NOTES FROM LONDON.

"MILLIONS TO THE BRITISH ARTISAN"—ST. PATRICK'S DAY—JOHN ROBERTS, JR., CHAMPION.

London, March 19.

We owe a little tribute to Mr. F. A. Channing, M. P. for—I really forget what he is M. P. for, but he is an M. P., and has been making a speech in the House of Commons and writing a letter to "The Times" about the speech. He told his fellow-legislators on Monday that the example of the British Admiralty had fired the naval brain of other countries, and of America in particular. We are spending in the United States, according to Mr. Channing, $350,000,000 on new ships of war. Called to account for this, he explained that there was a scheme for devoting that rather large sum of money to ships to be built in the course of time. Then he adds:

The fact that the American Government is proceeding constitutionally, and voting the money year by year, does not affect my argument, which remains unanswered and, I believe, unanswerable; viz., that the big announcements of the Admiralty last year have given the Protectionist party in America a plausible pretext for appropriating prospective surpluses of the American revenue for years to come, and thus defeating that tariff reform which means millions of money to British artisans.

Thank you, Mr. Channing. That will do admirably. So valuable do I think your testimony as to the effect of "tariff reform" that I have looked you up in "Dod." A Legislator capable of telling as much truth as that in a single sentence deserves to be treated with accuracy and with grateful respect. It is the East Division of Northamptonshire for which Mr. Channing sits. His full name is Frances Allston Channing. He is the only son of the late Rev. William Henry Channing, of Boston, Mass., afterward of Liverpool and Kensington. He was educated at Exeter College, Oxford, took honors and gained prizes there, and became Fellow, Tutor and Lecturer at University College, and has lectured the outside world from his place in the House of Commons since 1885. He is an advanced Liberal, which now means Home Ruler, Radical, and often Socialistic Radical; is in favor of Home Rule, of the Disestablishment of the Church and the reconstruction—an elastic word—of the House of Lords. Such is his career thus far; the career of a politician respectable if not brilliant in politics, and capable of substituting sentiment for reason in the formation of many political convictions. I will venture to predict that nothing he has hitherto said or done has earned for him anything like the celebrity which shall be his in America when his declaration about tariff reform shall have become familiar to Americans.

Yet it is to the Protectionist that Mr. Channing must look for his fame. No American Free Trader will repeat this frank confession that tariff reform means millions of money to the British artisan. The American Free Traders will not be grateful to him for it. They will ignore him and suppress his statement. He is himself a Free Trader, but his American Free-Trading friends, if they take any notice of him at all, will contradict him in public and curse him in private. Nobody is so odious to them as he who tells the exact truth about the effect of their policy. Mr. Channing, intent on defending himself, has blurted it out, little heeding or little guessing with what dismay one great branch of the British party of Free Trade—the American branch—would receive it. But there it is. There we have the full admission that

Tariff reform in America means millions of money to British artisans.

Such is the declaration of a member of the British Parliament, an educated man, a student of economical questions, an advocate of that very tariff reform in America which here is accepted as a synonyme for Free Trade; a competent witness in all ways. Mr. Channing's letter appears in "The Times" (London) of Wednesday, March 19, 1890, in the last column of the fourth page, rather more than half way down. And I hope the Protectionists of America will take care that every American workingman has a chance of reading what Mr. Channing has written.

The celebration of St. Patrick's Day by the Irish in London passed off peacefully, yet with enthusiasm. There was a banquet over which Mr. T. P. O'Connor presided, and the ever-present difficulty about toasts was evaded in a novel way. All public dinners in London begin—I mean they begin after they are over, if I may speak in the Hibernian manner—with a toast to the Queen. But toasts to the Queen are not always well received by Irishmen who have dined well, and it was thought best to promote harmony by sugar-coating Her Majesty a little. A joint toast was therefore proposed to the Queen and the Irish Parliament, and Mr. O'Connor expressed a hope that Her Majesty might live to open a restored Irish Parliament. This was duly cheered. So at least says the leading English organ of Home Rule, but Mr. T. P. O'Connor in his own paper gives another version of the matter. The toast, according to him, was a toast to the Queen and Constitution. Did the cautious Mr. T. P. think this would look better in print?

At the same function God Save the Queen seems to have been suppressed, and instead of it the band gave, if you believe our English Home Rule friend, a number of those national airs to which, as the chairman reminded his hearers, the Queen's troops had often marched to victory. What were they? Will it ever be known? Whatever they were, they were followed—and here English and Irish authorities agree—by the toast, "Ireland a Nation." Who think you responded to this? Not Mr. William O'Brien, for Mr. William O'Brien's health would not, unhappily, allow him to be present. The response came from none other than Mr. Herbert Gladstone. Mr. O'Connor heralded it by a bit of biography. He did not like, he said, to refer to domestic matters, but he believed they had among them the excellent son who was able to teach his excellent father an excellent lesson in Home Rule. There is, however, in the Gladstone family a friendly rivalry as to who was the first to propose Home Rule. This again Mr. O'Connor suppresses in his own paper. I do not see why. Mr. Herbert Gladstone is young, amiable, impulsive, full of enthusiasms, ready to try experiments, not overladen with that discretion which indisposes the politician to risk a good deal in the pursuit of an object which enlists his sympathies. So this lyrical young gentleman was appropriately received with loud cheers and "musical honors." Mr. W. Abraham then entertained the company with "a wild and weird song" in Welsh, and then the Bard of Ireland sang another in praise of Mr. Gladstone, the Father this time, not the Son, with a chorus which runs:

Ten thousand thanks to Gladdy
Say Sandy, John and Paddy.

