

### M'ILLAN, OF MICHIGAN.

Rich as Croesus, an Exquisite, and a Hard Worker, and a Hamilton Boy.

A Washington despatch says: The most luxurious senator is Mr. McMillan, of Michigan, a native of Hamilton, Ontario. He is one of the few very rich men in America who have learned how to live at the same time that they were amassing fortunes. Senator McMillan not only knows how to live royally, but to do that and perform a prodigious amount of work. He keeps three secretaries constantly employed, and not one of them has any time to idle away. One of the secretaries attends to the senator's railroad, lumber and corporation affairs. These are very extensive. There is not much of importance in an industrial way in the State of Michigan that Senator McMillan is not in, and heavily. Some years ago a queer sort of partnership was formed, Mr. McMillan and one of the famous family of Newberry, of Michigan, being the contracting parties.

The two men were together in everything. They bought railroads, salt mines, iron mines, lumber mills, car shops, street railroads, everything which seemed to promise returns. Both grew rapidly rich. Nor were they close together in business alone. Their families were intimate. They rode, walked, dined together. If McMillan went to New York, Newberry was his companion. Of one of the companies they were the leading spirits in, McMillan would be elected president and Newberry treasurer. Of the next one, Newberry would be president and McMillan treasurer. Such fast friendship in business and social intercourse is rare, and it is a pleasure to record that the ties were never severed by quarrel or coldness.

It was one member of this Newberry family who as a young man started a most novel sort of speculation in Detroit. He was heir to considerable property, but could not come into possession of it till an aunt or some other aged and inconvenient relative should be out of the way. He waited with as much patience as possible for the disappearance of this living obstacle, but finally called upon a number of wealthy men, of whom I believe Senator McMillan was one, and said to them: "I am now a young man. I will never be young again, and I want to have a good time while it is possible. I may be compelled to wait twenty years, or thirty, for my fortune; meanwhile I am comparatively poor, bound down, repressed, wearily waiting. You men guarantee me \$5,000 a year till I get possession of the property that is coming to me, and then you shall have one-half of that, whatever it amounts to." The rich men put their heads together and concluded that would be a good thing to do. They guaranteed young Newberry the five thousand a year till the death of his aunt, and the young man at once started out to have the good time which he had been pining for. In a few months the aunt died, and after a contest in the courts the estates of rich speculators in death were rewarded with a decision which gave them all that had been nominated in the bond—a comfortable fortune for each of them.

The senator's second secretary is his political manager, and one of the shrewdest politicians in the State of Michigan. There is nobody of importance in the State that he does not know, no trick in the game of politics with which he is not familiar. That his services are of the greatest value to the senator is witnessed by the salary which he receives. The senator turns over to him precisely the sum which the United States allows each of its members of Congress. The political expert private secretary is one of the necessary appendages of the rich senator, who is likely to have a contest for re-election. A number of senators hire such men and pay them snug salaries. In some cases they are able men in every way than the senators themselves. A third secretary is employed to attend to Mr. McMillan's extensive correspondence.

McMillan is a man of remarkable capacity for work. You wouldn't judge him that way by taking a look at him as he sits in his seat on the floor of the Senate. He appears more like an exquisite, a diplomat or society knight than like a man of work, a business man who has forced his way from poverty to affluence, and an executive who directs, and ably directs, the affairs of a dozen large corporations. Like many another senator he has a favorite pose on the floor, one which he assumes quite unconsciously. Reclining easily and gracefully against one side of his chair, in order to take the stiffness out of his spinal column, neck turned a trifle out of perpendicular, the whole body in a state of relaxation without lack of dignity, he sits by the hour languidly twirling in the fingers of his right hand a pair of eye glasses, while another pair sit upon his nose.

With all his work, the senator finds time to ride horseback two or three hours every fine day, and often to drive an hour or so more. He dines like an epicure, with plenty of leisure and appetite. The dinners which he gives are among the richest and pleasantest in town. For many years he has made it a rule to wear a dress coat at dinner seven times a week. Few of our self-made millionaires pay so much heed to the forms of the most polite society. McMillan dresses like an exquisite. The finest that is made of silk and satin and fur is not too fine to touch his skin. The most perfect patent leathers, built by a celebrated Parisian maker, are always to be seen on his feet. Every day he appears in the Senate Chamber in a white waistcoat, and not one of these coats is worn more than once before being sent back to the laundry. It is said that the senator has a greater number of suits of clothes than any other man in Washington. His tailor bill runs above \$1,500 a year.

