

MEN WE ALL KNOW.

I had a chat the other night with Senator Watson C. Squire about the gold regions of Puget sound. He says that the output of metal in his state of Washington will probably surpass that of Colorado. He is not interested in the mines himself, for he has all he can do to take care of his property without making new investments. He is one of the richest men of the northwest and his real estate assessments in Seattle amounts to, I am told, about \$1,000,000, and he pays three times the salary of a cabinet minister on them in taxes every year. He has all sorts of interests in the northwest, and among other pet investments is a dairy farm from which he sells \$25 worth of milk every day and on which he has some of the best Holsteins you can find in the country. Said Senator Squire:

"These gold regions are about sixty miles from Seattle and railroads are now being built to them. The miners are at work, but they have as yet no means of getting their ore to the markets. One of the largest companies is that which owns the Monte Christo mine and which has a capital of about five million dollars. They have, I am told, already invested about three million dollars, and they think their lead is one of the finest that has ever been discovered. The men who own this mine are Rockefeller, Colby and Hoyt. They are all rich men. Mr. Colby was the head of the Wisconsin Central railroad, Rockefeller is one of the rich Standard Oil men—I am not sure whether it is John or his brother—and Mr. Hoyt is another rich man, who comes from New York. These men are all level headed. They have made some money in other investments in Washington territory, and they expect to make a fortune out of their mines. There are other camps which have equally good indications, and as soon as the country is opened up there will be a great rush to the gold fields. The Great Northern road will soon be through to Seattle and we expect that the town will jump from now on. It now has about sixty thousand people and it is not much more than ten years old.

Senator Hansbrough tells me that the northwest is picking up and its prospects are bright. He says that a curious thing occurred as to the recent elections which shows how times affect parties. In every district where they had extraordinarily large crops the Republican majority was large, and where the crops were poor the people voted the Democratic ticket.

A BREAKFAST WITH BUFFALO BILL.

I see that Tom Ochiltree is to manage the horses of the nitrate king, Col. Thomas North, which are to be run at the Chicago derby. I met Col. Ochiltree in London this last summer. He has pleasant rooms there within a stone's throw of the big theaters and just off from Piccadilly, and he is as well known in London as in the United States. He is on friendly terms with the English lords and dukes and he always has more invitations than he can accept. Ochiltree is a great friend of North, and he and North were interested to some extent in Buffalo Bill's show which had such a successful run in London last summer. Buffalo Bill is also one of the lions of London, and I remember a pretty breakfast that I had last summer at the show grounds. I got a note from Col. Cody

asking me if I would not come out to take an American breakfast with him. The breakfast hour was 12 o'clock and when I came up to the tent I was received by Gen. George B. Williams, who is the counsel of the Equitable Life Insurance Company in London, and was introduced to him as the cook of the occasion. Gen. Williams' form from neck to feet was covered with a big white apron and his cuffs were pushed back in most approved style. He took me into Buffalo Bill's tent and introduced me to the breakfast party. This consisted of Mrs. Brown Potter the actress, Henry Labouchere, the editor of *Truth*, and his wife, T. P. O'Connor, who has taken Parnell's place to a large extent in parliament, and his wife and Col. Ochiltree. Shortly after this we sat down to breakfast and it was a first-class feast of fried chicken, corn dodgers and all the other good things which are so well known in America, but which you cannot get in England. There were all sorts of drinkables from water and milk to champagne and whiskey, and I was surprised to see that both Buffalo Bill and Tom Ochiltree stuck to milk.

HOW TOM OCHILTREE LOST A MILLION.

