GOSSIP OF THE CAPITAL.

SENATOR M'MILLAN'S WORK FOR THE DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.

A YANKEE "DONE" BY A SOUTH CAROLINIAN—DR. ZALDIVAR, THE NEW MINISTER FROM SAN SALVADOR.

Washington, June 16.—The District of Columbia is the spoiled child of Congress, constantly receiving benefits from its hands, which it accepts often in a surly spirit and grumbles because it does not get more, accusing the committees having its affairs in charge with lack of interest and the sacrifice of National matters to those that concern their local constituencies. As a matter of fact, the members of the District of Columbia Affairs committees, both in the House and Senate, are noteworthy for the zeal with which they seek to advance its interests, and if in the beginning of their service on these committees members and Senators are lukewarm, a short residence at the seat of Government soon causes them to become enthusiastic and they vie with each other in studying its needs and furthering its development.

The capital has never had a better or more efficient friend than Senator McMillan, chairman of the District Affairs Committee in the upper house, whose long experience as a business man, broad culture and knowledge of the plans, conduct and municipal housekeeping of foreign cities renders him especially fitted for the direction of this committee. When Senator McMillan assumed the chief place on the District Committee the city was disgraced by a quantity of old, rotten and rickety bridges, all of which bore the legend that horses must be walked over them, and naming $5 as a fine for the violation of this law.

It was outrageous, thought the energetic Senator from Michigan, that these old wooden bridges, built after antique models, many of which were unsafe, should be allowed to stand, and gradually, through his influence, handsome iron structures have replaced them, over which an army of horses could trot if need be, for, according to Senator McMillan, no bridge should be allowed to stand that cannot endure this test.

The charitable institutions of the District have found in Senator McMillan a warm friend and supporter. A benefactor to his own city and the founder of several eleemosynary institutions, Senator McMillan understands, better than do the most of his colleagues, their direction and needs, and is constantly adding to his knowledge on this subject, which is one of the most important with which his committee has to deal. Not satisfied with the official reports of these institutions, and believing that to pass intelligently on their demands more than a superficial knowledge of them is needed, the chairman of the District Committee has made a comprehensive study of the District Charities. A book prepared by the secretary of the committee, Charles Moore, for its use, giving the origin, history, plan and scope of all the charitable institutions in town, is the most comprehensive compilation of this character for the territory it embraces ever issued, and has been accepted as an authority on the subject.

The District Affairs Committee is most fortunate in its secretary. Mr. Moore is a scholar, an accomplished man of the world, possessed of tact and understanding and, what is most important for a man in his position, a knowledge of human nature. He is able to soothe the belligerents and grumblers who go to lodge complaints with the committee; he is ever ready with valuable information on all local subjects for the seekers of it; he has the gift of refusing a request in such a way as to make the preferer of it his friend for life, and no one passes through his hands who does not go away pleased and flattered by his reception.

The Columbian University at its last commencement complimented Mr. Moore with a degree in recognition of his "History of the Northwest," recently published, which has been warmly received by the critics and will prove a valuable addition to the literature regarding the early days of this country. Its author is an alumnus of Harvard, and his friends, both in and outside of the university, predict that his alma mater will follow the example set by Columbian and distinguish her talented son for this work. Mr. Moore's history is not only a valuable work for reference, but is so romantic, as any truthful account of the Northwest must be, so pleasantly told, that laymen as well as students will have interest in its perusal.

"You can't get ahead of a North Carolinian," said a noted politician from Carolina at a recent dinner where all sections of the country were represented, "and there ain't much use in trying. Some years ago a slick Yankee gentleman came down our way and set up a little store in the mountains. He tried to 'do' everybody until it became a matter of local pride for the inhabitants to try to 'do' him. But few were successful. The storekeeper was clever enough about giving credit, only he always insisted on having security worth about twice as much as the bill his customer wanted to make. Once upon a time Jake Brown, a Scotchman by descent and as slick as any Yankee you ever saw, came down from his farm and ran up a pretty steep account, giving a mortgage on his hogs as security. Time came for payment, but, whether he couldn't or wouldn't, Jake didn't pay. After waiting a reasonable time the Yank went up the mountain to levy on the hogs, feeling pretty tickled at the chance.

