A GREAT COCKING MAIN.

Texas Cowboys and St. Louis Sports Betting on the Birds.

Mr. Fred Casey, proprietor of the Road House, on the Silver Bow road, recently returned from a tour of the East, and in conversation yesterday with a representative of THE MINER told of a great cocking main which he witnessed at Dallas, Texas, on the twenty-third of last month. Mr. Casey is himself the owner of some pugnacious birds, and his description of the event was rendered interesting by the fact that its author is an expert.

"The main," said Mr. Casey, "was between the Nussbaumer Brothers of Dallas and Grassmuck & Gartenbold of St. Louis for $200 a battle and $2,000 on the odd fight. The Nussbaumer Brothers have fought successfully the past five years throughout Texas and against all comers. The St. Louisians, who breed the red-horse cocks, went to Dallas to test the merits of this celebrated strain against southern birds. When the first battle opened, the amphitheatre held 500 people; sleek-looking individuals in high silk hats rubbed against cowboys with broad-brimmed sombreros and old weather-beaten cockers. The scene was one peculiar to the climate. The intensity of attention on all sides towards the pit was only diverted by the healthy cry, "Here's fifty on St. Louis," or the cowboys' banter backing Dallas, which was accompanied by the shaking of gold pieces in hands held high in the air. The high-toned blue clouds of Reinas were engulfed in the milky way of five-cent cheroots. Many men chewed tobacco vigorously and spit about recklessly. About $5,000 was up on the main, but that is a paltry sum compared to the amount that is bandied by sporting men from New Orleans, St. Louis, Chicago, Kansas City and every city in Texas. G. P. Hastings, of Paris, Texas, strode around looking for pointers and telling of his Dommique birds bred by O'Neal, of Louisville. He has been handling cocks for many years and has the gaff business down fine. George F. Gerser, of Kansas City, talked of nothing but his cottonwood birds. Charlie Brown, of Columbus, Georgia, the chief cocker of the South, gathered a crowd about him and told of cocking in Georgia, where they rode hundreds of mile to stay a week around a pit. Capt. Bedell, a Texas authority, smoked and talked with Jim Wright, of Paris, Texas, about cocking in the pine woods of Texas thirty years ago. The first battle went to Dallas in three minutes and six seconds. At least $500 changed hands on the outside. St. Louis took the fight in two minutes, and $900 changed hands. Again St. Louis came out winner, taking the third battle in one hour and twenty minutes. The excitement over this extraordinary fight grew so intense and the money was offered so rapidly that the sound of voices was like the rushing of waters. After the main, crowds gathered at the hotels and saloons to talk over the days work. It was the biggest cock-fighting I ever witnessed, and I have seen a few events of the pit and gaff."

THE DISTRICT COURT.

A Small Batch of Civil Business Disposed Of.

In addition to the Ludwig case, the District Court yesterday disposed of the following business:

In the three cases of Henry Williams et al. vs. Charles H. Carver et al., on motion of plaintiff's counsel actions dismissed as settled in accordance with stipulations on file.

Abraham Buol et al. vs. George Pascoe et al. Defendant's motion for a new trial sustained.

Silas F. King et al. vs. James A. Murray et al. Report of referee submitted to the Court.

James Hennessey vs. E. D. Sullivan. Ordered that judgment in favor of plaintiff be entered in accordance with stipulation on file in accordance with the verdict in the case of P. J. Hennessey vs. E. D. Sullivan, and that execution be stayed for thirty days to allow defendant to prepare motion for new trial.

P. J. Hennessey vs. E. D. Sullivan. Execution stayed thirty days.

L. J. Smith vs. Daniel Smith; divorce. Report of referee submitted to the court.

Emma Schlord vs Henry Schlord. Report of referee submitted to the court.

B. Robinson vs. William M. Jack et al. Plaintiff's motion to dismiss appeal herein set for hearing Saturday at 2 o'clock p. m.

Thomas H. Carroll vs. Board of Commissioners of Silver Bow County. Plaintiff's motion to dismiss appeal herein set for hearing Saturday at 2 o'clock p. m.

Railroad Lands.

WASHINGTON, March 9.—The Secretary of the Interior has rejected the selection of some 13,000 acres of land made by the St. Paul, Minneapolis and Manitoba Railway Company within Dakota. The selections made between the six and ten-mile limits were rejected because of having previously been selected as indemnity land by the Northern Pacific Railway, and the Secretary holds that the priority of selection gave the superiority of the right. The selections within the six-mile limits were rejected for the reason that at the date of the definite location of the route lands were in the Indian country, and that the Indians' title was not extinguished until long after the right of the company to the same.

What Did He Do With It?

INDIANAPOLIS, Indiana, March 10.—A daily News, Vincennes, Indiana special says: "An examination of the books was concluded this morning. It shows an approximate shortage against County Treasurer Hollingsworth, of $78,000. Everybody is dumbfounded and mortified at the gigantic expose. Hollingsworth was a prosperous and wealthy farmer when he took the position of treasurer. What he has done with this sum of money puzzles everybody. The conjectures are it has been squandered in margin gambling.