During the dinner the conversation was spicy and lots of good stories were told. The subject of money-making came up, and Tom Ochiltree said: "Did you ever know that I came within an ace of making a million dollars? Well, I did, and I lost it through my reputation for exaggeration. It was at a dinner at John Chamberlin's in Washington, and Senator Hearst, John Russell Young and several other prominent Americans were at the table with me. We got to telling stories over the walnuts and the wine, and Senator Hearst, whom you know died, worth several million pounds, was giving his early experience. He told how he amazed his great fortune, and he described the struggles of his early life. He told how he worked and saved to get enough money to take him to California. He described his long and weary journey in a wagon across the plains and grew pathetic as he spoke of his hardships along the Platte river in Nebraska. When they came to this river they found a flood had made it almost impassible and they waited for days for the river to go down. The waters, however, increased instead of diminished and they were in despair. 'At last,' said Senator Hearst, 'four or five of us concluded to make a raft and get across by it. We tied a lot of wagon beds together, put our bedding in them and finally had quite a respectable boat made. Then the question was to get a rope across the raging torrent in order to pull the raft over. No one of the party could swim, and for even the bravest swimmer it looked like death to go into that raging flood. We cast about for some time as what to do until at last a fat little red-headed, blue-eyed boy came up to us and said that he could swim the river and that he could carry the rope over in his teeth. He was sturdy, muscular and courageous and we concluded to let him do it. He jumped into the river and after wonderful exertions reached land. Two hours later we were on the other side, and, gentlemen, I never felt so happy in my life. We threw up our hats and shouted for joy, and I never think of my early life but that I remember that red-headed boy, I have looked for him everywhere and I cannot find him. Had he not been there

I would have probably gone back to Missouri, and my gratitude to him is beyond description. Why, gentlemen, if I could find that red-headed boy today I would give him a million dollars. I mean what I say, I would give him a million dollars.'

"Up to this time I had been very modest," continued Ochiltree, as he ran his hand through his auburn locks and then brushed the back of it across his blue eyes while his fat rosy cheeks shone. But I could stand it no longer. I rose and said with tears in my eyes: 'Senator, I was that red-headed boy.'

"Hearst looked at me a moment. He then brought his fist down on the table so that the glasses rang and exclaimed, with more emphasis than elegance, 'Tom Ochiltree, you are a blank blank liar,' and so I lost the million."

A STORY OF BRET HARTE AND CHARLES DICKENS.

I heard two good stories of Bret Harte the other day. One was respecting his consulship at Glasgow. Bret Harte was made consul, but as the story goes he spent most of his time at London, and though he was drawing his salary for his Glasgow consulship he hardly knew the city. He was at one time traveling through Scotland with an English friend and suddenly shot out of the country into Glasgow. As the train entered the city Mr. Harte said: "Why, this seems to be a fine town; what is its name?" This, replied his friend, is Glasgow, where you are consul." The Glasgow people did not like this treatment, and when I was in Scotland a few years ago I heard many unfavorable criticisms upon Mr. Harte's conduct in regard to it.

Bret Harte was a great admirer of Dickens and I heard not long ago how he came to write that beautiful poem entitled "Dickens in Camp." He was editor of the *Overland Monthly* at the time and was trying hard to get a foothold in literature. He had written a number of things that had attracted attention, but had as yet not acquired a literary standing when the cable came announcing the death of Charles Dickens. As the cable was handed him he was given also his mail for the day. Among the letters was one with an English post mark. He opened it and found it to be a letter from Charles Dickens complimenting him on his poem entitled "The Outcast of Poker Flat." This in connection with the cable affected him so that he laid his head down on his desk and cried. With tears in his eyes he then took his pen and wrote the poem "Little Nell In Camp." It came from the soul. It was one of the most beautiful things Bret Harte ever penned and Forster, Dickens' biographer, calls it the most beautiful tribute that Dickens has ever received. This is I think, the first time the story of its composition has been given to the public and it came to me through one of the poet's friends from Bret Harte himself.

HOW JOHN WANAMAKER FOUGHT THE OCEAN.

I find that a great many people admire Wanamaker for his muscular religion, and the infidel world here at Washington has a sterling respect for working Christianity. The Salvation Army is popular among the statesmen, and even the agnostics who are scattered here and there through both houses of Congress are not backward in praising those Christians who work. I heard a Con-