Mrs. Cleveland does not ride a bicycle, but she does what is perhaps better—she walks. She walks well, too, and almost any bright morning she may be seen on her promenade, usually en route for a morning call at some friend's house, or taking a constitutional pure and simple. Her costume on such occasions is a short walking skirt, clearing the ground by two inches, a close-fitting jacket and a chinchilla collar. On her head she wears a close round hat garnished with a fancy feather and a dotted veil tied closely over her face.

She walks along with a free step and an air of thorough enjoyment, and her bright eyes and glowing cheeks indicate the pleasure she finds in her favorite exercise. During the social season she found these morning walks the best stimulant after a tedious reception in crowded rooms and an overheated atmosphere, and after a brisk walk through the White House grounds, along F street to Miss Herbert's, or across the park for a chat with Mrs. Lamont, she was able to continue her social round with renewed vigor.

Mrs. Cleveland's constant good spirits and health are a source of continued wonder to her friends, and to inquiries as to the fountain of youth whence she draws her supplies, she answers that she finds it in the daily exercise in the open air which she has made a point of taking for the past five years, and that she regards walking as more healthful and natural than any other form of open-air sport.

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A short time ago an auctioneer had on hand unclaimed express packages for the past six months, and his rooms were crowded with individuals prepared to gratify their strongest instinct. One man was there who had evidently determined to wait until something really good should be put up and then have it at any cost. As the parcels were sold unopened, of course there was a large amount of faith required to be sure of what was worthy of his efforts. At last he saw his chance. A neatly-fastened package about the size of a two-pound starch box caught his fancy, and he recklessly started the bids at ten cents. Other candidates entered the contest, and before he victoriously claimed the prize the sum of sixty-three cents was reached. With his previous parcel, he hurried off to find what fate had in store for him, and discovered the contents to be six bottles of home-made medicine, with exact directions for the intervals of taking, but no mention of the particular ailments for which they were to be the cure-alls, so, lest he should take fit remedies for a sore throat, or use bunion lotion for headache, he gave the box and contents to the office boy and wished he had sixty-three cents' worth of cigars.

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While Melba and the De Reszke's were holding the Opera House in thrall last Friday night, one music lover was having the best time, apparently, he had experienced in ages. Attired in correct evening dress, his immaculate shirt front adorned with three pearl studs, he sat well back in his five-dollar seat, his head thrown back, his arms extended with easy grace to their extreme limit, one hand holding his opera glass and the other the libretto of the performance, and with child-like simplicity he snored for one-half the evening.

When the final burst of applause disturbed his slumber he rose with the rest of the audience and gave the artists their ovation as though he for one had enjoyed his money's worth.

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The spring openings are always supposed to be a season of delight to the milliners, even if they bring dismay to the breasts of indulgent husbands. One milliner poured out her tale of woe to a customer the other day as follows: "You see my lovely creations? some direct from Paris, some made in my establishment equally as attractive. I go abroad to get new ideas, I employ the best chapeau artists I can get, and then when I have my opening, half the women come in, look over my stock, try on a dozen hats and bonnets, handle them, examine and see just how they are constructed and go home and copy them without further ado. There is one lady in particular whom I dread, she can do as well as any of my hands, if not better, and yet I don't dare say a word, for she is one of the high-flyers, and I should not like to offend her. She is a tall woman, very stylish, and really I wish she would either copy some one else's hats or open an establishment of her own, so that I might copy hers."

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"The Supreme Court of the United States is much more active in the matter of getting its decisions into print now than in former times," said an old practitioner to a Star reporter recently. "In olden times the court frequently allowed months to pass from the time opinions were handed down to when they were issued, but it is different now. At the opening day of the present term, March 3, the court handed down opinions in a large number of cases. With the exception of one or two, every one of these decisions has been revised, put into type and officially issued, for the information of all concerned."

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"Thanks to severe laws and the newspapers," remarked a leading bank teller, "counterfeit money is a rare thing these days. I do not know of one counterfeit note coming into our bank during the past five years. The reason of this is that counterfeiting is a lost art. Should a bad note make its appearance the newspapers give it such prominence that every one is on the look out for it, and its circulation is stopped immediately. There are some nickels in circulation which are counterfeit, mostly molded by Italians and by school boys for fun, but they cut no figure at all. Counterfeiting has died simply because it did not pay. It cost thousands of dollars to get up a good counterfeit, and then ten to thirty years' penalty for so doing stared the makers constantly in the face. The risk was too great and they quit. A business firm here, which handles a great deal of money, tells me they have not seen a counterfeit note for ten years. Put it to yourself, as an average man, have you seen one?"

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"The crematories have not yet affected the coffin or casket trade much," observed a traveling agent for an undertakers' supply firm, "but they undoubtedly will in the future. I have visited about forty-five crematories in various parts of this country, and as I am in the business I take considerable interest in them. The theory was that most of these crematories would use the stock casket, that is, the crematory would furnish the same casket for a number of funerals, but that practice has not yet obtained to much extent, and individual caskets are used the same as for interments. One of the arguments in favor of cremation was that it would do away with the necessity and expense of caskets or coffins, and thus reduce funeral expenses, but so far people have declined the use of second-hand coffins. I think, however, as the crematories increase this will pass away, and the coffin trade will lose by it."

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"Cake walkers," observed a leading artist in that line, who recently performed in this city, "are very much in evidence just now, and have been this winter. Over a dozen big theatrical attractions this season have depended on their cake walkers to draw crowds and have found it to pay. Jig, buck and wing dancers have been in such demand that all the big cities have not been able to supply all that could have been employed. Strangely enough, most of the cake walkers have come from New York, where cake walks have been quite a feature for some years. People who look at these contests often go away with the idea that they are not real. Now, the fact is they are conducted in dead earnest, and while the performers, of course, receive a salary, as agreed upon, they make all kinds of efforts to win the cakes and other prizes. There are today at least thirty attractions on the road in which cake walkers are the stars, that is, the drawing cards."

