ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

Annual Reunion in Washington—Gen. Newton Elected President—Review by President Arthur—Address by Major Maginnis.

The reunion of the army of the Potomac at Washington on the 16th, in connection with the public parade and other exercises was a very brilliant affair. It was the first representative gathering of the army of the Potomac in Washington since the war; and, as the soldiers of twenty years ago marched past the stand, many of them gray-bearded and bowed with the weight of the intervening years, it recalled the review of 1865 when the army of the Potomac marched up the avenue and passed in review before the president 100,000 strong. Of the society of the army of the Potomac there were about 1,600 men in line, and together with the various organizations composing the escort, about 3,500 men were in line. The president was surrounded by a number of prominent men. Gen. Sherman and Vice Admiral Rowan were the only officers in uniform. The president saluted the different sections by raising his hat. The fife and drum corps played Marching Through Georgia. To this Gen. Sherman responded by raising his hat, but he involuntarily kept time with his foot.

At the business meeting in the afternoon a sharp contest was aroused over the election of president of the society. Gen. Grant was proposed, but the large majority of those present being from Pennsylvania and New York, he was defeated by Gen. Newton, of Hell Gate. When Grant's name was brought forward, cheers and cries of "Grant!" "Grant!" "Vote!" "Newton!" for some minutes made it impossible for any one of the score of gentleman who were on their feet to be heard. Then followed a running discussion as to Gen. Grant's eligibility. Some one from the stage declared he was an honorary member. A voice from the audience replied, "He hasn't paid his dues." Another called out, "For fourteen years he declined to become a member of our society. Why burden him with this honor now?" Finally Gen. Humphreys gained attention, and naively suggested:

If I remember rightly Gen. Grant, at one time was intimately associated with the army of the Potomac near the close of war. I think is clearly eligible if you choose to elect him.

This was received with shouts of laughter and applause from all quarters, and it was moved to proceed to ballot the result being as follows: Gen. Newton, 155; Gen. Grant, 117, scattering, 7. Gen. Newton's election was made unanimous, and with the exception of president the old officers were re-elected. Brooklyn, N. Y., was selected as the place of the next reunion of the society.

In the evening there was a brilliant audience at the National theatre.

The veterans filled the first floor and a number of distinguished generals, among whom were Gens. Sherman, Rosecrans, Beaver, Hazen, Webb and Slocum, occupied seats on the stage. Judge Edmunds welcomed the society to Washington, and George Alfred Townsend read a poem. It was an artistic effort, devoted chiefly to the memory of Lincoln.

The oration by Maj. Martin Maginnis of the First Minnesota was the chief feature of the evening. He was over an hour in delivering it, but was listened to throughout with close attention and evident interest. The appreciation of the audience was frequently exhibited by hearty and long continued applause. At one time when he alluded in a particularly effective way to Gen. Sherman as the "magnificent Sherman," the old veterans arose in their seats, threw up their hats and fairly shouted in their enthusiasm. He inspired many other similar outbursts and was enthusiastically cheered and personally and heartily congratulated by many at the close.

MAGINNISS' ADDRESS.

Addressing the president of the United States and his comrades of the army of the Potomac, Mr. Maginnis said:

