

Gossip About the Speakership.

Henderson's First Contest, in Which Reed, McKinley, Burrows and Cannon Took Part.

General Henderson as a Fighter—His Conduct on the Battlefield and His Heroism in Private Life—Stories of Former Speakers—John G. Carlisle and His Games of Solitaire—Tom Reed and His Literary Income—His Legal Career and His Admission to the Bar—John Sherman Tells the Story of the Greatest Speakership Contest of Our Country.

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Washington, D. C., Nov. 23.—Gen. Henderson will be elected Speaker. He will attain the position which he has been longing many years to reach. He was an active candidate in the contest of 1890, and the contest has not been forgotten. There were five candidates. The leader was Thomas B. Reed, then as cynical, frigid and dictatorial as he is now, but a man of considerable force that he carried all before him. Next in the race stood William McKinley, already something of a presidential candidate. After him was Julius Burrows, who, as a congressman, was something of a bulldozer and a man who has done better since he has come to the Senate. Ben Butler, of Ohio had aspirations in the direction, but he finally withdrew in McKinley's favor. I heard the story of the contest. It was only a short time before the House had been called to order and at just about the close of the preceding Congress. It was known that the Republicans would have the majority and the speakership candidates were being selected. It was known that McKinley had ambitions and it was also supposed that Butlerworth would be in the race. At this time Major McKinley went to Butlerworth and asked him point blank whether he was going to be a candidate. The question was a leading one and Butlerworth hemmed and hawed, and said he did not know that he would. As he did so Major McKinley said:

"Well, Ben, if you don't want the thing I do, I am going to be a candidate, and I suppose I can count on your support as well as on that of the rest of the Ohio delegation?"

The result was such a surprise that Butlerworth in his good-natured way actually realized what his promise meant, and as a result he was out of the race.

Another candidate was Joseph G. Cannon of Illinois, and last of all was John D. B. Henderson of Iowa. The contest ended in the selection of Reed, who has controlled the office, as far as the Republican party has been concerned, from then until now.

Gen. Henderson, at the time of that contest was forty-nine years of age, and his fifty-five now, and is a stronger man than he was then. His hair has turned from black to gray, but his face is just as rosy and his blue eyes just as bright. He is a handsome man, tall, straight and fine looking, with a chest like a blacksmith's bellows and a heart like a steam engine.

He is a man of character, stands by his convictions, and is one of the few public men I know who is ready to fight for what he believes to be right, and will fight in the Speaker's chair as bravely as he did in the northern army during the late Civil War. The most of his deeds are not always those of a battlefield. Henderson was a good fighter at the age of twenty-one, lost his leg in a battle in 1863, but went back to the field as a colonel in 1864 and served until the war was closed. His career out of the army is no more heroic than his service in the field.

His almost continuous pain from his wounds has kept smiles in his eyes and courage in his heart. He has gone through and done his work without complaining, the jolliest of the jolly, and to you would imagine that his life for years had been such as would have caused the ordinary man to the sick bed.

He was in the ankle. A bullet from the enemy had shattered the bone, and the doctors told him that his leg would have to be taken off. He would not consent, and for several months he lay in bed, his leg in a cast, and he was so young and could stand on his feet, and perhaps save his leg. As time went on, he grew worse, and soon saw that his leg must come off. Since then he has been amputated seven different times, a small section being taken off each time until it was finally cut off.

The most of these operations have been made without interfering with the regular work. All the time he has been made with the use of gas or anesthetic, and he has never been in the most of pain, and he has never been in the most of pain, and he has never been in the most of pain.

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NOTABLE UTAH WOMEN.



MRS. FRANCES C. SMITH.

MRS. FRANCES C. SMITH, the subject of this sketch, is one of Utah's most earnest workers in the cause of temperance and other Christian reforms, and holds at present the position of State president of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union in Utah.

Mrs. Smith was born in Chittenango, Madison county, New York, and spent her early years in that place. She was educated at Cazenovia seminary in New York, and entered public life as a teacher.