Old Ireland, adds the Bard, loves the white-haired boy; which is not an allusion to Mr. Herbert Gladstone's age, but to the youthfulness of Mr. Herbert Gladstone's father. The Ministry profited by the absence of the Irish from the House of Commons on this evening of St. Patrick's Day, Lord George Hamilton most of all. The Navy Estimates were on, and while the Irish Brigade were singing songs Lord George got votes through to the amount of nearly forty millions of dollars. I imagine the Government would be only too well pleased if St. Patrick's Day came every night of the session.

The challenge which Mr. John Roberts, junior, has issued to American pyramid-pool players, is an interesting one. Roberts is the billiard champion of England, and something more. He is not merely the best billiard player in England, but is so much better than anybody else that he can and does give the next best man from one-third to one-half the game. Such a superiority as that is probably unique. It is as if Beach had been able to concede to Hanlan a start of a mile in a three-mile race, or as if Steinitz could give Gunsberg a queen and two or three pieces beside. Robert's pre-eminence is confined, however, to what is called the spot-barred game. Peall is more than a match for Roberts at the spot, and might, I dare say, be more than a match for him at breaking stones on the public highway; a performance nearly or quite as exciting as a long run off the spot; which means nothing more than successively putting down the red ball in the two top corner pockets. It is difficult; it requires immense practice, immense patience on the part of both performer and public, and it would have been the ruin of billiards as a public entertainment had not Roberts stopped it by playing spot-barred matches, and none other, or almost none.

His superiority at pyramids, though decisive, is necessarily much less than at the all-round billiards. He gives his best opponent one ball. Pyramids, however, seem to offer the only chance of a match in America. The American game of billiards, which is not American, but French, is so entirely unlike the English that the champion at either would be completely at the mercy of the other on his own table. I suppose Schaeffer could give Roberts 800 in 1,000 on a French table, and that Roberts could give Schaeffer at least as much on an English table. The table, the balls, the cues, and the game are all different, and no real test of skill at billiards between two experts at two games so totally unlike is possible. What Roberts now proposes is to play anybody in America at pyramid pool; two sets of games, one on an American and one on an English table; the winner of the greater number of games on both to win the match. It is not a good match, but it is better than nothing, and perhaps the best that can be made.

More interesting still, I should say, will be the opportunity of seeing the English game played by its most brilliant practitioner. It is agreed that at this game nobody ever equalled, or approached, Roberts. But the game seems to be unknown in America, and the rudiments of it will have to be acquired before the spectator can appreciate his skill. A knowledge of French billiards is not enough. The mysteries of the losing hazard must be mastered, and some practical knowledge of the difficulties presented by the greater size of the tables and the smaller size of the balls ought to be obtained also. Perhaps it will then occur to the amateur that this is for him a better game than the other; better, because it offers greater variety, and because of the better facilities for scoring. Roberts's play, in any case, is a thing to see. His delicacy of touch, his judgment, his accuracy, his "strength"—a word which has a technical meaning in billiards—are all remarkable, and his style as a whole is as near perfection as anything merely human can be. He hopes to arrive in America early in May, and to play exhibition matches in New-York and elsewhere.

G. W. S.

THE BUZZARD LOPE.

A BRAND NEW STEP THAT IS RAGING IN GEORGIA—WORSE THAN THE "GRIP."

A Tribune reporter just returned from Georgia brought back with him the new step that has had an extensive run in that State in the last two months. It is called the "Buzzard Lope." Nothing like it was ever seen in this part of the country, and persons who are not intimately acquainted with the ways of buzzards will be unable to form anything approaching a correct notion of its style. The buzzard is so useful a citizen of the South that he seldom ventures Northward. He is known in a small way in the West, but it is an historic fact that he was never caught loping outside of Georgia. The habits of the buzzard are peculiar. He is excessively carnivorous and likes his meat served high. If your favorite cow dies the buzzards of the neighborhood will bury her, not necessarily in the earth, but—they'll bury her.