Surely comrades, as you again came down to the Potomac, and to your eye again appeared the white vision of the capitol, around which, phantom-like have clustered memories that have attended you through a long peace amid the struggles of existence, in the fields of everyday endeavor, surely the stones of twenty years were rolled away; and out of the sepulchre of each comrade's past came forth a young, an ardent, an heroic spirit. Planted by the fathers in the center of their United States, revolution had moved the capital to the frontier. Worse! Secession was behind as well as in front of it. It was an outpost in the enemy's country—garrisoned only by the government. Secession has gone back to the sacred soil but it said, with Catiline, I go! but I return. For offense or defense Washington was strategically weak, but its foundation were laid with those of the Union. It was hallowed by association with the venerated dead. It was the sacred city of the nation. And the loyal people determined that never should domestic insurrection profane its holy places. There is no need to defend the justice of that war which has given us a Union. The military history of our campaigns is a road beset, with thorns, involving criticisms on generals who are members of this society, and on statesmen who had large followings in their lives and are honored by the country in their deaths. Let critics and historians perform this ungrateful task. I shall give only honor to our superiors in the cabinet and in the field. It is boasted that the best blood of the South was in their ranks. Well, the best blood and brains of the North were in ours. The orators of our pulpits, the lights of the bar, senators and representatives were privates in the army of the Potomac. The story of that army is a sad but glorious story of bootless efforts, useless sacrifices and final success. Worn out in marches without objects; wasted in battles that had no results; tainted with inactivity; baffled by interference and delay, it struggled, fought and bled for victory. For as this was the people's war, it turned out to be the people's fight. No Alexander, Cæsar or Napoleon arose to monopolize its glories and claim its victories for himself alone. As far as the army of the Potomac was concerned, there never was an army that owed less to brilliancy of leadership or the inspiration of genius. What it lost was often from the lackes of its direction; what it won it dearly paid for in its own patriotic blood. In the history of the war this army is entitled to the right of the line. Through all the baffles and smiles of folly, fortune and glory, when hope was lost in useless endeavor, and patriotism paled in the apathy of outworn enthusiasm, its discipline, its spirit, its organization never failed and whatever criticism may be made as to how it was fought, this society of this country unite in praising the organizing hand of our comrade and chief, McClellan. More so than with our other armies that discipline was needed to fit it for its task. It could maintain no bummers. It never camped out of the sound of the enemy's guns or bivouaced beyond the reach of immediate attack; a gladiator always in the arena, a knight whose guard could never be let down. That discipline was superb. If in the wider sense discipline means that obedience to duty, which keeps men in line when they fight, and in column when they march, to fight again to-morrow, and march the night after, until energy is exhausted and obedience mechanical; if that be discipline, as it is the object of discipline, then it was the best disciplined army on this planet. But, comrades, the result is worth it all. Every passing year will make more plain the decree of the god of battles that the lost cause was justly lost. To this city, where they had met, the comrades of many years were called, that they might part. You crossed the Potomac, and turning your backs upon its banks, marched in review up the avenue, that river of steel, wave after wave passed the White house and moved by the capitol to break and part and return to the uttermost parts of the Union. But of all those whose tattered standards floated on the air and whose triumphant music filled the heart with joy, how few there were of the faces that four years before had marched down that avenue the other way—had marched down to the battle field, the hospital, the grave. How much vaster the shadowy hosts of the dead, whose pale memories moved with the column and kept time to the march. From scores of fields, consecrated by their deaths, forever sacred to their memories, they could not come unless it shall be to meet us under the walls of a city more desired than Richmond, more resplendant than Washington, in the last reunion of the army of the Potomac.

Then followed a series of speeches beginning with Gen. Sherman, who was greeted with great enthusiasm. Speeches were also made by Gens. Slocum, Webb, Beaver, Keifer and others.

GREETING TO MINNESOTA.

The following sent by those of the First Minnesota who are participating in the reunion explains itself.

To the comrades of the old First Minnesota: The army of the Potomac is again in action, and the First Minnesota, as usual to the front, led by one of our most distinguished members, Maj. Martin Maginnis, orator of the day. John G. Merritt, company K; David A. Caffin, company A; O. D. Thatcher, company E; J. M. Churchill, company I; George Durfee, company D.

LIEUT. COL. GUIDO ILGES.

A Sketch of the Unpleasant Causes of His Resignation and of His Brilliant Military Career.

Washington special: The resignation of Col. Guido Ilges, Eighteenth infantry, has been received at the department. As his unconditional resignation was called for by the secretary of war, it will no doubt be accepted by the president at once. Information received at the war department corroborates the statement already made in the Pioneer Press regarding the reason for Col. Ilges' peremptory resignation. It is to the effect that he hypothecated at least eight pay accounts for periods for which he has since drawn his pay in person, amounting to over $500. Besides this he borrowed considerable amounts of money while here last year, which he gave notes for, and has made no efforts to repay, although repeatedly urged to do so. He recently tendered his resignation, to take effect Jan. 1 next, and asked that leave be granted him until that date. Secretary Lincoln however, telegraphed Col. Ilges to the effect that if he tendered his resignation to take effect at once, it would be accepted, otherwise he would be tried by court martial for conduct unbecoming an officer and a gentleman, in duplicating his pay accounts as above stated.