Last winter, when he first appeared in Congress, Senator McMillan boarded at the Arlington Hotel. There he paid for his keep at the rate of \$1,500 a month, and never suspected that it was a pretty large sum. I doubt if he is living a cheaply now, though he is housekeeping. Seeing on Vermont avenue last spring a house which pleased him, he asked a real estate agent to buy it for him and, like the shrewd business man he is, limited the price to a figure which he was careful to put in writing. "To him that shall be given" appears to apply to rich men, for none but a man of wealth would have had the good luck to buy a house in that manner \$11,000 cheaper than he had expected to buy it. Yet that is what Senator

McMillan did, and he could now sell the place for at least \$20,000 more than it cost him.

### FORCE RULES BRAZIL.

Official Statement of the Situation—More or Less Unrest Existing.

A Rio Janeiro despatch of Thursday night says: The Government has issued a decree providing that all persons found endeavoring or proposing any measures for active opposition to the Republic shall be tried by a military tribunal. An opposition journal was suspended on Tuesday.

The Brazilian Minister at Washington has received the following cablegram, dated to-day, from Ruy Barboza, Minister of Finance at Rio Janeiro: "The report about the mutiny of a corps of artillery is false. There was only a mutiny of a few soldiers, which was immediately repressed. The circumstance has increased confidence in the Government, which shows itself strongly. We are prepared with prompt and decisive means to put down any disturbance of public order. The aggravation of Gen. Fonseca's illness is not true; on the contrary, he is recovering speedily from his former complaints. The assistant doctor believes his recovery to be certain. At any rate the fate of the revolution, now accepted by the whole country, does not depend on the contingency of any one man's life, however precious it may be. In the army itself the revolution can rely on other chiefs of great prestige and no less devoted to the cause. All the different political parties have espoused with enthusiasm the term fixed (Nov. 15, 1890) for the meeting of the Constituent Assembly, they considering by this act the stability of the Republic is assured. Beware of newsmongers."

Private cables received to-day from Brazil state the markets for exchange at both Rio and Para are in bad shape, while the rubber supply on hand will only last a few weeks. Rubber has taken an upward jump. At Para exchange is demoralized, while at Rio the rate has declined 2 per cent to 25. This makes a total decline of 8 per cent, since Dom Pedro's expulsion.

### PRINCE "EDDY'S" SLANDERS

Had an Object in Circulating Their Vile Reports.

A special to the World from London says: In the prosecution of Newton, Lord Arthur Somerset's solicitor, the Government shows an indication to-day that it means at last to take vigorous steps in regard to the West End scandal. The charges against Newton are, in brief, that he assisted Hammond and other guilty parties to get out of the country, and that he also contrived to get important letters destroyed which incriminated influential persons. There is no doubt that this move on the part of the prosecution will result in the direct interference of the Prince of Wales. When the Prince came back to town he thoroughly sifted the sources concerning Prince "Eddy" with the scandalmongers, and he found that the reports emanated principally from Somerset, who thus hoped to silence the police and stave off punishment. Some other persons in exalted stations believe that the reports about them came from the same source, and they have exerted pressure to save Somerset's footstool from being arrested. The evidence adduced by the Government Counsel yesterday against Newton is very exhaustive, and serves to indicate what the police have in reserve if Newton's trial gets beyond the bounds intended, and some of the guilty parties equal under the screws of the law and tell all they know.

### It Surprised the Passengers.

A Monday's despatch from Andover, Mass., says: As the Portland express from Boston was passing a freight train on the Boston & Maine road near here this evening a heavy piece of timber became unfastened from a freight car and struck the front end of the rear car of the express. The express was running at forty miles an hour, and the timber crashed through the car, raking it broadside, breaking every window sash on that side and covering the passengers with glass and splinters. The cars were heavily loaded with passengers, and a number of ladies fainted from fright, while fifteen or twenty of them were more or less cut about the face and shoulders. One woman was unconscious for several hours, and is reported to be fatally injured. Upon the arrival of the train at Lawrence the injured passengers were cared for, and most of them were able to continue their journey.