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"The circus printing for the coming circus season," remarked a clerk of the Congressional Library, "will be specially fine. The corporation which owns the two big shows has spent a great deal of money in getting out their show bills for fences and windows. Like all the other show and theatrical people, they copyright all the printing, and as it comes in day after day now for copyright, we have a chance to see it in advance of its posting. Most of this printing for the entire season has already been done, and is being prepared for shipping to the sections where it is to be posted. There has been such an advance made in show printing that the most elaborate displays do not cost over one-half what the same character of work did only a few years ago. The competition in the printing business in this work is enormous. Buffalo still has the most of it, notwithstanding all the efforts of other cities to capture it."

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"I have learned today that there is something new under the sun, after all," said the wife of a leading representative in Congress. 'It is what the owner calls a funeral dress. The novelty is not the dress itself, but what composes it. Apparently it is an ordinary black silk dress. It is made up of funeral sashes such as are furnished pallbearers at congressional funerals, and consists of sashes that were worn by prominent men at the funerals of Vice President Wilson, and Senators Sumner, Carpenter and Logan. The lady who owns it keeps our boarding house, and she got the sashes from those who wore them, after the funerals. A great portion of the dress consists of silk that once was used in the gown of a justice of the United States Supreme Court. The purple velvet collar was given by the wife of a well-known diplomat, and the lace by the widow of the most prominent Senator who has died in the past six years. The lady who owns it attends many funerals and always wears the dress on such occasions."

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Judge Harkness, from one of the southern states, has been in Washington for several weeks, assisting in a contested election case. The judge prides himself on his ability to do most of his errands on foot. He only takes a carriage or a car when forced to do so. On Wednesday night he started from the Capitol for his rooms, accompanied by a well-known Texas representative. They had walked some squares, but the snow and rain made walking anything but pleasant. Finally, when the couple got to 4½ street, the Texas representative stopped and said: "Judge, it is a rough night, and I think we had better take a herdic." "I am with you," innocently replied the judge, "for it is one of my bad habits to take something in the way of a warm drink before eating dinner."

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Senator Tillman's enthusiastic constituents in South Carolina have sent him a small silver pitchfork as a token of their appreciation of his speech in the Senate, when he wielded the "pitchfork" so vigorously.

"The best joke ever gotten off on Senator Tillman," said one of his admirers, "was by a newspaper man. Six years ago, when the Senator was a plain farmer in Edgefield, he suffered very much from indigestion. He didn't weigh over 115 pounds, and had a sallow complexion and a broken-down look. His various successes in the state seemed to have done him good, and he rapidly grew stouter. A year or more ago he weighed 175 pounds. The newspaper reporter secured a picture of Tillman in his sallow-looking days and one taken in his prosperous days. He published them side by side, with no other remark than 'Before and after taking—public pap.'"

THE BUCKET SHOP.

A Woman Who Wanted Large Lots of Buckets, but No Grain.

A well-known citizen who resides in Northwest Washington is a patron of a certain bucket shop. His wife was informed of the fact and accused him of it with so much directness that he could not deny it.

"You made $200 on buckets in some shop, didn't you?" she demanded to know.

"Certainly, dear. You see the war in Cuba creates a great demand for buckets and there is a place where you can give your orders and sell them again at a profit."

Nothing more was said, but the wife concluded to make some money on buckets and not let her husband know it. In some way she learned the location of the bucket shop, and going down down told who she was and said:

"I want $100 worth of buckets. The same kind my husband bought."

"It is a little risky today, madam," said the proprietor, who did not want to explain the operations of the place.

"I don't care," she urged. "Here's the money. I'll come after the buckets tomorrow."

The next day she appeared and was informed that the buckets had been bought and sold at $100 advance, but that the supply was exhausted and they were going into the wheat and corn business until more could be manufactured.

"I don't want any wheat or corn," she said, "but ain't it mean, I can't buy any more buckets?" And the husband congratulates himself on how he succeeded in getting the bucket shop proprietor to stop his wife's dealings without revealing their nature, while she is a spring hat and a dress ahead.

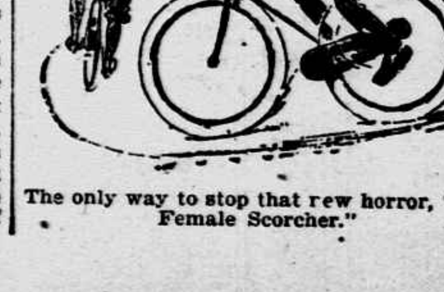
ALL-WINTER RACING.

Public Sentiment in Mexico is Said to Be Against It.

"The all-the-year-round horse-racing people," observed Mr. T. E. Camp, who has just returned from Mexico, in talking to a Star reporter, "won't find much more encouragement in Mexico than they did in this country. They had some evidence of it lately in the prize fighting business. The sports thought that anything would go in Mexico, but they found out they were mistaken. So also did the lottery people, who, when they were driven out of Louisiana and elsewhere, thought they would have no trouble in securing governmental concessions from Mexico. The average Mexican is fond of sport, but he wants it only at times, and when he found out that all the crooked horse race business was to be transferred to that country, he put in as violent an objection as did the people of this section. Midwinter horse races will not be permitted there. The Mexican enjoys sport for sport's sake, but he won't stand sport that is run for pool sellers elsewhere."

The Bicycle Bobby.

From St. Paul's.



