

PERSONS AND THINGS.

Of the 65,000 people of Jamaica, three-fourths are farmers.

A woman of Valladolid, Spain, recently gave birth to seven children in two days.

NEW ZEALAND, with a population of about 600,000, has a debt of nearly £31,000,000, or over \$250 for each inhabitant.

DECEMBER has been a month of extraordinary favorable weather for fox-hunting in the south of Ireland, and no unpleasant incidents growing out of politics have marred the sport so dear to the Irish as well as the English heart.

THE Edinburgh Medical Missionary society reports the opening of its hospital in Hangchow. Many Chinese officials were present, and a number of the mandarins subscribed liberally toward the building. A large ward for opium patients was filled on the first day.

At a marriage which took place at Toronto recently both the bride and bridegroom wore narrow black masks over their faces, which were removed just as soon as the ceremony was over. It was alleged that the adoption of the masks was a freak of the bride. She likewise insisted that no mention whatever should be made of their nuptials in any of the public prints.

THE metric system of weights and measures was adopted enthusiastically in many laboratories when first introduced, but is now said to be rapidly losing ground. It has been the cause of many serious errors. The fact that the misplacement of a little dot will turn a comparatively harmless dose of medicine into one having a deadly poisoning power bears strongly against it.

THERE was a curious combination of good and ill luck in the experience of the engineer of a tug which sunk in Hell gate the other day. He managed to scramble on to one of the schooners in the tug's tow, and the schooner soon after drifted upon the rocks. Then he went aboard another tug, which was endeavoring to pull the schooner off, when the tug's boiler burst and threw him into the water again. Perhaps he was the Jonah of the occasion.

A NEW YORK philanthropist proposes to organize a land company which shall furnish homes to deserving young men in small cottages costing \$2,500 apiece. By a novel plan, in case the tenant dies after the close of the year, the property will be bequeathed to his wife as a home. The company will not lose, because its plan is the insuring of the young man's life for the amount of the mortgage on the property, and if he dies his wife takes the property and the company the insurance.

CHRISTMAS dangers in the south are more like Fourth of July disasters in the north. While the burning of Christmas trees is the cause of most of the casualties of Christmas in this part of the country, the toy pistol is the chief source of trouble in the south, and the reports are numerous of burned fingers, injured thumbs, and other wounds from the use of the toy pistol. In one city "the ambulances and their corps of medical students were kept busy all day long and into the night" with injured small boys. Carelessness is the principal cause of both burning trees and fireworks disasters.

ON a steamer that sailed recently from New York for Liverpool there was a drunken steerage passenger in the uniform of a United States soldier. During the entire passage he subsisted on whiskey, and on the arrival of the ship at his destination he disappeared. A month later the same steamer was preparing to leave port. Just as the gang-plank was to be withdrawn, the military passenger reeled on to the ship, flourishing a prepaid steerage certificate. On the homeward passage he admitted that he had not been sober for a moment. He had no money whatever, but obtained all the liquor he wanted by going into saloons and posing as the military representative of a great and free people.

An interesting statement is made by Col. Barrow, who was the chief organizer of mounted infantry in the British campaigns in the Sudan. The horses for the 19th hussars were Arab stallions of fourteen hands, whose average age was between eight and nine years, bought in Syria and lower Egypt. Out of 350 horses, during nine months in a hard campaign, only twelve died from disease. This he attributes, firstly to the climate of the Sudan being most suitable for horses, and secondly to the Syrian horse having a wonderful constitution. The distances marched, irrespective of reconnaissances, etc., was over 1,500 miles, and the weight carried averaged 196 pounds. The weather during the last four months was very trying, food was often very limited, and during the desert march water was very scarce. When Gen. Stewart's column made its final advance, the 155 horses of the 19th had with them, marched to the Nile without having received a drop of water for 55 hours, and only one pound of grain. Some 15 or 20 had no water for 70 hours. At the end of the campaign, and after a week's rest, the animals were handed over to the 20th hussars at Assouan in as good order as when they left Wady Halfa nine months previously.

NOTES FROM GOTHAM.

MEN OF WALL STREET AND SOME OTHER MEN.

How Daniel Drew Left the Street, and Lost a Fortune.

Addison Cammack, the Biggest Bear of the Present Street.

Robert Fulton and His Right to the Traffic of the Hudson.

Special Correspondence.

New York, Jan. 6, 1885.

