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When the upbuilding of Tarrant county is under consideration the town and country are a unit.

If the New York Herald really wishes to name the ticket, why not hoist it? Cleveland and Carlisle.

The people of Tarrant are surely awakening to the importance of home markets and home manufactures.

OVER 180 natural gas and oil companies have been organized in the state of Ohio during the past sixteen months.

The Alliance cotton yard established at Fort Worth will be the means of bringing 75,000 bales of cotton to this place.

The railroads usually know where to locate their headquarters. Fort Worth is selected only because of superior facilities.

FORT WORTH is conceded to be the live stock center of Texas. Stock yards which will rival East St. Louis should be erected.

The St. Louis, Arkansas and Texas Railroad will build from Greenville, via Plano and Grapevine to Fort Worth, on a line just fourteen miles north of Dallas.

While the people of the town are working for big stock yards, let the people of the country labor to have the roads straightened, and all work together for factories.

RAILROAD headquarters are gathering at Fort Worth. The mist that precedes the torrent is beginning to fall. The boom is coming on with the days that lead up to October.

The citizens of Tarrant county will divide on prohibition, each voting his honest convictions. On the question of cotton yards, stock yards and factories all will vote "yes."

If the Dros do have that grand state convention on the 4th of July Fort Worth is the place to have it. This city can be reached by rail from every direction and has an abundant supply of pure water.

The people of Tarrant county mean business, a large majority of the executive committee of the bureau to promote agriculture and manufactures being from the county. They will find hearty co-operation in the city.

NO MATTER how the prohibition question is settled, the spirit of intolerance should be cried down. Those people who pelt public speakers with rotten eggs should understand that they are besmirching the fair fame of Texas, and that our people will not submit to it.

MRS. SECRETARY WHITNEY is heading a movement for the maintenance of a school for "training of servants." Mrs. Whitney cannot hope to succeed. Good servants are quite necessary, but nobody wants to fit themselves for a life of servitude. The poorest of Americans hope for the day when the bottom rail will be on top—they live and die hoping.

"We only want to tap Jay Gould a little," said one of the Austin train robbers. There is a flavor of Robin Hoodism in the remark which, in some minds, will tend to palliate the crime. People forget that the offense committed, while it may bring loss to Mr. Gould, is still an offense against the laws of the country. In the eyes of the law Jay Gould does not appear as the injured party; society is the sufferer and organized society will be the prosecutor if the robbers are caught.

IN THE year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and eighty-two, on the 19th day of July, in the city of Galveston, the Democratic party of Texas declared itself "opposed to the present system of national banks and all banks of issue, and favor a free coinage of gold" and so forth. Other Democratic states have done the same thing. We have a Democratic administration and a Democratic Secretary of the Treasury, but strange to say, he seems to be in no particular hurry about calling in the bonds which form the ground work of the national banking system. In the goodness of his heart he may be desirous of leaving our orators something to air their powers of declamation over, or perhaps, he is one of those who believe a national debt is a national blessing—to a national bank.

"CITY AND COUNTRY."

The local columns of THE GAZETTE yesterday recorded a union of forces that once thoroughly mobilized will bring untold good to town and country. The city of Fort Worth and Tarrant county have joined hands in an effort for material progress and common benefit, and this effort should have the hearty co-operation of every man in town and county. It must be apparent to the dullest comprehension that the interests of town and county are mutual and reciprocal, and the result of any effort made by them a common one. Had Fort Worth 50,000 people, every acre of land within reach of it would be enhanced in value, not only as a salable property, but as a productive investment. With 50,000 people in the city, "truck farming" within reach of the city would be more profitable than the cultivation of cotton. The lands of northern and eastern sections are not held at \$150 to \$200 an acre because they are richer and more productive than those of Texas which sell at from \$5 to \$25, but because large town and city populations provide a market easy of access to the products of those lands; those lands are made more valuable, to hold as well as to sell, by the demands of the town people for what is produced on those lands. The growth and progress of the town is impossible without corresponding benefit to the country.

And the reverse is true. Could Tarrant county be given to-day a large population the needs of those people would promote the trade of the town and attract more tradesmen whose wants would provide a larger market for the products of the farm. Neither town nor country can advance without promoting the advancement of the other, and the obvious policy is that which has now been inaugurated, to the end that the common good may be the more substantially and the sooner attained. When Newton and Morris and Evans and Stephens and Dwigliss and Jobling and Latimer and Hudson and such men from the county inaugurate movements to put factories and people with mouths to feed in Fort Worth, they simply set on foot movements to provide home market for farm products that will enrich farm owners. And when Van Zandt and Smith and Cummings and Malone and Mitchell and such men join in an effort to provide a home market for farm products, they simply labor to promote the interests of their town; for there can be no good to one as there can be no evil to one, without good or ill to the other.

