

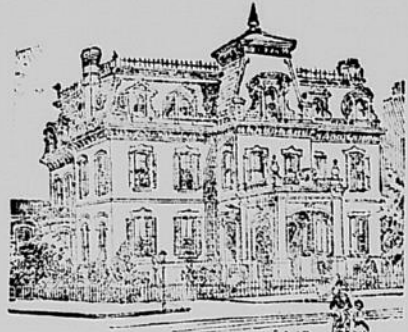
FOREIGN MINISTERS.

WASHINGTON LETTER ON THE DIPLOMATIC GENTLEMEN.

Very Important in Society, but Not Having Much to Do Otherwise—The Spanish Author and the Beau From Denmark.

[Special Correspondence.]

WASHINGTON, March 2.—Only two foreign governments have permanent legation residences at Washington. These are the British and German.



BRITISH LEGATION RESIDENCE.

Twenty-five foreign governments have state representation at Washington. The British legation is, of course, at the head. The official residence is a handsome and commodious house, brown, with white stone trimmings. It is near P street circle, in that enchanted part of Washington which always puts the small letters "N. W." after its address upon a card. The magic letters mean "north-west," in the northwest part of the city, and indicate the fashionable living neighborhood of the capital. "N. W." is the Fifth avenue of Washington. A house may be handsome, healthy and in the best of repair, but it rents for a third or more less if it is not "N. W."

The Alpha and Omega of presentation in the snob world of Washington used to be to be introduced to the British minister, when Sir Edward Thornton was the official representative. It is not so to quite the same extent now, though the present British minister, Hon. Lionel Sackville West, still leads all the rest of the diplomatic corps socially. (Some wicked newspaper men call it the diplomatic corps.)

Minister West is a very able diplomatist. He has been trained to it from boyhood in Europe, where state trickery is as much a profession as that of the soldier. Some of the wily old foxes in Germany or Russia could probably overreach Mr. West in gambling for international advantages, but certainly nobody in America can. It is said he quite got the better of our astute state department in the matter of the Canada fisheries last spring. But, indeed, nobody in America is ever trained to diplomacy. We had men who understood the trade during the early days of the republic, but they are all dead. Our representatives abroad are guileless babies in the hands of European state managers.

Minister West is a widower, and his daughters keep house for him.



RUSSIAN LEGATION.

The residence of the Russian legation is a rented building, but a stately private residence. The Russian minister is Baron Charles de Struve, who is of the country most of the time. The affairs of the realm of the White Czar, what little there are, are in charge of Mr. Alexandre Iswolsky, secretary of legation. The fine house in the picture is in the most fashionable part of K street.

Monsieur Theodore Ronstan is the French envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary. That is the full official title of the boss representative of a foreign court. The minister from our sister republic across the water is a dark, lively individual whom the ladies like very much. For one thing, they are sure he is a bachelor. Most of the diplomatic corps pose as bachelors in Washington, although it is said that many have left wives and families behind them. The bachelorhood of a member of the diplomatic corps here is a very uncertain quantity.

The German minister, Baron Von Alvensleben, is another single man, but he keeps house to himself in the mansion owned by his government on Fifteenth street.

The Italian minister is Baron de Fava, who tries to make believe that diplomacy in America amounts to something, but he can't make it out. He is a handsome, dark-eyed, white-haired man.



SPANISH LEGATION RESIDENCE.

The Spanish headquarters is a plain house on Massachusetts avenue. The minister is Senator Don Juan Valera. He is the most literary man in the diplomatic corps. I don't know whether he is otherwise a Don Juan or not. If countries took rank according to the intellectual ability of their representatives here Spain would go up head. Senator Valera is an author of much distinction in his own land. He is soon to leave Washington, however.

Five of the diplomats are married to American wives. One of them is the Mexican representative, Senator Romero. He was Gen. Grant's great friend. The Chilean minister

also, Senor Udoxy, has an American wife. He is a cross-grained, chuckle-headed old creature whom nobody likes. Probably his wife has got quite enough of marrying a fascinating foreigner by this time.

The greatest masher in the lot is Count de Lovenon, the Danish minister. He is no great things of a diplomat, but he is tremendous in society. He is a handsome man and a great dandy in his dress.

The Austrian minister, Baron Von Schaefer, is absent. The gentlemen herein named are the leading ministers at present in Washington. All speak French, the language of diplomacy. One reason our illustrious American statesmen appointed to foreign lands cut no great figure officially is that not one in 10,000 of them can speak French. Linguistic education is neglected abominably in this country.

