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A GIRL IN THE SENATE.
How She Was Disturbed by the Gallery Rules.
If you have ever chanced to make a call on the United States Senate you have found out that the great American public when it wishes to personally inspect its senatorial servants is uncromoniously poked into the galleries round above the sacred chambers of the Senate. And possibly you have bumped against some of the rules there prevailing in the person of the ever present door-keeper.

Of course you submitted with all the ease at your command. So did this genius American girl whom the reporter for the Washington Post observed one day from his position opposite in the press gallery. But in the manner of her submission there was a terrible shock to the sensitive nerves of "the most deliberative legislative body in the world."

She was a well groomed, up-to-date young lady, with a big fur cape over her arm and a magazine in her hand. She invaded the sacred precincts of the Senate gallery, evidently unaware of the sacred ground upon which she was treading. She stood in contemplative mood back of the seats, surveying the scene soothing scene, evidently occupied in a mental debate with herself over the desirability of remaining, when the doorkeeper hustled up to her and told her in a whisper that made Senator Hill don his "specs" and scan the gallery that it was "agin the rules to stand."

So she tripped down to a front seat, where she located, and putting her cape on the stone coping for a cushion to shield her elbows, leaned over to study the styles in bald heads. In about two minutes the attendant rushed noisily down the steps and in the same sepulchral whisper told her it was "agin the rules to put anything on the railing." Senator Harris, in the chair, frowned up her way, and she blushing removed the cape.

Senator Peffer was giving some information in his soft, low voice, and under his soporific influence she nearly went to sleep with her head on the back of the seat, and her half closed eyes studying the painted plaques in the ceiling. In her abstraction she dropped her magazine. Back came the doorkeeper with another piece of information. She "must not drop things; it disturbed the senators."

Half a dozen senators looked up to see if an anarchist had got into the galleries, and the girl back of her giggled. She held her ground, however, and presently opened the magazine and began to read.

Again the doorkeeper: "You ain't allowed to read in this here gallery, it's agin the rules."
She sat for a moment, wrath in every feature, glaring down at the heads below. Just as the doorkeeper sat down she turned and beckoned him vigorously. He came clumping down, and as he bent over she asked him in a whisper that must have rattled the weather meter in the marble room. "Can I yawn?"
The laugh that rippled over the gallery was not caused by the remarks of the senator from Kansas, and the young lady was not again molested.

The Land of Pretty Customs.
When a Japanese vessel of importance is to be launched no bottle of wine is broken over her prow, but a cageful of pigeons is opened, that the liberated birds may flutter away, rejoicing in their newly won freedom, even as the ship herself rejoices in the freedom of the sea. Truly, the Japanese are masterly symbolists.
The doll habit is much more encouraged in Japanese than in Western families. Theoretically, a girl plays with her dolls until her marriage, when they are put aside, as symbolizing the years of her childhood. Now, these dolls perform a good many duties, inanimate as they are, and have a festival all by themselves.
The cherry bloom festival of the Japanese is in its meaning much like our own St. Valentine's day. It is a season when the always emotional Jap permits himself to become even more effusive than usual, and to pin his ballad of love to the cherry tree trunks, even as did Orlando in Arden wood.
School festivals are reasonably common in Japan, and these may take, at appropriate dates, the form of patriotic meetings, at which stirring national hymns are sung, and the lesson of faithfulness to the emperor emphasized anew. It must be remembered that there are in Japan no Sundays, so that the holidays, which seem to our Western ideas unduly numerous, serve an undoubtedly useful purpose.

The Ocean's Gold.
That gold should exist in the ocean is an indication that Dr. Henry Wurtz claims to have presented in 1866, and in 1872 the discovery was announced by E. Sonstadt. A careful computation with the best data obtainable, on the basis of 0.9 grain of gold per ton of sea water—about the proportion assigned by Sonstadt—shows that the great ocean should contain gold to the amount of over \$80,000,000,000,000,000. The getting of some of this by electrolysis, Dr. Wurtz now predicts, will be one of the problems of the future.

Sinking of a Volcanic Island.
Falcon Island, in the Pacific, is sinking into the ocean, from whence it suddenly emerged in 1885, owing to some tremendous outpour of ashes and lava by one of the many submarine volcanoes among the Friendly Group. When the disturbance ceased, the new island was 2,280 yards long by 1,780 yards broad, and contained an area of 570 acres. A vessel which recently sighted it reports that the island is now reduced to a long, low strip of black rock—that is, lava.
General Van Vliet is the oldest living officer of the United States regular army.