

house he has a fine library filled with well-bound books and containing all the classics. He has a similar library on the ground floor of his home here at Mansfield, and it is in this that he is now working among his papers. This Mansfield library contains, perhaps, ten thousand volumes. Its walls are covered with books, and there is no great author who has not a place upon its shelves. One section is devoted to biography, another to science and another to fiction. There are books in French and books in German, and the works of Huxley and Dickens and Thackeray. The Senator's desk is in the center of the room. It was covered with papers this morning when I called, and on the floor there were about fifty volumes of Congressional Records and a number of scrap books. Just back of the Senator's seat I saw a great, open vault, which had been cut into the wall, and which was so large that Jumbo could have turned about inside of it. This is for the Senator's papers; it is fire proof as well as burglar proof. A little white dog with black ears was sitting in an armchair on the other side of the Senator, and during our conversation he broke out again and again into a vociferous bark, until the Senator at last picked him up and carried him out of the room. The Senator's working hours were over when I called, by appointment. He usually rises up early, and by eight o'clock is at work with his stenographer. He finds a great deal of his present work has to be done with his own hand, and he told me he found the writing very easy, but that the work of research and of getting ready to write was very great.

"As I looked at Senator Sherman my mind run over his long public career. I could see him driving about Richland county, a young congressional candidate, making speeches at the country cross-roads. I could see him a few years later, a member of the Kansas-Nebraska investigating committee, sitting in judgment of the ruffians of the west and receiving warnings under pictures of coffins and cross-bones as he collected the testimony which was to form material for some of the greatest congressional struggles of our history. I could see him the leader of the lower house of Congress, the chairman of the way and means committee in the later days of Buchanan. I could see him in the Senate, fighting the battles of his country during the presidencies of Lincoln, Johnson and Grant, and then in the Treasury Department, struggling with the giant of resumption, and now in the Senate again, after forty years of continuous service, and the thought came to me as to whether he had not at times grown tired of it all, and longed for the rest of private citizenship and I said: 'Senator Sherman, tell me, have you at any time in your career tried to get out of public life and back to private life?'"

"No," replied Senator Sherman, "I don't know that I have. I have always enjoyed being in the thick of things, and having a part in the carrying on of our government. There was only once that I came near going out of public life. It was when I was Secretary of the Treasury, under President Hayes. There was trouble about the custom house at New York. It had been badly managed for years, and President Hayes had decided to make a change. Chester

A. Arthur had been collector of the port for six years, and A. B. Cornell was the naval officer of the New York custom-house. A commission had been appointed to examine into the management of the custom house, and upon the basis of their reports President Hayes decided to make a change.

He did make it, and I sent a letter to Mr. Arthur requesting him to resign. He declined to do so, and Roscoe Conkling gave him and Cornell to understand that if they held on to their positions he, Conkling, had such an influence in the Senate at Washington that President Hayes' appointees could not be confirmed. The President appointed Roosevelt and Prince to take their places, but through the influence of Conkling these names were rejected by the Senate. After the adjournment of that session, however, President Hayes suspended Arthur and Cornell and appointed Merritt as collector and Burt as naval officer. When the Senate again met, and these names came up for confirmation, Senator Conkling was again on hand, and it looked for a time as though they would be rejected. I made a personal matter of it. I went to the Senators, many of whom I had been associated with in the past, and I appealed to them to sustain the President. I told them that I would resign from my cabinet position and go into private life if they allowed Conkling to prevail in this matter. I said I would have nothing to do with a government that gave the President the appointing power, and in this underhanded way prevented him from using it. At this time I firmly intended to have carried out my resolutions, and had Conkling succeeded I would have become a private citizen. He did not succeed, however, and that struggle as to the New York custom house was the beginning of the trouble which afterward culminated through Guiteau in the assassination of Garfield, and which retired Conkling and Platt from the United States Senate."

Frank G. Carpenter

UTAH'S OLD FOLKS HONORED.

Old Folks' day, July 11—1895, opened bright and beautiful. The showers of the previous day and evening brought a delightful coolness to the atmosphere, and the bright sunlight made all nature gay. The few fleecy clouds that floated over the hills gave no indication of storm such as broke the evening before. Everything was as favorable as could be wished for the annual occasion of special honors to the veterans.

The hour for the train to leave the Union Pacific depot at Salt Lake City for Pleasant Grove, Utah county, 35 miles south, was 8 o'clock a. m., but long before 7 o'clock the old folks were gathered, determined that on this occasion of all others they would not be behind time. The badges—red for those between 70 and 80 years of age, blue for between 80 and 90 and white for those who had passed the latter age—were honored by the streetcar companies as usual, and their wearers carried free. There were hundreds of red badges, quite a sprinkling of the blue, and still a goodly number of the

white, though by comparison with the others these were few.

The Union Pacific had provided a magnificent train of eighteen new passenger coaches and one baggage car, drawn by two large locomotives, Nos. 966 and 1031, with two trusty engineers, Nat Johnson and Abe Hatch. "The prettiest train that ever ran out of Salt Lake," said Conductor John A. Acomb, and he knows for he has been with the railroads ever since their first advent here. Conductor Acomb is the Old Folks' conductor. Whenever they go over the Union Pacific they want him—as popular today as years ago, when a young man, he filled the same position. Although he now has reached an age when he may be list as of years sufficient for a grandfather, he still is "Johnny" Acomb to the Old Folks who are a quarter of a century or more his seniors. Prompt, cheerful, obliging, he meets and is met by all with a smile.

The Old Folks' committee, from the veteran George Giddard, who wears a red badge and soon will wear the blue, "Charlie" Savage, and all the others, whose names are names of honor—every one was busy in giving all needed attention to the veterans. When the time for starting came, they had everything in apple pie order, and away to the south went the precious load of freight, gazed at by crowds of people assembled along the line bidding them Godspeed.

PLEASANT GROVE, July 11.—All the railway officials did their best to make the Old Folks comfortable and succeeded admirably. The Old Folks' choir was on hand under the leadership of William Foster, who has been a leader from the first. Just as the train pulled out the choir poured forth the merry strains of All Aboard, the selection being rendered with exquisite harmony, bringing tears of joy to many faces. The Old Folks were all aboard for a day of rejoicing. As the train moved on the choir went from car to car singing various selections.

On the train, as it passed from Salt Lake to Utah counties, there were six persons over ninety years of age: viz.—Janett Arrd, infirmary, 96; Sarah Free, Seventeenth ward, 95; Mrs. B. L. Sprague, Thirteenth ward, 92; Mary Arg-nt, West Jordan, 92; Litus Davis, Seventeenth ward, 90; Naudie Nowell, Twelfth ward, 90.

At 10:25 a. m. the train reached Pleasant Grove and the old folks were warmly welcomed and escorted to the grove. At the station was the Pleasant Grove band which played several airs.

The old folks were conveyed in carriages and wagons while the younger people walked. The children of the four Pleasant Grove Sunday schools were drawn up on the street facing the station and made a most beautiful picture. The grove, at the First ward meeting house, giving a magnificent shade, was well provided with seats and tables. At the entrance was an arch over which were the words "Welcome and Honor to the Aged." There was a large committee of Pleasant Grove citizens to conduct the affairs. A host of young ladies attended to serving refreshments at the tables and young men distributed lemonade. On the platform there assembled the Old Folks' committees of Salt Lake and Pleasant Grove, the choir and