In 1890 she came to Utah under the auspices of the New West Educational Commission of the Congregational Church, and was engaged in teaching for six years. After giving up her school work, Mrs. Smith became publicly interested in the cause of temperance reform, associating herself with the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, and taking active part in the work instituted by that body in the temperance cause.

At the convention held in Ogden in 1898, she was elected State president of the Union, and at the convention held in Salt Lake in last October, was unanimously re-elected to the position. She was also chosen delegate to the National convention recently held in Seattle.

Mrs. Smith's home is in Ogden, where she has resided for several years.

SCIENTIFIC MISCELLANY.

From a recent discussion by the British Astronomical Society it appears that the cause of a much-observed phenomenon is still a mystery. The new theory was offered by Mr. C. J. Dawkins, a Belgian astronomer, and finally by means of some assistance from the church was admitted to college to study for the ministry. As he went on with his studies he found that preaching was not his mission.

He went to the church people and told them that he could not go on with his course at school upon the existing understanding, but that he would pay back the money which they had given him as soon as he could. He at once went to work, and by teaching and doing odd jobs was able to keep himself and at the same time to pay his debts.

The moment he gave up the idea of being a preacher he decided to make the law his life profession. He bought some law books and crammed Blackstone while he was tending school. After a time he had saved enough to take him to California and he decided to go there to make his fortune. As soon as he arrived in the State he applied for admission to the bar. The examination was at Stockton, and the judge who put him through his questions was a well-known lawyer named Wallace.

After the examination he was admitted to the bar, and he afterward became chief justice of the State. Tom Reed, in relating the story, says that his examination consisted of only two questions. The first was as to whether he had studied law. Young Reed replied that he had. The second question followed. It was: "Is the legal tender act constitutional?"

"Yes, sir; it undoubtedly is," was the reply.

"That is all right," said Judge Wallace. "You may consider yourself admitted to the bar. Anybody who can answer offhand a great question like that, upon which so many mighty minds are divided, ought to be able to practice in any country."

Tom Reed's practice was not successful in California. At any rate he soon returned to Portland, and in 1884 became a paymaster in the United States navy. He held this position about a year and then opened a law office in Portland. He soon acquired a large practice, was elected to the legislature, then to Congress, then Speaker, and now he is back to the law again in New York.

The election of Henderson will be a cut and dried affair. There will be no opposition to speak of, and he will be chosen unanimously. I met a man last night who was one of the candidates in what was perhaps the greatest speakership contest of our history. This was Senator John Sherman. I called upon him at his house on Franklin square and had a chat with him about the days of 1859, when Congress balloted for the fifth of December until the last of January. There were thirty-three ballots, and John Sherman, then a young Representative of thirty-three, was throughout the whole the leading candidate. He came at one time within three votes of being elected, and on the thirty-ninth ballot, losing to Reed, he was elected.

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every agricultural district will have its plant doctor, and when specialists in animal parasites, cryptogamic botany and bacteriology will be consulted in difficult and obscure cases. The practice of plant medicine is in its infancy. With increased competition in crop-raising, however, the farmer cannot afford to neglect the aid he can get in keeping his plants in the highest degree of health.

"The beautiful blue Danube" appears to exist only in the poet's imagination. Observations during 1898 are reported to have shown that the waters of the Danube were brown eleven days, yellow on forty-six, muddy green on fifty-nine, clear green on forty-five, steel green on sixty-nine, emerald green on forty-six, yellowish green on sixty-four, but never blue.

Crossing the legs, which may force undigested food into the vermiform, is a suggested possible cause of appendicitis.

The multiplication of new compounds in organic chemistry is something appalling. In 1898 the total number of carbon compounds recorded was 16,000, but a newly revised list by Dr. M. Richter enumerates not less than 67,000. And the end seems yet far off.

Recent photometric determinations have shown that if a sheet of Bristol cardboard at one meter from a standard candle is rated at 1, the candle-flame itself is from 12,000 to 22,000; a kerosene lamp flame, 57,000; and platinum at its melting point, 1,008,000.