Wall street continues just the same since the death of Wm. Vanderbilt, and the bears hug and the bulls gore each other as they always have done, and always will do, so long as Wall street continues to be the centre of financial activity. Men may come and go, generations die out and new ones spring into the light, but the street doesn't care, and runs ahead as usual, waiting for the next to drop out, ruined, or the other to quit it with a fortune. One of the greatest men of the street in the past, and one who died a bankrupt, in a mortgaged homestead, after forty years of experience in



DANIEL DREW.

the street, was the celebrated Daniel Drew. Drew was one of the quaint figures of the street as late as 1875, and anyone meeting him for the first time would have taken him for anything else than a millionaire, and a reckless dealer in immense stocks, and an engineer of deals that in his time were the greatest in the street. Daniel Drew is said to have kept no books with his brokers, simply trusting to his head, and their word, and he very seldom made any mistakes and never any blunders, with ordinary operators would be liable to under such circumstances. In the celebrated Erie war, Daniel Drew took a prominent part, and was chased by sheriff's and haunted by injunctions until he took refuge in a Nassau Street loft, and was guarded by a few friends until the immediate danger passed away. Jim Fisk first appeared in Wall Street as the assistant of Daniel Drew, and the partnership didn't last a great while, and Fisk joined hands with Jay Gould instead. Drew was a class leader, an exhorter, and a devout member of the Methodist church, yet he had few friends and possessed none of the magnetic influence which brought friends to Fisk. He was a bull one day, and a bear next, just as the notion suited him, and so his friends of one day were his opponents the day after. He gave away very large sums in charities, especially to religious organizations, and the Methodists. It is related of him that at one time the trustees of his church wishing to finish a mission chapel, one of them turned to him with the remark, "Brother Drew I put it to your conscience. 'Don't you see your way clear to give us ten thousand dollars?'" Daniel promptly replied, "No, I do not," and there the matter ended, inasmuch as Drew was very peculiar in his method of making donations, and chose his own way of spending his money in this direction. He seldom gave away less than one hundred thousand dollars a year in this way. Drew made a great deal of his money out of the same business that enriched Commodore Vanderbilt, namely, the navigation of the Hudson river, and many and bitter were the fights between the old Commodore and Drew in this line. In 1840, Drew formed a partnership with Isaac Newton, the then steamship king of the new world, and from that time he ran a successful line of steamers against all competitors, Vanderbilt included. When the Hudson River railroad was opened in 1852, Drew reduced the fare from Albany to New York to one dollar, while the road charged three. The president of the railroad urged Drew to put up his rates. "Our company makes money enough at one dollar, but you can regulate the fare in one way, by buying out our line of steamers, that is, if you have money enough," was Drew's answer. He insured his own steamers, laying by a sun for that purpose, and claimed that he saved over fifty per cent by so doing, although at one time he paid out about three thousand dollars for the loss of the Dean Richmond, one of his boats, and it was remarkable that he paid every shipper and passenger the amount they claimed, and that there was not a single lawsuit in the settlement of the damages. The rivalry between Drew and Vanderbilt finally subsided in so far that in any great enterprise where money was needed, Vanderbilt furnished one-half and Drew the other and for years this plan was kept up, neither betraying the other in any transaction of this nature. Drew finally broke with Vanderbilt on one occasion, however, and went into the street to do a little financing to the damage of the Commodore and to the advancement of Drew. Vanderbilt instantly went into the street, threw his money and his will into the struggle, tied everything up, produced a panic, and made his enemies, Drew included, suffer enormous losses. Drew never tried the plan again, as in those days it took far less capital to tie up stocks than at present, and Vanderbilt could do it with his individual wealth if he wished at any time, and was consequently not a good man to fool with. In the proceedings which were instituted against Drew in the Erie matter, and which forced him to hide for weeks, Vanderbilt took no part, though he had suffered enormous losses in the matter. Drew endowed many religious institutions, and built among other churches the elegant marble church of St. Paul's on Fourth Avenue in this city, which in itself cost a small fortune. But in spite of all his millions, and all his shrewdness, Daniel Drew died worth less than his debts, and passed away a beggarly wreck, leaving nothing to his family, and his son became an employe of the fuel line of steamer, his father had originated and carried through to success. Commodore Vanderbilt, his old time rival, passed away within a few weeks, leaving a hundred millions behind him. Drew was a rash speculator, and Vanderbilt a careful follower out of matured plans, except when he got angry and entered the street for revenge, and then he scattered his money as rashly as Drew ever did, but with better result.