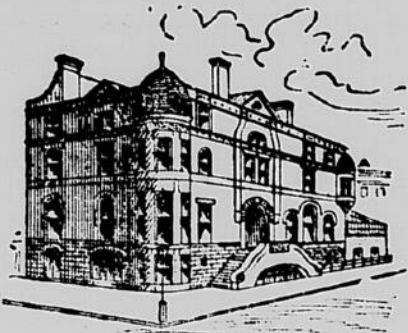
SARAH KING.

THE LIVELY PEOPLE OF ST. PAUL.

Description of the Magnificent New Building of the Minnesota Club.

[Special Correspondence.]

ST. PAUL, March 3.—There is an era of building at present among the five western cities that is stamping itself upon the whole region this side of the Alleghenies. Buildings commodious and beautiful take the place of the makeshift houses that marked the first step in the reclaiming of the wilderness. The western heart is as big as its own prairies, and when a new building is erected no expense is spared to make it perfect. An instance of this is the magnificent Minnesota club house here at St. Paul. It cost, with its furnishings, \$75,000, all of which has been paid. The organization has, therefore, not a cent of debt to carry. The house is on the corner of Fourth and Cedar streets. It has a frontage one way of seventy-five feet, the other way of forty-five feet.



MINNESOTA CLUB HOUSE, ST. PAUL.

It is three stories high, with basement. It is in a sort of mixed up renaissance style of architecture, built of red pressed brick and brown sandstone, with terra cotta trimmings. It has a grand stairway, a billiard room, card room, dining room, etc., furnished with taste and luxury.

As long ago as 1879 the Minnesota club was founded. Gen. Sibley, the Indian fighter, the man for whom the Sibley tents were named, was its first president. Gen. Hancock was a prominent member while he was stationed here. The organization was disbanded for a time, but resumed again. In 1882, the matter of building a club house was seriously resolved on, and subscriptions were started. The lot on which the structure is built is in size 50x138 feet. To give you some idea of the value of corner lots out here it may be mentioned that \$21,000 was paid for the ground in 1883. Considerable of the lot is left unoccupied for future growth and building. A local paper says that membership in this club is an acknowledged passport to best society. It is proposed to limit the number of members to 300. The formal opening has not yet taken place, but it will shortly be held, when best society will be represented by both sexes.

All the appurtenances for elegant living and feasting are found in the building. The kitchen, storerooms and cafe of the club restaurant are in the basement. The handsome leather-covered furniture is all stamped with the artistic club monogram "M. C." The hangings are of silk, each apartment being furnished in a different color from the rest. For table use there are over 650 pieces of silverware. These, like the elegant china, were specially designed for the club and stamped with its monogram. There are Wilton carpets on the first and second floors.

Gen. H. H. Sibley, now white-haired and white-headed, is still president of the organization. Stanton Newell is first vice-president. He was one of the officers of the old organization.

A Pennsylvania Philanthropist.

Now names are more familiar to the people of Western Pennsylvania, especially in the oil regions, than that of Hon. Thomas Struthers. He was born in Trumbull county, O., June 6, 1826. His education was begun in the "district school." At the age of 17 he entered Jefferson college, from which he graduated with honors, having supported himself by teaching a school while pursuing his college course. He afterwards studied law, was admitted to the bar in January, 1827, and in December, 1828, settled in Warren, Warren county, Pa., where he has since resided. In 1836 he went as a delegate to the convention at Williamsport which projected the Sunbury and Erie railroad, now known as the Philadelphia and Erie railroad, and to him was intrusted the difficult task of getting the act through the legislature, which he succeeded in accomplishing in April, 1837. The road was completed in 1842. Mr. Struthers, in connection with Gen. Wilson, built the first railroad in California, from Sacramento to Folsom. He was a leader in the enterprise of introducing street cars into Cincinnati, and was also interested in the scheme of making the Des Moines river, in Iowa, navigable for steamboats. Before the task was finished the legislature repudiated the land grants promised to the projectors of the enterprise, and the work was abandoned. In 1862, when the oil excitement was raging at Titusville, he conceived the idea of constructing a railroad from the Philadelphia and Erie, at Corry, to Titusville, a distance of twenty-eight miles. It proved a great success. In 1864 Mr. Struthers sold his interest in the road for a large sum, and spent a year traveling with his family in Europe, Egypt and the Holy Land. He was associated with Dean Richmond in originating and building the Cross Cut railroad, now a part of the Baltimore, New York and Philadelphia railroad, which connects the Philadelphia and Erie



THOMAS STRUTHERS.