An aged darkey lost his aged mule, lost him by death in the piney woods one black Friday. The following Sunday he took a spade and went forth to bury him. Arriving within sight of the body he came upon a group of forty-nine buzzards. Forty-eight of them flew away. The forty-ninth, whose feathers were gray with age, or early piety, or something, declined to retire. Looking straight at the old darkey he spread his wings—they were nine feet from tip to tip—tucked his tail under his body, drew in his chin and proceeded to lope around the dead mule. The old darkey had been a wonderful dancer in slavery days, and prided himself on knowing every step that anybody else knew. He had danced the "dignity" step in Barbados, the "Tom Tom" in Dominica; he had danced "karo" as no other person in the world could dance it, and as for cutting the pigeon wing, why, he invented it! But here was a brand new step. It wrenched his soul to see that ancient buzzard loping there at his ease, as he had never dreamed any creature on earth could lope. He stood aghast. The spade fell from his shoulder. He spread his arms, bent his body in the middle, stiffened every joint except those at the elbow, wrist, ankle and knee, and forgetting both the day and the place, followed the buzzard around the mule for four solid hours, keeping step with the bird. At dusk the buzzard flapped his wings and went to roost, while the old man loped home, feeling ten years younger than the youngest "coon" in the county.

Such is the legend of the "Buzzard Lope." The step captured everybody. Clubs were formed all over the State to learn it, and for the time being all unhappiness over the appointment of negro postmasters was forgotten. The proportion of persons able to master the lope was about 1 in 255. The reporter gave up everything else and devoted himself assiduously to the task for nine days, at the end of which time he accidentally stumbled into the proper caper. On the way to New-York he was so afraid lest the lope might escape him that he lost no opportunity to practise it. At Chattanooga he devoted his "twenty minutes for supper" to a lope on the station platform, and left all the employes of the Queen and Crescent, Alabama Great Southern, Cincinnati Southern, Western and Atlantic and Louisville and Nashville roads working hard to master the step. At Cincinnati he loped so industriously in the waiting-room that an official threatened to lope him out into the street. At Pittsburg the general impression was that a lunatic had escaped, but even that did not prevent a score of Smoky City inhabitants from moving their feet in a mysterious way.

The "Buzzard Lope" beggars description. You cannot appreciate it till you see it. It ought to go on the stage for the benefit of the community.

NOT ONE OF HIS NINE DAUGHTERS.

"Been busy to-day, dear?" he inquired, leaning paternally toward the young woman who sat next him in the elevated train, and permitting his distillery breath to play hide and seek among the other passengers.

"What?" she asked, in surprise.

"I asked if you'd been busy to-day, daughter."

"I'm not your daughter," replied the young woman, indignantly.

"Don't you know your pop?" he inquired in beerily playful tones.

"Hush up, you horrid old thing. I don't know you."

"You are not my daughter?"

"Certainly not."

"Scuse me, scuse me," said the would-be father, touching his hat with drunken ceremony, "I've got nine daughters and it's jush a little hard to keep track of 'em if I get hazy. Reckon this is one of my foggy nights."

SECRETARY RUSK'S BRAVERY.

Washington letter to The Kansas City Journal.

He was a brave officer during the war, and one of the stock stories about him is the remark of General Mower, who received him after his division had been cut into pieces by the enemy, and he, out of shot and shell, at Mower's command, came to his headquarters. "As Colonel Rusk saluted the general, the latter said: "I have sent for you because you are the only man in this army, or any other army, that I ever saw who could ride further into hell than I can, and I want you to take a drink with me."

"I thank you," said Colonel Rusk, "but I can't do that, as I never drink."

"You don't. Well, I should like to know how a man can ride so far into hell without taking a drink. Do you eat?"

"Certainly I do," said Colonel Rusk, "and have not had a bite since morning." The two then ate together and their friendship continued until Mower's death.

RESTORING SEVERAL LOST TEETH.

From The Norwich (Conn.) Bulletin.

Dr. George W. Allen, of Rockville, has recently performed one of the most remarkable dental operations known to the science of dentistry, having successfully replanted four teeth in a boy's mouth. The boy had his four superior incisors knocked out by a fall, while coasting, last December. He was taken to Dr. Allen's office about eight hours after the accident, when the hemorrhage had ceased. He replaced the fractured labial portion of the process, syringed the sockets with a solution of phenol sodique, and replaced the teeth in their natural position. He then braided them all together with heavy linen thread. By so doing the entire arch was held firmly in place. Three weeks after this he removed the support and found the teeth perfectly secure. The patient suffered very little after the operation, and is now able to eat the hardest food. Recently Dr. Allen examined the boy's mouth, and the teeth were as firmly implanted as if they had never been knocked out. According to the Odontological Society of New-York this feat of dentistry was never before accomplished.

GOSSIP AT THE CAPITAL.

THE PECULIARITIES OF A CONGRESSIONAL HEADACHE.

TWO DEMOCRATS AT ODDS—SENATOR FARWELL AS AN UNWILLING WITNESS—A STORY ABOUT EMORY E. STORRS—THE U. S. SENATE LISTENS TO "ANNIE LAURIE"—KILGORE THE OBJECTOR.

