

SENATOR'S QUEER BLUNDER.

How He Unintentionally Secured a Clerkship for a Constituent.

Blank in the seventies, when Zach Chandler was at the head of the interior department, a young man from one of the western states came to Washington to try clerical life in one of the departments. He had been quite a ward politician in his western home, and imagined both the senators from his state would be glad to do him a favor. He spent several days taking in the sights of the capital, then went up to the senate one afternoon and sent in his card to Senator Blank. The senator responded promptly, had the visitor shown into the marble room, and for some time they sat on the sofa together, talking of home news and home crops. A young man broke the ice by informing the senator just what kind of a place he wanted—didn't care much what department it was in.

"Well, I don't know," said the senator. "Such places are not to be found here, and there are hundreds here from about every state in the Union looking for almost anything in the shape of an appointment. Come up to my house about eight o'clock to-night," said the senator, "and we'll talk the matter over." Promptly at the appointed hour he pulled the door open, and the young man entered the library, where he found the senator puffing a cigar and looking over the Evening Star.

"Ah, good evening, Mr. Blank; I was just thinking of you," said Senator Blank. "I have written a strong letter to Secretary Chandler requesting him to give you a position in the interior department"—picking up an unsealed letter from his desk and handing it to the young office-seeker—"and I would suggest that you call at his office and present it about ten o'clock to-morrow morning. He will also mail the secretary a little personal note, letting him know that when I want anything in his office I want it bad."

The young westerner was bowed out of the room with smiles and a hearty handshake. At his hotel he sat down to think over his good luck, then he thought of the senator's letter, and pulled it out of his pocket and read:

DEAR CHANDLER:—Some time to-morrow morning a young citizen of my great and glorious state will call on you with a strong recommendation from me for a clerkship. I have no earthly interest in him, so I turn him over to your tender mercy. Let him down easy. Yours, Blank.

The young man dropped the letter, and a big sigh struggled up from under his watch pocket. "I wonder what he said in the little note he mailed to the secretary," thought the young candidate. Then he realized that the senator had given him the wrong letter, and he at once determined to call at the interior department the next morning and see what the next chapter would bring forth.

About ten o'clock the next forenoon the colored messenger delivered the young man into Secretary Chandler's office. "Senator Blank told me last night that he had written you, and advised me to call on you this morning," said the young gentleman.

"Ah, yes," smiled the secretary, good-naturedly, picking up from his desk an open envelope glowing with gold. "The senator speaks of you in the highest terms, and is very urgent in his request for your appointment. Wait a moment," and touching a bell he sent his messenger for the chief clerk. After a moment's conversation with the chief clerk the secretary said: "You are fortunate. There is a twelve hundred-dollar clerkship made vacant by resignation this morning, and I have ordered your appointment to the place."

A month later Senator Blank was walking in the corridor met the new clerk in his office coat. The senator was surprised and a trifle disconcerted, but he shook hands with his young friend and said he was glad to see him there.



GOING HOME TO FATHER'S HOUSE

PACK the little coats and gowns, And make the house-pleasant; Put some cakes for traveling Beneath the wagon seat; Give an extra meal to eat To good old Jim and Gray— We're going home to father's house For Thanksgiving day.

So oft we've lived the journey o'er With the welcome at the end, Sweet mother's kisses on our cheek, And the hand-clasp of each friend; And many a time the little ones Have traveled in their play "All the way to grandpa's house For Thanksgiving day."

THE DEAR HOME FIELDS HAVE YIELDED UP Their grasses and their grain; The bins and barns are running o'er From orchard and from plain; And with the rich crops of discipline, Its hours of work and play; Some fairer things are harvested For Thanksgiving day.

Our arms, so full of blessedness The years have held us in; Have opened wide enough to let A little stranger in. For the first time two little feet, From angel-land astray, Will toddle into grandpa's house For Thanksgiving day.

We know the place is all astray With mother's look and mother's voice Are present everywhere; And with the rich crops of discipline, Its hours of work and play; The children are all coming home For Thanksgiving day. —Mary F. Butts, in Harper's Weekly.

GIVE THANKS. Thank God for the glorious gift of life, And the beautiful world around us, With its shimmering seas, and waving trees, Its fields and dew and flowers; For radiant moons and tranquil moons, For sunshine and for rain; For peary dawns and crystal mornings, For mountain, mead and plain.

Thank God for treasures that He gives From earth and tree and vine; For golden yields from fertile fields, For fields of hope and grain; For healthful roots for roddy fruits; For plenty's laden horn; For flocks and herds, for bees and birds, Give thanks this festive morn.