The only way to stop that new horror, "The Female Scorcher."

ART AND ARTISTS

The annual exhibition of paintings by Edmund Clarence Messer has been the attraction at Fischer's gallery this week. Mr. Messer's pictures have a certain poetic quality which cannot be thoroughly appreciated at the first glance, but on a longer acquaintance they disclose new beauties hidden to the careless observer. In furnishing material for his landscapes, Maine and Virginia pretty evenly divide the honors. "A New England Pasture," his largest and most important picture, gives a view of rolling pasture land, crossed here and there with the picturesque stone walls of that locality, with a threatening sky overhanging the scene. Not inferior to this are his "Twilight at the Gap," "A Valley Road," "Grape Island, Mass."—a glowing sunset effect—and "Showers," one of those strange fleeting effects of light in which the artist delights. "September" is a small picture, showing a couple of tall trees, with delicate gray green foliage, standing on a grassy slope, and is very true to nature. "The Young Satyr" is an illustration of the artist's fondness for peopling his quiet woodland scenes with fauns, satyrs, dryads and all the mythical creatures of the early Greek days. One of the less pretentious pieces of work is his "Palette Knife Study," which, though of necessity broadly treated, is full of feeling, and is as delightful a little sketch as one could wish for.

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Mr. J. H. Moser is to follow Mr. Messer at Fischer's, and his exhibition bids fair to be the best that he has yet held here. It will be as large as the space in the gallery will easily permit, but will be withal the cream of his work for a year or more. Most of the pictures are in water color, and are landscapes taken to a considerable extent around about West Cornwall, Conn., where the artist has made his home for several years, though he still holds himself to be one of the Washington fraternity. He spent over two months in the White mountains last summer, part of the time at Lake Winnipesaukee, where the magnificent scenery supplied him with an unlimited amount of material. One of his best things is Mount Washington at sunrise, showing the early September snow on the mountain top reddened by the first shaft of sunlight. In addition to his landscapes, several figure pieces are to be shown, among which will be one of Mr. Moser's inimitable darkies.

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Those who had the financial part of the sixth annual exhibition of the Society of Washington Artists in charge are much gratified with the result. The receipts from the sale of catalogues covered the entire outlay and left a neat little sum in the treasury. It is to be regretted, however, that more sales of pictures were not made.

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Mr. H. J. Ellicott has just returned from a trip to Providence, where he examined the bronze casting of his statue of General Hancock, which is now completed. He considers the bronze one of the best casts that he has ever seen, on account of its fidelity to the original and the excellent finish in general. Colonel Wilson also inspected it a short time ago, and found it entirely satisfactory. Mr. Ellicott has been invited to compete for an equestrian statue of Major General John F. Reynolds, to be placed on the field of Gettysburg, and has a model already prepared in his studio. His bust of Commodore Melville is now at the foundry. Mr. Noel, who has been working under Mr. Ellicott's direction for about a year, is busy constructing a large anatomical figure.

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A novel decorative scheme in the shape of a frieze for a drug store has been occupying the better part of Mr. Jules Dieudonne's time during the winter, but is now about finished. There are thirty-six little cherubs in the frieze, each one showing forth something pertaining to pharmacy and medicine. For instance, the first figure is the medical student with his books, and the next two show the student's experimental practice. Graduation is portrayed by a head crowned with laurel and surrounded with flowers, while near it a wise old owl perches, showing the artist's aptness in expressing his meaning by the use of symbols. Further on a little fellow is studying a prescription, and next to him several cherubs are carrying on investigations with the apparatus of a laboratory, while still further along one of them is pulverizing something with the time-honored mortar and pestle. This part of the decoration is very appropriately placed over that part of the store where the prescriptions are compounded. So the frieze runs along, in one place the figures gathering medicinal herbs, and in another a winged messenger summoning the doctor. One youngster with a purse in his hand is being besieged by two little maids, who wish him to buy them some perfume that Cupid holds in one hand, artfully concealing his weapons behind his back with the other. As one nears the soda fountain scenes pertaining to drinking predominate; the cherubs of one group come bringing vases, two little fellows are drinking from a fountain, which is symbolical of the mineral waters, and a bevy of them are quarreling good-naturedly over some grape juice. Mr. Dieudonne decorated the ball room of the Chinese legation last year, and is at his best in decorative work, though he has painted a number of good portraits, such as the full length entitled "En Passant," which many remember.

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Mr. U. S. J. Dunbar has started a bust of Robert Stockwell Hatcher, and has also begun work on a life-size figure which he calls "Young America." Not long ago Mr. Dunbar took a cast from life of the face of Carl Hunterbroeken, a model who is well known in most of the Washington studios. He is a young fellow who has posed for Bouguereau, Alma Tadema and other great artists abroad, and has been in many of the larger cities in this country.

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At Heitmuller's the exhibition of water colors by Lucien Powell has proved a drawing card during the week, and as it is to remain open another week, those who have been unable to attend will have still an opportunity. The collection is a striking one, as Mr. Powell, unlike most workers in that medium, paints in a bold, free manner, and handles a large picture as easily as a small one. This is shown in his large "Mountain Trout Stream," a very effective combination of foliage and sky, and in the "Rescue Party" and the "Entrance to the Grand Canal." The artist is particularly successful in his storms, and gives admirably the effect of movement caused by a high wind, whether in a landscape or in a marine. This is noticeable in his "Coming Shower" and "Driving Storm." His fondness for brilliant color is strongly brought out in his Venetian scenes, one of the best of which is the "Canal St. Martino." Mr. Powell exhibits a number of views of the streets of this city, and has no trouble in dealing with the architectural features of his street scenes, and in subordinating the harsh lines to the effect of the whole. Of the many landscapes, "The Ford," "The Old Lane" and "The Pool" seem to be special favorites.