Col. Ilges is a native of Prussia, an ex-officer of the Prussian army and coming into this country, was appointed a captain in the Fourteenth Infantry, May 14, 1861, accepting his commission the next month. During the rebellion he served with great gallantry, commanding the Fourteenth during most of 1864, and was breveted major for gallantry at the battle of the Wilderness, and lieutenant colonel for the battle of Spottsylvania, in 1864. Since the war he was almost continuously on the frontier, and in 1880, when he exchanged from the Seventh to the Fifth infantry with Major Brotherton, he distinguished himself by rounding up and bringing in Sitting Bull and his band of Sioux warriors. Once before Col. Ilges has been in a similar trouble. In 1873, while captain of the Fourteenth infantry, he duplicated his accounts, was tried by general court martial, and sentenced to be cashiered, but Gen. Grant, who was then president, mitigated the sentence in consideration of his brilliant war history, and as he was then the senior captain of infantry this action enabled him to be promoted Dec. 10, 1873, to major of the Seventh infantry, from which he exchanged to the Fifth, as stated. While he was commanding in Missouri in 1879 80 Lieut. Gen. Sheridan had such confidence in his ability and judgment as a soldier, as well as an executive officer, that he advised Gen. Terry not to send anybody who will outrank Ilges. Gen. Terry did not, and Ilges rounded up Sitting Bull and his band of renegades. Col. Ilges is one of the finest looking officers in the army. He is over six feet in height, broad shoulders, and in uniform and mounted is the very beau ideal of a soldier. The cause of his downfall is more than likely his inability to believe that two pair will not beat three of a kind. Fort Assininboine, where Col. Ilges was stationed, is the largest and most northerly military post in the country, comprising eight troops of cavalry and four of infantry.

Army Officers to Be Relieved.

WASHINGTON, Special Telegram, May 13.—The Army and Navy Register this week publishes a list of officers to be retired, to include Dec. 31, 1892, with the date at which each officer will retire. In the list are the following, including officers now stationed in the Northwest:

Gen. William T. Sherman, Feb. 8, 1884; Maj. Gen. John Pope, March 16, 1886; Maj. Gen. W. S. Hancock, Feb. 14, 1888; Quartermaster Gen. Ingalls, Aug. 23, 1883; Gen. H. G. Wright, March 6, 1884; Gen. D. B. Sackett, April 14, 1886; Gen. R. C. Drum, May 28, 1889; Gen. C. H. Crane, July 19, 1889; Gen. R. MacFeely, July 1, 1890; Gen. S. V. Benet, Jan. 22, 1891; Brig. Gen. C. C. Augur, July 10, 1885; Brig. Gen. A. H. Terry, Nov. 10, 1891; Col. S. D. Sturgis, June 11, 1886; Col. R. Ayres, Dec. 20, 1889; Col. John P. Hatch, Second cavalry, Jan. 9, 1886; Col. C. C. Gilbert, Seventeenth infantry, March 1, 1886; Capt. Robert McDonald, Fifth infantry, May 12, 1886; Col. John D. Wilkins, Aug. 1, 1886; Lieut.-Col. Joseph N. D. Whistler, Fifth infantry, Oct. 19, 1886; Lieut.-Col. Henry S. Chapman, Seventh infantry, Feb. 8, 1887; Capt. David Schooley, Twenty-fifth infantry, April 1, 1888; Col. John S. Mason, Ninth infantry, Aug. 21, 1888; Maj. Edward Ball, Seventh cavalry, Feb. 23, 1888; Lieut.-Col. George Gibson, Third infantry, April 4, 1888; Capt. E. Butler, Fifth infantry, March 19, 1891; Col. John Gibbon, Seventh infantry, April 20, 1891; Col. Richard Q. Dodge, May 19, 1891; Lieut.-Col. Orlando H. Moore, Seventeenth infantry, July 13, 1891; Col. George L. Andrews, Twenty-fifth infantry, April 22, 1892.

It is an interesting fact that neither Sheridan nor Schofield will retire during the next ten years. Sheridan, who will be fully in command of the army next February, will remain in that position more than ten years, and it is a field for speculation who, after him, will be at the head of our military forces. It may be Miles, or it may be Mackenzie, but as the promotions to the grades of brigadier general and major general are made by selection, it is very unsafe to make a prediction.

Irish Bull in Parliament.