road at Corry with the Lake Shore road at Brockton. He also aided the New York and Erie road in getting the right of way through certain parts of Pennsylvania. Mr. Struthers founded the Corry National bank, of which he was for many years the president. In 1863 he bought the farm on which he was born, erected thereon the largest blast furnace in the state of Ohio, and founded the flourishing town of Struthers. In 1867 he bought a controlling interest in the machine shops at Warren, now known as the Struthers, Wells & Co. iron works. This establishment is the most extensive and celebrated manufactory of drilling tools and oil well engines in the country. Mr. Struthers was a member of the Pennsylvania legislature in 1857-58, and in 1873 was a delegate to the convention which drafted a new constitution for the state. His last great public act of benevolence was to present the town where he resides with a magnificent building, which he erected at a cost of \$80,000, to be used as a public library and reading room. He has always been extensively interested in real estate and has done as much as any man in the state to develop the lumber and oil interests, the coal and iron mines, and other industries of the Allegheny valley. Being now too far advanced in years to take an active part in public affairs, he has settled down to the peacefulness of a serene old age. He, however, takes a lively interest in state and national politics, and his advice is never sought in vain on any matter of local importance.

OUR FISHERIES.

INTERESTING FACTS IN REGARD TO THIS GREAT INDUSTRY.

Map of the Fishing Grounds—How and Where Mackerel, Cod and Halibut are Caught—What Becomes of Fish in Winter—Packing and Curing.

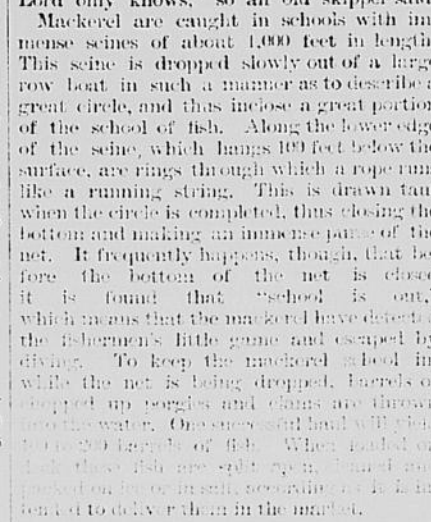
[Special Correspondence.]

BOSTON, March 2.—When Josh Billings said that "the codfish is the fruit of the osium, which accounts for their being so salt," it was without doubt the first time it dawned on the minds of many people that the dried codfish of commerce was not always salt, nor was he always flat and spread out like the old-fashioned cross stick fish. A Boston Globe artist made some sketches recently among the fisheries, from which we produce our illustrations.



MAP OF THE FISHING GROUNDS.

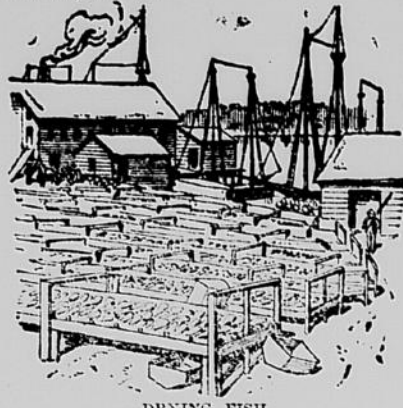
As the map shows, the mackerel is the most common fish, and for that reason the least profitable. The season for mackerel begins in March and ends in November, and what becomes of these fish in the meantime "the Lord only knows," so an old skipper said. Mackerel are caught in schools with immense scenes of about 1,000 feet in length. This scene is dropped slowly out of a large row boat, in such a manner as to describe a great circle, and thus inclose a great portion of the school of fish. Along the lower edge of the scene, which hangs 100 feet below the surface, are rings through which a rope runs like a running string. This is drawn taut when the circle is completed, thus closing the bottom and making an immense pan of the net. It frequently happens, though, that before the bottom of the net is closed it is found that "school" is out, which means that the mackerel have detected the fishermen's little game and escaped by diving. To keep the mackerel school in, while the net is being dropped, blocks of lead are used, and chains are thrown into the water. On these and lead are piled hundreds of fish. When pulled on shore, the fish are split open, cleaned and packed in ice, or in salt, so as to keep them until they can be taken to market.



COD FISHING FROM THE RAIL.

In cod fishing, according to the old skipper, "you do not get so much pork for your shilling." The fishing grounds, as shown by the map, are situated at a greater distance. The Georges bank, for instance, is due east of Cape Cod about 200 miles. It is where the tide is strongest, the winds fiercest, and the sea the roughest, that the cod and halibut make their homes, and it requires a brave heart to face the cold and other dangers of this calling. Often during the winter the deck and rigging are constantly covered with ice. There are two methods of fishing. Fishing over the rail is shown in the illustration. Here each member of the crew tends a single line fastened to a peg in the rail called a "soldier;" this is the customary method in rough weather. When the sea moderates sufficiently trawl fishing is practiced. Trawls are lines which are buoyed so as to float on the water and extend for a quarter mile or more out from the vessel, each vessel carrying about two miles of these trawl lines. At every six feet on the trawls are fastened smaller lines with baited hooks. Small boats called dories, containing two men each, go out twice a day to follow up the trawl, haul in the smaller lines, remove the fish and re-

bait the hooks. If a cod is caught he is simply thrown into the boat, while a halibut is killed first by hitting him on the nose. A halibut will weigh from 25 to 300 pounds, and "if a big one got into the dory alive," so a sailor said, "it would be an open question whether he was in charge of the dory or whether you was."



