

PUBLIC MEN AND MEASURES AT STATE CAPITAL.

EX-SENATOR HILL AND HIS GOLD SIGN—DOES NOT GREET VISITORS WITH TILDEN'S AMBIGUOUS PHRASE.

Albany, March 8 (Special).—Ex-Senator David B. Hill was for so many years a resident of Albany, as Assemblyman from Chemung County and as Lieutenant Governor and Governor of the State, that upon the conclusion of his term of office as Governor he determined to make the capital his permanent home and hang out his law shingle once more. He therefore hired some large offices on the second floor of the building at No. 40 Broadway, and had the fact of his re-entrance into the legal profession announced by a zinc sign on the outer doorway of the stairway leading to his law offices. The sign contains the announcement:

DAVID B. HILL, LAW OFFICE.

The same name shines forth in letters of gold (although Mr. Hill declares he is an ardent bimetalist) on the transom above the door at the foot of the stairway. Mr. Bryan would doubtless be shocked if he could see so much gold lettering, but Mr. Hill is convinced that silver would not do in such a glaring position.

Mr. Hill's law offices circle about a big hallway, and comprise five or six rooms. John B. Stanchfield, who was Mr. Hill's law partner in Elmira, says that they are not quite as good rooms as those which the two men had in Elmira. These Elmira rooms faced the Chemung River in one direction and River-st. in the other, and it was a common remark in Elmira, that the firm caught suckers at both ends of the building.



THE SENATE BARBER IN THE STATE CAPITOL, AT ALBANY.

Mr. Hill might be considered to have in the office here in Albany a combined law office, a political headquarters and a literary bureau. The outer office is a place where Mr. Hill receives many political visitors as well as clients. He usually arrives in his office about 9 o'clock every week day from his home at Wolfert's Roost, riding to his law office in a buff colored carriage, drawn by two spirited horses. Mr. Hill does not drive himself, but has a coachman. It was probably in this carriage that Mr. Bryan was conveyed to Mr. Hill's house on the somewhat cold day in July, 1896.

Mr. Hill finds awaiting him every day a large number of letters and many newspapers. The letters, if political, are not wholly from the Democrats of New-York State, but a large proportion of them come from Democrats of prominence in the other States of the Union. Mr. Hill's correspondence with the Democrats of the South and West for the last six months, it is said, has been very extensive, and that the main burden of these letters has been that he must make every effort to bring back the State of New-York into the fold of the Democratic party.

Mr. Hill nearly every day receives a visit from some Democrat of prominence of New-York State. These men seem very anxious that the Democratic party should regain control of the State of New-York. Mr. Hill receives these visitors affably. While an admirer of Samuel J. Tilden and a student of his school of politics, Mr. Hill does not like Mr. Tilden's political views. When a visitor would enter the Executive Chamber Mr. Hill would extend his hand and say: "When are you going to leave town?"

Mr. Hill says that this was extremely embarrassing, until the visitor learned that Mr. Tilden desired to know how long he would be in town in order that he might invite him to dinner at the Executive Mansion. Mr. Hill's attitude toward visitors, when he desires an intimate talk with them, into one of his offices where he has his law books, and later the conference may be prolonged at Wolfert's Roost.

Mr. Hill has been a thorough reader of newspapers ever since his entrance into the field of politics. He takes many rural newspapers. To the New-York newspapers he pays the compliments of reading them all, no matter what may be their political avowal.

The law practice of the ex-Senator and ex-Governor extends and consumes a great deal of his time. Mr. Hill is chief counsel for the corporations which are fighting the Franchise Tax act. The most important of this litigation may be appreciated by consideration of the fact that the suit involves the sum of \$1,200,000.

It is suspected by many intimate friends that with all his law practice and business the ex-Senator never loses sight of a vision of the White House. Mr. Hill's collection are two pictures, which form the only artistic adornment of the walls of Mr. Hill's outer office. They are the pictures of George Washington and Abraham Lincoln.

WANTED "LOU" PAYN'S MACHINE. Senator Chauncey M. Depew left New-York last Monday to be present at a reception which Governor Odell had planned to give that night at the Executive Mansion. The honors of the occasion were to be shared both by Senator Depew and by his senior colleague, Senator Thomas C. Platt. Although Senator Depew left the city early in the afternoon, the fact that he is the chairman of the board of directors of the New-York Central Railroad was unable to carry his train through the great barriers of ice with which the track between Hudson and Albany was covered in consequence of the flood. Accordingly the train, like the others, was compelled to take a circuitous route by the way of Chatham and the Boston and Albany Railroad, with a resultant delay of some four hours.