Mr. Callan, M. P. whose habits are well-known to be convivial, not long ago gave utterance to an unlucky phrase. Speaking of an allegation of the Irish Attorney-General, he said he could "swallow a good deal," and he was going on to say he could not swallow that; but before he could get to the second half of the sentence the house burst into uproarious laughter. The strangers in the gallery did not know what it meant, and Mr. Callan himself did not know for a moment. "I can swallow a good deal," he repeated, and again there was an outburst of uproarious laughter in which the whole treasury bench joined. Mr. Bright was conversing with Mr. Peter Rylands below the gangway, and his conversation was interrupted by the mirth. He paused to inquire and then joined in the laughter, which by this time extended to Mr. Callan himself.

NEW YORK'S GREAT BRIDGE.

The Opening This Month, of the Great Structure Which is to Unite New York and Brooklyn—Its Cost, Dimensions, Etc.

At last a day has been determined upon for the formal opening of the East River bridge connecting the city's of New York and Brooklyn. The action by the sub-committee naming Thursday, May 24, will be ratified, and the arrangements for the simple programme decided upon will be carried out. Invitations will be extended to the president and vice president and ex-president of the United States, to the Cabinet officers, the members of both houses of congress, the governor, Lieutenant governor and ex-governors of New York, to the governors of all the States and Territories in the Union, to the mayor and ex-mayor of New York city and Brooklyn, and to the leading officials of both cities. Inivtations will also be extended to the representatives of foreign powers in the country, to distinguished foreigners, to distinguished citizens and to representatives of the press in all parts of the Union. These only, together with those to whom passes may be issued, will have admission to the bridge on that day. The programme provides for the assembling of the invited guests in the main building at the entrance to the bridge on the Brooklyn side at 2 o'clock p. m. At 3 o'clock the bridge will be formally presented to the mayors of New York and Brooklyn by President Kingsley, of the Bridge Committee. Mayor Edson and Low will, it is presumed, make appropriate responses. This will be followed by an oration by the Rev. Dr. Storrs on behalf of Brooklyn, and another by the Hon. William M. Evarts on behalf of the city of New York. The guests will then fall in line and walk across the bridge to the New York side, and this will close the former exercises, though it is probable that in the evening the festivities of a banquet, usual to such occasions, will take place; but this is a part not known in the programme.

The Brooklyn Suspension bridge is one of the greatest triumphs of engineering skill. Conceived in the minds of a few capitalists of Brooklyn and New York in the closing year of the war, and stimulated by the success of the great bridge over the Ohio river between Cincinnati and Covington, completed in 1867, the engineer of the latter enterprise the late John A. Roebling, was consulted, and he pronounced in favor of the scheme, estimating its cost at $6,675,000. A company waa thereupon formed and incorporated with a capital of $5,000,000, the charter also providing that the two cities might take the property at any stage of its progress by paying 33 1-2 per cent. more than its cost and guaranteeing that the bridge should be free. The provision was, in fact, carried into effect upon the completion of the foundations of the two towers, the city of Brooklyn assuming 66 2-3 per cent. of its cost, and the city of New York 33 1-3 per cent. John A. Roebling was appointed engineer, and work on the foundation of the main tower was begun on the Brooklyn side on the 2d of January, 1870. This tower was completed June 15, 1875. The caisson for the New York tower, 178 by 102 feet, was begun December 12, 1871. The depth of the foundation of the Brooklyn tower from high-water mark was 45 feet; that of the New York tower 78 feet. During this portion of the work, eighty-six cases of what was known as caisson fever occurred, three of which proved fatal. Engineer Roebling died from injuries received, before the first stone of the foundation was laid, and was succeeded by his son, Washington A. Roebling, who in 1871, was stricken down with caisson fever, but continued to direct the work from his sick-room. The first wire was run across the river from tower to tower May 29th 1877. In the first estimate of the cost of the bridge, the item of land necessarliy to be purchased was not taken into the account; including this, to the amount of $3,800,000, the original estimate of the cost was about $10,500,000, and it was thought that the work would be completed in five years' time.. On May 24th, the day of the formal opening, it will be just sixteen years since the work of preparing the plans first began, and thirteen years and nearly four months since ground was broken. The cost of the bridge to the present time has been over $15,500,000. The following dimensions of the various parts of the bridge will be of interest:

Length of river span, 1,595 feet six inches.

Length of each span, 930 feet.

Length of Brooklyn approach, 791 feet.

Length of New York approach, 1,562 feet six inches.

Total length of bridge, 5,989 feet.

Width of bridge, 85 feet.

Number of cables, four.

Diameter of each cable, 15 3-4 inches.