THE GAZETTE will not say this is a movement that should not be allowed to flag; THE GAZETTE says more: This is a movement that should be vigorously and persistently pushed. The good work has been inaugurated; let it include all the agencies that build up and cement and make permanently prosperous. The establishment of manufacturing enterprises will provide work for the unemployed, and furnish means to purchase the products of the farm. Add to these the means of ready communication between the producer and the consumer, which are found in good roads—not only straight roads but good roads, so that when the farmer has need to travel, he may select days when he cannot work and thus save time. As it is now when ugly weather prevents work on the farm it also prevents travel, and good roads are as essential to the building up of the farm as railroads are to the building up of the town. With factories and good roads there will come to town and county such prosperity as never entered the dreams of either.

PRESENT DISCONTENT.

This is a discontented world, to be sure. The Mormons are complaining loudly that they are the best persecuted set of mortals on the earth, on account of the Edmunds bill; the Chinamen on the Pacific coast is berating the inhumanity of the "Mellon man, who burns his laundry and attempts to drive him into the mild Pacific ocean; 40,000 skilled working men in Chicago are at war with their employers because the pay day will not be fixed for Saturday instead of Monday; the anarchists are threatening to destroy all property because they find some people owning more than themselves; the Irish are complaining of expatriation at the hands of insatiable landlords; the nihilists are continually planning the destruction of their rulers, and the French are frantic for an opportunity to "On to Berlin." And so the world over. There seems to be a settled discontent pervading all masses, all classes. Every class thinks that every other class is its mortal enemy. Strife and struggle for the mastery are found everywhere. Organization meets organization at every turn. Conflict succeeds conflict day after day. The laboring men combine to obtain more pay and shorter hours, which, for a time, carry all opposition, and in the fullness of power they are assailed and scattered by internal dissensions. Labor organizations unite and march in solid phalanx until the first turn in the road is reached, where they severally antagonizing battalions. Even the farmers and themselves driven into organization for self protection and mutual improvement, though they are the most forbearing and independent class of citizens in the country. The statesman, the student, the philanthropist and the demagogue are met daily by new and perplexing problems. The irrefutable logic of one day is the absurdity of the next. There seems to be nothing stable, nothing permanent, nothing just right in the affairs of mankind at present. New hopes and aspirations rise with every morning's sun, and the realization of these hopes for a time is the cherished ambition of many who find, when the task is accomplished, and apparently greater reform to achieve. With some classes, as with the Irish, the wrong is deep seated and hoary; grown over with the ivy of custom and enforced toleration until the hideousness of the fundamental wrong is almost lost to view. With other classes the cause of discontent is not apparent. In America, at least, it can safely be said that no people in any age were ever as prosperous, as free and independent and as intelligent. Our mechanics now enjoy a daily fare which, 300 years ago, would have been considered a feast for a king; our laboring men are certainly more intelligent, better fed, dressed and cleaner than were the English barons; and serfs we have none. At the ballot box, if the poorest among us exercises his undoubted rights, there is absolute equality; before the law all men stand on the same broad footing of universal sovereignty and the air of perfect and absolute freedom is breathed by all. An appeal to history should make us more contented. The clerk and the mechanic live in as great splendor and certainly in much more decency than did the English nobility, formerly. We have been progressing in the arts and sciences, accumulating wealth at a rate never before known, living in better houses, setting down to better dinners and sleeping in better beds. With all these advances discontent has kept pace. The dissemination of intelligence has engendered greater desires and loftier ambitions among the people. The sudden transition from poverty, or at least a modest competency, to fabulous wealth, has aroused a spirit of emulation, and the occasional success of audacious rascality has induced many to lay aside all scruples and conscientious niceties about the methods of securing it. Our political teaching has also been of a deleterious nature. In his annual round the office seeker expends his eloquence in picturing present miseries which exist only in imagination and future blessings altogether Utopian. It is easy enough to conjure up a beautiful ideal; widening it to practical utility usually renders it commonplace. We forget apparently that there is a vast difference between an ideal and a reality, and that we should halt with delight any not intolerable approximation of the former. While an effort to better one's condition is laudable, it should never take on the sabbatic form of murmuring and discontent. Americans are better off than any other nationality under the sun. We have as proud a patrimony, as glorious a history and as bright and encouraging a future as any other nation. Those of us who feel aggrieved, should ask of the downtrodden of Europe—those whose chief ambition in life is to set foot upon our soil and become one of us—what land in all the globe is the brightest and best, and he will tell you that it is the land over which floats the stars and the stripes.