"She rested pretty well last night," replied the girl. "Fed the stock yet?" "No; I was just going out." "That's just like the Beebes—allus an hour behind time! When yer father died and his funeral was sot four o'clock it didn't come off till three. I'll do the chores fur ye this mornin', and you see if the widder and the fatherless kin find anything in that basket to tempt their appetites."

"That's happened!" shouted Hannah from the foot of the kitchen stairs. "This blamed old chist has went and gone and knocked me head over heels down them attic stairs and killed me as dead as a door nail. Hurry up and get the durned thing off'n me!" "Why, Uncle Ben!" exclaimed Hannah, as she reached the chamber floor and found the old farmer doubled up at the foot of the attic ladder and the old blue chest holding him fast.

"Git it off'n me!" he shouted. "That's jest like a Beebel! The time your father's cow fell in the well he took two and downstairs and he sum good fur sumthin'! Guess you'll hold all that corn and a bushel or so more. If Hanner Beebel had bin the right sort of gal she'd hev—"

"Durn my hind buttons and gosh-all-fish-hooks! Hanner, whar be ye! Struck my hide if I hain't broke every bone in my body and busted myself all to flinders! Hanner! Hanner!" "What's happened?" asked Hannah from the foot of the kitchen stairs.

"I was hunting for a box to put it in when I fell and broke my leg. If you'll go up into the attic, Uncle Ben, you'll probably find something. I believe there's an old blue chest up there with nothing in it, and it will hold the corn."

"I was thar and bid two shillin' fur it. Jim raised my bid to thirty cents and got it fur a wood box. Never used it, eh? I believe Jackson said he got that chist at a baggage sale in Boston a dozen years before, an' thar was a lot of duds in it which hev belonged to some furringer. Well, I'll go up and hev it down and take keer of that corn. Corn is goin' to be corn afore next spring. I s'pose Hanner Beebel would walk over that pile a hundred times and never see it. The Beebes was a good-hearted lot, but perfectly shiftless."

In the farmhouse attic, stored away with quilt frames, broken chairs, bunches of mayweed and catnip, and hinged trunks and boxes, Uncle Ben found the old blue chest. There was a thick layer of dust on the lid, and he dusted it off with a bunch of herbs and muttered: "Whew! but the dust does git into a house! Ye-as, that's the same old chist, and I laffed at Jim all the way home for buyin' it. Come outer here and downstairs and he sum good fur sumthin'! Guess you'll hold all that corn and a bushel or so more. If Hanner Beebel had bin the right sort of gal she'd hev—"

hours to think of it and let her die! Hang it, do ye want to break my back!" "Mebbe 'tis, but I'll be hanged if I believe it! Aunt Martha sent her luv, and I guess she'll be down about Saturday."

"She is very, very kind." "And she said, you'd hev to boss Hanner more or less to make her step around. Some folks hev to sorter driv, ye know."

"Hannah is doing very well, I'm glad to say." "How's the young 'un?" "As good as pie."

"That's nice. Some youngsters is all right, and some seem to be possessed of the old Harry. Look a here, Nancy, I hain't no head to do pokin' my nose into other people's bizness, as I guess you'll allow, but thar's a matter I'd like to ask about. You remember we went to skule together, and the night we had the spellin' bee you'n me was the last ones up, I went down on 'doek-trime,' and you went ahead 'till the teacher was pretty nigh tuckered out. I kinder feel as if I was related to ye, ye know."

"Yes; what do you want to talk about, Uncle Ben?" "About that mortgage. In course I know thar's one on the farm, fur I was with Jim when he got the money, but how about the interest?" "I won't be able to pay a shilling of it when due."

"You don't tel me!" "On the first day of the month the farm will probably be advertised for sale, but I believe the law allows me to stay on for a few months."

"Has Squar' Potter bin up here lately?" "He was here yesterday. He will take the place as soon as the law allows." "The blamed old skunk! Excuse my cuss words, Nancy, but when I'm excited they slip right out. If that old skinkint turns you outer house and home I'll go down the road and take off my coat and liek him 'till he bellers like a calf!" "No, Uncle Ben. He lends his money to live on the interest, and is in only right that he should be paid. I'm in hopes to be able to pay him the interest, but this misfortune will prevent."

DECORATING THE HOUSE.

A room freshly decorated in the autumn should be made cheerful for the dark winter days that are to follow. Apple blossoms, hand-painted, and scattered here and there along the frieze over a wall of dull, yellow green, would be pleasant reminders of the season beyond that of storms and gloom. They would be a far more effective decoration than more economical as well as those of the expensive gilt papers so much affected by lovers of finery.