### Three Were Drowned.

A Yaquims, On., despatch of Wednesday says: The steam schooner Farallone, after being towed across the bar yesterday, was struck by a heavy sea, which carried overboard chief Engineer Pugsley, a cabin boy and three sailors named Frank Johnson, Charles Dickinson and William Brown. The sailors were drowned. Pugsley and the cabin boy caught some wreckage and were rescued when nearly exhausted. The sea shipped put out the fires in the schooner, and the assistant engineer and two firemen narrowly escaped drowning in the fire room. The Farallone's starboard side was stove in, the rails carried away, and davits and lifeboats washed overboard, and the hatches torn up, filling the hold with water and damaging the cargo of wheat. The schooner was towed in.

### Riotous Christmas Celebrants.

An Augusta Ga., despatch of Wednesday says: Officers Williams and Crawford went to arrest some drunken negroes to-day. The latter resisted, disarmed the policemen, and beat them badly with their clubs. The police were reinforced, and half a dozen negro ringleaders were locked up in the engine house. A large number of citizens, white and black, collected, and great excitement prevailed. The prisoners were removed later to jail. When the officers started for the jail with the prisoners a difficulty occurred between a negro and several whites. First clubs were used, then pistols. One negro was killed and another badly wounded. All is quiet to-night.

The inserted strips of lace which are so into some of the imported table cloths give one the sensation of dining off a pesticoat. In spite of the colored novelty cloths for tables, dressers and buffets the ideal spread is a fine damask as white as driven snow, laundered with a smooth, soft finish.

—The only walking match Paris has known for some time is Bernhardt.

### A JOHNSTOWN WOE.

The Sad Romance of a Resident Who Went to Hunt a Fortune.

A Johnstown, Pa., despatch says: An almost heart-broken man stood to-day on the spot where was once located his little home. He could see nothing of the dwelling, and his wife and five little children were nowhere to be found. He was Emile Etienne, a Frenchman, who had left Cambria City about a week before the flood to go to his native town, Greenville, in Alsace-Lorraine, where a little fortune of \$10,000 had been left him by a deceased uncle. He returned yesterday, but when he got off the train he did not recognize the place. During all his travels to and from his native country he had not heard a word about the terrible calamity that had wrought so much ruin and death in May last.

Said he to-day: "When I got off at the Pennsylvania Railroad station I turned back to one of the depot men, and inquired of him how far I had yet to go to Johnstown as I had got off at the wrong station, and how soon the next train left for that town. The man looked at me for a moment as though he thought I was not quite right in my mind, and asked me whether or not I could read the sign on the station house."

"I looked up, and there it was plain enough. While I looked at the sign in a dazed sort of way another man stepped up and said: 'I guess you're a stranger here, or have been in Johnstown before the flood; it's quite changed now; I wouldn't have known it myself if I had been away for six months.'"

"As the man spoke I felt as if some one had punctured my heart with a sharp knife, and I fainted dead away. When consciousness returned I went out to find my wife and children, but something told me that they were dead. The part of Cambria City where stood the house in which I left my family was completely swept away."

"I made enquiries for forty-eight hours, during which time I had not a morsel to eat or a wink of sleep, but all in vain. Nobody knew what had become of my family, and the people could hardly understand my sorrow and grief, having suffered so much themselves."

"I was told that nearly all the people of Cambria City, who inhabited that section where my house had stood, perished. I am not going to remain in this country. Everything reminds me of the terrible loss I have suffered. I am going to New York to-night, and from there across the ocean back to my birthplace, where I shall live the rest of my days in solitude and sadness."

### THE GEORGIA RIOTERS.

Jessup Enjoys a Lively Christmas—Counting the Casualties.

A Jessup, Ga., despatch of Thursday night gives the following later particulars of the race riot of Wednesday and Thursday: Midnight—The situation is somewhat quieter at this hour, but an occasional shot is heard. The streets are still paraded by armed men. A negro was found dead in an alley a few moments ago, and two others of the wounded are reported to be dying.