Washington, March 29.—The Congressional headache is one of the established institutions of the National Capital. It is like the Washington malaria, always with certain hardworked public servants. Sometimes it is hard for the victims to find an excuse the day after. But a firm of philanthropists has found the cause and Congressmen who have periodic attacks of the headache will be grateful for the discovery. The cause of the Congressional headache is too much brain work. At least the philanthropic firm so asserts. Recently a Senator whose liability to the attacks of the complaint is known to his friends received a polite letter which ran substantially as follows:

"Dear Sir: It is a well-known fact that most of our public men by the intensity of their mental application are sufferers from headache. We have a simple remedy which, could it be applied, would result in as infallible cure—viz., give the brain more rest, quit work entirely and lead a quiet life. But to a man of your eminence we know this advice is mockery. Your party and your country demand your services. Since a cessation of brain work cannot be had, what then is the next best remedy? We have found it and take the liberty to inclose a sample of our great 'Headache Destroyer.' Taken according to directions it acts directly on the brain, soothes the overstrung nerves and induces sleep where wet towels and other external applications have been tried in vain. In view of your continued liability to too much brain work may we not hope for your patronage? We beg leave to inclose a few testimonials to the efficacy of our great 'Headache Destroyer' and remain, Yours with respect, THE ——— CO.

"Boston, Mass."

The Senator who received the letter with its inclosed sample at first thought he was the victim of a joke, but on making inquiries among colleagues with whom he occasionally spent a night out, found that they had been complimented in the same way. Others who keep regular hours and are not subject to the Congressional headache had been overlooked. The favored Senators are wondering how the patent medicine company learned of their ailments. Privately they say the medicine is a good thing, but for some reason they won't allow their names to be used in testimonials as to the value of the Congressional remedy.

They say that nowadays whenever Senator Coke, of Texas, comes into perihelion Senator Harris, of Tennessee, makes it his especial and particular business to hasten into aphelion. Persons who have recently observed the transits of these two stars of the senatorial constellation assert that whenever their perigees reach approximation there are icicles dangling from the rim of the sun. The cause of this strange phenomenon is defined by a gentleman who recently heard a conversation between the two Senators.

"Look here," said Senator Harris, holding out a copy of "The Nashville American" and tapping an article with his finger; "have you seen this article?"

"No," said Senator Coke; "what is it?"

"Well, sir, it is a terrible tirade on me."

"What of that?" asked Senator Coke in his big gruff tone.

"Well, sir, it was written, I believe, by a man who claims to be a clerk of yours and who has access to the floor of the Senate as such."

"What of that?" asked Senator Coke again.

"What of that? Why, sir, are you going to keep such a man as your clerk?"

"Why not?"

Senator Harris was as red as a boiled lobster.

"Why, sir," said he, "this is the most outrageous abuse of me and it is printed in the leading Democratic paper of my State; and are you going to encourage a man to write such things as this about a brother Democratic Senator?"

"What have I got to do with it?" asked Senator Coke. "I can't stop him. I can't control what he writes. Why, he has larruped me twice as hard as he has you."

"But, sir, he has made a fool of me and you ought to do something about it."

Senator Coke looked down at the Senator from Tennessee, and with disgust smeared all over his face, said:

"Harris, it would keep a newspaper man hustling night and day to make bigger fools of us Senators than some of us make of ourselves."

And as the two parted, needles of frost were seen to glint and shimmer in the ambient atmosphere.

A gentleman from Chicago, chatting with a party of acquaintances about some of the laughable features of the testimony given by newspaper men before the Dolph "smelling" committee, was reminded of an experience he once had with senator Farwell as a witness.

"Mr. Farwell," said he, "owned a building on Washington st. jointly with me and wanted to get the whole, so he sent an agent to me to propose a trade. I accepted finally his proposition to give me a building on the West Side and $5,000 to boot, but I distinctly told the agent I would pay no commissions. More than a year afterward the agent brought suit against me for $1,250, claiming that the trade was a $50,000 transaction and that he was entitled under the law to 2 1-2 per cent commission on that amount. As his first step toward establishing his claim was to determine the value of the buildings he informed me that he was going to take Mr. Farwell's deposition; so with our lawyers we went, at the appointed time, to that gentleman's office.

"'Mr. Farwell,' said the agent's lawyer after the nature of the case had been explained to him, 'did you trade building with this defendant on such and such a date?'

"'Yes, sir,' said Mr. Farwell.

"'On what terms did you make the trade?'

"'I gave him $5,000 to boot.'

"'Exactly! Now, Mr. Farwell, will you please state on oath what, in your opinion, was the value of the building which the said defendant traded to you at that time?'

"'It was worth about $5,000 more than the one I traded to him,' said Mr. Farwell.

"The lawyer looked at first a little confused. Then a bright thought struck him.

"'Now, sir,' said he in a mandatory tone, 'tell us what you considered the building worth which you traded to him.'

"'Well,' answered the witness quietly, 'I thought it was worth about $5,000 less than the one he traded to me.'

"The lawyer was now in a dignified rage.

"'Come, sir,' said he, 'I am not to be trifled with. Will you, sir, or will you not, tell me how much this building was worth?'