Length of each single wire in cables, 3,578 feet six inches.

Ultimate strength of each cable, 12,000 tons.

Weight of wire, 12 feet per pound.

Each cable contains 5,296 parallel (not twisted) galvanized steel, oil-coated wires, closely wrapped to a solid cylinder 15 3-4 inches in diameter.

Size of towers at high-water line, 140 x59 feet.

Size of towers at roof course, 136x53 feet.

Total height of towers above high water 278 feet.

Clear height of bridge in center of river span above high water, at 96 degrees F., 135 feet.

Height of floor at towers above high water, 119 feet 3 inches.

Height of towers above roadway, 159 feet.

New York tower contains 46,945 cubic yards masonry.

New York caisson weighs 7,000 tons.

Weight of concrete filling, 8000 tons.

Size of anchorages at base, 129x119 feet.

Size of anchorages at top, 117x104 feet.

Height of anchorages, 89 feet front, 85 feet rear.

Weight of each anchor plate, 23 tons.

Weight of suspended central span, 6,740 tons.

Weight of passengers that can be crowded upon the span, maximum estimate, 1,389 tons.

Total weight to be borne by the stays and cables, 8,120 tons.

The revenues of the bridge will be derived from utilizing the arches of the towers for warehouses, for which purposes they have been especially constructed; and from the passage of vehicles, etc. Foot passengers, in accordance with the terms of the charter, will have free use of the bridge. Much work remains to be done to complete the minor details, but this will not delay the opening of the structure to public use. This bridge is one of the most stupendous and bold adventures of engineering skill that the world has yet seen, but its successful completion only paves the way for still greater enterprises.

Old Denis' Pension.

The prudent care of money is not usually a characteristic of those who come suddenly by it. Caroline Gilman, in a remembered incident of a railroad ride from Washington to Baltimore, years ago, describes the simple and incautious delight of an old Revolutionary pensioner who, late in life, had just received his government money. Very fortunately for the confiding veteran, so ignorant of the perils of travel, he found friends instead of enemies.

As we entered the railroad-car, an old man took his seat in front of us, dressed in home-spun, with a miserable hat, sunburnt face, and two soiled bundles in his hand.

I shrank instinctively from the contact, and dreaded two hours' proximity to such a low-looking creature. . . . After a while he took out an old leather pocket-book, and among a few other loose papers unfolded one which the seal and signature of the secretary of war; and as my eye ran over the plain printing, I perceived that it was the pension certificate of Edward Dennis of Maryland, a revolutionary soldier. What change came over him in my eyes that moment! It was the difference, to me, of Moses going up the mount and Moses coming down. There was a glory round him.

The old man turned the paper over and over, and read it and re-read it. He wanted sympathy.

"This is worth a long journey," said he at length, showing it to a passenger near him; "four hundred dollars down, and eighty dollars a year for a man seventy-eight years old." And he took out the bills from the pocket-book, and a large handful of Gen. Jackson's shiners from his waistcoat.

"Why have you not applied for a pension before?" said the passenger to whom he had showed the bond.

"Because I didn't want it," said the old man, with a smile. "You wouldn't have had me ask for it before I wanted it; would ye?"

A New England gentleman, whose name, if I dared to give it, would lend new interest to this narration, was reading, in the seat with me. I whispered to him the character of our fellow traveler, and he laid down his book.

After a little the old man borrowed it and read without glasses, two or three pages with apparent interest.

"How much might you have given for this book?" said he to the owner.

"I shall think it a cheap purchase," was the reply, "if an old soldier of the Revolution will accept it;" and taking out a pencil, he wrote,—

"Presented to Edward Dennis, a soldier of the revolution, by one who is now reaping the fruits of his bravery."

The old man smiled as he received the book, turned it, looked at its cover, then within; and taking the pencil from the hand of the giver wrote in a fair hand the name he saw on the first leaf. But after all, he could not realize that it was a gift, and, as his pockets were overflowing, he took out a dollar.

"No, no, my good friend," said the giver, "put it up;" and in a lower tone he added, "don't you show your money to anybody again but your wife."

"No more I won't," said the old man, understandingly.

Taken From Life.