The following has been received from Jessup, Ga.: A posse of twenty men under command of S. White left by the East Tennessee, Virginia & Georgia train to-day for Lumber City to intercept Brewer and his gang, who, it is rumored, have gone there for reinforcements. The firing along a picket line keeps up, but it is principally by boys. A crowd of armed men have just returned from a trip to the swamp, and report that four colored men were found dead, but they gave no names, and said they did not know the negroes. The jail was broken into early this morning, and two negro prisoners were riduled with bullets. Another negro was found at home shot through the heart, and one with a flesh wound in the shoulder. It was reported that others had been killed, but the officers had not found them. A search for bodies will be kept up all day. The negroes are quitting their homes and moving to other towns on the line of the railway. A large number of negroes were taken from their homes this morning and many of them whipped, many of them being prostitutes. A crowd of white men went to several houses at breakfast this morning and compelled the negroes to leave. If Brewer's gang are found in the swamp lynching will probably follow. The coroner is holding an inquest on the dead bodies.

### SHE GOT HIM.

Emma Found a Way to Make the Parson Keep His Promise.

An Orange, N. J., despatch says: The Rev. L. B. Goodall, temporary pastor of the Oakwood Avenue Baptist church here, was married to Miss Emma Bell, of Charleston, S. C., Wednesday. It is reported that the clergyman was forced into the marriage. Goodall and Miss Bell were engaged over a year ago and were to be married next February. The engagement is said to have been broken off. Three months ago Miss Bell returned south and the clergyman made love to Miss Eliza Smith, organist of the church. A few weeks ago it was reported they were engaged. Somebody notified Miss Bell, and she came north with her brother, insisted that her engagement was not broken, and threatened to institute legal proceedings. The deacons of the church advised Goodall to marry Miss Bell. As he was about entering the church Wednesday night to hold services, it is said, breach of promise papers were served on him. A hurried consultation was held with the deacons. Miss Smith relinquished all claims on the clergyman to save him from disgrace. Rev. Mr. Hunt was called in and the ceremony was performed between Goodall and Miss Bell. Goodall is young and gifted, and had accepted a call to a Georgia church.

### His Name Against Him.

"My man," said the contractor, "What is your name?" "McGinty, sir." "How would you like to go to work digging a well for me?" "An' go to the bottom av the hole? Devil a bit, sir. Me name's agin me."

—A Philadelphia physician says that peanuts, taken in moderation and thoroughly chewed, are "first rate for brain workers."

### PRIZES FOR VIRTUE.

The Stories of Some of Those Who Gained Them.

On Thursday last the French Academy held its annual meeting for the distribution of prizes. These prizes included what are called the Prizes of Virtue, eighty-seven in number, which were awarded for good deeds, and the stories of some of the recipients, as told by Mrs. Crawford, the correspondent of the Daily News, are very interesting. It should be explained that Monsieur Perraud, who is referred to several times, is the Bishop who delivered an address at the presentation on the usefulness of the Prizes of Virtue. Here are some of the cases in which prizes were awarded:

Peter Nicole, aged 32, and his sister, Antoinette, aged 35, live together in the hamlet of Vichibure in the Vosges. They are small peasant proprietors. Some years ago an old cripple knocked at their door and asked to be allowed a night's lodging under their roof. On the next morning, as he was about to start on his journey, Peter said to his sister, "Let us keep him." She assented, and the wayfarer became their permanent guest. The news of this was soon spread abroad; other aged and infirm people came and were received, and soon the house was full. Peter and Antoinette turned their barn into a dormitory, and received the abandoned and fatherless. Sometimes room was wanting, and Peter then gave up his bed, and slept upon the floor. The kind brother and sister regard their cottage and all that is in it as the common property of their guests, and at meals they themselves help the strangers first and take for themselves the remains. The parish priest testifies that their example has been a blessing to his parishioners, who now lead better lives in every way than formerly. The prize awarded to them is £40.

Marie Rose Broquin was born in 1810. Having lost her husband and all her children, she gave up her life to the service of her fellow creatures. Meeting, one day, an aged woman shivering from cold, she took off her mantle and gave it to her. Marie Broquin having given away everything she has, is now dependent on charity. Upon learning that the Academy intended to give her a prize of £25, she replied, "I am too happy on earth, and am made too much of. I am afraid this will stand recorded against me up there."