Killed for Mercy.

BOSTON, March 10.—The tug "John Markel" left her berth at "T" wharf at 6:30 this morning and started down the harbor in search of vessels desiring her services. There was a large number of persons on the wharf who watched the boat steam away. Just as the boat arrived off of Long Island an explosion occurred on board the noise of which was plainly audible in this city. The boat was completely blown to atoms and her crew of five men were instantly killed. The bodies of the Captain and engineer were recovered by tugs cruising in the vicinity.

The Railroad War.

LOS ANGELES, March 10.—The Southern Pacific to-day made a rate from here to Kansas City of $5; Chicago, $10; limited and emigrant tickets. The Atchison & Topeka met the cut. Another cut in freight rates was made by the Central Pacific and Atlantic & Pacific Roads to-day. The rate was placed at 80 cents per 100 pounds to points as far East as Chicago and St. Louis.

English Hurricane.

QUEENSTOWN, March 10.—The wind is blowing with a hurricane force and the Atlantic steamers for America are unable to proceed owing to the violence of the gale. The ships, both outward and inward bound, are entering this harbor under bare poles.

Growing Troublesome.

LONDON, March 10.—A conference of the representatives of the Powers will be held at Constantinople next Saturday to consider the Greek question which is growing troublesome. The Turks continue to reinforce their military strength along the Greek frontier.

It is reported in Salt Lake that a syndicate of ten has been organized for the purpose of buying out the Zion co-operative store. This is to avoid any of the hurtful operations of the Edmunds bill and raise a large sum to influence National legislation.

STRAYED

To ranch of Jefferson McCaully, near Melrose, a 3-year-old sorrel filly, about 14 hands high, branded B F on right shoulder. Strayed to ranch about July 1, 1885. The owner, by calling and paying expenses, can have said animal. 3-13-1m-sw*

NOTICE TO MINERS.

Bids will be received up to the 10th of March, 1886, to sink and timber 100 feet in a shaft on the Altoona Lode at Horse Canyon; said shaft is 8x6 feet in the clear and is now about 25 feet deep. Timbers will be delivered at the shaft. Further information will be given by H. Brundy at Horse Canyon. Address

3-10-td PARROTT & NOTESTINE, Stuart, Montana.

OUR FISHERIES.

INTERESTING FACTS IN REGARD TO THIS GREAT INDUSTRY.

Map of the Fishing Grounds—How and Where Mackerel, Cod and Halibut are Caught—What Becomes of Fish in Winter—Packing and Curing.

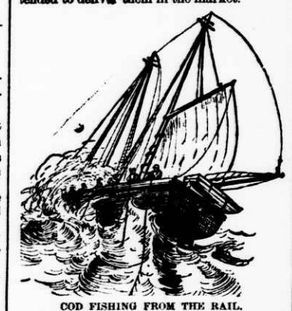
[Special Correspondence.]

BOSTON, March 2.—When Josh Billings said that "the codfish iz the fruit of the oshun, which accounts for their being so salt," it was without doubt the first time it dawned on the minds of many people that the dried codfish of commerce was not always thus, nor was he always flat and spread out like the old-fashioned cross stick kite. A Boston Globe artist made some sketches recently among the fisheries, from which we produce our illustrations.

MAP OF THE FISHING GROUNDS.

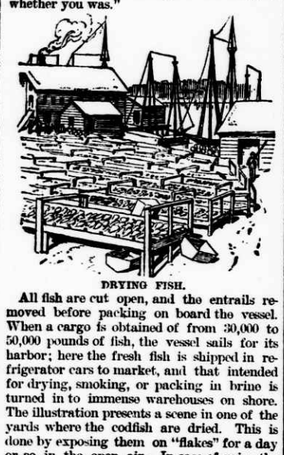
As the map shows, the mackerel is the most common fish, and for that reason the least profitable. The season for mackerel begins in March and ends in November, and what becomes of these fish in the meantime "the Lord only knows," so an old skipper said.

Mackerel are caught in schools with immense seines of about 1,000 feet in length. This seine is dropped slowly out of a large row boat in such a manner as to describe a great circle, and thus inclose a great portion of the school of fish. Along the lower edge of the seine, which hangs 100 feet below the surface, are rings through which a rope runs like a running string. This is drawn taut when the circle is completed, thus closing the bottom and making an immense purse of the net. It frequently happens, though, that before the bottom of the net is closed it is found that "school is out," which means that the mackerel have detected the fishermen's little game and escaped by diving. To keep the mackerel school in, while the net is being dropped, barrels of chopped up porgies and clams are thrown into the water. One successful haul will yield 100 to 200 barrels of fish. When loaded on deck these fish are split open, cleaned and packed on ice or in salt, according as it is intended to deliver them in the market.



COD FISHING FROM THE RAIL.