DRYING FISH.

All fish are cut open, and the entrails removed before packing on board the vessel. When a cargo is obtained of from 20,000 to 50,000 pounds of fish, the vessel sails for its harbor, here the fresh fish is shipped in refrigerator cars to market, and that intended for drying, smoking, or packing in brine is turned in to immense warehouses on shore. The illustration presents a scene in one of the yards where the codfish are dried. This is done by exposing them on "flakes" for a day or so in the open air. In case of rain, the fish are collected in piles, and covered with the odd-shaped boxes shown in the illustration. The dried cod is fed into a machine, which cuts it into bricks for packing at the rate of 110 pounds a minute. Then there are smoke houses where the halibut and mackerel are cured. Some of the packing concerns have their own vessels. One possesses fifteen schooners, worth about \$10,000 each. The total catch of mackerel for one year is about 500,000 barrels. Of fish 100,000,000 pounds is a fair annual average catch. This will give some idea of the magnitude of this industry, which is just now attracting attention before congress.

A. J. BOTHWELL.

NOTES FROM LONDON.

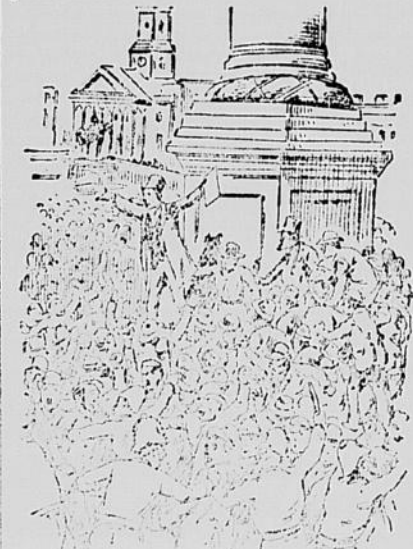
The Riot—Choking Off An Orator with a Red Flag.

[Special Correspondence.]

LONDON, Feb. 8.—You will get some idea of how large London is by remembering that the population of this one city is only about 100,000 less than that of the whole state of New York. New York city included, London has nearly 5,000,000 inhabitants. Four-fifths of these are wage workers. The problem of bread to eat for them becomes more and more serious every year. It is a question, but "like a hungry lion creeping ever high and higher," must be faced before many years. When the time comes the hundreds of thousands of deer parks in the United Kingdom must be made to yield bread for the people instead of game for gentlemen, or there will be revolution.

The mob which has scared London out of its seven senses to-day started in a meeting of unemployed workmen to state their grievances.

Old Burns was the speaker. These dirty workmen assembled in Trafalgar square, the most fashionable and finely adorned part of London.



AT THE FOOT OF THE NELSON MONUMENT.

That of itself was such a host the blood of the British nation never boiling. But when one of the common herd ascended the steps of the Nelson monument, which is in the very heart of this mad and highly populated city, and there, in the face of the sun, he began to read a long and boring oration, the police, who were on hand to keep the peace, and to prevent any disturbance, were obliged to take to their heels. The orator, who was a member of the workingmen's union, and demanding that parliament give them employment. The orator also waved a red flag. Red flags are carried in processions in America, and nobody minds them much. But while Mr. Burns was reading his resolutions and holding his red flag, the police made a dive for him. There is every probability that if the constables had let the orator finish his speech, there would have been no trouble. But they laid hands on him and choked him off. Then began the trouble that you have read of in your dispatches. There are 12,000 policemen in London, but all their efforts could not do up that rabble. It was composed of workmen and socialists at first, 10,000 strong. Afterward 200 huns from the slums joined in and swelled the number to 50,000. Oxford street, along which they marched, smashing windows and pilaging, is the fashionable retail shopping street of London. It was fortunate they did not attack the National Gallery on the square. Had the mob chosen, blood would have been spilt.

George Gould's Fiancee.

If any one of our fair maidens had hoped to draw into her net Mr. George Gould, she will be disappointed to hear of his engagement to Miss Edith Kingdom, of Daly's theatre. Although Mr. Gould has never been within a long distance of the inner circle, the fact that he is a millionaire's son, and therefore an excellent parti, would make him welcome anywhere, and the news of his engagement may be a blow to those who have thought of him as a possible captive. He is to be congratulated on his taste. Miss Kingdom is a most charming girl—pretty, refined and vivacious. Town Topics.

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