted the place, and I am glad to see him in it."

"There was some talk of yourself being the senator."

"Yes," replied Senator Sawyer, "I could have come back to the Senate had I wanted the position. Wisconsin was ready to send either Spooner or myself. Our relations have always been friendly, and as you say, Senator Spooner has been something like a son to me. Well, he came to me some time ago and told me that I could have the senatorship if I wanted it, and that he would not contest the seat with me. I replied that I would think about it. You see, I did not want to say that I would do a thing and then regret it. I did think the matter over, and I concluded that I had had enough of public life, and that I did not want to come here again."

"How did you happen to come to the Senate in the first place, Mr. Sawyer?"

"I was rather forced into it," replied the senator. "I had been in Congress for some years, but I did not care much to go to the Senate. I had, in fact, made all my arrangements to keep out of politics and was about going away to Europe, when one of my opponents boasted that I did not dare to run against him for the Senate. He said I was afraid to. I sent my son-in-law off to Paris in my place, and stayed at home and won the election to show him that I could do so."

"At what time did you first come to Congress?"

"It was in 1865."

"Then you must have known President Lincoln?"

"Yes, I did, and I admired him very much. I had a little experience with him before I was elected as a member of the House of Representatives, which showed me the simplicity of the man. A Wisconsin boy and his father were in the army. The father was killed and

the son was needed at home to keep the family from going to the poor house. I went to Washington in order to secure a discharge. I called upon Secretary Stanton and laid the matter before him. He answered me very gruffly that the thing was impossible, and that the boy could not be released. I then got the members of the House and the senators from my state to sign a paper asking for the release. With this I went to the White House and laid the paper before President Lincoln. He listened to my story and finally said: 'This paper states that your congressmen consider that this boy is entitled to a discharge if any one could be entitled to it. I don't like the wording. If you will bring me a fixed recommendation from the delegation asking the boy's discharge I will grant it.' You see, Lincoln wanted to make the Wisconsin delegation responsible for his act. I got this paper, and about a week later came back to the White House again. President Lincoln recognized me at once as I came in, saying: 'I told you that you could not have that discharge unless your congressmen recommended it.' In reply I laid the paper before him. He looked at it, and then without a word, took up his pen and wrote as follows:

"Hon. E. M. Stanton:

"You will please discharge this man from the service. A. LINCOLN."

"As I took the paper I asked Mr. Lincoln to send a messenger with me. Said I: 'I can't get at Mr. Stanton without help. There is always a crowd about his door, and he is very hard to reach.' 'Yes,' replied President Lincoln, 'I will fix that.' He thereupon yelled out so that you could hear him all over the White House, 'Tom, Tom.' A moment later a colored man came in. President Lincoln directed this man, who was his own messenger to go with me to Stanton. He did so, and I at once got at the Secretary of War. I handed him the paper with Mr. Lincoln's indorsement on it, and he wrote these words below it:

"Discharge this man by the orders of President Lincoln,' and then put his signature under that. This gave my boy his discharge and he was soon back in Wisconsin."

Senator Sawyer's suggestion that there are are fortunes to be made by young men, in lumbering, recalls a curious story that I lately heard of C. P. Huntington. It was told me by a man who is now in the government service, but who at the time the incident occurred was clerking in San Francisco. This young man had saved a small amount of money altogether not more than a few hundred dollars. He was anxious to invest it and to find a field where he could make a fortune. He had schemed and schemed, but no good chance seemed to offer. One day he happened to be sitting in the Palace Hotel restaurant at lunch, when C. P. Huntington came in. The young man knew Mr. Huntington by sight, but had never been introduced to him. The two ate for some time in silence, and at last the young man mustered up courage enough to address the famous millionaire. Said he: "Mr. Huntington, I hope you will not think that I am intruding, but I would like to ask you a question."

"Ask it," said Huntington, in a gruff voice.

"Well," rejoined the young man, who

was a very modest young man indeed, "I would like to have you tell me what a young man should do who wants to make a fortune and is willing to work for it."

"Go to Africa," came the reply, even more quick and more gruff than the first one.

The young man blushed. He became angry. He thought Mr. Huntington had insulted him, and he took the words "Go to Africa," as almost synonymous with the sentiments usually expressed in "Go to hell."

He said nothing. A moment later Mr. Huntington saw that he was hurt by his answer and he went on:

"I mean what I say. If I were a young man and wanted to make a fortune I should go to Africa. I should go first to the river Congo and buy a boat there. I should then go up through the country buying and selling ivory. I believe there is a greater field for money-making in Africa now than in any other part of the world; and I have no doubt that a man of ordinary ability and a little money can soon make himself a millionaire by devoting himself to the African trade."

Mr. Huntington then went on to explain just how he would do the work. His conversation showed that he had thoroughly studied the subject, and he laid the scheme before the young man in such a way that before he left he told Mr. Huntington that he would follow his advice and go. He made all his arrangements to this effect, taking his passage on a tramp steamer for Havre. From France he expected to go to the Congo. It was a week or so, however, before the steamer sailed, and in the meantime his family in the East had received his letter announcing his intention. They telegraphed him not to go, and finally persuaded him out of it. The result was that he came back to Washington and is now in the employ of one of the great departments here. In the meantime Africa remains where it is, and the chance is open to any other young man who wants to take it.

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#### IN EASTERN OREGON.

BAKER City, Oregon, March 13th. 1897.—Recent events associated with the work of establishing the Gospel in Eastern Oregon portends the reaping of a grand harvest in the due time of the Lord. Baker City is the center of this promising vineyard. It is the seat of a large and growing colony of Latter-day Saints who from time to time have left their Utah homes to find employment with the Oregon Lumber company, a corporation of vast magnitude and growing power, owned and controlled by Utah men.

The Saints at Baker are enjoying the benefits and blessings of a complete branch organization. There as an efficient Sunday school thoroughly organized and ably conducted, having a membership of 127; a Young Men's and Young Ladies' Mutual, combined in one association and conducted strictly upon the lines laid down in the Guide, and attracting an average attendance of about 100; a Relief Society active and busy with labors of charity; a Primary association numbering 90 and presided