In cod fishing, according to the old skipper, "you do not get so much pork for your shilling." The fishing grounds, as shown by the map, are situated at a greater distance. The Georges bank, for instance, is due east of Cape Cod about 200 miles. It is where the tide is strongest, the winds fiercest, and the sea the roughest, that the cod and halibut make their homes, and it requires a brave heart to face the cold and other dangers of this calling. Often during the winter the deck and rigging are constantly covered with ice. There are two methods of fishing. Fishing over the rail is shown in the illustration. Here each member of the crew tends a single line fastened to a peg in the rail called a "soldier;" this is the customary method in rough weather. When the sea moderates sufficiently trawl fishing is practiced. Trawls are lines which are buoyed so as to float on the water and extend for a quarter mile or more out from the vessel, each vessel carrying about two miles of these trawl lines. At every six feet on the trawls are fastened smaller lines with baited hooks. Small boats called dories, containing two men each, go out twice a day to follow up the trawl, haul in the smaller lines, remove the fish and rebait the hooks. If a cod is caught he is simply thrown into the boat, while a halibut is killed first by hitting him on the nose. A halibut will weigh from 25 to 300 pounds, and "if a big one got into the dory alive," so a sailor said, "it would be an open question whether he was in charge of the dory or whether you was."



DRYING FISH.

All fish are cut open, and the entrails removed before packing on board the vessel. When a cargo is obtained of from 30,000 to 50,000 pounds of fish, the vessel sails for its harbor; here the fresh fish is shipped in refrigerator cars to market, and that intended for drying, smoking, or packing in brine is turned in to immense warehouses on shore. The illustration presents a scene in one of the yards where the codfish are dried. This is done by exposing them on "flakes" for a day or so in the open air. In case of rain, the fish are collected in piles, and covered with the odd-shaped boxes shown in the illustration. The dried cod is fed into a machine, which cuts it into bricks for packing at the rate of 110 pounds a minute. Then there are smoke houses where the halibut and mackerel are cured. Some of the packing concerns have their own vessels. One possesses fifteen schooners, worth about $10,000 each. The total catch of mackerel for one year is about 500,000 barrels. Of fish 100,000,000 pounds is a fair annual average catch. This will give some idea of the magnitude of this industry, which is just now attracting attention before congress.

A. J. BOTHWELL.

We Approve Of It.

The freaks of fashion in women's apparel are indeed wonderful and startling to the masculine eye, and it is only now and then that any of them (the freaks, not the women) meet with approval from the men. There is, however, a new feminine hat struggling for recognition among the fashionables that every right-minded man will indorse. It is built on the crush plan, like a gentleman's opera hat, and no trimmings are allowed on the crown. If this headgear comes into general use for evening wear it will be a great boon to mankind, as the ladies will, of course, collapse the thing after getting seated at the theatre or opera, and the people back of them can get their money's worth of the entertainment. Vive la crush hat.—Peck's Sun.

A Suggestion in Heraldry.

Emperor William has presented Wolseley with the decoration of the red eagle. We are not advised as to the peculiar characteristics of that bird, but we would suggest that, if it is given for his conduct in the Egyptian campaign, it should be accompanied as a coat of arms by a camel retreatant, on the sands of Egypt passant, with a well-armed Arab pursuant and an indignant Briton regardant.—Nashville Union.

Information.

"Father, is a blind man always heavy?"

"Don't ask such foolish questions; you know very well he is not."

"Well, pop, you know he is genally led."

At this juncture the juvenile offender podged a flying book.—Boston Budget.

THE LIME KILN CLUB.

Brother Gardner Once More Takes a Viper to His Bosom.

As the meeting opened Brother Gardner announced that the Hon. Standoff White, of Montgomery, Ala., was in the ante-room. The distinguished gentleman was on his way to Chicago to see his dying sister, and had taken advantage of the occasion to stop over three or four days and make himself acquainted with members of the Lime Kiln club. He had a little address which he desired to deliver. It was entitled: "Do We Realize Where We Were and What We Are Now?" If there were no objections the addresser would be brought in.

Whalebone Howker arose, not to object exactly, but to inquire if the Hon. Standoff had brought any credentials with him. How did the club know but that he was a base impostor?

"Brudder Howker!" sharply replied the president, "do you emagine dat I would take a pusson into my own cabin an' loan him a clean shirt an' purvide him wid a pipe and terbacker, if I did not know dat he was all right?"

"N-no, sah."

"Den you kerflop yerself down into your cheer, an de less we hear of you fur de next two weeks de better it will be fur all hands round!"

THE HON. STANDOFF.

The distinguished stranger was then ushered in. He appeared to be a person about six feet high, lame in the left leg, of sanguine temperament, and to be possessed of great presence of mind. He bowed right and left, smiling like a tickled baby, and began his address by saying:

"Nobody knows how good it makes me feel to stan' in de shelter of dis famous ole Paradise hall an' look down upon de 200 faces turned up to de shingles. If my sister hadn't taken a noshun to die, an' if I hadn't got a half-fare ticket to come dis way, I might nebber hev sot eyes on dis famous aggregation of wisdom prudence an' progreshun. [Cheers.]