About forty years ago a handsome young Frenchman was at the head of an aristocratic French school on the Staten Island Hights, just back of Brighton. Among his pupils was the daughter of the haughty Bigelow family, then prominent in New York society. To reduce a two-volume romance to a paragraph, I can only say that the French professor fell in love with Miss Bigelow, and she vowed she would rather die and take her chances in the other world than to live without him. Her parents opposed and threatened, and there were terrible times in the social circles of New York and Staten Island. Finally the lovers settled the difficulty by getting married. Miss Bigelow was disinherited. Two lovely cherubs—brother and sister—were the result of the marriage, and for once love ran smoothly after marriage. Nothing, however, is certain in this illusive life; both father and mother fell ill and died very suddenly. The two little orphans were taken to Boston and educated by wealthy relatives of the family.

The girl grew up to independence and struck out for herself. She became a teacher, and for several years was Professor of Elocution in Vassar College. Her brother also disliked to be a burden to his relatives, and when the war broke out he enlisted in the artillery service and went away to fight for glory and $20 a month. Not getting killed he was able to return and participate in the ways of peace. In due time he found himself at the head of a big manufacturing business in the enterprising city of Chicago. He was also engaged to an accomplished young lady, and cupid sharpened his arrows at her door. Prosperity seemed to have a mortgage on their future, and all was going well until the great fire reduced everything to ashes. The flames were bursting from the roof when the young man reached his house. He saved but one thing; it was a large painting of his mother. He buried it in the garden amid showers of cinders. Then extinguishing his clothes which were on fire, he drove to another house a mile away, reaching it in time to recue his sweet heart. Their marriage soon followed.

I have long been interested in the career of this young man. First he was an engineer; then a journalist; then a miner in the lofty mountains in the San Juan country; then an expert in Mexico for a Wall street syndicate, and at last he found a responsible position in a wealthy powder company. He was very successful, and he went out to superintend the blasting of some iron mines in Pennsylvania. To show the superiority of his own powder over dynamite he used both compounds. The dynamite exploded prematurely, and when we stood by his coffin Columbus avenue, Boston, it seemed pitiful that among all the people in this great world a life so young and full of promise should be snuffed out like a candle. This death of William A. Le Row——so sudden, so unnecessary—is another proof of the treacherous, terrible power of dynamite.—Washington Capital

Commissioner Dudley says that he can send in but $10,000,000 worth of pensions this month instead of $15,000,000, as estimated. He will, however, send in $10,000,000 more in June, and close out his estimate for the year.

Queen Victoria's birthday, May 24, will be celebrated on that day throughout Great Britain, excepting in London, where it will be kept on May 26.

COLUMBIA SALMON.

Great Prosperity of Fisheries—Wholesale Destruction of Fish.

A letter in the San Francisco Chronicle from Portland Oregon, says: Salmon fishing will begin about April 20. It seldom begins before that time, because the run is very light, and there being more floating-snags and drift-wood in the river than at any other time, the nets are easily destroyed. The season lasts four months. A boat, net and signal-light cost from $400 to $600. There is a general disposition to center the salmon-canning business at that ancient little town, as it seems to be the cheapest place of operations, for if the fisheries were further up the Columbia tug-boats would have to be employed to bring back the fishing boats. Yet the lower bay at the mouth of the Columbia is very stormy during the fishing season during which there is often loss of life and a great deal of danger and hardship. This is one reason the Columbia salmon cost more than the Sacramento salmon.

Fishermen who have their own boat and nets are paid 60 cents a salmon weighing eight pounds. Those whose boats are furnished by the company are paid 45 cents a salmon. One of the firm has raised the price to 70 cents a fish but the others refuse to see the elevation. Salmon are packed in one-pound cans and 48 cans make a case, the average price of a case being $5 or $5.20. The product of the 36 canneries on the Columbia river last year was 535,000 cases, worth $2,782,000. It is estimated that the capital invested in these canneries is about $2,000,000. When it is known that fishing-boats cost $500 or $600 each, and that some of the fishing firms have 100 boats, and that a total of about 7,000 men are employed the cost can readily be understood. About one-third of the salmon product is shipped to San Francisco for reshipment to Australia, the Eastern States, and islands in the Pacific ocean. The remainder is shipped from Astoria to Liverpol or London. One vessel recently left with 70,000 cases worth $350,000, the most valuable cargo of salmon ever shipped from the Pacific coast.