At this age so many young women are learning to draw and paint that much home decoration is possible. Suppose one of them takes a strip of paper long enough to go from corner to corner of the reception-room, and boldly, broadly sketches in boughs and sprays of the apple tree. Studies from nature she can purchase from any art store, and to enlarge and ring changes upon them is her pleasure. Perhaps she has her own reminder of these miracles of beauty—a beauty so much more picturesque than that of the orange.

The ground should be lighter than the wall and more creamy-hued. Stragglers of the apple tree, and some may show only the upper tips from the lower portion, with the upper hidden. Breadth of water color painting is required. Anything fine or carefully finished will spoil the atmospheric effect and lower its decorative value. One might as well have a carefully-finished picture hung just below the ceiling, or purchase a mechanically-made paper frieze, just like that hanging on the walls of Smith, Brown and Jones.

A refined taste will desire aerial effects, and leave something to the imagination. There will be soft, ill-defined shadows, leaflets half indicated, light, glancing over and through the leaves, half-open buds and full-fledged blossoms. Between them should be spaces, so as to prevent that feeling of crowding that would spoil everything. In the corners there should be many shadows, with only faint suggestions of blossoms. In one or two it may be a half-hidden robin's nest, seen in the crotch of a bough. Perhaps a silhouette of the bird itself may be fitting near it. There should be leaflets more than buds, and buds more than blossoms. Nothing in the spring is tenderer than the purple-pink, streaked, unopened flowers, growing in clusters, that expand almost while you look at them.

Perhaps these all too fleeting clusters are chosen for a young girl's chamber, for which they are most appropriate. Almost any delicate color will do for the walls. It would then be beautiful to have dim cloud effects floating over a ceiling, faint painted in light, and the paper is attached to the wall, an occasional spray may be painted on that and the ceiling growing from the frieze. It is as if one looked through an apple at a distance, and saw its misty effect against the fleecy cloudlets of a May morning. Anything like precision and definition is not to be desired. The touch must be certain, and not betray the indecision of ignorance in the handling.—Household News.

KLEPTOMANIA DYING OUT.

Fad That Has a Swift Course Seldom Found Now by Big Storekeepers. There is growing evidence that kleptomania was a fad. The attempt to classify it somewhere among the psychological mysteries will not hold in the face of the experience of a State street merchant who knows how to observe and has plenty of opportunity to indulge his knowledge. He said: "It's a funny thing to me, but it is certainly true, there has been a marked falling off in kleptomania in the last year. I noticed it in my store, and a time thought it little of it. One day another merchant on the street said he had found the same thing, and then I began to inquire. All had the same story to tell, kleptomania was becoming extinct."

"This doesn't mean," he continued, "that people are becoming any better or that they are less, for, as to that, the returns are about the same, year in and year out. What I refer to is the petty thievery by people who do not need what they steal and in many instances do not know what to do with the things after they get them. There was such a flood of that sort of robbery in the stores that the proprietors were about driven to despair. You can imagine the predicament of being confronted by a woman whom you know to be wealthy and of good social standing and yet know she has secreted in her muff or under her cape a piece of silk or other fabric from a counter. When you meet an indignant denial it is hard to go on and force a search. That thing grew to be so common that in most of the big stores one woman was kept fairly busy searching the proprietress who were brought back to her."

PEARY'S ESKIMO DOGS.

Five fierce, wolf-looking visitors lately arrived at the Central park menagerie. They are Eskimo dogs which were brought back with the Peary relief expedition, and which have been placed on view at the park by the Natural History museum authorities, to whom they were consigned.

They are a number of dogs whose career certainly entitles them to much consideration. He is distinctly the worst-looking beast of the lot, and he displayed a miserably cowardly spirit when his companions, in their rough-and-tumble fight over bones which Keeper Snyder fed to them, trod upon and bit his ears.

He just rolled over and howled a wolfish note, long drawn out, which caused the lioness next door to pace excitedly up and down her cage. Snow Cap—that is his name, probably because there is nothing white about him, not even a single hair—was one of an uncommonly pack of picked sled dogs, forty-one in number, with which Lieut. Peary set off on his Arctic quest.

The dog is to the snow fields what the camel is to the desert. He is the strongest of the pack, and in the Arctic there, and when he ceases to be of use as a locomotive power, he becomes food for the expedition, both for man and the other dogs who have more staying power.

Snow Cap proved the best out of forty, and is the only one that dog of that type, snarling, howling and baying. They set off gayly—anywhere from five to a dozen dogs hitched to a sled. They were harnessed somewhat in the fashion of my lady's pet pug when she takes the air; but the straps crossed over their heads, and the leather of different lengths, from ten to seventeen feet (which were gathered and knotted together and hitched to the fore of the sled), were of rough sealskin strips.

CRIME AND SCIENCE.