"Whar' war' de cull'd people of dis kentry twenty y'ars ago? Let your memories run back to de close of de wa'. We war' men in statoo, but chill'n in intelleck. On de day dat peace was declar'd, had you put me down in Cincinnati wid a $20 bill in my pocket I should hev bin helpless. Your wise president here couldn't hev told whether a shotgun loaded from in front or behind. Had you asked Sir Isaac Walpole who Shakespeare was, he would hev crawled under de bed in confushun. Trustee Pullback had de 'Pilgrim's Progress' all mixed up wid de Pirate's Promenade.' Waydown Bebee didn't know whether de Ohio ribber emptied into de Mississippi or Salt creek. [Great applause.]

"We war' chill'en in feelin' an' ackshun. De tones of de fiddle war' mo' to us den dan de voice of Progress am now. If we had hoecake an' bacon we war' content to let de rest of de world hev poetry, science, art an' wealth. Our religun might hev him all right, but de rest of us war all wrong. In our ignorance, de sun rize on de plantashun ob de east of us an' sot on de one to de west. De world was composed of about fo' staats, an' all de knowledge an' wisdom was supposed to be carried under de hats of a dozen white men." [Agitation.]

Here the orator paused to wipe his brow and straighten up his wilted collar, and when he had got his second wind he continued:

"Now, fur whar' we are. Take de finest ile paintin' in de land an' walk into any barber shop in de kentry an' you'll find men to criticise it. Dey'll pint out de fack dat de foreground has skipped a cog, or dat de perspective corkscrews too much. Dey'll light down on a bad sky like a hawk on a chicken an you kin trust 'em to diskiber anyth ng wrong wid a waterfall or a side hill. [Cheers.]

"While men who come to us an' look wise an' talk about de sciences am astonished to find dat dey am barking up de wrong tree. We has got dar! Sewer gas keep jus' as far away from de cabin of de black man as from de palace of de white. De science of government am discussed ober our dinner pails as often as in de halls of legislashun. Nateral philosophy has to keep dodgin' to get out o' our way. [Prolonged applause.] De cull'd race was a long way back when de last gun was fired, but dey has bin traublin' on a run ever since.

"I should like to talk to you fur two hours, [cheers] but de occashun am not propitious. If anybody among you has any doubts dat our race has not passed de three-quarter pole let him sot out and trabble a few miles. I shall now pass on to see my dying sister, and I shall always remember dis event wid de moas' malignant pleasure. In wishin' you farewell, permit me to use de words of Socrates to de Egyptians: 'Cum dig Solis.'"

PENSTOCK TRIES A SHOT

Giveadam Jones moved that a vote of thanks and the freedom of the city be tendered to the orator, and added that he hadn't had anything do him so much good since watermelons went out of market.

"I hope dat moshun will not prevail," said the Rev. Penstock, as he bobbed up. "I claim dat de greater part of dat speech was stolen bodily from one I delivered in Richmond six y'ars ago!"

"It doan' seem possible," replied the president.

"But I am suah of it, sah. I worked fur three weeks on dat speech, an' I remember almos' ebery word of it."

On motion of Waydown Bebee a committee of two went out to find the Hon. Standoff and bring him in to face the music, but he had gone. Also, Elder Raffle's pug hat, Samuel Shin's overcoat and a lantern belonging to Antimony Johnson.—Detroit Free Press.

Crushing the Old Beau.

"My darling, I shall love you as long as I live."

"That is not enough for me. I want a husband that will love me as long as I live."

Prepared to Knock 'Em Out.

"Maria," said the preacher, Saturday afternoon, after having read his sermon aloud to her, "what do you think of it? Have I not portrayed the evils of Sunday newspapers in a way that must affect the congregation?"

"Indeed you have, John," was the reply.

"I thought so," said the preacher. "I feel that in this sermon I have fully demonstrated the iniquity of Sunday publications. I trust there will be a large congregation tomorrow. By the way, Maria, did you attend to mailing the notice of my sermon and its subject to all the newspapers, so that it will appear in the morning?"

She said she had attended to it.—Chicago Tribune.

It Was Duly Received.

"Robby," whispered young Featherly, "did your sister Sadie get a note from me last night? It was written on pink paper."

"I guess she must have got it," said Robby, "'cause when she came down to breakfast this morning her hair was done up in pink curl-papers."—Harper's Bazar.

FOREIGN MINISTERS.

WASHINGTON LETTER ON THE DIPLOMATIC GENTLEMEN.

Very Important in Society, but Not Having Much to Do Otherwise—The Spanish Author and the Beau From Denmark.

[Special Correspondence.]

WASHINGTON, March 2.—Only two foreign governments have permanent legation residences at Washington. These are the British and German.

BRITISH LEGATION RESIDENCE.