The man who ought to have made the most money out of the navigation of the Hudson, was Robert Fulton, but he didn't, and it re-



ROBT. FULTON.

mained for Vanderbilt, Drew, Collins, and others to reap the harvest for which he had sown the seed, and to pile up fortunes from the trade on the Hudson which he had been granted the sole franchise for from the state legislature of New York, but from which he failed to reap the benefits. Fulton was a great inventor in many different ways, besides in that of steam navigation, but the enormous business which grew out of his labors in this particular field, connects his name with this line more particularly than with others. His first steamboat was launched in Paris, in the river Seine, in 1803, and was so poorly constructed that it broke to pieces and sank during the night, the machinery being too heavy for the timbers. Fulton also painted and exhibited the first panorama ever exhibited in Paris, and used the proceeds from it to forward his inventions in other lines. He also invented the first submarine torpedo boat in 1800, but it was not a great success. He also invented the first torpedo, and blew up several old ships with their and demonstrated their practical use in time of war. During his youth he was called "Quick-silver Boy" by the workmen in the shops around which he used to work, and get up his inventions, and this name clung to him during his entire youth. His parents had sent him to school, but the teachers invariably failed to do much with him, and when he was ten years old, one of them in answer to his parents' questions if Robert was attending to his books, said frankly that Robert had declared to him "that his head was so filled with original notions that he had no vacant chamber in which to store away the contents of any dusty books."

Fulton's first steamboat, and the first steamboat launched in this country, was named the Clermont, and was built and launched in 1807. The boat was named "Fulton's Folly," and many were the laughing faces when she started from New York's harbor on her trial trip. But they changed when she swung out into the stream and steamed up the Hudson. People looked with wonder at the strange craft moving along against wind and tide without sails, and the other craft got out of the way with all speed. On her next trip, and after night came on, as she passed the palisades, a countryman saw the steam and sparks and smoke coming up the river, and ran home to tell his wife that he "had seen the Devil coming up the Hudson, breathing fire and smoke from his nostrils, and scooping out the river." The Clermont



THE CLERMONT.

became a fixed fact in the trade of the river, however, and many attempts were made by the owners of other crafts to run into and sink her, by running foul of her, etc., but they were not successful, and Fulton succeeded in getting the legislature of the State to grant him the exclusive franchise for steam traffic on this river, which met with bitter and long opposition from other ambitious contractors. Fulton built the first ferry boat in 1811, which plied between this city and Jersey, and in 1815 he got up the plans for the first man-of-war using steam as a motive power, and it was called "Fulton the First," and carried 44 guns. While building it, however, he had to attend court in New Jersey, owing to the litigation growing out of his franchise for Hudson traffic, and he caught cold while attending to this lawsuit, and then went in inclement weather to examine the man of war and the progress the workmen were making, and caught more cold, and died from the effects on February 24th, 1815. The man of war was finished and launched on the Fourth of July following, but her inventor was dead, although the frigate was a success. Fulton had married a Miss Harriet Livingston, in 1806, and he left her and four children behind him. He died well light penniless, although he had expended thousands of dollars out of his own and his father-in-law's pocket upon experiments for the United States government, and his heirs entered suit against the government for the same, suing for one hundred thousand dollars. After thirty-one years of delay they finally recovered seventy-six thousand dollars from the government. Robert Fulton is buried in the churchyard of Trinity Church, at the head of Wall street, in the vault of the Livingstons, and the busy tread of the countless thousands who daily pass up and down Broadway and Trinity churchyard, and the clanging bells of the old



ADDISON CAMMAK.

sleep, sound at once a ceaseless and a solemn dirge over his remains.

One of the most successful men of the present day upon the street, is the "big bear," Addison Cammack, a quadruple millionaire, and one of the leaders of the street. There have been many tales told about Addison, and the manner in which he made his start in the monetary world, and among them the story that he got in the slave trade, being interested in it was claimed with Messrs. Nelson G. Trowbridge and Charles Lamar, the latter a relative of Secretary Lamar, which two gentlemen owned the yacht Wanderer, which landed 600 slaves in Savannah in 1859, if the story is correct. Although Mr. Cammack was an intimate associate of these gentlemen at that time, it is positively denied by those who ought to know that his start was gained in this way, or that he had anything to do with the slave trade, but this is the story that has gone around Wall street ever since Mr. Cammack entered it.