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Delorme's "Blacksmith," which has been as great an object of interest here as in other places, was to be seen at Woodward & Lothrop's gallery today for the last time. It has not been fully decided to what city it is to be sent, though it is said numerous places wish to exhibit it.

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Mr. Wm. C. McCauslen, the sculptor, has been commissioned to execute in marble, for the United States Senate chamber, the bust of Vice President Wm. R. King of Alabama. The model submitted to the Senate library committee is regarded as an admirable likeness of the late Vice President, who died in 1853.

It Was a Compromise.

From the Winnipeg (Canada) Nor'wester.

Johnny—"I found fifty cents this morning."

Mamma—"What did you do with it?"

"Jimmie Watts was with me, and I gave half of it to him."

"What made you do that?"

"You see, neither of us licked."

A TALE OF MERE CHANCE

BY STEPHEN CRANE.

Yes, my friend, I killed the man, but I would not have been detected in it if it were not for some very extraordinary circumstances. I had long considered this deed; but I am a delicate and sensitive person, you understand, and I hesitated over it as the diver hesitates on the brink of a dark and icy mountain pool. A thought of the shock of contact holds one back.

As I was passing his house one morning I said to myself: "Well, at any rate if she loves him, it will not be for long." And after that decision I was not myself, but a sort of a machine.

I rang the bell and the servant admitted me to the drawing room. I waited there while the tall old clock placidly ticked its speech of time. The rigid and austere chairs retained their singular imperturbability, although, of course, they were aware of my purpose; but the little white tiles of the floor whispered one to another and looked at me.

Presently he entered the room, and I, drawing my revolver, shot him. He screamed—you know that scream—mostly amazement—and as he fell forward his blood was upon the little white tiles. They huddled and covered their eyes from this rain. It seemed to me that the old clock stopped ticking, as a man may gasp in the middle of a sentence; and a chair threw itself in my way as I sprang toward the door.

A moment later I was walking down the street—tranquil, you understand—and I said to myself: "It is done. Long years from this day I will say to her that it was I who killed him. After time has eaten the conscience of the thing she will admire my courage."

I was elated that the affair had gone off so smoothly; I felt like returning home and taking a long, full sleep, like a tired workingman. When people passed me, I contemplated their stupidity with a sense of satisfaction.

But those accursed little white tiles!

I heard a shrill crying and chattering behind me, and looking back, I saw them, blood stained and impassioned, raising their little hands and screaming: "Murder! It was he!" I have said that they had little hands. I am not so sure of it, but they had some means of indicating me as unerringly as pointing fingers. As for their movement, they swept along as easily as dry, light leaves are carried by the wind. Always they were shrilly piping their song of my guilt.

My friend, may it never be your fortune to be pursued by a crowd of little blood-stained tiles. I used a thousand means to be free from the clash-clash of those tiny feet. I ran through the world at my best speed, but it was no better than that of an ox; while they, my pursuers, were always fresh, eager, relentless.

I am an ingenious person, and I used every trick that a desperately fertile man can invent. Hundreds of times I had almost evaded them, when some smoldering, neglected spark would blaze up and discover me.

I felt that the eye of conviction would have no terrors for me, but the eyes of suspicion which I saw in city after city, on road after road, drove me to the verge of going forward and saying: "Yes, I have murdered."

People would see the pursuing, clamorous troop of blood-stained tiles and give me piercing glances, so that these swords played continually at my heart. But we are a decorous race, thank God. It is very vulgar to apprehend murderers on the public streets. We have learned correct manners from the English. Besides, who can be sure of the meaning of clamoring tiles? It might be merely a trick of politics.

Detectives? What are detectives? Oh, yes, I have read of them and their deeds, when I come to think of it. The prehistoric races must have been remarkable. I have never been able to understand how the detectives navigated in stone boats. Still, specimens of their pottery excavated in Taumalipas show a remarkable knowledge of mechanics, I remember the little hydraulic—what's that? Well, what you say may be true, my friend, but I think you dream.

The little stained tiles. My friend, I stopped in an inn at the ends of the earth, and in the morning they were there, flying like birds and pecking at my window.

I should have escaped. Heavens, I should have escaped. What was more simple? I murdered and then walked into the world, which is wide and intricate.

Do you know that my own clock assisted in the hunt of me? They asked what time I left my home that morning and it replied at once: "Half after eight." The watch of a man I had chanced to pass near the house of the crime told the people: "Seven minutes after nine." And, of coure, the tall old clock in the drawing room went about day after day repeating: "Eighteen minutes after nine."

Do you say that the man who caught me was very clever? My friend, I have lived long, and he was the most incredible blockhead of my experience. An enslaved, dust-eating Mexican vaquero wouldn't hitch his pony to such a man. Do you think he deserves credit for my capture? If he had been as pervading as the atmosphere, he would never have caught me. If he was a detective as you say, I could carve a better one from an old table leg. But the tiles! That is another matter. At night, I think they flew in a long, high flock, like pigeons. In the day, little mad things, they murmured on my trail like frothy-mouthed weazels.

I see that you note these great, round, vivid orange spots on my coat. Of course, even if the detective was really carved from an old table leg, he could hardly fail to apprehend a man thus badged. As sores come upon one in the plague, so came these spots upon my coat. When I discovered them, I made an effort to free myself of this coat. I tore, tugged, wrenched at it, but around my shoulders it was like the grip of a dead man's arms. Do you know that I have plunged in a thousand lakes? I have smeared this coat with a thousand paints. But day and night the spots burn like lights. I might walk from this jail today if I could rid myself of this coat, but it clings—clings—clings.