Twenty-five foreign governments have state representation at Washington. The British legation is, of course, at the head. The official residence is a handsome and commodious house, brown, with white stone trimmings. It is near P street circle, in that enchanted part of Washington which always puts the small letters "N. W." after its address upon a card. The magic letters mean "northwest," in the northwest part of the city, and indicate the fashionable living neighborhood of the capital. "N. W." is the Fifth avenue of Washington. A house may be handsome, healthy and in the best of repair, but it rents for a third or more less if it is not "N. W."

The Alpha and Omega of presentation in the snob world of Washington used to be to be introduced to the British minister, when Sir Edward Thornton was the official representative. It is not so to quite the same extent now, though the present British minister, Hon. Lionel Sackville West, still leads all the rest of the diplomatic corps socially. (Some wicked newspaper men call it the diplomatic corpse.)

Minister West is a very able diplomatist. He has been trained to it from boyhood in Europe, where state trickery is as much a profession as that of the soldier. Some of the wily old foxes in Germany or Russia could probably overreach Mr. West in gambling for international advantages, but certainly nobody in America can. It is said he quite got the better of our astute state department in the matter of the Canada fisheries last spring. But, indeed, nobody in America is ever trained to diplomacy. We had men who understood the trade during the early days of the republic, but they are all dead. Our representatives abroad are guileless babes in the hands of European state managers.

Minister West is a widower, and his daughters keep house for him.

RUSSIAN LEGATION.

The residence of the Russian legation is a rented building, but a stately private residence. The Russian minister is Baron Charles de Struve, who is out of the country most of the time. The affairs of the realm of the White Czar, what little there are, are in charge of Mr. Alexandre Iswolsky, secretary of legation. The fine house in the picture is in the most fashionable part of K street.

Monsieur Theodore Roustan is the French envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary. That is the full official title of the boss representative of a foreign court. The minister from our sister republic across the water is a dark, lively individual whom the ladies like very much. For one thing, they are sure he is a bachelor. Most of the diplomatic corps pose as bachelors in Washington, although it is said that many have left wives and families behind them. The bachelorhood of a member of the diplomatic corps here is a very uncertain quantity.

The German minister, Baron Von Alvensleben, is another single man, but he keeps house to himself in the mansion owned by his government on Fifteenth street.

The Italian minister is Baron de Fava, who tries to make believe that diplomacy in America amounts to something, but he can't make it out. He is a handsome, dark eyed, white haired man.

SPANISH LEGATION RESIDENCE.

The Spanish headquarters is a plain house on Massachusetts avenue. The minister is Senor Don Juan Valera. He is the most literary man in the diplomatic corps. I don't know whether he is otherwise a Don Juan or not. If countries took rank according to the intellectual ability of their representatives here Spain would go up head. Senor Valera is an author of much distinction in his own land. He is soon to leave Washington, however.

Five of the diplomats are married to American wives. One of them is the Mexican representative, Senor Romero. He was Gen. Grant's great friend. The Chilian minister also, Senor Godoy, has an American wife. He is a cross-grained, chuckle-headed old creature whom nobody likes. Probably his wife has got quite enough of marrying a fascinating foreigner by this time.

The greatest masher in the lot is Count de Lovenom, the Danish minister. He is no great things of a diplomat, but he is tremendous in society. He is a handsome man and a great dandy in his dress.

The Austrian minister, Baron Von Schaeffer, is absent. The gentlemen herein named are the leading ministers at present in Washington. All speak French, the language of diplomacy. One reason our illustrious American statesmen appointed to foreign lands cut no great figure officially is that not one in 10,000 of them can speak French. Linguistic education is neglected abominably in this country.

SARAH KING.

Two of Congressman Burleigh's strong points are his emphatic language and his avers on to dress coats. When he left home his wife said: "Now, my dear, I have only two things to ask of you. I want you to give up swearing, and to wear a dress coat on proper occasions." "I would do anything, my dear, to please you," was the congressman's reply, "and I have fully determined not to swear any more, but I will be d——d if I will wear a dress coat."—Ex.

A concession has been granted by the Swiss government to a firm of electrical engineers at Geneva for making a railway up Mont Salene, near that place. The line will be made with a central rack very similar to that of the Righi line, the toothed pinion which works into it being driven by machinery.

A remarkable explosion which occurred in Germany shows the force possessed by dust. A sack of flour, falling down stairs, opened and scattered the contents in a cloud through the lower room, where a burning gas flame set fire to the dust, causing an explosion which lifted a part of the roof of the mill and broke almost all the windows.

Inoculation for snake poison has been practiced in Dutch Guiana for centuries, it is said. A poisonous snake is enraged, killed, its glands cut out, dried and pulverized. Then a slight scratch is made in the wrist, and a minute particle of the venomous dust rubbed into it. After that it is claimed that the person inoculated can be bitten by snakes and escape poisoning.

SENATORIAL SCENES.

SOME OF THE FIGURES IN THE UPPER HOUSE.