During the war Mr. Cammack was interested in blockade runners, and lived in Havana, and after the war he was pardoned by President Johnson, came to this city, and entered the street, where he has been ever since, and out of which he has carved a large fortune. He is known as the brains of the "bear element," and is looked at with interest by the bulls, especially when he gets upon the war-path, girds up his loins, and rushes for a break in the market. Mr. Cammack is about fifty-eight years of age, and there has been some talk of his retirement from the street but he is good for several years yet.

An interesting gentleman just at this time



W. M. DORSHEIMER.

is Mr. William Dorsheimer, editor and proprietor of the Daily Star, the old time Tammany organ which bit the dust over the election of Cleveland, whom it refused to support, and which Mr. Dorsheimer regenerated, resurrected, and is now running upon strictly Democratic principles, without regard to the various organizations of the city. Mr. Dorsheimer is however, also the United States District Attorney who has the handling of the cases against Messrs. Warner and Work, in the never ending Ferdinand Ward matter, and every day or two the case goes dragging its slow length along like the everlasting flow of the shining Hudson, and where it will bring up, is a conundrum beyond the ken of ordinary mortals. When last heard of, this week, the prospects were that it would be continued until either Warner and Work's money gave out, or the government treasury became depleted. The only charge against them which Mr. Dorsheimer has anything to do with is that of assisting Ward in wrecking the Marine Bank, a national institution, and one of Uncle Sam's pets in this city. Messrs. Warner and Work are taking the matter leisurely enough, and so is everybody concerned, while the people who lost the amounts have pretty generally reached the conclusion that what little is left after the courts gets through with the matter will not be worth fighting over. SPIRITO GENTILE.

As To Bad Penmanship.

In spite of the theory of a bad penman who wrote a sprawling hand (was it not the first Napoleon?) that the poorer a man's hand writing is the more character it has, the majority of letter writers, authors, scholars, and journalists are envious of the clerk and copyist are envious of their own talent for writing a clear and beautiful hand. As a nation, we have sadly degenerated in the art of using the pen. Comparing the beautiful and uniform hand-writing of the last century with the skin-along, spider-track, rail-fence style of the present day, one almost regrets the fact that the goose-quill has gone out of fashion, and a stiff and awkward writing implement has been substituted in its stead.

A fortune awaits the man who will invent a flexible writing-stick—a gold pen tipped with platinum—of some non-corrosive material. It is so hard to break in a pen; and having worn down the point to suit your style, they are likely to snap or splinter before you have tossed off a dozen pages of manuscript. Then there is the annoyance of getting a fiber between the ribs, analogous to that of getting a bit of meat between the bicuspids at the dinner table; and nine persons out of ten will wipe the pen frantically on the recipient to rid it of the filament—and catch a hair! A new steel pen is as awkward as a phenomenally stiff collar, or a pair of new shoes; and moreover, as the average penman is in continually danger of "impaling himself on his own pen-books," perhaps the only relief is found in the type-writer, which seldom betrays one into a loose and slovenly style of hand-writing.—H. Van Santvoord, in the Current.

He Knew.

"Where are you going my lad?" said an elderly gentleman to a little boy, who was slipping shodding along the street the other day. "I'm going to the tannery." "Why don't you attend school and learn something?" "That's where I've got now," replied the boy. "Oh, I misunderstood you." "No you didn't. I ran away yesterday, and I'm going to school to-day, and the teacher is sure to tan me for it. So it's a tannery ain't it?"—National Weekly.

Her Efforts in Vein.

An exchange says: "Mrs. Ristori, after her American discomferts, is living costly in Paris." This poor old lady made her audiences quite as uncomfortable as she could have been herself. Her efforts to be young and sprightly were painful, and she could not have made the last American tour, when all along, as she is rich, she should have remained cozily in Paris.—New Orleans Picayune.

A Slight Resemblance.

"Ah!" ejaculated an Alderman as he stood gazing at the outlines of the new arrival. "How like me!" "Yes," responded a friend, "the child does resemble you in at least one respect." "No more than that?" "Only one, that is its check."—National Weekly.

Ah! There!

The stars themselves are the best astrologers. They studied the heavens before Adam had a telescope.—New Orleans Picayune.

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