"'No, sir,' said Mr. Farwell, 'I won't tell you anything about it. But I will tell you something a good deal more to the point,' and opening a drawer in his desk he took out a book of check stubs.

"'There is the stub of a check for $500,' said he, 'which I gave to my agent in full payment of all commissions, and I believe there is a law in Illinois which prevents an agent from collecting commissions from both parties to a transaction. Now, sir, if that is all you want to know you may run along and let me attend to my business.'

"I have seen men set back," continued the Chicago man, "but I never saw one so badly twisted out of shape as this lawyer was. I never heard another word about the suit, and I haven't paid the $1,250 yet."

And speaking of lawyers reminded the Chicago man of a story about the late Emory E. Storrs, perhaps the brightest lawyer that ever practised in a Chicago court. A case which was attracting a good deal of public attention was in course of trial and Mr. Storrs, who was conducting the defence, had riddled and tattered every witness brought in by the prosecution. Finally the prosecution subpoenaed Ben Bullwinkle, the big, brave, blustering chief of the Insurance Fire Department. Bullwinkle was a man who had a first-rate idea of his own powers of repartee, and had commanded men so long that he felt entire confidence in himself at all times and in all places. He had sat and seen how other witnesses had been ripped up by Storrs, and had wished that he were in their places; so when he was subpoenaed he went about and told all his friends to be at the court the next day and see him make a fool of Storrs.

"I'll make him wish he had never tackled me," said big Ben.

The next morning the courtroom was crowded. The fire-laddies and all the admirers of the brave chief were there, bright-faced with anticipation of the pleasure of seeing their leader "do up" the "sassy little lawyer."

"Benjamin F. Bullwinkle!" shouted the Clerk, and the witness took the oath and delivered his testimony for the prosecution. Then came the cross-examination by Storrs. There was a rustling of people in their seats, a stretching of necks to see and a straining of ears to hear. It was going to be a glorious entertainment to see little Storrs worsted at his own game, and not a word, not a gesture, was to be lost.

"What is your name, sir?" asked Mr. Storrs.

"Bullwinkle," said the witness boldly.

Mr. Storrs deliberately wrote it down.

"Bullwinkle is it?" he asked.

"Yes, sir, Bullwinkle," said the chief, defiantly.

"What is your first name, Mr. Bullwinkle?"

"Benjamin, sir."

"Benjamin Bullwinkle," said the lawyer quietly, and as if musing over the name. "Benjamin Bullwinkle," and he wrote that down carefully and then read it off.

"Benjamin Bullwinkle; is that it?"

"Yes, sir, that's it," said the witness a little angrily, for Mr. Storrs's exceedingly calm and quiet manner was exasperating to this man of action, who longed for the fray to begin.

"Is that your full name, Benjamin Bullwinkle?"

"No, sir."

"What is your full name, Benjamin Bullwinkle?"

"Benjamin F. Bullwinkle."

"Ah, Benjamin F. Bullwinkle, eh? Well, Mr. Bullwinkle, what does the 'F.' stand for?"

"Franklin."

"So, then, at last we have it. Your name is Benjamin Franklin Bullwinkle, is it?"

"Yes, sir, it is," answered the witness, who was by this time red with ill-suppressed rage.

Mr. Storrs waited some time. The room was as still as a chamber of death. The lawyer looked at the paper upon which he had written the name of the witness, and, as if talking to himself, repeated it all slowly: "Benjamin Franklin Bullwinkle." Then, raising his face to the witness, he said in the quietest manner possible:

"Well, Benjamin Franklin Bullwinkle, that is all. You may step down."

"Bullwinkle," said the gentleman who told the story, "never recovered from that defeat. His own friends and admirers laughed in his face in spite of themselves, and 'Benjamin Franklin Bullwinkle' became a by-word where it had been a name to conjure by."

Representative Mason, of Illinois, knows of a lawyer, a friend of his, who often addresses himself to individual members of the juries he confronts. He once appeared for the plaintiff in a suit for damages brought against a street-railroad company. He made a most eloquent appeal, but was unable to hold the attention of one of the jurors, who appeared to be an old sailor. At last he stopped directly in front of the sailor and, addressing him alone, said:

"Now, mate, I will tell you how the accident happened. The plaintiff was in command on an outward-bound car, and stood in her starboard channels. An inward-bound car came along, and just as their bows met she jumped the track, keeled, sheered to port, knocked my client overboard, and ran over him."

The sailor listened attentively, and promptly joined in a verdict of $5,000 for the plaintiff.