Aboard the same train with the junior United States Senator from New-York was a party of New-York city politicians and members of the legislature, including among others "Abe" Gruber, the Republican leader of the XXIXth District. The train had stood for more than an hour on a siding. Senator Depew, with some impatience, to the conductor, who happened to be "Conductor" where are we, anyway? "You are in Chatham, Senator," said the conductor with a touch of the cap. "Depew, as he tried to peer into the darkness, said: 'I hope you're not going to stop here. I hope we won't have to stay here long.' " "Lou's machine was in good running order," bellowed Mr. Gruber, "it will pull us out."

THE OLDEST AND THE YOUNGEST SENATORS — EXCHANGES OF LEGISLATIVE COURTESY BY THEM.

Albany, March 8 (Special).—The senior and junior members of the Senate are Hobart Krum, of Schoharie, and Nathaniel A. Elsbarg, of New-York, respectively. The former is sixty-nine years old and the latter thirty. The birthdays of both men come in January and are just a week apart, for the anniversary of the birth of the Schoharie Senator comes on January 12, while that of his young colleague from the metropolis occurs on January 5.

Senator Krum is now serving his seventh, and, according to remarks which often fall in conversation with intimate friends, his last, year in the upper house. But the Senator from Schoharie has been threatening, after the fashion of the most popular actors and other public entertainers, a "last performance" for several years, only to excuse his return after the next election by saying: "Well, I had to run again."

For the junior member from New-York, the dean of the Senate, as Senator Krum is sometimes called, has a peculiar regard and esteem. In the course of some debate on one of Senator Elsbarg's bills, when the member from New-York has perchance encountered the united opposition of the Republican and Democratic spokesmen, and he is being subjected to a fire from all sides, as was the case with his divorce bill, Senator Krum will lean back in his chair, and tapping his foot against his desk to keep his leg from going to sleep, he will remark at times to Senator Thornton, who sits on his right: "That young man is putting up a good fight. He's going to win out all right. He's got good stuff in him."

Senator Elsbarg in turn appears to reciprocate

Le Boutillier Brothers HOUSEKEEPING LINENS

- 2 x 2 yds, DAMASK TABLE CLOTHS - \$2.95
2 x 2 1/2 yds, DAMASK TABLE CLOTHS - 3.50
2 x 3 yds, DAMASK TABLE CLOTHS - 4.50
3/4 and 3/8 NAPKINS, to match - \$2.95 and 4.50

We recommend these goods to persons desiring fine quality of materials, with exclusive patterns, and moderate prices. Also broken sizes and soiled lots of Table Cloths and Napkins, at from THIRTY to FIFTY PER CENT. LESS THAN REGULAR PRICES.

Le Boutillier Brothers West Twenty-third Street.

I was a member of the legislature, began an extended argument against the bill. They said that they did not believe in examinations for barbers. Mr. Cotton was surprised by a crowd of members, among whom were Assemblymen Weber, Remsen, Langhorst, Ash and Maness, of Brooklyn, and all listened attentively as he told the story as follows: "Because of the flood I did not reach the Stan-wix Hotel until 2 o'clock this morning. The waters had risen, as you know, until they were within two feet of the floor and had almost completely submerged the side steps in Maiden Lane. Well, I had looked the situation over, and having come to the decision that the water would not carry me out to sea in the course of the night, I started for my room. I was just going up the stairs when I noticed a considerable commotion in the corridor, and I saw the porter run out to the side door. There was something rattling there on the steps, which at first I thought I believed might be a man drowned. The porter reached down quickly, and lifted out the water a large fish. "Impossible," exclaimed Assemblyman Stevens, of Franklin County, who happened to be passing and who had overheard the last sentence. "It was a fact," replied Mr. Cotton with considerable spirit. The porter had fished up a carp from the water, and he was taking his seat, because of his long residence in the suburbs of Brooklyn is known as "Farmer" Remsen. "I saw it as much as I see you now," replied Mr. Cotton. "Then it must be true, said Assemblyman Weber. "If Cotton saw the fish, that settles it, to which all the other Brooklynites nodded assent."

GOT MANY STONES FOR BREAD.

At the end of the long debate last Thursday on the Automobile bill of Senator Cocks, the Senator rose on the rostrum to explain his vote. The bill had been unmercifully amended so that it hardly possessed any resemblance of its former self, and the amendments had been made despite the protests of the member from Long Island.