An analysis has been made by M. Demoussy, of Paris, of the little shavings of clay that are baked on bricks and eaten by natives in some parts of Tonkin. The material is like kaolin in appearance and composition, and contains no nutritive substance whatever.

Blasting with liquid air at Vienna has led to the conclusion that, to be effective, the liquid should be used with a spray of water. The mixture was tried after 75 hours, when the air had evaporated, it had no destructive effect.

German experience is reported to show a depreciation of acetylene when lighting power is being appreciably kept for a time in gas holders, the less at the end of twelve hours.

RUST DISEASES.
A form of disease often seen in strawberry rust, writes H. M. W. in Vick's Magazine, which affects the foliage of the plants, giving them the appearance of having been burned in spots. It usually appears during the fruiting season, and often by the time the crop is gathered the field looks as if a fire had run over it. In such a case, the first thing to do is to mow off all the foliage and burn it, and if a fire will catch readily in the field, let it run over the remains of the plants, thus effectually destroying the spores. Thorough cultivation of the field with careful attention as to fertilizer, will bring the plants out all right, and an occasional spraying with Bordeaux mixture will do the rest. Early in spring the spraying should be done about three times at intervals of two or three weeks.

Current and gooseberry bushes are similarly affected, and before the Bordeaux mixture was known the culture of both was almost given up in some sections; since a remedy is known bushes are again being set out.

It must be borne in mind that the Bordeaux mixture is not so much a cure as a preventative. The best rule to follow is to spray early in spring before growth commences, and afterwards repeat several times.

Men able to treat plant diseases is a discovery by an English botanist, who predicts that the time will come when

A FLYING TRIP THROUGH SPAIN AND PORTUGAL.

Sights and Landmarks of One of the Oldest Cities in Europe—In the Footsteps of Antiquity.

Special Correspondence.

Oporto, Portugal, Nov. 20.—You may think it an easy matter to "do" the sights of a compact city of only 100,000—until you have tried it in Oporto, and found more weariness of the flesh, and especially of the feet, than in any mountain-climbing you ever encountered. While the horizontal streets nearest the quay are wider, well built and comparatively level, most of the others are totally impassable for wheeled vehicles, being either too narrow, or almost perpendicular, or full of deep holes and gullies, worn into the original pave of the Goths and Romans and never repaired since their long-past day. Up and down the stony alleys you toil, in the damp and chilly autumn weather, jostled off the footwide sidewalks by the motley throng, which regards you, if at all, with unfriendly stares as representatives of the dreadful nation of "Yankee porcos," (pigs.) of whom these people have chiefly heard during the last year or two, through the woes of their brothers across the Spanish border. At every step you are imperturbed by beggars in filthy rags, in whose outstretched hands you discern unpleasant probabilities of smallpox, plague and leprosy—while their owners, with fawning lips and hate in their eyes, call upon Nossa Senhora and all her saints to reward you for milreis bestowed.

Talk about following in the footsteps of antiquity! In this old, old city of eighty odd churches, are several whose foundations were laid more than a thousand years ago. The oldest building in Oporto is the chapel of Cedo Feida, built A. D. 599, by the Visigoth King Theodoric, and still not altogether a ruin. Next in quaintness of architecture, though not in age, is the Torre dos Clerigos, (Tower of the Clergy), a small church built about

TWO CENTURIES AGO.

with the highest tower in Portugal—an odd, square spire of something over two hundred feet, which has served since time out of mind as a landmark for sailors far out at sea. The church of Nossa Senhora da Lapa—a fine Corinthian edifice of ancient date, is best known to the reading public through the bad pun which generations of tourists have perpetrated concerning its date—dated in the year 320, others of the French and Gascons, whose turn came in 999; and others of rollicking King John and the later and gentler Pedros.