Among those who received prizes for faithful service appears the name of Seraphine Doubs, a dressmaker of the Island Bourbon. She was born a slave, and belonged to a family named Planta. She brought up three generations of her master's family, and when the emancipation came remained by them. At the end of fifty years a change came in the fortunes of the Planta family, and one day the great granddaughters of Seraphine's first master found themselves penniless. Seraphine, however, refused to be discharged, and has never accepted a penny. Ever since, after her day's work, she has gone into the town to offer her young mistress' needlework for sale at private houses. "What a glory is Seraphine to the black race!" said Mgr. Perraud; "may the tribute paid to her by the Academy further the cause in which the representatives of the European States are engaged at Brussels!"

And here is the story of a little girl of 13, named Amanda Munier, who lives with her parents in Paris. Her mother is a confirmed invalid, and her father, who was formerly a locksmith, is employed by the city as a street sweeper, but at frequent intervals his health breaks down. When he lost his employment, Amanda, the eldest of his four children, resolved to support the family, and bring up her brothers and sisters. The neighbors marvelled how she got through all her work; they pitied her when they saw her carrying on her back enormous bundles of clothes which she washed at the municipal washhouse. In the district she is called the "Little Mother." "We were gratified to learn," said Mgr. Perraud, "that she derived her strength from the religious principles which her parents had inculcated in her at an early age." A prize of £50 is awarded to her.

### UNWITTINGLY MARRIED.

Two Couples Get Married For Fun and Find It Sober Earnest.

A Wilkesbarre, Pa., despatch of Wednesday says: A double wedding, undertaken in a joke, but now realized as a sober reality, has created no little consternation here. John Morrell, a well-known restaurant keeper, stepped into the office of Alderman J. F. Doucous last evening to transact some business. There he met James Murrie, a clerk, and Mary Logue and Sallie Cook, with whom the young men were slightly acquainted. After some laughing conversation one of the young men suggested in a jest, that as there was just the right number they should join hands and have a double marriage. The others consented, and after Morrell had taken Miss Logue by the hand and Murrie had done likewise by Sallie Cook, the alderman proceeded with the regular marriage services. Before one of the four had time to realize what was going on they were married by a ceremony as binding as any that could be performed. When the alderman proceeded to make out the certificates they began to understand what had taken place, and their consternation can hardly be described. When the news of what had happened became known in the city it created no little excitement. Miss Cook was engaged to another young man, who is wild with anger. He started out to find Murrie, and it is reported that the latter has left the city. The parents of the girls are deeply incensed, and state that they will take legal proceedings to have the wedding annulled.

### Some Pistols Do Not Miss Fire.

A Wednesday's Newton, Ill., despatch says: Arthur Craig, of Indianapolis, arrived last evening to wed Miss Hattie Sutton, a pretty teacher. Her father, Detective John Sutton, who bitterly opposed the match, placed a revolver at Craig's head and said, "Git, or I'll kill you." He pulled the trigger twice, but the weapon missed fire. Craig then fired two bullets into the detective's brain, killing him instantly. Craig gave himself up. A jury acquitted him. He returned to Indianapolis, fearing trouble from Sutton's friends. The young lady is said to exonerate her lover.

### "THE BLOODY SHIRT."

A Phrase That May Have Sprung from an Incident in Scottish History.

A short time ago my attention was attracted to an inquiry in the Louisville Courier-Journal as to the origin of the popular phrase "the Bloody Shirt." The answer given to the query ascribes it to the recent period of reconstruction. Contrary to the prevailing belief, this political weapon was forged and effectively used long before any differences had arisen between certain portions of our Union, and before, in fact, a union of States existed. The incident which gave the expression birth is to some extent legendary, and is related by Sir Walter Scott in the preface to his novel "Rob Roy," and briefly is as follows: The clan MacGregor possessed lands and flocks which excited the cupidity of their less fortunate neighbors, who, by force and other methods, gradually despoiled them of their property and drove them from their homes. The clan, thus impoverished, resisted the encroachment upon their rights, and in the frequent collisions that occurred used every temporary advantage they gained cruelly enough. Their conduct, which was perhaps not unnatural under the circumstances, was studiously represented at the capital as arising from an innate and unchangeable ferocity, for which the only remedy was extermination.