"'I've come for my hogs,' he said to Jake, who was hoeing in his garden when the stranger came up to him, 'and I'm going to sell 'em.'

"'All right,' said the mountaineer, 'go on with the sale.'

"'Where are they?' asked the storekeeper.

"'Out on the mountain, I reckon,' replied Jake.

"'By the way, Mr. Brown, what breed of hogs are they?' queried the Yank.

"'Ground hogs, stranger,' responded Jake, laconically."

Rafel Zaldivar, who has recently been accredited as Minister from San Salvador at this capital, is one of the most distinguished statesmen of the little republic he represents. Like his colleague, Dr. Wilde of Argentina, Dr. Zaldivar gained eminence as a physician before entering the field of politics, and held a leading place among the medical men of Central America. Born in San Salvador, he was educated at the national university in Guatemala, where he took the highest degrees in its gift. He began the practice of his profession at the place where it had been acquired and soon became eminent, but political life had always held a singular charm for him and soon caused him to desert a career in which he was steadily advancing for the less secure one of politics.

His political life, however, started out brilliantly and he was soon elected to Congress, his selection for a seat in that body being in the nature of a great compliment, inasmuch as he was one of three members of the medical profession allowed by the laws of the country to participate in legislation. Although successful in all of his undertakings and exerting a wide influence Dr. Zaldivar did not remain long in Guatemala. A battle royal with the party in power after the death of his friend and supporter, President Carera, made it necessary for him to leave the country of his adoption and seek an asylum in the State of his birth, which received him with open arms and heaped honors upon him, electing her distinguished son first to a seat in Congress and finally promoting him to the Presidency.

Dr. Zaldivar served two terms, from 1876 until 1884, as President, and did much to advance the interests of his country while holding that office. Commerce and trade improved under his administration, railroads were built, immigration was encouraged, and it is told with pride by his compatriots, who are accustomed to a popular uprising at least once a year, that in the eight years he occupied the executive chair there was not a single revolution. The onerous duties of his position, however, told upon his health, and toward the close of his second term he was compelled to transfer his authority to the Vice-President and seek rest and recreation in Europe. Upon his return to San Salvador Dr. Zaldivar did not again enter politics, but recently, at the solicitation of the President of San Salvador, General Regalado, consented to represent his country in the United States and at several of the Courts in Europe, whither he will sail as soon as his business in this country is ended.

Dr. Zaldivar, both while he was President of San Salvador and since he resigned that office, has been an ardent advocate of the Nicaragua Canal, which will be of especial advantage to his little country, since it has no port on the Atlantic and must send its products to the Pacific ports, making a long and roundabout journey to reach the large markets of the Atlantic.

A determined lady from the West visited town not long ago for the purpose of interviewing a member of the Cabinet on a subject of interest to her. She called, as it happened, just at the time when the frauds in the Cuban Postal Department were made public, and the majority of the President's advisers, absorbed in considering the matter, had given instructions that they were not to be disturbed.

"So you refuse to take my card to the Secretary?" asked the determined lady of the messenger.

"It would be against my orders, and I don't dare to," replied the messenger politely.

The visitor turned away in high dudgeon, but a happy thought occurred to her and she retraced her steps. "Here, my man," she said, insinuatingly, "here is 50 cents. Now will you take my card in?"

"I'm paid a bigger salary than that to keep your card out, madam," responded the darky, shaking his head.

Mr. Reed's contempt for the Senate was well known and has been widely commented upon. Apropos of this the following story was told at one of the uptown clubs the other night:

Just before the adjournment of the last Congress in which Reed served as Speaker he was approached by a member who begged to be recognized that he might call up a certain measure in which he was interested.