There used to be an incredible number of convents in Oporto; but they were mostly destroyed during the men of the seige of 1847, which nearly annihilated the city and wiped out a third of its population, and others have more recently been appropriated by the government to secular uses. On the high bluffs of the east bank of the Douro stands the famous convent Ave Maria, which at one time was said to be beyond compare with its wealth of carving, quaint arches and Moorish-Alhambra bra cones, was converted into barracks a few years ago; and now horses munch scant rations in the cloisters where monks mumble their rosaries, as, while under-sized, under-fed Portuguese soldiers play cards in the long refectory and "cuss" with superabundance of h-s their hard lot of hunger and inactivity.

One of the handsomest structures in Oporto is the bishop's palace, situated on a jutting rock so high in air that it reminds you of Mahomet's coffin, suspended between earth and heaven, and you marvel that it has not dropped off long ago, upon the house-tops directly beneath. Americans are not in high favor there.

HIS WORSHIPFUL HIGHNESS
Just at present, and it is useless to try to obtain an audience; but you may be graciously permitted to view the grand staircase—a famous work of art which still stands in the stairway of the world, reckoning that of the new Congressional library of Washington at the head—which leads to the arch-episcopal apartments.

Next in point of beauty, if not of usefulness, is the English factory-house, of white granite, with elaborately wrought facade. It comprises on a magnificent scale all the appurtenances of an up-to-date club house, with ball room, refreshment hall, library, reading rooms, card rooms, etc.; and here the large but homesome English colony spends its leisure hours.

The new "bois," or exchange, once the monastery of Sao Francisco, is one of the most beautifully decorated structures in Portugal. The walls and floors of its grand salon are entirely covered with inlaid devices in the rarest woods of Brazil, highly polished but in their natural colors—pale greens, dark reds, rose pink, browns, grays, ivory white and ebony, curiously intermingled. There are suites of lofty apartments, all elaborately decorated, a splendid glass covered court set with palms, and a magnificent reception room, wherein the president of the city, with the dignitaries of the city, are wont to welcome distinguished strangers, and now and then give swell fetes to the beauty and chivalry of Oporto.

The mint should be visited, where the curious Portuguese coins are stamped; also the art gallery; the public library with its 80,000 volumes, in all languages.

LIVING AND DEAD.
but English; and the great opera house, with its tiers above tiers of shabby boxes. Some of the boxes are equipped with black curtains, in which are peep-holes, for the accommodation of mourners in the depths of grief, who according to local etiquette, may not indulge in any social advertisement for the space of one year from the date of bereavement, at which time they give a party, furnish the table with a cloud of woe; and meantime, during the period of seclusion, they may look upon the passing show from the safe shelter of these curtained boxes, themselves unseen.

The medical college, academy of navigation and science, several other scientific and literary institutions, and a dozen banks and club houses, and daily newspaper offices, are all worth a visit. Nor should the vast Da Misericordia hospital be forgotten, where three or four other asylums for the sick, indigent and afflicted. Among the latter is the

Foundling Home, with its swinging cradle in the roof wall, in which unwedded mothers may deposit their offspring, under the friendly cover of darkness, sure that the poor little jet-sam of sin will be received and cared for by the good sisters inside, and that no persons, except the boys as to paternal responsibility will ever be made known to the mother. All the tiny cast-aways of Portugal, having no names of their own, are given that of the bishop at their christening together with the name of the saint, or saintess, on whose day they were brought to the asylum; and the reverend cellarer is the foster father of several thousands and his august name has become more common than Smith or Jones in the United States. A similar arrangement prevails in all Latin countries; and whether it is a wicked encouragement of vice, or vastly better than the Anglo-Saxon manner of leaving unwelcome infants on door-steps and in by-ways, is yet a mooted question, which each mind may solve for itself.