The dignity of the Senate received a severe shock the other day. In the course of a rather dry debate there came floating through the chamber the sweet strains of "Annie Laurie," their sweetness somewhat tempered by presumptive ignorance of music in the person or persons producing them. The Senate chamber is walled in securely for the express purpose of preventing the admittance of any sound from the outer world which might interrupt the serious deliberations of that important body. There are double walls inside and outside, and air chambers and hallways between, and even the roof is double. There was a time when a Senator from an Eastern State whistled for a page, but that is the nearest approach to music that has ever been heard in the Senate chamber before the experience of last week. Both members and employes were stupefied by the sound of the unexpected harmony—or perhaps I should say, discord. At first it was suspected that Senator Butler, of South Carolina, who has been known to play a practical joke even in the sacred confines of the Senate chamber, had concealed a music-box in his desk, and had "set it off" either inadvertently or maliciously. Nobody knew just what to do, but it is quite likely that a committee would have been appointed to investigate Senator Butler's desk if the Senator from South Carolina had not entered the chamber at that moment from the cloakroom, with a look of astonishment upon his face that seemed to guarantee his innocence.

Still the music went on, and so did the debate. They struggled together for about a minute, when Engineer Jones chanced to pop his head through the doorway leading into the lobby. The minute the sound of the music fell upon his ear he let the doors fly together again and started down the lobby at a speed that threatened his physical integrity. Two or three minutes afterward the music, which had been tripping itself up on the occasional periods in a discourse by Senator Call, suddenly ceased. Shortly afterward when Engineer Jones reappeared on the Senate floor the mystery was explained. It seems that a clerk connected with one of the committees is an enthusiast on the subject of music. A friend, as enthusiastic as he, called upon him at his committee room that afternoon, his violin case in his hand. The clerk's flute was in a corner of his desk, and a discussion on the subject of music which ensued resulted in a challenge to a duet. The clerk said that they would find some quiet place in the basement where nobody would hear them, and so downstairs they went. After looking about through the carpenter's quarters and the engine rooms for a few minutes, they came across a little apartment nicely lighted and comfortably warmed. It seemed to have no occupant and the walls about were evidently thick. So the two musicians shut themselves into the little chamber and attacked "Annie Laurie." It was only when Engineer Jones interrupted their communion that they discovered that the chamber in which they were standing was the chamber through which many thousand cubic feet of fresh air are hourly pumped into the Senate chamber. Every sound of their tortured instruments, therefore, was diffused through dozens of pipes and a hundred ventholes, all leading to the Senate Chamber. The Senate engineer has now added a postscript to the principal sign in his engine-room. Under the words "No smoking" is this further injunction "No music."

A good story is going the rounds of the press now about Colonel George W. Hooker, of Vermont, telling how he and ex-Congressman W. L. Scott, of Pennsylvania, breakfasted together in New-York one day and how the millionaire coal operator told Colonel Hooker that he would give all his worldly possessions for a good appetite; this after seeing Colonel Hooker devour a breakfast of enormous proportions. A gentleman who read the paragraph in a Washington paper said to me:

"I have a sequel to that story without which it is really not complete. Colonel Hooker is fond of drinking as well as of eating. One day he was going down Broadway in New-York with the light of a recent experience beaming in his eye, when he met a friend who was well acquainted with his convivial habits.

"'Hello, Hooker!' said this friend. 'Where have you been?'

"'Been to dinner,' said Colonel Hooker, his eyes rolling in his head and his lips moving as though some sweet flavor lingered upon them still.

"'Did you have a good dinner?' said his friend.

"'Good dinner!' said Hooker. 'Good dinner! The finest dinner I ever had.'

"'What did you eat?' said his friend.

"'Eat?' said Colonel Hooker. 'Eat? We didn't eat. We drank.'

Private Secretary Halford is in favor of establishing a new rule in making appropriations for the maintenance of the White House. At present the appropriation bill invariably mentions the title and salary of each employe authorized. Having very little discretion the President must employ as good material as he can find for the price offered, or go through the fiction of employing a man as a clerk and setting him to work as a messenger. This latter course is pursued in the case of one or two employes at the White House now. Sergeant Dinsmore and one or two other old employes, for instance, who are almost indispensable, could not afford to accept the salaries attached to the place of messenger, and so while they perform a messenger's service they are carried on the pay-roll as clerks. Mr. Halford wants Congress to appropriate a lump sum of money for the maintenance of the White House, leaving its distribution to the judgment of those in charge. He says he can increase the efficiency of the service very materially and at the same time save the Government several thousand dollars a year.

It is a rare thing for the presiding officer of the Senate to call a quorum to order at the hour of the daily meeting. In fact, there are frequently not more than a half dozen Senators present. Senators admit that is a reproach to the body thus to ignore the only religious service in connection with the proceedings, but nevertheless they do not effect a reform.

A few years ago a Senator offered a resolution to require the presence of a quorum at the prayer, but the second day after he himself failed to appear in time. When the prayer had been delivered he entered the chamber wearing somewhat of an air of embarrassment. His delinquency was observed, and the resolution became a dead letter. This ignoring of the prayer has grown to be a habit of the Senate. When Judge Davis, of Illinois, was president pro tempore, he entered the chamber with the chaplain one day and the only Senator visible was Mr. Butler, of South Carolina. Judge Davis did not pause an instant, but with all the solemnity and gravity usually observed by him on such occasions, gave a stroke with his gavel and said:

"The Senator from South Carolina will come to order."