After he had been recognized by the chair, the Quaker Senator said in a saddened voice: "I have asked for bread and ye gave me a stone. Nevertheless I withdraw my excuse from voting and vote Aye." Long Island legislator had hardly taken his seat when Senator Irackett said: "I don't think that the Senator from the 11th District ought to take on like that. In my experience as a representative of the XXVIIIth Senate District I have swallowed a whole quarry of stones."

BELIEVED HIS FISH STORY.

Charles H. Cotton's high reputation for truthfulness has been still further strengthened by a story which he told some of his fellow Assemblymen last Tuesday in the lobby of the lower house. Mr. Cotton was surrounded by a crowd of members, among whom were Assemblymen Weber, Remsen, Langhorst, Ash and Maness, of Brooklyn, and all listened attentively as he told the story as follows: "Because of the flood I did not reach the Stan-wix Hotel until 2 o'clock this morning. The waters had risen, as you know, until they were within two feet of the floor and had almost completely submerged the side steps in Maiden Lane. Well, I had looked the situation over, and having come to the decision that the water would not carry me out to sea in the course of the night, I started for my room. I was just going up the stairs when I noticed a considerable commotion in the corridor, and I saw the porter run out to the side door. There was something rattling there on the steps, which at first I thought I believed might be a man drowned. The porter reached down quickly, and lifted out the water a large fish. "Impossible," exclaimed Assemblyman Stevens, of Franklin County, who happened to be passing and who had overheard the last sentence. "It was a fact," replied Mr. Cotton with considerable spirit. The porter had fished up a carp from the water, and he was taking his seat, because of his long residence in the suburbs of Brooklyn is known as "Farmer" Remsen. "I saw it as much as I see you now," replied Mr. Cotton. "Then it must be true, said Assemblyman Weber. "If Cotton saw the fish, that settles it, to which all the other Brooklynites nodded assent."

GOVERNOR ODELL'S GERMAN SPEECH.

Governor Odell's command of the German language was forcibly brought out on Thursday evening, when one of his friends asked him in a joking way: "I hear that you are going to make a speech in German when the Prince comes. Is that right?" "You ask that," replied the Governor, "as if I could not speak German. Now, I want you to understand that you are mistaken. I once made a German speech shortly after my election in New-York, and every one who heard it said it was a good speech."

"Then, why don't you repeat it for the Prince?" asked the friend, who was somewhat taken aback by the Governor's statement.

"Well, I do not know how he would like it. I'll tell you how it happened. I was serenaded by the German Mannerchor of my city, and, as I had ex-

pected that it was coming, I studied up, with the use of several German grammars and lexicons, until, to my mind, I had prepared a great speech. After the music of the serenade was over I made my speech, and as I spoke the last sentence the crowd almost broke my eardrums with their applause. They shouted: 'Good speech!' 'Bully boy!' 'You're all right!' and so on.

"Well, I went to bed that night with the satisfaction of believing that I had made a great speech. And I felt particularly proud because it was my first attempt in German.

"I suppose I would have gone on thinking so to this day if I hadn't chanced the next morning to sit at a table at the hotel near a couple of Germans, one of whom was at the serenade the night before. They didn't see me, and they were talking

about the serenade. I couldn't help hearing what they said, and it went something like this: "That was a great speech of the Governor's last night," said one.

"Did you go?" said the other.

"It was there all right, and I can tell you you missed something great. That speech was worth going a hundred miles to hear."

"I was just going to congratulate myself again," said the Governor, "when the other man said: "That's strange; I didn't know that the Governor could make a German speech."

"He can't," said the other, with considerable emphasis. "But he can make as good a Weber and Fields speech as you want to hear."

"Then," said the Governor, in somewhat lower voice, "I was glad they didn't see me."

TOO GOOD A MAN FOR THE CAPITAL.

Senator Armstrong, of Rochester, happened to meet Commissioner Wieting, head of the Department of Agriculture, last Thursday in the Senate, and said:

"I wish you would take care of my friend from Rochester. You won't find it a hard job, as the man does not drink, swear, steal or smoke. In truth, he is a typical citizen of Rochester."

"I don't know," said the Commissioner, "but I'll try to do my best for you. I'll try to take care of him, Senator."

TOO RICH A DEBATE TO MISS.

Assemblymen Finch and Colby, who represent, respectively, the Vth and XXIXth Assembly districts of New-York, were engaged in a hot debate one cold day this week on a bill amending the code of civil procedure, and as the measure dealt with an involved legal question the lay members of the Assembly were attempting to escape to the lobby.

Mr. Colby was the introducer of the bill, and, to the surprise of certain members who introduce bills to lay them aside, the member from the XXIXth District urged the passage of the measure and dilated upon its merits.