At any rate the person you call a detective was not so clever to discover a man in a coat of spotted orange, followed by shrieking, blood-stained tiles.

Yes, that noise from the corridor is most peculiar. But they are always there, muttering and watching, clashing and jostling. It sounds as if the dishes of hades were being washed. Yet I have become used to it. Once, indeed, in the night, I cried out to them: "In God's name, go away, little blood-stained tiles." But they doggedly answered: "It is the law."

PRICE OF BICYCLES.

The Supposed $12 Bike and When It Will Materialize.

Mr. R. M. Waite, who had charge of the bicycle exhibits at the Atlanta exposition, in conversation a few evenings since with a Star reporter said: "All the talk of a reduction of the price of bicycles in the near future is based on hopes instead of facts. At present the price is kept up by power of the combination or trust controlling them. This trust, according to its terms, does not expire until October next, but after then you can look for a tremendous drop in prices. The supposed $12 bicycle, which is to come from Japan, can not reach here until next year. Indeed, it is not manufactured yet, though the plant for its manufacture is about completed. The $12 price, however, will be met by English and American makers, and the war of prices and reductions will be a merry one, and specially enjoyable for riders of the wheel."

Extravagance in Literature, Why Not in Art?

From Harper's Bazar.

"Joy was written on her girlish face as she grasped the icy hand of Fido's rescuer."

HEARD AT THE CAPITOL

Col. Green, private secretary of Representative Blue of Kansas, tells a story about the Indians who were here recently negotiating with their white brothers about their lands, and giving society buds lessons in harmonizing colors in wraps. The Indians were taken all over the city by an interpreter, and through all the government buildings, and finally rounded up in the pension-department, where Col. Green met them.

"Now you have seen all the buildings that belong to the Great Father," remarked Col. Green, "which one would you like best for your own if you could have one?"

The Indians gave a comprehensive gaze around the pension building, and then, with one accord, said, "This."

"There you get the Indian of them," said the interpreter. "They like it because it is red."

"Is that it?" asked Col. Green. "Why do you like this building best?"

"Heap much nice corral!" ejaculated one. "High all round; keep horse in, keep ox in; pond in middle, all drink; tepee all round, live in! These make heap fire," pointing to the desks and cabinets; "play card all day there," indicating the marble floors.

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"Couldn't somebody present the United States with a flag for the House of Representatives that is an American flag?" asked a visitor the other day. "I have been coming here for a great many years, and that flag, with its sparse sprinkling of stars, has been on that same spot over the Speaker's head for a decade or two."

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"Somebody ought to copyright the French shrug of Cannon of Illinois and Hill of New York," remarked a lady in the gallery, recently. "There never was another just like it, I am sure, and," she added, reflectively, "I don't know that there ought to be."

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Senator Brice wears out one eyeglass string a day when he is in his seat. He has a great fashion of taking off his eyeglasses and twisting the end of the string around his finger, then he lets the glasses swing out full length, to the confusion of any passing Senator, often, and with a rotary motion sets the string to winding round his finger. When it is wound up, he proceeds to unwind it, and that seems to be his sole amusement.

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A lady in the Senate gallery the other day got tired of counting the medallions in the ceiling, and she couldn't hear a word that was being said on the floor in the Du Pont election case, so she opened her guide book to read a little. Down came the messenger with a thud. "You mustn't read books in here; it's against the rules," he warned her. She looked a little surprised, but shut the book and laid it down. Presently Senator Davis made a remark in that voice of his so disproportioned to his body, and desiring to see the man from whom it emanated, she got up and leaned over the intervening seats to catch a glimpse of him. That brought the doorkeeper again. "You mustn't stand in the gallery; it's against the rules," he muttered. She sat down with a suddenness that was almost disconcerting to the doorkeeper, but said nothing, and he went back to his perch. Presently the lady beside her moved down two or three seats and leaned over the stone railing on her cape, which she had thrown over the coping. Again the messenger came rattling down. "You mustn't put things on the railing; they might fall on the heads of the Senators," he said. The lady lifted the cape and laid it beside her on the seat, looking daggers at the messenger, who really is not to blame for enforcing rules that he does not make. Presently the first young lady took out her watch, and on comparing it with the Senate clock found that it was about a minute slow. She started to change it, then turning, beckoned the messenger, who came obligingly down, and she said in a stage whisper: "Will it disturb the Senators if I set my watch?" The titter that ran around the gallery was certainly not caused by the speech then in process of delivery on the Du Pont election contest.

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Madame Dupuy de Lome, wife of the Spanish minister, has been one of the interested spectators in the House and Senate during the discussion of the Cuban matter, and her small gloved hands expressed the liveliest gratification at the speech of Senator Hale. The diplomatic gallery in the Senate has been well filled every day during the "morning hour." It has been frequently remarked that the ladies of the foreign legations take far more interest in the discussion of national questions than the cabinet ladies do, but it has also been quite noticeable that Miss Morton, sister of the Secretary of Agriculture, and Mrs. Carlisle have been very often up in the House and Senate this session.

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Representative Bartlett of New York says there should be no leave to print allowed by Congress. He would carry his exclusion to preventing the publication in the Record of everything that was not uttered on the floor of Congress. He would not even allow tables of statistics to be printed as an appendix to a speech or incorporated as a part of the remarks of any man in Congress. He suggests that there be a publication devoted to essays by members of Congress, and those who wish to express their views on certain topics be allowed to print them as essays, but he would not allow anything to be labeled a speech which was not actually delivered on the floor of the House or Senate. It is needless to say that the ideas of Mr. Bartlett will never be carried out.