The summons was treated as a jest by the galleries and the pages on the floor, but it was not so intended. The presiding officer took that method of rebuking the Senate and of having his rebuke go into "The Record."

Representative C. B. Kilgore, of Texas, made a reputation for himself in the 1th Congress as an objector. And not a few members had their little private bills knocked out by an objection from the Texas Congressman, who was dubbed the "Watchdog of the Treasury." Speaker Reed said at the time that Kilgore beat Holman two to one, and that beat the devil. There is a story about an objection that wasn't made by Kilgore in the last Congress that has never been told in print. In the course of the short session of the last Congress Representative James E. Campbell, of Ohio, now Governor, went to Kilgore one afternoon and said:

"Look here, Kilgore, I have a favor to ask. I have a bill to secure an enlargement of the Custom House at Cincinnati. It is a meritorious measure, and the business transacted makes it necessary to increase the size of the building. I am going to ask unanimous consent to call the bill up, and I don't want you to object. I know that if you examine the bill you will find nothing in it to object to. You let this bill pass, and when I am nominated for Governor next fall I will carry Hamilton County on the strength of the bill and thereby secure my election. And I promise you now that after I am inaugurated Governor, when any of you Texans come to Ohio and get into the penitentiary, I'll pardon you out at once."

Kilgore said the temptation to object was very strong, but when he thought of the immunity held out to him by Campbell he couldn't resist, and the bill went through with flying colors.

HARDER TO FIGHT THAN DUNS.

FORCED INTO BEING CHARITABLE.

QUESTIONABLE METHODS OF FURTHERING GOOD CAUSES.

"Speaking of duns," said a dry goods drummer, the other night, "there is no more persistent dun than your charitable collector, who insists on presenting the needs of his or her (a female collector is by far the worst) worthy cause, in season and out of season, with a polite indefatigability that is truly exasperating. The ruder you are with them, the more credit do they take to themselves for travelling the straight and thorny path, and the longer you hold out the more are you expected to give in the end. By far the best way, according to my experience, is to acquiesce the moment the collector opens her mouth, and you surprise her so that you can come off with flying colors under cover of a very small amount.

"Some men are thrown into a panic by this class of persons, and while they hate to give, fear equally to refuse, especially merchants whose trade depends somewhat on their personal popularity in the community. I remember once when in a Western city trying to sell goods to an exceedingly stingy storekeeper, that the man while talking to me was suddenly thrown into a state of nervous fear by a clerk telling him that there was a lady in the front part of the store who wanted to see him about a subscription to a Christmas tree for the orphans' home.

"'Confound the woman,' he said. 'Do you know who she is?'

"'No,' said the clerk, 'and I guess she does not know you, for she called me by your name, and when I told her she was mistaken, apologized by saying she had never met you.'

"'Let me see her,' said the merchant, as he peeped through a scratch in the ground glass partition of his office. 'She's a lady,' he muttered ruefully, 'who has only lately joined our church. Oh, hang it, I never was any good at bluffing a lady.'

"Now the old curmudgeon had treated our house shabbily in the only sale we ever made to him, a rival drummer had secured the cream of his trade anyway, and I felt that I could afford to vent a little of my spite on him. So I spoke up with: 'Let me tackle her. I'm an expert at dealing with these people. When I'm home our house always turns all of them over to me. I can talk them blind and deaf, and I once made one of them plank down a dollar for a fund I pretended to be getting up for a widow with ten children, whose husband had been killed by falling down our own elevator shaft. Just introduce me to her as Mr. M——, the owner of the store, and I'll get her out of here in ten minutes as pleased as if you had grumblingly given her $10.'

"'I don't like to try it,' said the old fellow, hesitatingly. 'I have a good deal of confidence in your ability as a talker, but I don't think you can do much in this case.'

"'You just try me,' I said as he walked toward the woman, and before Mr. M—— fully realized it, the clerk introduced me as Mr. M——, while Mr. M—— himself drew away from her as if she were dangerous and fell to counting the money in the cash drawer silently.

"'I came to ask you, Mr. M——,' she began, 'to subscribe something to a Christmas tree for the orphans' home. We are hoping to—'

"'Don't say another word mam,' I broke in. 'I know all about the home, and I wish a Merry Christmas to every little duffer in it. Put me down for $25 and mark it paid. James,' I added, turning sharply to Mr. M——, 'give the lady $25 out of the till and be quick about it. She has a good many places to go to-day doubtless on her noble mission,' and with my sweetest smile I checked the pretty little woman's thanks and stood by to watch the effect on old M——.

"He was struck dumb at first, and could only glare at both of us. Slowly he took it all in. He was in a bad hole and he knew it. What could he say? Nothing, without making matters worse. He could have got off with $5, if he had relied on himself, at the worst, and here I had played a trick on him that would cost him five times that. Slowly he counted the bills out and bitterly he grudged each one.

"'Let me open the door for you ma'am,' I said as I led the way to the front entrance, bowed the collector out and stepped out after her. I knew enough not to remain behind with old M——.