Mr. Finch, for some reason or other, which he himself did not appear to know, opposed the bill with great vehemence, and kept shaking a large sheet of paper in his hand and grinding his incisors.

Following Mr. Colby and Mr. Finch, the other New-York city lawyers took turns, and the legal points became so minutely dissected that not even Dr. Fisher, the Assemblyman from Cattaraugus County and chairman of the Assembly Committee on Health, would have been able to find a hiatus small enough to crawl between them. The members who had had no legal training accordingly fell into a slumber, while such members as Assemblymen Davis, J. A. Allen, Durose, Sanders, James B. Smith, Fitzgerald and Bonnet harangued at length.

The chamber of the laymen was about complete when it was suddenly broken by a shout from Assemblyman Ahern, of Troy, who occupies the extreme left hand seat. Assemblyman Grady, a lawyer member, who represents the XXXVth District of New-York, had the floor, when Mr. Ahern cried: "Loudly! Loudly! I want to hear this debate. This is too rich to miss."

Assemblymen Townsend, Reeve and Hughes, who are neighbors of the Troy member, had hardly recovered from the shock of his voice when he said in a low tone: "I don't want to hear Grady. I just wanted to get back at him. He tried to make fun of my victory bill before the General Laws Committee yesterday, and I thought I'd get even."

Such a laugh went up that Mr. Grady brought his sentences to a close and Mr. Ahern had his revenge.

HELD THE ARM AS SERGEANT-AT-ARMS.

James G. Graham, the secretary of Governor Odell, occasionally makes his appearance in the well of the Senate or Assembly chambers with one or more pasteboard packages tied with a blue ribbon. The sight of the ribbon immediately warns the members that a veto message has arrived, and a moment later the ribbon is tied in the button-hole of that unfortunate legislator whose bill has incurred the executive disapproval.

As a rule the secretary is led to the bar of the house in the Assembly by the sergeant-at-arms, E. J. Johnston, but it so happened on a recent morning that Mr. Johnston was in pursuit of some absentees, and the duty of escort fell upon Jacob Kempie, the chief doorkeeper, and a life-member of the Amen Corner of the Fifth Avenue Hotel, New-York. Realizing his high duty,

Mr. Kempie held on to the secretary's arm with a powerful grip. Mr. Graham delivered his melancholy message with his usual smile, but when he turned to leave he was again held by the strong arm of the doorkeeper. The secretary endeavored diplomatically to break loose by trying to thrust his hand into a side pocket. This, however, proved futile, for the member of the Amen Corner immediately displayed a permanent kink in the spine, when the two men reached the door and the doorkeeper let go.

As Mr. Kempie returned to his position at the head of the centre aisle, one of the Tammany members said with a smile: "It's a wonder you didn't break the secretary's arm. What did you hold on to like that?"

Mr. Kempie looked at the anchor which is tattooed on his right hand and then said, with much gravity, and with a rising inflection: "Certainly, I held on to his arm. I was acting sergeant-at-

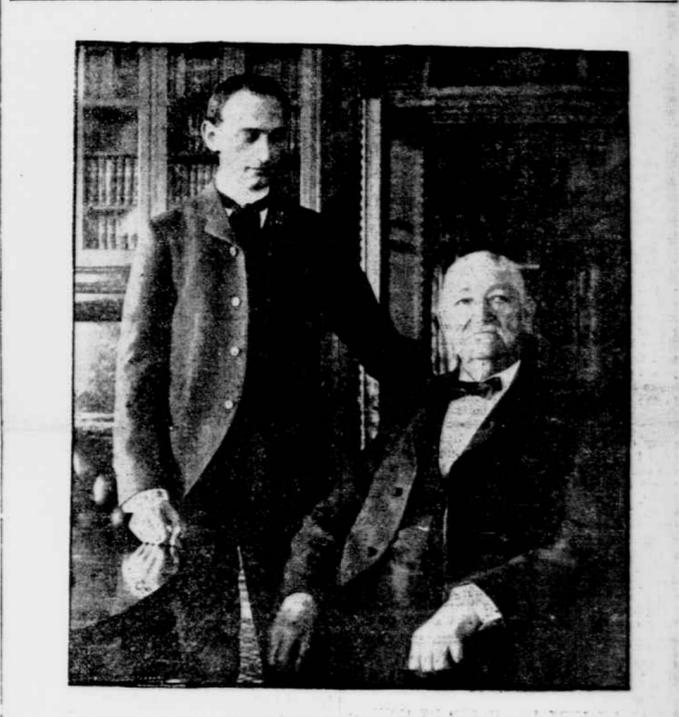
HIGGINS & SEITER FINE CHINA, RICH CUT GLASS WE ANNOUNCE THE CONTINUANCE FOR ANOTHER WEEK OF OUR SPECIAL SALE OF DINNER WARE AT FIFTY CENTS ON THE DOLLAR. We call your attention also to our plate stock, which is gaining in popularity every day owing to the admitted fact that nowhere in this country can be found as complete and large a line of rich French and English course or service plates as right here, and here the prices will average 1/4 Less Than Elsewhere. 51, 53, 55 West 21st St. 50, 52, 54 " 22D " WEDDING GIFTS A SPECIALTY

arms, wasn't it? This so staggered the crowd which had collected that no one ventured to extend the controversy.