* * *

Senator Mantle of Montana, Senator Dubois of Idaho and Patsey Clark of Spokane, Wash., were walking down the avenue the other day when Mantle remarked: "Patsey, didn't I offer you some work one time many years ago, and didn't you refuse it?"

"Yes," responded Patsey, "but I did not have to accept the offer."

"Well, I don't know about that," continued Mr. Mantle, "I have it in my mind that you really owe me some work."

Then followed the story. Mantle, who is a telegraph operator, had a station out on the divide. This was many years ago. Patsey Clark and a number of fellows with him were going on farther west. They reached Mantle's place, and after some preliminary talk, they remained with him for the night. They did not exactly promise to cut up a lot of wood that Mantle had stacked up for winter, but it was Mantle's understanding that they would do so. In the morning they slipped away, leaving Mantle out their board and night's lodging. Since then both Mantle and Clark have prospered. Mantle is United States Senator and Patsey has a hole in the ground in Idaho which pays him $75,000 a year.

* * *

Representative Shafroth of Colorado tells this story of a time when he was prosecuting attorney down in Arapahoe county. It appears that there was a man up for forging a deed. During the preliminary hearing it was shown that he had gone before a notary and personated another man. The notary was a lawyer with a not too good reputation, and when he was put on the stand it was found he was also counsel for the defendant. He said it was so dark when he made the acknowledgment that he could not tell distinctly who the man was or whether his client was the same man. At all events the fellow was bound over, and securing a straw bond, he skipped out. Some time afterward the attorney who was the notary came to Shafroth and said he had found the runaway and suggested that Shafroth get out a requisition for him. He also remarked: "He never paid me my fee for defending him." The man was brought back on a requisition and in a few days the attorney came to Shafroth again and said: "John, I have been over talking with that fellow in jail, and do you know he offered me $100 to defend him." "Oh, you can't afford to do that," said Shafroth. "That's what I told him," responded the attorney. "I said I ought to have $200."

Classifying Him.

From the Cincinnati Enquirer.

"What sort of looking man was it you held the conversation with?" asked the lawyer.

"He was one of those solemn-faced fellers," said the witness, slowly, gazing thoughtfully at the ceiling, "that you can't size very well—one of those fellers that you dassen't offer a bottle of whisky to because you ain't right certain whether he will git insulted or take it all at one swig."

ALKALI IKE AND HIS TOWN

The shadows of the Oklahoma afternoon were beginning to grow long on the east side of the Rough House restaurant, where lounged a group of Hawville's prominent citizens, when old man Cusack, a worthy claim-holder, who lived about four miles from the settlement, drove up and jerked his horses to a sudden stop.

"You men know whur the Hon. Plunk Skee is at?" he demanded.

"Nope," replied one presidential possibility, sheathing the bowie with which he had been peacefully whittling the bench whereon he sat. "I don't reckon I do. Looks sorter like it might rain before mornin', don't it?"

"Hain't noticed!" retorted the claim-holder, sourly.

"That so?" was the conservative reply. "Hain't sorter lookin' for a hoss trade, are you? If s——"

"No!" interjected Cusack, with vigor. "I'm lookin' for the Hon. Plunk Skee!"

"Plunk Skee?" repeated Alkali Ike, coming around the corner at that moment. "Saw him start for Rocket City about fifteen minutes ago, to git off a political speech thar tonight."

The old man uttered a snort of disappointment.

"Wal, you've missed him," pursued Ike, consolingly. "If you want anything special, won't his pardner do?"

"Naw! This yere business of mine has got to be done in the first person."

"What might you be wantin' with Plunk, if it's a fair question?"

"I might be wantin' him to put me to bed," replied Cusack, grimly, "but I don't happen to."

He dug down in the bottom of his wagon and held up a large brown shotgun and a big green club.

"You all notice this yere gun an' this yere saplin'?" he said, ominously.

"Hi! You wasn't figgerin' on shootin' him up, was you?"

"No, I didn't 'low to dignify the cuss by lettin' off a good an' faithful gun at him; but if I'd got yere before he lit out, I 'lowed to entice him with this yere scatter-gun to come up within club shot of me, an' then swarm all over him an' maul him with this yere gad till the doctors could tell at a glance that he'd met a man!"

"But you an' Plunk have always been friends, an'——"

"Friends—wuh!" snorted the claim-holder, contemptuously. "The low-down way that thar wolf treated me would have busted up the firm of Damon and Pythias! Me an' Plunk used to be thick and fraternal, similar to thieves, but now I'll be tarred if I'd even go swimmin' in the same ocean with him! The man don't wear ha'r that can come around an' treat me like a—by gosh!—step-son an' expect me to adore him afterwards."

"How did Plunk come to tear his clothes with you?" inquired Ike.

"Lemme tell you what that thar cuss done to me!" barked the martyr, gee-hawing his team around and driving up close in front of his audience. "You all know my ague?"

"Yep! It's been hangin' on you for quite a spell, hain't it?"

"Ever since last fall. I reckon I've tried everything that me an' mother an' the neighbors knowed or could hear tell of. I've taken quinine by the bushel, so to speak; I've taken roots an' yarbs an' barks an' dopes an' bitters, world without end; I've tried the water cure, the faith cure, the old Uncle Darby Hicks cure, an' the pack. I've tried everything, took everything, an' endured everything, an' the ague kept right on pourin' in buckwheat, as the sayin' goes. Nuthin' 'peared to do me any good or the ague any harm, an' I continnered to shake till I got so reduced in strength an' sperrits that I wasn't good for anything in the winter but to hold the corn popper over the stove, an' when spring came to set on the porch an' shake the mats. Tell you what's a fact, I——"

"What's all this got to do with Plunk?" interrupted Ike, irreverently.