Oporto's well-appointed museum contains, among many other interesting articles, a more complete collection of Brazilian curiosities, especially the wonders of the upper Amazon, than even the great Museo of Rio de Janeiro; also a full representation from the Azores islands, the Canaries, and other Portuguese possessions. Most valuable and interesting of all, because unique in its way, is an old gallery of portraits of the royal family and other persons, accompanied with a list of who have figured in Portuguese history. Their "counterfeit presentments" are all there, male and female—the six kings John, the two Doms Pedro, Catherine of Braganza, Ines de Castro, down to Pedro Segundos' little granddaughter, who

DIED IN BRAZIL

Just before his enforced retirement from the throne, Vasco da Gama, Albuquerque, and other historic characters, far more interesting to the world at large than those who were merely born to the purple, occupied with a pig in the badly-lighted room, and in their quaint black costumes call to mind those mythical but sometimes potent gentlemen, the Jack of Clubs and the Jack of Spades. A number of these long-dusted soldiers of royalty do not sleep in Portugal, but the restless spirits wander—if ghost do walk at all—about the scene of their greatest splendor and subsequent disaster, far across the sea. Roistering Don Joao VI, who when sober, was all that could be expected of a Latin king, but who drunk allowed his soldiers to divert themselves by tossing squealing pigs and Portuguese babies on their spears—was buried in the Ajuda convent of Rio; as was also the late emperor's wife, the Empress Maria II, and the young daughter of Princess Isabella.

The large English colony of Oporto has a church and cemetery of its own—the former, of course, Episcopalian. These exiled sons of Britain, who are the leading merchants and importers of the place, and make money as enjoyably here, in spite of the plague and the unpleasant climate—finding something very like that of the "right little, tight little island" in the nasty fogs that every day come stealing up the Douro at the turn of the tide, shutting off the landmarks as with thick veils, within an hour or two of one's nose. The few Englishmen who have families here live on the breezy heights above the unhealthy heart of the city, while the

BACHELOR CONTINGENT

Inhabits the "Factory"—a singular name, by the way, for so magnificent a club house. The bachelor contingent is entertained right royally while visiting ladies are taken care of by the English families on the hill-top. With commendable national pride, the first thing these good people will show you when setting out to "do" the sights of Oporto, is the "Factory," which over the Douro, which marks the site of the Duke of Wellington's famous passage of the river, in the spring of 1809, when he surprised and put to flight Soult's army of double his own numerical strength.

There are two rather handsome railway stations in Oporto—one sending a line to the foot of the eastern mountains via the frontier town of Valencia, on the Minho; the other running up the valley of the Douro, to Pico da Roca, where it forms a junction with the Spanish road from Madrid to Paris, thus materially shortening the journey from Lisbon to the French capital.

It is astonishing how much business is transacted in Oporto, every day in the year. Aside from the manufacture of wine, which given it the nickname of "The Manchester of Portugal"—the royal tobacco-works, royal soap-factory, and other crown monopolies, there are manufactories of silk and cotton hosiery, of silk brocades, and of gold, lace, buttons, glassware, pottery, furniture, gloves and a dozen other articles, employing several thousand and skilled workmen. Excellent linen is also made and exported; leather-goods; ropes, sails and other things pertaining to the vast shipping interests of the place, and the goldsmith's work of Oporto is famous all over the world.

The export of "port" wine alone amounts to many millions a year. Next comes oranges and oil; then grapes, lemons, onions, preserves and wool. England has the lion's share of all this—nothing but the best coming to America, and only our codfish and cod oil, and

FANNIE B. WARD.

SIMPLY HUMAN.
We are all made of the same clay; A common destiny we share; The man who earns his wage per day, The haughty, purse-proud millionaire, The hero lauded to the sky, The high and low, the great and

Seek the same level by and by, We're simply human after all.

The man who triumphs o'er this kind, Who wins the laurel wreath of fame, When he has reached the goal of life, The hollowness of man's acclaim; For, however high he climbs, He sinks the farther, if he falls, When weighed within the scales of Time.

We're simply human after all.

The men who shine among the great, If by achievement, wealth or birth, Will find the measure used by Fate Is that of character and worth. Naught else will merit many endure The rest is lost beyond recall, In that the greatest is but poor, We're simply human after all.

It is not fortune, name, or place, 'Tis not a nation's pride or race, But service rendered to the race, That brings renown in after years. For swiftly are the seasons fled And quickly come the shroud and pall.

What will it matter when we're dead? We're simply human after all.

—Denver News.