Senator Sherman as a Presiding Officer. Senatorial Snuff — The Ignorance of Some of the Fashionably Clad Women Who Look Down From the Galleries.

[Special Correspondence.]

WASHINGTON, March 1.—I give you today some pictures of the United States senate, or the American house of lords. It is composed of seventy-six members—many rich, a few poor, and all respectable. Visitors at Washington are disgusted with the dirt of the house of representatives, and are delighted with the solemn decorum of the senate. The gallery loafer can on ordinary days sleep here undisturbed, and the nervous may usually visit the senate without fear of being shocked. The average day in the United States senate is of little interest even to the senators themselves. The speaker on the floor at such times talks to the empty air, and his brother senators, knowing that he is making his speech chiefly for his constituents, go on with their chatting, reading and their writing of letters as though he was not in existence. Still the senate chamber is full of interest. The chamber itself covers the fourth of an acre, and its galleries rise from its four sides like those of a great rectangular circus pit in which the visitors can look down on the senatorial animals performing below. Each new congress makes many changes in the personnel of the actors, and death adds to these during nearly every session. Young Senator Chace to-day holds the gray-bearded Anthony's seat, and in the president's chair, where the pleasant-eyed, smooth-faced Henlricks sat last spring, John Sherman, grave and gray-bearded, holds the gavel.

Senator Sherman makes a good presiding officer. He is tall and thin, and he sits bolt upright while he watches the proceedings go on. The desk in front of him, of carved mahogany, seldom feels the weight of more than his wrist, and he keeps this continuously moving when the senate is quiet in turning over and over the little round ivory cylinder which forms the head of the handless gavel.

When he calls order he pounds the table with this, and there have been no scenes this session in which he has not been able to enforce it. Senator Sherman is now in his thirty-first year of public life and he has served more terms in the senate than any other member. He is the oldest man in point of service in the public life of the country to-day, though by no means the oldest in point of years. The two oldest senators, Payne and Morrill, are each thirteen years older than Sherman, and John A. Logan, with hair like the raven's wing, is no younger than Sherman. The difference between Logan and Edmunds shows the folly of trying to estimate men's ages by their looks. Edmunds is four or five years younger than Logan, but he looks twenty years older. His head is half bald, and his beard is like snow. His shoulders are stooped, and he rarely laughs. Logan steps about like a gamecock. Edmunds moves as though the weight of the country was, as it is to some extent, resting upon his shoulders.

In front of the vice-president, at a desk on a platform below him, sit the clerks, and on the steps leading to the vice-president's chair are generally a number of small boys, with badges of white metal the size of a trade dollar upon their coats. These boys receive nearly $3 a day. They are the pages, or errand boys, of the senate, and that tall, half-bald man, with long gray whiskers and thin, silky gray hair, which curls as it falls upon his coat, is Capt. Bassett, their ruler. Capt. Bassett is often taken for Senator Edmunds. He sits in a great, leather-cushioned chair, just below Vice-President Sherman, and he feels the dignity of his position perhaps more than any man in the senate chamber. Little page boys sit on the steps beside him, and he thumps them on the head when he orders them to go on errands. For fifty-four years Capt. Bassett has been in the employ of the senate, and he has not missed half a dozen days during that time. Away back in 1830, when he was a black haired boy, like the smallest of these pages over whom he now rules, Daniel Webster took him on his knee and asked him if he would not like to be a senate page. He replied yes, and the thing was done. Since then he has been continuously in service at the Capitol, and he has seen generation after generation of senatorial great men rise and fall. He heard the great debate of Webster and Hayne, and he says the most wonderful speaker he has ever known was Henry Clay. He knew Calhoun, saw Brooks strike Sumner, and was a great friend of Sam Houston. He can talk to you by the hour about the vice-presidents of the past, and he will relate with a laugh how Martin Van Buren borrowed fifty cents of him to buy snuff while he was vice-president and went away forgetting to repay it. The senators were great snuff takers in those days, he will tell you, and they used to keep a snuff box on the vice-president's desk. Van Buren, Clay and Fillmore all snuffed and Van Buren gave Bassett fifty cents a week to keep a supply of snuff

on hand for the senators who used the titillating powder. Now the snuff used by senators is paid for by the government, and in a wardrobe-like case back of the senate chamber big, sealed bottles of snuff are kept. When Fillmore was president he got tired of the senators rushing up to his desk and sticking their fingers into his snuff box, and he bought two little boxes and fastened them on a ledge of the wall on either side of him. These boxes remain there to-day, and they are kept full of snuff, though but few senators use them. Senator Thurman was a great snuffer, and Senators Brown, Edmunds and George (of Mississippi) occasionally now patronize the senatorial snuff box. Capt. Bassett says he learned to snuff by smelling his fingers after carrying pinches to Henry Clay, and he tells me he has great trouble in keeping the page boys from getting in the same habit.

