

on me. I accepted the advice and fixed the time at two years later. I will not say anything of my college struggles, but will give you the name of the man whose advice made me get education. It was James A. Garfield."

HOW PRESIDENT HAYES CONQUERED HIMSELF.

I had a chat about the late President Hayes the other night with General R. Brinkerhoff, who succeeds him as head of the National Prison Congress. During the talk, the subject of Hayes' wonderful self-control came up and General Brinkerhoff said: "President Hayes was more of a self-made man than any other I have ever known. He told me once that he was born of parents who were naturally nervous and that, during his boyhood, he found that his nervous temperament was such that it ruined him for any kind of business or study. At the least excitement, he would lose his head and become entirely unfitted for work. One day he sat down and began to think about his condition and he decided to conquer it. He began to study his nervous system and commenced a course of training for and strengthening his nerves and the building up of his physique. He had the mastery in every way and could, in time, so conquer his natural tendencies in this respect that he became one of the calmest and most self-possessed of our public men. He told me that he used to test his nervousness by taking a hair and holding it between his two thumbs in such a way that the hair should stand upright and not quiver. If the hair quivered, it was a sign that he was nervous, but if it remained perfectly steady he concluded that his nerves were all right."

A PRESIDENT WHO SLEPT.

"Hayes also taught himself to go to sleep as soon as he touched his pillow." General Brinkerhoff continued, "and he told me that during his four years in the White House, when he was surrounded by all the troubles of his position and of his time, he lost only one night's sleep. This was on account of an officer who was supposed to have defaulted. The news was brought to the White House in the evening and the President was very much troubled by it. He had appointed this official contrary to the advice of his friends and he began to worry over it. He didn't go to bed, but walked up and down his room till nearly morning, when a messenger came and told that the story was false and that the man was all right."

AN INCIDENT OF THE WAR.

"At the battle of Winchester, General Hayes' command had to ride seventeen miles to reach the field. They got there in the thickest of the engagement but they were tired out and twenty minutes were given them to rest before they engaged in battle. General Hayes told me the story of the fight and how he got rest before he went into it. He said: 'I felt that I needed sleep and I concluded to use my twenty minutes. I threw my bridle line to the orderly and lay down on the ground in the midst of the battle and got twenty minutes of sound slumber. It refreshed me greatly and kept me up during the fight.'"

PRESIDENT HAYES' WONDERFUL NERVE.

"Another incident of General Hayes'

nerve," General Brinkerhoff went on, "happened while he was Governor of the State. He had gone to Pennsylvania to some celebration, and while seated in the car, a cannon was fired off in his honor. The cannon stood just outside of the car and the explosion was so great that it blew out all the windows of the car and the glass flew into the General's face, almost blinding him and cutting him quite severely. It was thought that the car was blown up and every one in it was frightened. General Hayes sat perfectly still. As soon as he heard the explosion he shut his eyes tight in order to keep the glass out of them and he kept them closed and sat still until he was told that the danger was over. He said to me, 'I don't know how I happened to think so quickly of my eyes, but that was my first thought and coupled with it was the idea that I should keep my seat. I grabbed the railing of the seat in front of me tightly with my hands and kept myself perfectly quiet. Had I not closed my eyes, I would have been blinded.'"

CONGRESSMAN FLETCHER AND LORD GEORGE GORDON.

I see the name of Fletcher, of Minnesota, among those of the new congressmen who expect to set the Potomac on fire at the present session. If he succeeds he will do better than he did in his attempt to arrest Lord Gordon, the famous English swindler, who took in Jay Gould and others some years ago. George Brackett, one of the richest men of Minneapolis, was connected with this arrest, and it was through his efforts that we escaped a war with Canada about the matter. He told me the story the other night. Said he:

"I was mayor of Minneapolis at the time and I got into the scrape through a New York friend, who had lent Gordon forty thousand dollars and who wanted me to get it back from him. Gordon was a Scotchman, who began his swindling career in Edinburgh under the name of Lord Glencairn. After taking in the jewelers there and others to the extent of hundreds of thousands of dollars, he disappeared and two years later turned up in America as a scion of the noble house of Gordon, with prospective chances of being the Earl of Aberdeen. He had good credentials apparently and his note paper bore an Earl's coronet. With this outfit he came to St. Paul in the summer of 1870. At first he went about in a modest way. He represented himself as a rich Scotchman and said that he wanted to buy about 50,000 acres of land upon which to plant a Scotch colony."

"This came to the ears of the Northern Pacific railroad officials and they called upon him. He said: 'Yes gentlemen, I do covet a few acres of your beautiful lands. I don't want them for myself for I have enough. But I have a sister who is very charitable and she would like to have some lands to give to her old tenants. I would like to buy a few thousand acres for her—say 50,000 acres or so—just a little tract for my poor people.'"

"This of course excited the Northern Pacific people and they took Lord Gordon over the road to show him the land. They carried a French cook, negro waiters and a dozen wagons. And they had champagne, and when the party came back at the end of two months, the trip had cost the Northern

Pacific road \$15,000, and the result was that Lord Gordon decided not to take the land."

GORDON AND JAY GOULD.

The story of Gordon and Jay Gould is well known. Gould thought Gordon had a controlling interest in the stock of the Erie railway.

"He had an interview with him and Gordon made Gould believe that he had an annual income of \$3,000,000 and that he owned \$30,000,000 of the capital stock of the Erie railroad and could control \$20,000,000 more. Gordon promised to throw his influence in the election of a board of directors as Gould desired and Gould, in order to secure this, deposited with him as security, property to the extent of \$500,000. After doing this Gould thought the matter over and he began to suspect that it was not all right. Among other things he had given Gordon \$200,000 in cash. He decided to get the money and stocks back and did so by having some one go at once to Gordon's hotel and charge him with arrest unless it was delivered at once. Gordon handed back the \$200,000 but Gould had, I think, to bring the matter before the courts before he could get the balance. The expose of this sensation was published in the Scotch newspapers and one of the jewelers, named Smith, who had been swindled by Lord Glencairn, wondered if this Lord Gordon was not the same man who had swindled him. Gould tried to get a photograph of Gordon to send over to Smith, but Gordon would not be photographed and Jay Gould had the jeweler come to the United States, and he identified Lord Gordon as the so called Lord Glencairn. Seeing that he was caught, Gordon jumped his bail and took refuge in Manitoba and it was here that I came in connection with him."

"Where did you catch him?" I asked. "I had a posse of men" replied Brackett, "and had warrants for his arrest." I was then Mayor of Minneapolis. It was long about the 2nd of July, 1873, when I went up to Winnipeg after Gordon. We found him on what is now American soil and arrested him. He refused to go with us at first but we captured him and were carrying him away when some of his friends in Winnipeg, who thought he was a bona fide English Lord came across the border after us and arrested our men and released him. One of these men was Fletcher. After a short time they released me but held the others. They treated these Americans very roughly, leading them in irons through the streets and giving them the poorest accommodations in the jail. Fletcher was not well, and the prison treatment brought his health in such a state that he feared he was going to die, and he sent a telegram home which read as follows: "Come quick. Am in a hell of a fix."

Signed FLETCHER. This created great laughter in Minneapolis and Fletcher got the nick name of "Hell of a fix-Fletcher." I don't believe that he likes the nickname and you had better drop it out of your story."

TALKS WITH GRANT AND FISH.

"Well," continued Mr. Brackett, "I went back to Minneapolis and then on to Washington to see about their release. I visited General Grant at Long Branch. He looked into the case and told me that the Americans must be