THE SMELL OF NEW-YORK SIR PHILIP BURNE-JONES DESCRIBES THE CHARACTERISTIC ODORS OF GREAT CITIES.

"Did you ever smell New-York?" Sir Philip Burne-Jones, the painter of "The Vampire" and the son of the great pre-Raphaelite, propounds the question seriously. At first the question strikes one a little unpleasantly, perhaps, and then one answers with a grin, "Yes, certain sections of it."

"Ah, but I don't mean that. I mean the great, blended odor of the entire city, that is found in every section and in every house—that is the smell of New-York City, not of any of its parts. I am



SENATOR ELSBARG (STANDING) AND SENATOR KRUM (SITTING).

"A good scheme. Try it," said the Brooklynite. Mr. Smith accordingly jumped to his feet, and endeavored to discover the Essex cattle raiser by saying: "Speaker, I rise to a point of order. I desire to—"

"Nothing is in order," thundered back the head of the interior Treasury, and so saying, he brought his gavel down with a heavy blow. A laugh went up from both the Republican and Tammany contingents, and Assemblyman McKee, who prides himself upon his knowledge of parliamentary law, exclaimed in a fairly good sized stage whisper: "I want to hear this debate."

"Grady's all right. He can handle live stock as well in Albany as in Essex County. There were no further interruptions."

LOCAL OPTION BY BOROUGHS.

"Abe" Gruber, philosopher, poet, philanthropist and politician, appeared before the Assembly Committee on Excise the other day, in opposition to a bill introduced by his own Assemblyman, William S. Bennett, of the XXIXth District, New-York. The bill provided for local option by election districts for the cities of the State.

Joseph P. Newcomb, the representative of the XXIIIrd Assembly District, who has introduced the local option bill for Sunday opening which was drawn up by the citizens' committee of five, was also present, and when Mr. Gruber had finished his arguments against the Bennett bill Mr. Newcomb asked him if he was not in favor of the borough idea for Sunday opening.

"I am not," said the little leader of the XXIIIrd Assembly District. "If your bill should be passed, and Brooklyn should vote for Sunday openings, whereas Manhattan should vote against it, then you would find the Germans of the East Side going dry, while the Germans of Williamsburg would be able to have their Sunday beer. Now, I am familiar with the East Side. I was brought up on the East Side. And I know that if the saloons were opened in Williamsburg there would be such a heavy exodus across the East River that the crossing of the Red Sea would be a mere cakewalk in comparison."

"Well," exclaimed Mr. Newcomb, as the smile disappeared from his round face, we haven't reached the millennium yet."

"No," said the poet-politician, "but we've reached the river."

WHY HE WOULD USE OLD LITHOGRAPHS.

At a hearing which was held recently before the Assembly Committee on Taxation and Retrenchment, over which John Hill Morgan, of Kings, presides, Senator Arthur J. Audet, who is connected with a lithographic supply company, appeared against the Foster Tax bill of Assemblyman Landou, of Dutchess County. The Senator from the IVth Senate District said that if the bill became a law, and posters were taxed at the rate of one cent for every two square feet, it would work a hardship to the lithographing trade.

As the Senator turned to leave the room, however, Mr. Landou, who is a member of the committee, called him back by saying: "But would you not be in favor of the bill if it exempted the lithographic portraits of political candidates?"

"I am afraid not," was the answer. "At any rate, such an exemption would not help me. If I should run again for re-election I would use the same lithograph as I had in 1894, when I ran for the Assembly."

"How's that, Senator?" asked another member of the committee, as he surveyed the smiling face of the Brooklyn legislator.

AUSTRALIA'S HEAT. From the Sydney Telegraph. Australia is the hottest country on record. I have ridden for miles astride the equator, but I have never found heat to compare with this. Our country in the country in the dry times there appears to be little more than a sheet of brown paper betwixt you and the lower regions, and the people facetiously say that they have to keep their heads on cracked ice to keep them from laying boiled eggs.