The senators sit behind little mahogany desks, in three half-moon rows rising one above another, facing the vice-president and the clerks. Just below the clerks' desks, at two little tables, sit the senate reporters. These men are the fastest shorthand writers in the country. They take down the proceedings of the senate, and every word that is uttered by senators upon the floor. The chief of them is a wiry little fellow of about 51 years of age, who is paid $25,000 a year for doing the work. That little fellow at the right-hand table is he. His name is Dennis F. Murphy, and his title is the official stenographer of the senate. He looks more like a $1,200 department clerk than a man with a net income of perhaps $15,000. Not over five feet eight, he does not weigh more than 125 pounds. His head is of a light brown, his little head is beginning to grow slightly bald; but as far as activity and good humor is concerned, he is in the prime of life. Dennis F. Murphy is as well known to the great men of the country as any man in America. He has been reporting speeches since 1860, and he has been connected with the senate for a full generation. He was the leading short-hand man in the trial of President Lincoln's assassins, and he has reported all of the senators from Webster until now. "Daniel Webster," he says, "talked very slow. Henry Clay averaged about 150 words a minute, and the fastest speakers we have to-day are Senators Beck, Morgan, Hawley and Plumb. The average of senatorial speaking to-day is about 150 words a minute, though some senators range as high as 200, and some at times 225.

During a lively session of the senate the galleries fill up as if by magic. The rising benches are seated with a crowd of Washington cosmopolitanism. The blue seats set aside for the diplomats are filled with foreign ministers. The gold and white division known as the press gallery is alive with correspondents, who, with telegraph messengers at their side, write page after page to be put upon the wire almost as fast as it leaves their pens. The reserved gallery set aside for the senators' families is crowded with a kid-gloved throng and the general audience seats have all classes, from the Washington loafer who comes here because it is cheaper to sit in the senate than to have a fire in his room, to the gray-haired old claimant who has sat for years in the gallery hoping that his dead bill may come to life again. The bald-headed negro who is chief of the debating society is in the gallery, gathering stray bits of information on parliamentary law, and near by him sits a bride and groom, who think they are watching the senate, but who, it is very evident, are interested in no one but themselves. I often take a seat in these galleries and listen with amusement to the conversation going on around me. One day I heard a bride say to her black-haired groom, as she gazed down on the rosy expanse of Senator Edmunds' bald head: "Oh, Edmund, I wish your head was like that!"

"And why?" asked Edmund. "I don't."

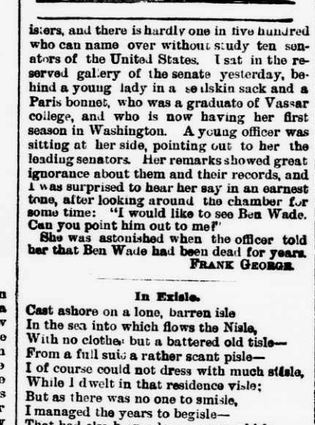
"Oh, it would be such a nice place to kiss," was the silly bride's remark.

Senator Edmunds' usual position in the senate is sitting in his chair upon his spine, with his elbows resting upon his breast and his chin upon his hands. In this position his bald head shows up at the galleries as fair and rosy as that of a milkmaid's cheek. The skin is almost transparent in its whiteness, and the fine silky hair which surrounds the oasis of baldness is as white as frosted silver. It shines as though it were polished, and it does not look as though it ever had had or ever would have a coat of hair.

It is wonderful how much ignorance is shown by strangers who come to Washington, and especially by ladies, as to public men and affairs. I venture that not more than one well-educated girl out of a hundred can give the names of all the president's cabinet ministers, and there is hardly one in five hundred who can name over without study ten senators of the United States. I sat in the reserved gallery of the senate yesterday, behind a young lady in a sealskin sack and a Paris bonnet, who was a graduate of Vassar college, and who is now having her first season in Washington. A young officer was sitting at her side, pointing out to her the leading senators. Her remarks showed great ignorance about them and their records, and I was surprised to hear her say in an earnest tone, after looking around the chamber for some time: "I would like to see Ben Wade. Can you point him out to me?"

She was astonished when the officer told her that Ben Wade had been dead for years.

FRANK GEORGE.



In Exile.

Cast ashore on a lone, barren isle
In the sea into which flows the Nile,
With no clothes but a battered old tile—
From a full suit a rather scant pile—
I of course could not dress with much style,
While I dwelt in that residence vile;
But as there was no one to smile,
I managed the years to beguile—
That had else been a long weary while—
With many a stroll in my tile,
And many an innocent wile.
That kept in good order my bile;
Till a ship that sailed many a mile
Brought me home from my dreary exile,
And I this way the tale place on file,
With the trust that it no one will rile.

—Norristown Herald.

"Only a Dime for a Crust of Bread."

Rude was the man in speech, and rude
In raiment, and bowed with decrepitude.
With crutch and cane at either side,
Like a figure by Dore typified—
A green shade over his bulging eyes,
Ever astare, in their ghastly guise,
Repulsively, yet appealingly,
As he begged the dole of a dime from me.