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A Bad Character.
Philadelphia Record.
Character counts for something. If the Standard Oil Company had never entered into dark and dubious arrangements with transportation companies to ruin the business of competitors, or if it had ever shown a disposition to live and let live in the conduct of its various undertakings, the Buffalo jury men might have given it the benefit of a doubt in considering the charge of conspiracy. But the past history of the Standard Company is a history of successful conspiracy against the welfare of the whole number of persons engaged in producing and refining petroleum. The specific device imputed to it in Buffalo had not, therefore, the novelty of unexpectedness. A monopoly which had made it the business of years to ruin thousands of people and to rob millions would hardly be deemed incapable of procuring the destruction of the property of a single competitor by any means in its power. The case against the Standard may not have been so far made out as to have convicted a more reputable party, but the benefit which the doubt would have given an honest litigant was lost to a dishonest life. The verdict of the jury has been received with satisfaction as showing that the power of money cannot always bear down the scales of justice on the money side. However the litigation may end, something has been accomplished for which we may be thankful.

VIRGINIA'S SECESSION ORDINANCE.

It is in the Possession of a Widow of a Federal Soldier.
RICHMOND, Va., May 21.—Soon after the occupation of Richmond by the federal army in April, 1865, the Ordinance of Secession mysteriously disappeared from the statehouse, and was never heard of until a few days ago. A letter has been received here from the postmaster of a Minnesota village, in which he says that he has in his control the original ordinance of Secession passed by Virginia, and inquires how much the authorities will pay for it. The postmaster does not say that he has possession of the paper, but intimates that it belongs to the widow of a Federal soldier. It is understood that Governor Fitzhugh Lee will write to the postmaster apprising him of these facts and asking the officer to do what he can to see that this document is restored to the Virginia authorities.

A NOVEL MOTOR.

A Machine That Needs No Boiler, Engine or Coal.
After twenty years of study and experiment Mr. Albert Pietrowski, a machinist living in Tremont, has succeeded in inventing a new motor, which promises to revolutionize industry by dispensing not only with stationary engines and boilers, but also with the consumption of coal. His motor is simple in plan and construction. It runs without fuel, occupies little room, and may be built at a merely nominal cost compared with the cost of a steam engine. It has power enough to set in motion any large flour mill or factory.

Professor L. J. Boeck, formerly professor of engineering at the University of Virginia, describes the motor in a report as follows:
The new motor consists of two hollow wheels, each pair revolving on the same axis, but in opposite directions; each wheel is provided with grooved compartments, radiating from the center to the circumference. To put each pair of wheels in motion four iron balls of equal weight are put in the compartments of one and five into those of the other wheel. The ninth ball destroying the equilibrium and performing thus its share of work on the wheel is switched

off into an empty compartment in the other and adds its weight to continue the revolution. Each ball in turn performs the function of the ninth ball, and the two wheels are kept in motion until checked by some arrangement.
It is needless to say of how great importance the application of this new motor will be in the leading branches of our industry.
By using wheels of five feet diameter and balls of about thirty pounds in weight, 1000 to 1200 revolutions per minute, or a force amounting to four or five horse power, may be obtained. This force may be increased to 100 and more horse power, either by increasing the diameter of the wheels and the weight of the balls, or by increasing in due proportion the number of wheels and the number of balls.

A wheel sixty feet high, thirty feet above ground and thirty feet below ground, would furnish the same power as an engine of 100 horse power. Ten pairs of wheels each five feet in diameter would furnish fifty-horse power and occupy a small space. Fifty pairs of wheels would be united and would furnish 250 horse power, which would move a great weight, or the wheels could be used for a stationary engine and its boilers.
The great value of the new motor in industry is that it will cost nothing for fuel to run it, will make no smoke and will need no expensive engine room. It may be put up out of doors or in a shed. One man is required to oil it. It runs at a uniform speed, the number of its revolutions per minute being always the same. It may easily be stopped by applying a brake, and it may be started at any time, night or day, at a second's notice. There is no building a fire, shoveling in coal and getting up steam. You put your hand on a lever.
The motor starts.

CLEVELAND'S LETTER.

He Thanks a Grand Army Post for Indorsing a Veto.

WASHINGTON, May 21.—The Every Evening prints to-day the following autograph letter from President Cleveland:

WASHINGTON, D. C., May 18, 1887.
Mr. William G. Robelin, Quartermaster, Winona, Minn.

DEAR SIR: I am in receipt of your letter of the 7th inst., transmitting the handsomely engraved resolution of General U. S. Grant Post No. 13, approving my executive action in vetoing the dependent pension bill. It sometimes happens that official conduct clearly demands an imperative obligation of public duty is made difficult by counter-influences and inclinations which grow out of sympathy or by a disposition to follow with ease and comfort the apparent current of popular opinion. Those of our citizens not holding office and thus entirely free from the solemn obligation of public duty, often fail to realize that their public servants are to a large extent debared in official action from indulgence in these charitable impulses, which in private life is not only harmless but commendable. While privation should be regarded as one of the stern incidents of a faithful public life, it is gratifying to receive such expressions as are contained in the resolutions now before me.
Yours very truly,
GROVER CLEVELAND.