"'You will pardon my saying so Mr. M——,' said the little woman with a sly smile, 'but I am gratefully surprised at your generosity. I am a stranger in this city and was told that you were a rather difficult person to approach and seldom gave liberally to any cause.'

"'Don't believe all you hear,' I replied. 'A great deal depends on the collector you know, whenever you want anything for the orphans call around at my store and I'll chip in my mite.'

Whether old M——sustained this reputation and how much it cost him to do it, or not to do it, I never discovered."

"That's a pretty good story," said a listener, "and it's not often that a collector finds the way paved for her like that. But some of their methods for overcoming the natural selfishness of mankind are worthy of study. I remember when I was running a store of my own in a town of about 15,000 inhabitants, an effort was made to build a hospital. A lot of indefatigable women took hold of the scheme, and chose one of their number, more indefatigable than all the rest, to canvass the larger merchants of the town and see what they would contribute."

"When she came to me she produced a subscription list on which some fifteen or so of my fellow merchants had put themselves down for $250 each. Nobody seemed to give less than that, and the collector remarked that Mr. A——, whose name stood at the top, had started the list with that sum, and the others were evidently doing just as well in their business as he was, and were not going to be beaten by him in the matter of generosity. She worked on my pride in the usual deft way they have, and though I could not well afford it, I did not want to seem less prosperous than my rivals nor less public spirited. About $100 would have been more my size, but a single $100 on that unbroken list of $250s would look so conspicuous that I hesitated, was lost and made No. 16 to give a quarter thousand.

"The next day I met my cousin Jim, who also was in business for himself there, and as the subject of the proposed hospital came up in conversation, I asked him how much he had subscribed.

"'I gave $100,' he replied. 'I think that's quite enough for a man in my circumstances. I see you gave $250, the same as A——, the millionaire, and some other fellows. Are you making more money than we think, old man?'

"'No,' I said, '$100 was just what I thought of giving, but everybody on the list had subscribed $250 and I hated to be the first man to lower the standard. Who was bold enough to break the ice, anyway?'

"'Ice be jiggered,' he replied, 'why did you not put your name down on the other list?'

"'What other list?' I replied in consternation as the truth began to dawn on me.

"'Why the list of small subscribers,' he said. 'There are two lists to this thing, you see, one for the subscriptions of $250 or more and one for those of less. I put down my hundred among a lot of $5 and $10 fellows, and it shines out there like a gold nugget among gravel.'

"'Well, may heaven paint me a neat sky-blue,' I said, 'if ever I am bamboozled that way again.'

"'Served you right, old man,' laughed Jim unfeelingly, 'for being willing to give more for pride's sake and the advertisement than for pure unadulterated charity.'"

NOT UNIQUE IN THAT RESPECT.

From The Washington Post.

"What were you about to remark?"

"Nothing at all, I assure you," replied Willie Washington.

"But you look as if you had something to say."

"Ya as; I'm verwy deceptive that way. I've often thought, myself, that I had something to say and discovahed aftah I said it that I hadn't."

SENSE IN CENSUS-TAKING.

DIFFICULTIES OF THE ENUMERATORS.

A RARE BERTH TO STUDY HUMAN NATURE IN—QUEER PEOPLE AND QUEER ANSWERS TO QUEER QUESTIONS.

"If you want to have some fun studying human nature," said a book-agent the other day, "get yourself enrolled as a census enumerator for a district where the people are indifferently educated. I tell you canvassing for orders is nothing to it, in the way of diversion. I know, for I was an enumerator myself in a thickly populated downtown East Side district of this city ten years ago, when the last census was taken, and though I only made about $40 for two weeks of the hardest work I ever performed in my life, yet I have applied for the place again this year, and hope soon to engage in another cross-questioning campaign with one eye wide open for fun. I'll meet plenty of queer people, I warrant you, and as I am authorized by the law to enter every house and extract the desired information from any adult, under penalty of a fine for refusal to aid me, you see I have things pretty much my own way in the end, though I often have to do a heap of talking before I get what I want, and in some instances, no doubt, will have to call the nearest policeman.

"Suppose the census enumerator begins on one of those five-story apartment houses, with four sets of rooms on each floor, each set occupied by from four to nine persons. He starts in the basement as follows:

"'You are the janitor, aren't you?'

"'Yes,' (resentfully, as is the way of janitors who think you want them to show you an empty flat).

"'How many families in the house?'

"'What you want to know for? (suspiciously.) You can't sell no books here.' (Glancing at your portfolio and blanks.)

"'I don't want to sell books. I've come to take the census.'

"'Oh, they've all got some excuse to get inside the house, and some of 'em 'll take anythin' they kin git ther hands on.'

"'But I'm a Government official, and I've come to take the census.'

"'What's that?'

"'Well, if you don't know what the census is, it's time you found out. I'm going to count the people who live in this house, and if you interfere with me I'll call a policeman and have you fined. Look at that——' and I show him my written authority signed by the Superintendent of the Census and the local supervisor. The seal on this generally fetches the janitor, and so I pass the watchdog and get