"I'm tryin' to show you the condition I was in when that thar wolf took advantage of me," answered the old man, sourly.

He proceeded to explain that, despite the multitudinous and ingenious methods of treatment to which the ague had been subjected his malady had apparently been in nowise affected. Just as he was about to abandon all hope and resign himself to the inevitable of a death prolonged through months, and, perhaps, years, of ceaseless shaking, a wandering purveyor of tinware—whose motive is to this day unknown—explained to Mrs. Cusack the workings of the earth cure.

The earth cure for ague is perpetrated by burying all of the person of the patient save and excepting his head in an upright position in the ground, the expectation being that the earth has virtue to draw out the malady. Whether the possession of faith has anything to do with the efficacy of the remedy I know not. In due time Mr. Cusack was made the victim of the justly celebrated earth cure. A hole of sufficient depth was dug by a kindly neighbor in a sunny spot back of the barn. Therein Mr. Cusack, denuded of his raiment, was planted, and the dirt carefully packed around his neck, after which the kindly neighbor departed, whistling.

The children were at school. Mrs. Cusack brought out her knitting, and all went well for a season. Presently there came an urgent call for the housewife to go over and lend her aid in the case of little Elmer Petersham, the small son of a neighbor living three miles away, who had in his childish way swallowed three-quarters of a bottle of Dr. Somebody's Magic Hair Vigor, and was thought to be already in the agony of growing a luxuriant crop of auburn hair in his little stomach. There did not seem any harm in deserting her husband at the call of distress, and so Mrs. Cusack put out for the Petersham claim, promising to return at the earliest possible moment.

For a time after his wife's departure all was serene with Mrs. Cusack. The day was sunny, the earth pleasantly warm and his position not uncomfortable.

"Things perseeded well enough for quite a spell," continued Mr. Cusack, "an' nuthin' happened worth mentionin' except that a dad blamed calf came muzzlin' around an', sorter mistakin' me for his mother, began operations on my nose. I had jest succeeded in hoorawin' the calf away when yere comes the Hon. Plunk Skee.

"I hain't learned yet what he came forowin' to the subsequent purseedin's, he forgot to state his errant an' I forgot to ask him about it. Me an' the Hon. Plunk has alwers been friendly, an' never had no differences except over politics. I'm opposed to graspin' monoppylies an' sumptuary laws, while Plunk favors 'em an' upholds the money power. Wal, we passed the time o' day, an' I told him all about my ague, an' we got along like twins for a spell. Directly he mentioned that he was goin' over to Rocket City tonight to git off a political speech. Nacheral enough, this started us to talkin' politics, an' first thing you know we was at it.

"'Now, you see how it is, Cusack,' says he, after he had made what he figgered was a tellin' p'int.

"'I'll be tarred if I do,' says I. 'You're wrong; it's jest like this: The plutocrats an' bondholders is in a conspiracy to rob an' enslave the workin' classes an' hold our gosh darned noses on the grindstone of financial degradation forever! They've been a-doin' of it for years; an' thar is skurcely a farmer or laborin' man left whose nose is more than three-sixteenths of an inch long, figgeratively speakin'! I tell you, Plunk, suthin' has got to be did, or the country will be in the hands of the money kings an' the rest of us in chains a great plenty!'

"'Pshaw, Cusack!' says he. 'The same old calamity howl! Them theories of your'n were exploded years ago; git suthin' new.'

"'When you tell me suthin' better than what I already know,' says I, 'I'll gladly accept it; at present you talk like a man with a wooden leg!'

"'I do har?' says he. 'It strikes me that this yere ringin' speech that I'm goin' to git off at Rocket City tonight is presizely the medicine for you. You are wallerin' in a slough of prejudice an' misapprehension, Cusack, but I'm yere to pull you out!'

"So sayin', he produces a big roll of mannyscript, drags up a handy barrel an' spreads his speech out on the head.

"'Don't trouble yourself,' says I, plenty sourcastic. 'I'm like the man whose stummick was all burnt out with whisky—I like it that way, thank ye!'

"'Oh, no trouble at all!' says he. 'Beside bringin' you to a realizin' sense of the error of your ways, it will be a good chance for me to sorter notice how this yere oration sounds.'

"Tharupon, in spite of my objections, that thar wolf bows to me, clears his th'oat an' begins:

"'Ladies an' gentlemen an' members of the Glee Club. As I stand in the presence of this large outpourin 'of the beauty an' chivalry of your boomin' little city, I am moved to exclaim with the poet: "Ah! It is indeed good to be yere!"'

"He goes on for a few minutes, winds up by sayin', 'loud applause,' bows to me an' pauses.

"'You needn't be bowin' to me; I never said a word,' says I.

"'All the same, that's the place for the applause,' says he. 'An' if you can't see it I'll purseed to make it plain to you. Now, ladies an' gentlemen and members of the Glee Club, the crisis which is now approachin——'

"'Confound the crisis which is now approachin',' says I. 'How much longer is this yere burcussed foolishness goin' to continuer?'

"'It hain't much more than fairly begun yet,' says he. 'Thar's "thunders of applause," "loud laughter," cries of "good! good" an' "deafenin' cheers" to come yet.'

"'Don't want to hear 'em,' says I.

"But I might jest as well have addressed my remarks to the wind that far around with fragments strewed the sea, as the feller said. Plunk informed me that it was all for my good an' then went on with the obsequies. Thar I was, bound hand an' foot, you may say, by the dirt in which I was planted; I jest had to linger right whur I was at an' grin an' bear it, while he bemeaned an' riddyculed me an' my party an' my political shibboleths, as they call 'em in stories, till I was plumb wild—frequently interruptin' himself to remark, parenthetically, as it were, 'loud laughter,' 'tumultuous applause,' an' so on.