"I would not ask you," explained the member, "but the bill is all right and passed the Senate without a dissenting voice."

"Did it really?" asked Mr. Reed, scornfully. "Well, then, that's the very reason it should not pass the House," and it did not pass at that session.

A VALUABLE LESSON.

From The Chicago Post.

"And what does the story of the prodigal son teach us?" asked the teacher.

"It teaches us how to get the fatted calf," was the prompt reply of the bad boy at the foot of the class.

ON A CHOLERA SHIP.

PLAGUE, MUTINY AND HEROISM ON THE HIGH SEAS.

From Chambers's Journal.

Now came a most trying time. Not a breath of wind ruffled the surface of the water; the ship rolled gently on the oily swell, with all her sails—even to the royals—set, to catch the slightest stir. The deaths continued with alarming rapidity, and then, as Lampsey had said, there was actually nothing wherewith to weight the corpses. The steward, Ross, the Scotch sailor lad, and one or two of our own private native servants—under the stimulus of reward paid down on the nail at so much a head—their mouths and noses muffled in carbolic saturated towels, constituted the burial party. These men, penetrating 'tween decks, dragged the corpses up the hatchway, across the deck and pushed them through the gangway doors, just as they were, for there was little time and less inclination to sew them up in canvas, as had been done at the outset. Being unweighted, the bodies refused to sink; the sharks, moreover, did not appear to fancy them, and, being impelled by the same current, they kept by the ship's side, bobbing up and down, rolling over, now on their backs, now face up, in the most horribly grewsome fashion. We in the cuddy were fast becoming demoralized as well; then the wretched Punjabis crowded at the doors and appealed to us in piteous strains, invoking Allah to grant us a wind, and imploring us to pray to God with the same object. What could we do? We told them that we should hail the first steamer and get her to tow us into a wind which would not only fill our sails, but blow the cholera out of the ship. In the mean time we exhorted them to be patient and obey the doctor in all things.

Several steamers passed, going in the same direction, but too far off to communicate. At last, on the tenth day of the calm, we sighted a two funnel steamer hull down in our wake. She came on slowly, and as she drew abreast of us about a mile away we hoisted our distress signal and anxiously awaited the result. In a few minutes she replied, whereupon we displayed a whole line of bunting; on reading which she altered her course and ranged up to within speaking distance.

"Steamer ahoy!" shouted our skipper through his trumpet. "What steamer's that?"

"West Indian!" bellowed a voice from the other's bridge; "Jeddah to Bombay. What ship's that?"

"Zenobia; Annesley Bay to Bombay."

"What's the matter?"

"Cholera! Will you tow us through the Straits?"

"Sorry we can't. Port engine broken down; much as we can do to get along ourselves. Can we help you otherwise? Have you a doctor?"

"Yes."

"Want medicines?"

"No, thanks; have lots. Goodby."

"Goodby!"

In another minute she put up her helm and resumed her course.

"There's no 'elp for't but to wait for the next," said the skipper.

True, there was no help for it, so we put on the best face possible and called on our fortitude and patience to aid us.

Presently the crew again came aft, this time on their own initiative, their demeanor more truculent than before. Whether the disappointment had irritated them, or whether, owing to the existing dislocated state of affairs, they had managed to gain access to the spirit room, I do not know, but their bearing now was mutinous.

"Captain Hutchinson!" called Lampsey roughly from the main deck.

"Well?" replied the skipper, going to the rail, whither we all followed him.

"We ain't a-goin' to stand this here no furrer—we ain't!"

"Ain't yer? Suppose you think as that there steamboat with 'arf a lung could 'a' towed a twelve hundred ship—do yer?"

"What we thinks or doesn't think ain't neither here nor there, but I tell yer what, this ship's a coffin—she is, and we ain't a-goin' to stop in her—we ain't! Jest yer come along to the fo'castle and take a whiff o' the stink as comes through the cracks in the bulkheads, and then say if Christian sailormen can stand it any longer!"

