

gressman say the other day that he had not been to church for a year and that he never visited a Sunday School. He did not appear to have much faith in the sincerity of Sunday school workers until I mentioned Wanamaker. He then said: "I like John Wanamaker, and I believe he is honest in all his works and that he does good. I am going to visit his Sunday school the next time I am in Philadelphia, and he is the kind of a Christian I like. He has more nerve than any of the preachers, and he is ready to fight anything. Why, Wanamaker is so brave that he would battle with the laws of nature! I have a cottage at Cape May, and he surprised us all there this last summer by making a fight with the ocean and winning. Wanamaker's summer home at Cape May Point is just on the edge of the beach. The ocean has been creeping up to it very rapidly during the past year, and the authorities took action upon it and sent word to Wanamaker that he must move back to the cottage. 'I won't do it,' he replied. 'I built that cottage to live in, and if there is anything that has to move it will be the ocean.' He then began to move back the ocean. He sent for pile drivers from Philadelphia and sunk great piles into the sand all along in front of his cottage, thus making a big breakwater, which the ocean cannot cross. His cottage is now high and dry and it is the same with his Christianity."

SENATOR SAWYER'S SUCCESSOR'S SENSIBLE SON.

Senator Sawyer of Wisconsin will probably spend a good part of his winters in Washington. He has made many friendships during his term in the Senate and his income is so great that he can live where he pleases. He has a magnificent house here, which he built for his daughter at a cost of something like \$100,000, and he was worth a half a dozen millions when he was elected to the Senate in 1880. He is one of the best business men in the United States and he has made his fortune since he was thirty-one years old. At this time he had saved only a little more than \$2,000, and with this he went from his native town in New York to Wisconsin, and, by investment, speculation and hard work, so turned over his \$2,000 that he has now at least \$1,000 for every 50 cents that he had then. His place in the Senate is taken by John L. Mitchell of Milwaukee, a man who is, perhaps, wealthier than he, and Wisconsin will still be represented by a millionaire.

Speaking of John L. Mitchell he will be, next to Stanford, the richest man in Congress. He is the son of Alexander T. Mitchell and his income something like a million a year. He is, with all this, as quiet and unassuming as though he lived upon a few thousands and he shows his Scotch blood in his modest ways. I heard a very curious story of his boy the other day. This boy is about twelve years old and he goes to a private school here in Washington. Among his friends is a young fellow whose father is connected with the Treasury Department and who owns a fine place at Takoma Park, near Washington. Not long ago young John Mitchell went out to see his friend, and when he came he had on a very fine tailor-made suit of clothes and he looked as though he had just come out of a bandbox. Shortly after arriving he said: "Felix, can't you give me a suit of your old clothes? I can't have any fun in these. They are

too good to spoil." "Certainly," said Felix, and in ten minutes the millionaire's son was the raggedest and happiest boy in Maryland.

HOW SAWYER WAS ELECTED TO THE SENATE.

Speaking of Uncle Philletus, a Minnesota congressman, who lives close to the Wisconsin line, told me the other day how he came to be elected to the Senate. He has the seat, you know, which was held by Angus Cameron. When Cameron's term expired he refused to run again, saying that it would cost him \$20,000 to be elected United States senator and he could not afford it. Timothy Howe did not want the place and Cameron, Howe and Secretary Rusk discussed the matter together and decided that the best man to put up would be Uncle Philletus Sawyer. Sawyer had been in Congress for about ten years. He was known all over the state and he was the most popular man in Wisconsin among the lumber men. It was decided to ask him to accept the nomination, and Uncle Jerry Rusk was asked to speak to him about it. The legislature was quite close, and it was necessary to have a man who would put some money into the campaign for legitimate expenses. Uncle Jerry called upon Uncle Philletus and he told him that the Republicans of the state wanted him to run for senator. He said Cameron was not going to run and that the only man that could satisfy the people was himself. Uncle Philletus thought about it for a moment and he said: "Well, I don't object to going to the Senate, and I think I could do some good there."