The continued run of salmon in the Columbia is remarkable, considering the great destruction of fish by traps and the merciless iron wheels that impale them like Spanish garote. There is a sentiment in abolishing this wholesale destruction of fish, and it is likely that a law will be passed prohibiting it. The law against fishing between Saturday night and Monday morning is not rigidly enforced. This law was passed in order to allow the fish to ascend to their spawning grounds. But in this wholesale and untimely destruction the people are destroying the very source of their revenue. It is proposed by the cannery proprietors to establish a hatchery. Some "public spirited" people think the state should establish a hatchery for the benefit of cannery establishments. Yet the canneries have year after year, packed from 400,000 to 535,000 cases, depending solely on the fish that escape to their natural spawning grounds. It can easily be estimated what a future awaits this growing industry when a hatchery has been established able to turn out millions of fish annually, and their wholesale destruction stopped. Perhaps then 2,000,000 cases might be packed which would be a of 10,000,000 about one-fourth of which would be net. During the fifteen years the revenue derived from fishing in the Columbia river was about $25,000,000. There were 860,000 cases of salmon packed on the Pacific coast last year, the value of which was $4,300,000. This would leave 300,000 cases for canneries outside of the Columbia river. When salmon fishing began here fifteen years ago the price was about three times what it is now, or $15 a case. If the wholesale destruction of fish is not stopped, and hatcheries are not soon established, the supply will soon be like the last run of shad, and the price will advance. But there is considerable salmon fishing in Alaska, three canneries being in existence there, and recent reports refer to the establishment of another

The "scooping" wheels, upon which salmon are caught, resemble the old-fashioned "undershot wheel." They are built upon embankments or protecting rock, so that the wheel will be in the water when the stream rises. Of course, they are built in the low-water season. The wheels have plank paddles so that the water running down stream sets the wheel in motion, and the salmon coming up stream are caught on the wheel and literally broken. They fall into a "chute," something like a wood-drive and slide down into boxes. A wheel scoops up 3,000 or 4,000 salmon a night. There is no law to prevent this wholesale slaughter and destruction, but there is a loud cry for it.

End of the New York Season.

New York Special.

The theatrical season is at an end. The actors are coming to town. Union Square will soon be thronged with the heroes of the stage. The failures of the season have been numerous, fully one-half of the 216 combinations that started out in September having joined the majority. Some of them possessed merit, some did not. The most successful combination this season was that playing the "Romany Rye." This melodrama was played to larger business than any other play ever produced. On May 12, the close of the season, the "Romany Rye" will have been presented for thirty-one weeks to audiences which paid in the aggregate $201,297, an unprecedented amount—about $6,500 a week. Although the salary list and expenses of the "Romany Rye" were great the managers must have realized a large amount of money. The Madison Square theater management have not yet made up their books for the season, but their traveling companies, twelve in number, all did well. Miss Mary Anderson met with great success, and has added over $100,000 to her already snug fortune. She will appear in England in a few months.

A Story With a Great Deal of Life In It.

The departments were just beginning to disgore the great slices of humanity that they had swallowed in the morning. I was standing by one of the great piles as the men and women began to come out slowly at first. The first two or three, warned by experience, had umbrellas, under which they went jogging slowly home at a clerk's gait. The fourth was a woman in widow's clothing—rather shabby clothing which had been worn a long time. She was thin, shrunken, gray and pale, and seemed broken with a weight of bad years—a sad memory of better days. The carriage of the secretary was rolling to and fro before the big entrance of the building. His gray-whiskered colored coachman with difficulty restrained his blooded horses. The secretary was signing his name a great many times on a great many different documents in his lofty, velvety office. He might be out in a minute. He might not be out for an hour. Just as the ghostly widow came slowly down the big steps the fine old coachman turned his prancing pair toward the entrance. The poor old gentlewoman came down to the sidewalk with an evident difficulty which spoke of rheumatism. She was perplexed and puzzled by the unexpected rainstorm. She had no umbrella, and I don't believe she had car fare. The black angel on the secretary's carriage spied her as she stood in the pouring rain, and recognized under all time's disguises the features her fashionable friends had not seen for years. It's wonderful what sharp eyes these good old colored "uncles" and "mommies" have. He drove up to the curb at once and leaning over on his perch invited the poor puzzled woman to get into the secretary's carriage and ride home. Without a thought of the consequences to the faithful old fool on the box she murmured her address, fortunately near at hand, and sank back luxuriously on the cushions of the handsome carriage. Taking all the risks the fine old fellow drove carefully yet quickly to the shabby boarding-house, and was back long before the secretary was ready for him. I would never have known had the loyal old servant not told me that the widow's husband was a general who was famous when the secretary was unknown, although I could have been quite sure that old Thomas drove her carriage when she had one.—Washington Correspondence Philadelphia Record.

