

thousands. He had a way of giving bank checks to members of his family and they filled these out to suit themselves. This, of course, made no difference in his aggregate losses, but it showed a loose way of doing business which no one but a millionaire could stand. Secretary Rusk, who died the other day, was supposed here to be worth several hundred thousand dollars, but his estate footed up about fifty thousand dollars, and you can't tell anything what a man is worth here in Washington. In the rear of the Senate chamber, as I write, I see the son of Alexander T. Mitchell, the Milwaukee railroad king, who died worth, it was said, something like, \$50,000,000. When his son first came to Washington he was unknown to the real estate men and when he wanted to rent a house costing several thousand dollars a year, one of them called upon Rusk and asked him if "this man Mitchell was good." Uncle Jerry replied, "If John L. Mitchell makes a deal with you to the extent of one million dollars and you bring the check here I will endorse it, but my indorsement won't make the check any better, for Mitchell is worth many times that amount." Since then Mitchell has had suits concerning his property in Milwaukee, and though he is probably still rich, one would have to go to Bradstreet to find out just how much or how little he is worth. Take the case of Cal Brice. He lives in one of the finest houses of Washington and he gives single dinners which cost \$12,000 apiece. He may be worth million. He may be a very rich man, and he probably is. But in talking with one of his old friends, General Gibson of Ohio, a short time ago he said to me: "No one on earth can tell what Cal Brice is worth. He has the nerve of a great speculator, but he is always as cool as the center seed of a cucumber. He can lose a million and not bat his eye. His face is like an iron mask. It never changes. His life has been filled with ups and downs. Today he may be worth millions and tomorrow he may be feeling around in all his pockets for coppers, but from his actions you would not know the difference. He is one of the biggest plungers in the country and has enough shrewd business ability to generally come out on top."

Rich men, in fact, are dropping out of the Senate. You can now count the millionaires on your fingers and the great majority of the body will not run over \$100,000 mark. Most of the Southerners have nothing to speak of, though Vance has a big estate through his wife. Senator Morgan owns a plantation. Pugh has a big farm, which he works with negroes in Alabama, and as Senator Walthall was making \$10,000 a year at the time he was elected he was probably saving something. George Vest is not a rich man. Roger Q. Mills cannot afford to keep a carriage; and Senator Joe Blackburn lives at a hotel. I don't know what Isham G. Harris is worth and I never looked upon him as having the money making instinct, but I learned the other day that he lost \$150,000 by the war and that he had made all the money himself. His father was a poor farmer of Tennessee. He had a piece of clay land and ten negroes to work it and young Isham had to fight his own way. He began as a clerk and soon had a store

of his own. When he was quite a young man he had amassed \$7,000, when the bank failed and he lost it all. He took a rich partner and in two years had regained all that he had lost, and he went on from this point until he had made the fortune which he had at the time of the war. He is probably well to do today, but he lives very simply in an unfashionable quarter of the city near the Capitol.

The Senate grows smaller the closer you get to it. It has shown its humanity to the people and its divinity is fast going to the dogs. Look at the careers of these men below me and exclaim:

"Now in the name of all the Gods at once,
Upon what meat have these our Cæsars fed
That they have grown so great?"

They are fat and famous now, but they had to hustle in the days gone by and they may yet have to hustle in the days to come. Senator Perkins of California had to shin up the masts of sailing vessels in all kinds of weather, and he scrubbed the decks with the fear of a rope's end in his eye. Senator Peffer grubbed stumps out of the soil before he got a chance to stand upon the stumps and farm with his mouth. He had to hustle for the victuals which made the lean meat which covers his bones, and he was making \$25 a week as editor of a farmers' paper when he got from the legislature of Kansas this Senate job, which pays him \$5,000 a year. Hansborough lives at the Cochran hotel now, but he was half starved when he cleaned type and turned the press as a printer's devil, and his colleague, Senator Roach, was a quartermaster's clerk. John Sherman carried a surveyor's chain for daily wages. Cal Brice had to count the coppers while he was teaching school, and the first year of his law practice hardly paid for his salt. Pettigrew worked as a common laborer when he first went to Dakota, and when Kyle was preaching, up to the time of his election, a silver dollar was ten times as big as it is now. Don Cameron, though his father was rich, began his life as a bank clerk and he soon became a bank president. John Mitchell of Oregon asked a carpenter to trust him for a pine table which he wanted to use for his office when he first hung out his shingle in Portland and was refused on account of his poverty. Palmer of Illinois worked his way through college, and Wilson of Iowa made his first money by working at harness making and studying between the stitches. Men who graduate from such schools are usually humble, but the Senate would corrupt an angel.

These old Senators like to put on airs now, but they had to get down and root for their living in the days of their youth. Nearly every one of them has had to trot about and ask for votes at some time in their life, and not a few have risen stage by stage from being justices of the peace and prosecuting attorneys up to the Senate. They have been just as tricky in their ways as other men, and their boyhood has been as full of queer pranks. I was in Mount Vernon, Ohio, last month and they pointed out to me there an old building in which John Sherman lived with his uncle when he was a boy. It was at Mount Vernon that Sherman got a part of his education, and one of the

stagers of the town told me a story concerning him. He said: "John was a tall, bony, black-haired youth, who was full of fun and was always ready to play a trick upon his teacher. He had a set of schoolmates who were as bad as himself, and some of their doings created decided sensations. One I remember was out of the ordinary. The teacher was named Lord, and one day the boys went out in the country and picked up a sheep that had been killed by the dogs and brought it in town with them. They did this after dark. Taking the sheep to the school room they put it through the window and crawled in after it. They then tied it in the teacher's chair so that its front feet just rested on the desk and its face looked soberly out over the school room. Upon its nose they fastened the teacher's spectacles which he had forgotten and upon a blackboard over its head John wrote in Latin a phrase which translated read:

"A sacrifice to the Lord."

"The schoolmaster, Professor Lord, was very angry when he found it, but they boys were good students and he forgave them."

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Written for this Paper.

WAKEMAN'S WANDERINGS.

LONDON, Nov. 30, 1893.—There is much about Norwegian scenery, scenes and incidents worth relating discursively which is likely to prove helpful to succeeding travelers in their experiences, or entertaining to readers who can only travel in this stern and mighty land of the North by the not unpleasant journeyings of fancy with kindly tempered writers for their willing guides.

There are no roadside shrines, save of nature's exclusive handiwork, in all Norway. Indeed one traveling along the grand stone roadways almost feels a longing for those mute connecting links of human and spiritual interest. Groups of peasants kneeling before cross or effigy, or beside consecrated fountain, are here never seen. The only objects by the wayside to possibly pique curiosity or interest are upright stone posts on which are cut or painted enigmatic figures. Not even an antiquarian sentiment can be conjured by these. Their significance is very great however to the landed proprietors, for they relate with nice exactitude the number of metres each is compelled to keep in perfect repair in summer and wholly clear of drift snow and other obstructions in winter. All law is enforced with absolute impartiality in Norway, and that is why the country has the finest roads in the world and has also been transformed, in scarcely more than a generation of time, from a nation of drinkers and almost sodden drunkards, with all accompanying evils, to a land of sobriety, cleanliness, amplitude and content.

Jordbært or strawberries almost constitute a national dish in Norway. Indeed I have often thought that these matchless berries,

"A" the sweeter they are wee," are a providential compensation and provision to the folk of the high latitudes. I have found them in my wanderings growing wild in greatest luxuriance in high latitudes, in Norway, the Highlands of Scotland and the Shetland