"'Ave patience, can't yer? Another steamboat'll be along presently, and we'll stop 'er."

"We calkilate as we've drifted pretty considerable out o' the course, and ne'er a craft'll be a-comin' this way, so we've made up our minds what ter do, and have come to give yer all a chanst in wid us."

"Well, out with it! What 'ave yer made up yer minds to do?"

"Take to the boats, and leave the tub and the niggers to theirselves."

"Yes?"

"They'll all be dead afore a week, so will us if we stop here. The ship is sartin to be picked up by some darned salvager."

"Well, all I 'ave to say is," replied the captain, leaning over the rail and speaking impressively, "that the first as touches lift or tackle I'll put a bullet through 'im as sure as God made little apples!"

"I guess more nor one can play at that game!" exclaimed Lampsey, shaking his fist at the captain. "Come on, mates!" he added to his fellows, and the whole crowd made off to the forecastle. A storm was brewing, and we unanimously ranged ourselves on the side of law and order. I and the other passengers fished out our revolvers, loaded them, and stuck them in our belts; the skipper similarly armed himself and the officers, and several of us descending the poop ladder cast loose the two small brass guns which the ship carried, and trundled them into the cuddy. Rob, Corsy, the steward and the lad Ross all came aft, while the crew, gathered in clusters on the forecastle head, appeared to be deep in consultation. Thus there ensued a lull. We were in the cuddy, talking over the state of affairs, Ross at the wheel, and O'Kelly, the chief mate, on deck looking out for steamers. The poor plague stricken Punjabis frequently came to the door and asked if there were any signs of a wind, for they had evidently become imbued with the truth of what we had told them earlier in the day—that a breeze in all probability would rid them of the scourge. The atmosphere was dense and hot, without the slightest breath of air, and we sat anxious and watchful, expecting at any moment to come to open loggerheads with the crew.

"Below there!" suddenly called O'Kelly through the skylight.

"'Ullo!" responded the skipper.

"Sure, sir, it looks black and threatening to the west; it's a breeze of wind, I'm thinking."

At the welcome words we all followed the captain, and rushed on deck. The mate pointed to the west, and, true enough, the horizon in that direction presented a dark brown aspect. There was something in the air, too—in the oppressive stillness—that presaged an atmospheric disturbance of some sort, and we eagerly waited to hear the captain's opinion.

"A sand squall, by thunder!" exclaimed he. "'Twill be down on us in no time! All hands take in sail!" he roared, in the direction of the forecastle. "Be smart, lads; 'tis one o' them confounded tornadoes."

"Stow yer slack as well as yer sails yerselves!" retorted Lampsey, with his hand to his mouth. "We ain't a-goin' to budge!"

I don't know what may have passed through the captain's mind at this terrible juncture, for every sail was set, and a squall fast bearing down on his ship—a full rigged ship, fitted with the more cumbersome and old fashioned tackle of that day—carrying quite five hundred souls all told, allowing for the deaths, and a valuable Government cargo. I know not what he contemplated, I say; but at that moment an unwonted commotion was observable among the hitherto apathetic Punjabis. They, too, had noticed the change in the sky's aspect, and, following our glances, had heard the short altercation between poop and forecastle, had seen the threatening gestures of the disputants, and, without understanding what was being said, guessed its purport. Then scores of them, suddenly shaking off their lethargy, and ignorant of marine etiquette, swarmed up the poop ladders and asked what was the matter. Was a breeze coming at last? If so, why did not the sailors do what had been ordered? They knew enough to tell them that the canvas ought to be taken in. Devine and I, who were the only men on board conversant with Punjabi Hindustani, hastily explained the situation, the advancing storm, the consequent danger to the ship, clothed as she was to the mastheads, and the refusal of the crew to do their duty.

The Mahometan mule drivers at once realized the situation. "We will make them!" they shouted, their blood now thoroughly up. "God has sent the wind to drive away the cholera, and shall we go to another death because your men are untrue to their salt? No! we will aid you! You are our protectors! After Allah, we look to you, and will stand by you! On, then, in the name of God! We will force these sons of defiled mothers to do their duty!"