Photomicrographical pictures of man's beard, hair, tip of woman's hair, root of man's hair, root of woman's hair, played a decisive part in a murder trial. Two men have been arrested for the murder of a certain person. On the garments of one, which were saturated with blood, a woman's hair had been found, that is, its identity as such was established only after it had been photomicrographed under a microscope, showing exhibiting tips and roots of woman's hair.

Upon the person of the second prisoner was also a quantity of human hair found. The microscopical cameras showed that it was man's hair, partly from the head and partly from the beard. The person murdered was a woman, the wife of the first prisoner, and the hair on his clothes was identical with that on the dead woman's head. This settled his connection with the case. The prosecution maintained that more than one person had been concerned in the murder. The second prisoner, however, claimed an alibi, which could not be disputed by direct evidence, as it turned out. Finally the judicial expert hit upon the plan to compare the hair found on the clothing of the second prisoner with those of the first prisoner. Specimens of the latter kind were procured, but ocular comparison failed to establish their similarity. Then photomicrography was tried, and by those means it was proved beyond doubt that the hair came from the same head and beard.

PITH AND POINT.

"No man can afford to eat and drink to please others. This is particularly true when a man wants you to take a drink, or eat a late supper.—Acheson Globe.

"Henry," said Mrs. Peck, "I am going to get a bicycle." "Dear me," said Mr. Peck, mildly, "isn't one man enough for you to run over?"—Indianaapolis Journal.

"Ah," he sighed as his wife went to confer with the delegation of her constituents, "this is no such campaign as mother used to make."—Detroit Tribune.

"Old Greybeard"—"It's a pity to keep such a pretty bird in a cage." Mrs. De Sylve—"Isn't it a shame! How perfectly exquisitely lovely it would look on a hat!"—Tit-Bits.

"It was a great horse on them French," said Beely. "When I was in Paris they thought I was English." "They couldn't have heard you speak," said Wilkins.—Harper's Bazar.

"Spencer"—"Didn't Blowitz run for sheriff last election?" Ferguson—"Yes; and he spent so much money trying to get elected that the sheriff is now running for him."—N. Y. Herald.

"Sunday-School Teacher"—"George, can you tell me a case in which you think it is more blessed to give than to receive?" George—"Yes; when I give Tommy Jones a whack in the eye."—Harper's Bazar.

THE OLD BLUE CHEST.



try and not worry over it. Who knows but what it is all for the best?" "Mebbe 'tis, but I'll be hanged if I believe it! Aunt Martha sent her luv, and I guess she'll be down about Saturday."



HE DREW HIS OLD FUR CAP DOWN OVER HIS EYES.

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But "uneasy lies the head that wears a crown."—Chicago Mail.



THE KING BIRD.

Thankfulness has its expression towards God, but not less towards our fellow-men. The heart is lifted up to God for His mercies, the hand is extended towards the suffering that it may distribute the blessings He has given and share the joy we feel.—United Presbyterian.

Briggs—This is probably the last Thanksgiving Bickery will celebrate. Grigg—How's that? Briggs—It's the day he's going to be married on.—Brooklyn Life.

WANTED HIS BREAKFAST.

Tramp Nearly Succeeded in Bankroting a Busy Breakfast.

A breakfast tramp entered a Bowry restaurant at daybreak yesterday and in a hunky voice addressed the cashier: "Say, I want a workingman's breakfast. Gimme a mutton chop, corned beef with poached eggs, julienne potatoes, wheat cakes, hot rolls, coffee and a glass of milk, beer." A waiter roared the order to the kitchen: "One mutton, one brown with two dropped on, shoe strings, one stack o' browns, one black and one white!" "Hold on!" exclaimed the cashier. "Who is this breakfast for?" The tramp, with easy assurance, named a barkeeper of a nearby saloon who frequently sends in for his breakfast.

"Did he send the money?" asked the cashier. "Yep." "Well, let's have it." The tramp rummaged in his rags, and after a long search pulled out a green bill, which he slowly unfolded, being careful to expose only the green side.

The waiter hurried on to prepare the tray for the breakfast, and the tramp shifted his weight to the other foot and eyed the edibles in the glass case. "Let's take a look at that bill," said the casual cashier. The tramp looked at him a moment, sighed in a grievous way, and laid on the counter an advertisement, shaped and colored on one side to resemble a greenback. "A poor man hasn't any show in this world," he muttered, as he got out of the door.—N. Y. World.

Gifts for Him. A silver-back hair brush. A watch chain of green jade, with a medallion head deeply cut. A tiny jeweled brush to keep his mustache and eyebrows in subjection. A matchsafe of silver, with a very perfect imitation of a match enameled thereon.