These suggestions resulted in the proscription of the clan by act of the privy council at Stirling, and permission was given certain powerful chieftains to pursue the MacGregors with fire and sword, and all persons were prohibited from affording them meat, drink or shelter. As might be expected, civilization progressed very slowly during this period, and the MacGregors, feeling all the severity of the law and none of its protection, became wilder and more lawless than ever. As the legend runs, two men of the clan MacGregor, overtaken by the night, asked shelter from a dependent of the Colquhouns, and, on being refused, retired to an outhouse, seized a wedder from the fold, and snipped frugally off the carcass, for which they offered payment. The laird of Luss, hearing of this enforced hospitality, caused the offenders to be apprehended and summarily executed. To avenge this act the MacGregors assembled to the number of several hundred and marched toward Luss. Sir Humphrey Colquhoun received early notice of the raid, and assembled an army of superior numbers to meet them. A battle took place in the valley of Glenfruin (Glen of Sorrow), where, incouraged by the prophecy of a seer, and aided by a superior position and skilful generalship, the MacGregors were victorious, pursuing the enemy furiously, and mercilessly slaughtering all who were unable to escape. This battle and the fury of the proscribed clan were reported to King James VI. in a manner most unfavorable to that unfortunate clan, and, more strongly to impress that impressionable monarch, the widows of the slain, to the number of eleven score, dressed in mourning, riding on white palfreys, and each bearing her husband's bloody shirt upon the point of a spear, appeared before the King at Stirling and demanded vengeance upon those who had made their homes desolate. By Act of Privy Council, A.D. 1613, the old Act against the clan was revived, and others of the greatest severity enacted. The bloody shirt had unquestionably accomplished its purpose.—New York Tribune.

### He Used a Razor.

A Dover, Del., despatch of Tuesday night says: Fred. Maas and Alex. Dill in a wheelwright and blacksmith shop at Hartly, were carousing there to-day with several friends, among whom were George Peterson, also a blacksmith, and John Honey, of Dover. Peterson taunted Maas with the assertion that he did not know his business. This angered Maas, and he struck Peterson. A general fight ensued. Peterson cut Maas in the side with a razor, the blade passing through his left lung. Peterson then slashed Dill's throat in a fearful manner. Maas died in a few minutes and Dill is dying. Peterson escaped to the woods, and it is thought he is now in the forest on the Maryland side. Scouting parties with torches, dogs and shotguns are scouring the woods to-night, and the friends of the murdered men swear they will shoot Peterson on sight. Honey was badly hurt during the fight, and has mysteriously disappeared.

### Life on a Farm.

Farmer Ostake (in summer)—Come, boys, get up! It's 4 o'clock and there's a big day's work ahead of us.

Farmer Ostake (in winter)—Come, boys, get up! It's 4 o'clock, and there ain't a dummed thing to do to-day.

—Born and raised in a Chinese tea-drinking establishment a Chinaman in this city says the only way to make tea is to pour the boiling water on the leaves, stirring them briskly at the same time. It should be served after allowing merely time to settle. The whole operation takes only a minute.—Philadelphia Record.

"Where have you been?" said Mrs. Jones. "I've been out to the lodge." He dodged the poker, and she said: "Ah! that's the same old dodge."

—He has not lived in vain who finds out before he dies what a fool he has been.

—It is proposed to light up horses' heads with electric lights during fogs in London.

—Women rarely are great inventors, though they are often the first to discover new wrinkles.

A woman 96 years old committed suicide on Sunday. Some women can't walk.

The knives and forks used by Anglo-Saxon tables are generally larger and heavier than comfort requires. There is a leaning towards the light-weight cutlery of the French for the menus, and still lighter and daintier patterns for the other courses.

Zola reports that his attempt to reduce his weight, which was very great, by not drinking resulted in a reduction of ten pounds in eight days. At the end of three months he had lost forty-five pounds and was much improved in health.

The prohibition suppressing the Chinese secret societies has been published all through the Straits settlements. The property of the societies may be disposed of though the governments do not desire to confiscate it.