Before we could stay them, some two hundred Punjabis rushed along the main deck and mounted the forecastle. The crew was ready to receive them. There ensued a fierce fight; knives were freely used against the now infuriated natives, who were, however, entirely unarmed, their cutlasses being in chests below decks. Shrieks and groans assailed our ears, and we were about charging forward, revolvers in hand, to quell the disturbance, when, numbers having gained the day, we saw the sailors driven along with kicks and cuffs by the victorious Punjabis; we saw them ascend the ratlins followed by the swarms of mule drivers, who threatened by gestures to throw them into the sea if they did not immediately furl sail. The seamen, not daring to disobey, worked in fear of their lives, and in a few minutes the Zenobia floated under bare poles. With a low rumble the squall came on. Sand was in the air; it invaded our eyes, nostrils and mouths; the hurricane struck the ship with terrific force, and swept on, leaving us well nigh on our beam ends, but safe!

The gust proving to be a precursor of a stiff but favorable breeze, sail was speedily made on the ship, and in due course we bowled along toward our destination, thankful for our deliverance from a combination of perils that once seemed to threaten us with annihilation.

Only two deaths occurred after that terrible day. Next morning the crew expressed contrition for their behavior; the Punjabis, now full of renewed spirits, came aft in a body and interceded for their late antagonists; cuts and bruises were forgotten, and both parties shook hands in token of amity and absence of ill-will. The skipper, nothing loath, accorded his forgiveness, ordered extra grog to be served, and so, without further adventure or misadventure, we arrived safely in Bombay Harbor on the twenty-eighth day after weighing anchor off the Abyssinian coast.

A RUSKIN HALL FOR AMERICA.

TWO LABOR REPRESENTATIVES TO COME FROM ENGLAND THIS MONTH.

From The London Times.

In recognition of the establishment at Oxford of Ruskin Hall, the gift of Americans for higher education of British workingmen, the trade unionists have started a British subscription for the establishment of a similar institution in America. Two representatives of organized labor, Messrs. Bowerman and Sexton, will sail on June 16, and it is hoped by that time the whole of the money needed, about £4,000, will have been raised. On the previous day, June 15, the anniversary of the signing of Magna Charta, two farewell meetings will be held in St. Martin's Town Hall, and the speakers will include the Bishop of London and Sir Walter Besant. The delegates will convey not only this very practical evidence of British goodwill, but an invitation to American labor organizations to send some hundreds of representatives to an Anglo-American convention at Oxford next February. Numerous bodies of working people in this country are already electing delegates to that convention, in which the British colonies also will be represented. The discussions will last three days, the most notable gathering being fixed for George Washington's Birthday, February 22, but the questions dealt with will not be decided until the delegates return home, the votes being sent through the post.

Mr. Vrooman, the founder of Ruskin Hall, Oxford, in communicating this information to an East London audience in Stepney Meeting House on Sunday afternoon, stated that the hall had now not only twenty-five residents, but fifteen hundred corresponding students. He took the opportunity to disclaim the idea of antagonism either to the old universities or to the university extension movement, but he pointed out that those workingmen who had been sent to Oxford by the co-operators had without exception joined the professional classes, while only eighteen of the university extension centres had more than three workingmen among their students. The new movement, he said, was for the education—especially in constitutional history—of the men who would spend their lives in the artisan ranks, and who at the same time required knowledge for the formation of wise opinions on matters connected with national development and international relations.

WHY WIGWAG REJOICED.

From The Philadelphia Record.

Mr. Wigwag—Did the new carpet arrive all right?

Mrs. Wigwag—Yes; it came intact.

Mr. Wigwag—Hooray! Hip! Hip! That lets me out!

Mrs. Wigwag—What in the world are you talking about?

Mr. Wigwag—Why, didn't you say it came in tacked?