Humorous Waifs.

Making him feel at home.—Enfant Terrible—O, papa, do ask Mr. Gobemouche to swallow his napkin. Guest (smilingly)—Why do you wish me to do that, Miss Alice? Alice (earnestly)—O, because mamma says you will swallow anything.—Harvard Lampoon.

The first bite kills the beast: "I suppose you have heard of our dudes, Miss Clarwa?" observed a New York swell to a Jacksonville girl. "Oh, yes," she answered, "they are becoming very popular in Florida. We use them for alligator bait."

A congressional bon mot: During the last days a Western member of the house, vindicating himself upon the floor, struck a Henry Clay attitude and cried out, with all the fervor of original conviction: "Sir, I'd rather be right than be president." "Don't worry yourself about that," shouted another member across the aisle, "you'll never be either."

Worse than the cavalry—"Thirty-five lawyers in Greenville to-day?" said an old soldier; "why, that is as large as General Wheeler's war." "Yes," said a man who had just lost his case," "and they are doing more harm than all the cavalry on both sides during the last war."—Meriwether (Ga.) Vindicator.

Self-denial not necessary: "Yes," said Biggs, "I enjoy a glass now and then; but I deny myself fearing that I might take too much and say something foolish." "Nonsense!" said Fogg; "drink if you like it. Say what you will, nobody will ever suspect that you've been drinking—that is, nobody who knows you, you know."

A London clergyman says death is a grim subject to jest upon, and then adds: "It must be very awkward in the other world before one knows one's way about, and while one is liable to fall across one's old acquaintances."

Bretzel and the telephone: Herr Bretzel, who has just had a telephone put up, calls for the repairer next day) —"Look a here, my vrent, tidn't you dole me dot dellervone shpeake Cherman und gonverse in Cherman?" Repairer—"Yes, sir." Herr B.—"Vell, py chiminetty! I dalk Cherman to dot dellervone yesdertay, mit bolideness, und py unt by it say, 'Hello phawt the divil air ye jabberin'? Come off, ye ould Dutchy!" I ton'd allow no dellervone to sass me dot vay. Donnerheimmel! Dake id avay!"—Life.

How the Human Organism Protects Itself.

The organism of the human body is a self-regulating apparatus. Even interruption of its moral functions excites a reaction against the disturbing cause. If a grain of caustic potash irritates the nerves of the palate, the salivary glands try to remove it by an increased secretion. The eye would wash it off by an immediate flow of tears. A larger quantity of the same substance could be swallowed only under the protest of the fauces, and the digestive organs would soon find means to eject it. The bronchial tubes promptly react against the obtrusion of the foreign substances. The sting of an insect causes an involuntary twitching of the epidermis. If a thorn or splinter fastens itself under the skin, suppuration prepares the way for its removal. If the stomach be overloaded with food, it revolts against further digestion.

These automatic agencies of the organism generally suffice to counteract the disturbing cause, and the sensory symptoms attending the process of reconstruction constitute merely a plea for non-interference. The suppurating tissues push the thorn outward, and resent only a pressure in the opposite direction. The eye volunteers to rid itself of the sand dust, but remonstrates against friction. The rum-soaked system of the toper undertakes to eliminate the poison, and only asks that the consequences of the outrage be not aggravated by its repetition. But if that plea remains unheeded, it finally takes the form of the emphatic protest we call disease. For, even in its urgent manifestations, the reaction against a violation of Nature's health is a cry for peace, rather than a petition for active assistance in the form of medication. "Accustom yourself in all your little pains and aches," says Jennings, "and also in your grave and more distressing affections, to regard the movement concerned in them in a friendly aspect—designed for and tending to the removal of a difficulty of whose existence you were before unaware, and which, if suffered to remain and accumulate, might prove the destruction of the house you live in—and that, instead of its needing to be 'cured,' it is itself a curative operation; and that what should be called disease lies back of the symptoms which, in fact, are made for the express purpose of removing the real disorder or difficulty."—[From "The Remedies of Nature," by Dr. Felix L. Oswald, in Popular Science Monthly.

Mississippi is reported to be the only State in the Union that has not got a brewery or distillery.