I paused as the great crowd surged ahead—
"Had no supper last night—ner bed—
Ner a cup o' coffee at breakfast time—
Ner a rusk at noon! And the fact is I'm
A-starvin' here in the city street
For a dime to buy me a crust to eat!"

And I flushed, as I thought of the shameless wrong—
Is he thus so shunned by the soulless throng—
The hundreds and thousands that pass him here!
But, even as I feel the rising tear,
I felt in my pocket's depths, alack!
My own lone fortune of one greenback—
And I stayed my hand in its upward range
Scarcely to say that I had no change.

"Ef I could work like I ust to do,
I wouldn't be beggin' to-day of you!
See what a hackin' cough I got—
Lungs jes' stuffin' off,—like as not!
And old—and my eyes almost clean gone—
And I can't stay here, and I can't go on!
But it won't be long till I sit my crutch
On the shores where a dime haint worth so much!"

Grotesque pathos! I smiled through tears,
Calming the old man's doubts and fears
With the crumpled note which I said should be
Changed at once as he waited me.
But he stopped me short, as I turned to go—
"Oh, you'll no come back agin! No, no!
What's the size o yer bill?" said he,
As I unfolded it dazedly.
"Only a one! Why sakes alive!
Feared I was runnin' against a five—
I'm bluffed so much by you high-toned gents!"
And back in my palm dropped ninety cents.

—James Whitcomb Riley.

Where Man Dwindles.

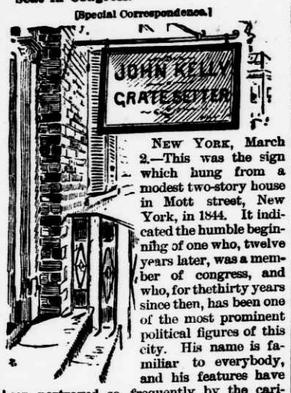
If a man wants to know how insignificant he is, just let him go with his wife to the dressmaker's.—Newark Register.

JOHN KELLY.

THE REMARKABLE CAREER OF "THE BEST ABUSED MAN IN AMERICA."

A Born Leader—Begins Work as Office Boy to the Elder Bennett—From a Mason and Grate Setter He Rises to a Seat in Congress.

[Special Correspondence.]



NEW YORK, March 2.—This was the sign which hung from a modest two-story house in Mott street, New York, in 1844. It indicated the humble beginning of one who, twelve years later, was a member of congress, and who, for thethirty years since then, has been one of the most prominent political figures of this city. His name is familiar to everybody, and his features have been portrayed so frequently by the caricaturists that even children will recognize it. I know for a fact of the editor of an illustrated paper, who at one time instructed his artists to remember that when timely subjects did not present themselves, a cartoon on John Kelly was always in order, and I have seen him on a street car perusing this very paper, and watched the merry twinkle in his eye when he found a humorous representation of himself. John's strong characteristic was his unostentatiousness, and for that reason people know very little about his private life.

Meeting Mr. J. Fairfax McLaughlin on Broadway the other day we talked about the old "boss." Mr. McLaughlin had been associated with Mr. Kelly for some thirty years and has published his life. He said: "Yes; I probably know more of Mr. Kelly than any living man. He was born in New York city, April 20, 1822. His father died when he was 8 years old.

When The New York Herald was in its infancy, young Kelly walked in to the office one day and asked the elder Bennett if he wanted an office boy. Bennett was a good judge of character and quick in deciding. He talked with the youth a few minutes, then told him to go to work. He became a great favorite with Bennett, and when at length he grew older and determined on learning a trade, so as to better support the large family that was depending on him, Mr. Bennett offered him strong inducements to remain, and on parting with him predicted that he would succeed anywhere. The elder Bennett was as strong a friend of Kelly's as the present Bennett is a bitter enemy. Kelly learned the trade of soapstone cutting and grate setting, at which he afterward made a considerable fortune. He proved to be a remarkably shrewd business man and his faith in the future of New York city was so great that with every $200 or $300 he would get, he bought a lot up town. these lots are worth to-day from $5,000 to $10,000, and Mr. Kelly is reported to be a millionaire. Though his charity has been distributed most secretly, it is estimated that he has dispensed a quarter of a million dollars in that way. When a young man John was notable as an athlete. The notorious John Morrison said of Kelly that he had the build of an ideal pugilist. Though the cartoonists have always represented him as a dumpy man, he is nearly six feet in height and weighs about 240 pounds. He ran with the "fire laddies" in his early days and made hosts of friends, who elected him alderman in 1853. Tweed, of ring fame, afterwards said of this body: "There never was a time before that you could not buy the board of aldermen, and if it was not for John Kelly's severity you could buy it now.

JOHN KELLY'S RESIDENCE, NEW YORK.

In 1854 he was elected to the thirty-fifth congress. He resigned his seat before his last term was completed to take the office of sheriff of this county, to which he had been elected. It