"But," said Uncle Jerry, "it will cost some money."

"Well, suppose it does," said Uncle Philletus. "I have made about \$600,000 out of my business this year and I think I could afford to put a little of it into the campaign for the party. I don't suppose it will cost a great amount."

"Oh, no," said Uncle Jerry, "not much. It might cost \$15,000 or \$20,000, but certainly not more than that."

"All right," said Uncle Philletus, "If the expenses are legitimate I will pay them."

After this nothing more was said about the proposed nomination and the people generally did not know that Sawyer would be a candidate. He began his work at once. He took a trip up through the lumber regions of Wisconsin, along the rivers down which the logs had to be rafted for sale. He found hard times among the lumber men. They had cut great quantities of logs, but had no sale for them. Uncle Philletus knew them all. He would come to a camp the owners of which were stuck with their lumber, and about the first thing they would ask him was whether he could not do something for them. He was, you know, one of the greatest lumber merchants of the state, and he invariably said in answer to this question: "I will do what I can. How much lumber have you and what do you want for it?"

"We have so many logs of such a character," they would reply, "and we will take such a figure for them."

"All right," would be Uncle Philletus' answer. "If the tally is correct I will take the lumber and you can fix it at once to go down the river." Then just as he was about to start away he would say, "by the way, John," addressing the leader of the camp by name, "I

want you to run as a candidate for the legislature this year."

"But, Mr. Sawyer, I don't see how I can leave my business, but if you want me to go I will go." To this he replied: "I would like to have you go. There is going to be some important business done and I think you ought to go."

"All right, Mr. Sawyer, I'll run."

The same program would be enacted at the next camp, and Sawyer in this way picked out the legislators from the lumber districts, and without ever mentioning a word of his candidacy for the Senate or saying anything about the obligations of the men to him. The men he selected were among the best men in the state and they were so popular in their districts that their very names insured their election. Throughout his whole life Senator Sawyer has been a very liberal man to all church organizations. I don't think he is given to any idea of future favors, and during this campaign when it was a question of the Democrats or the Republican party carrying the legislature he had only to drop a hint to his clerical force that he would like to have certain legislative candidates succeed and they went in and worked for these candidates for all they were worth. They had no idea they were working for Mr. Sawyer for senator, and when the legislators came to Madison they of course voted for him, and he had, I think, something like a two thirds majority. A funny thing about his lumber speculation was that when he came back to Madison after making this tour he said to a friend there: "I have been buying a lot of lumber up the river and I have spent \$150,000 for logs upon which I don't know how much I am going to lose. I found the boys hard up, however, and I had to help them." He did not, however, let the \$150,000 go without trying to sell the logs, and he at once sent his man up the river to see that they were properly rafted down to the markets, and he instructed him to sell them for just what they would bring. Said he: "I don't want to keep them a day and I want them sold for just what you can get for them." They were sold, and the result was that he made \$18,000 out of the transaction instead of losing on it, as he expected.

FRANK G. CARPENTER.

WAKEMAN'S WANDERINGS.

LONDON, Feb. 20, 1893.—You are always received at the century old bodegaya posada or inn of Cuba as a person of great distinction. This, however, is wholly in the ethical sense. It in no wise betters the quality of your food; ministers to your bodily needs; or clears the filth, fleas and cobwebs from your dim old alcobas. An out-of-the-way inn in Cuba is a shelter much inferior to a night in the open air. Mine host will dance all around you with ineffable welcomes. He will call upon all the saints to guard you. He will protest endlessly, "My house is thine!" Then he will go to sleep. He awakens just before you depart, and showers blessings and bills upon you. If in the meantime you have got anything but quaint and laughable studies you are in truth a born diplomate.

The country roads of Cuba crook and turn to avoid obstacles, just as the Cuban will do six days labor to avoid one. "Beware the pantanos!" is the warning