"It wasn't no use for me to try to interrupt him—his voice, bein' a public speaker, was a heap stronger than mine an' he outyelled me every time. I offered a right smart number of objection, but pshaw—all the good I done was to make him shoot it into me hotter an' harder.

"Wal, for upward of an hour he continnered to beller his insultin' an' diobollycal theories, frequently interruptin' himself with applause, an' simply talkin' me down an' ignorin' me whenever I attempted to set him right. My righteous indignation throwed me into a ragin' fever, but I could not do anything but stick thar in the dirt an' suffer. Bime-bye, jest as my head was loppin' over, an' I reckon I was about to faint, that thar demon remarked 'uproarous applause,' thanked me for my kind attention, bowed profoundly an' began to fold up his cussed mannyscript.

"'That thar was a middlin' good speech,' says he, cheerily, 'an' I hope it has done you good, friend Cusack. At any rate—'

"'Honorable Plunk Skee!' says I, in an awful voice, 'I'm a humane man an' believe in givin' my prey fair warnin'. So my earnest advice is for you to tear out of yere while yet the lamp holds out to burn. Me an' you have been friends in the past, but I am yere to say that the pipe of peace is now broke. I'll be dug out eventually, I hope an' trust, an' the first act of my life after that will be to smear on my war paint an' take your trail. I have spoken.'"

"What did he say to that?" inquired Alkali Ike, who seemed to be interested.

"He jest laughed," was the wrathful reply. "It's all right. He laughed then, but as soon as I git a hold of him the boot will be on the other side of his mouth, lemme tell you! I'll make him think he don't live yere."

"H'm! How's your ague, by now?"

"Hain't thought nothin' about it—reckon I left it in the hole."

"Wal, now, looky yere, Cusack," said Ike, pacifically. "I reckon that thar ragin' fever that Plunk throwed you into, combined with the curative properties of the dirt, drove the ague out of you, an' instead of huntin' Plunk with a club you ort to thank him for curin' you."

"Huh!" growled the old man, contemptuously. And, making no further reply, he gee-hawed his team around and drove toward the prairie, wagging his head ominously.

CASCADE OF WINE.

Gigantic Fall of Ruby Claret to Exhibit California's Vintage.

A considerable portion of the California midwinter exposition is at present on its way across the continent, en route for New York city. Many of the most attractive features are being transplanted bodily from the Golden Gate to the immense floor of the Madison Square Garden. This second edition of the great exposition will be opened early in May and will continue throughout the entire month. The west is making much of this opportunity to teach the east something of the magnitude of its native industries. It is safe to say it has never before been so well represented on the Atlantic coast.

The principal endeavor of the exposition authorities will be to impress New York with the magnitude and quality of California's vintage. To this end the visitors to this second exposition are to be treated to the most remarkable object lesson of its kind ever seen. A gigantic cascade of claret wine, as large as a river, is to dash and foam over rocks of colored glass for a whole month for the edification and refreshment of thousands of visitors.

It is estimated that fully 5,000 gallons of wine will flow over these rocks every minute. The stream of wine will first fall in one solid body of wine down a distance of twenty feet, where the cascade is to be broken. In its fall, owing to the impetuous flow and curved shape of the source, it will be made to broaden out so as to fall into a pool of equal width. At this point the volume of wine will be reinforced by a fresh stream.

This tributary will flow at the rate of 2,500 gallons per minute, thus increasing the volume of the cascade by just one-half. The lower portion of this remarkable water, or rather wine fall, is to be broken up into a number of smaller cascades. This, it may be seen, will add greatly to the natural cascade-like effect of the whole. The wine in its wild rush will foam and bubble around a series of crystal rocks, which will serve to divide it into four distinct streams, from each of which will rise a cloud of spray. The entire volume of this precious fluid will be gathered in a second pool, some twelve feet below the first pool. From this rapidly filling reservoir the wine will, of course, be carried back to the source, to begin its journey all over again, but the machinery for carrying on this work will be concealed behind the cataracts. A number of powerful force pumps will be kept running continually, in order to keep this stream in motion.

THE LOVER'S PREPARATIONS

When He Expected to Meet His Proposed Father-in-Law.

It was 8 o'clock in the magnificent capital of the greatest republic on earth, and the gloaming, oh, my darling, had gone glimmering among the things that were two hours previously.

A gas light burned golden yellow on the corner of one of the beautiful streets leading into Dupont Circle, and an electric light burned silvery white two blocks down the street, when an ambulance from the Emergency Hospital stopped in front of a palatial residence in that aristocratic neighborhood and backed up to the curb.

One minute, or perhaps less, after the ambulance had stopped, a handsomely dressed young man jumped out over the tailboard and started toward the steps of the house.

As he did so, a policeman, strolling leisurely around the corner beyond, observed the ambulance, and instantly sprinted for it.

"Say," exclaimed the officer, in the usual chaste and elegant, not to say Chesterfieldian, manner of an excited guardian of the peace, "what's the row?"

"There isn't any—yet," replied the young fellow, with a world of suggested possibility in the way he closed his answer with that word "yet."

"What's the ambulance for?" insisted the policeman.

"For future reference," said the young man evasively.

"That's not what they are usually for," argued the officer, trying to get at the true inwardness of the situation.

"No," and the young man drew closer and spoke very confidentially; "no, but it's different in this case. You see, I'm going to ask a young lady's father for her hand, and as the old man isn't stuck on me, I thought it might come handy for me to be prepared for emergencies."

The policeman gave vent to his admiration in a low whistle, and waited until a servant came out and told the ambulance driver to go back to the stable.

Signs of spring.—Life.