WHEAT PROSPECTS.

A Number of the Wheat States Report the Weather Too Dry.

CHICAGO, Ill., May 22.—The Farmers Review will print the following report summary this week: Our reports again show that some localities have been favored with beneficial rains, but, as was the case at the date of our former report, the majority of counties in all western states, except perhaps Missouri and Kentucky, need rain. Dakota is apparently in better condition as regards crops than any state reporting. Thirteen counties in Illinois report the average condition of winter wheat is 90 per cent. Damage by chinch bugs is reported in Bond, Jasper, Jefferson and Mercer counties, while rain is needed in DeWitt, Ford, Grundy, Lee, Mercer and Mason. The average condition of spring wheat in counties reporting this week is 90 per cent., but rain is needed.

Ten counties in Indiana report the condition of winter wheat at an average of 85 per cent. Reports for the state are, on the whole, good.
The weather in Michigan still continues very dry. Winter wheat in Bay county is injured 15 per cent. by insects. The average condition in Brock county is placed at 80 per cent. in Gratiot at 110 per cent., and Livingston at 100 per cent. Meadows and pastures are short from lack of rain.

Twelve counties in Ohio report the average condition of winter wheat as low as 66 per cent. The average is 100 in Columbia and Preble counties, but in Lake it falls to 30, and in Crawford, Putnam and Seneca 50 per cent.
Eighteen counties in Wisconsin report the average condition 85 per cent. Rain is badly needed.

In Iowa the average condition of winter and spring wheat is 100 per cent. and prospects are good. Chinch bugs are injuring winter wheat, while others are free from insects.

Wheat is in good condition in Kentucky.

Spring wheat is in very fair condition in Minnesota, but rain is needed in several counties.

In Missouri, eleven counties report average condition of winter wheat at 91 per cent. Buchanan, Moniteau, Monroe, and Wayne, and St. Charles counties report rain plentiful.

Local rains have fallen in Nebraska during the past week and wheat is in fine condition. Rain is still required in Colfax, Dixon and Fillmore counties.

Reports from Dakota are highly satisfactory and prospects for heavy crops are good. Percentages of conditions are beginning to show the effects of continued dry weather, but local rains have fallen in many districts and conditions may consequently be expected to improve should rain continue.

Hay crops will be light in most of the western states.

FIFTY YEARS IN BED.

Death of a Daughter of Governor Metcalfe After Half a Century of Suffering.

CARLEISLE, Ky., May 16.—Mrs. Rhoda D. McIlvain, aged seventy-eight, and for fifty years confined to her bed from spinal troubles, caused by a severe cold, died yesterday morning within a stone's throw of her childhood's home, Forest Retreat, being the daughter of Governor Thomas Metcalfe, and sister of Colonel Lou Metcalfe, at one time a resident of Cincinnati, and who is buried at Spring Grove Cemetery. Mrs. McIlvain was the mother of four children and twice married before the age of twenty-seven.

A Great Zinc Find.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., May 22.—A special train from Lamar, Mo., says at St. Iantha, seven miles west of here, prospectors for natural gas have encountered at a depth of 200 feet what is considered to be a rich bed of zinc. Experts pronounce it a zinc vein nine feet thick.

Mrs. Dure for Ringworm and Eczema, "Quintessence."

RECESS WORK.

Some Idea What a Senator Has to Do During the Recess of Congress.
Daily Routine Life.

A Servant to the Public During the Session, a Slave to Constituents During the Recess.

Letters to Read, and Letters to Dictate Departments to be Visited—How it is all Accomplished.

Special to the Gazette.

WASHINGTON, May 22.—"Give me four hours of your time and I will prove that the few Senators and Representatives who remain in Washington during the vacation of Congress have the worst 'rest' of work known to public men. Get into my carriage, and we will take a turn through the departments. Most people believe that Congressmen—and I mean by the word men in both Houses—have a picnic here when there is no session. Such an idea is fallacious—far from the truth. I would rather do the work of two months during the session than one month during recess. In the former instance it is the work of a statesman, in the latter that of a slave, that you may know just what it is and how it is done, I want you to go with me this morning."

Such were the words of an old and widely known United States Senator, spoken as his carriage stood in front of my office in Newspaper Row this morning. As the vehicle moved away on our journey, the senator said:

"We will go to the Executive Mansion first. My coachman knows the route I take every day, and I let him use his judgment as to where we stop first and last. He knows I must go to all the heads of departments before I am done. You will follow me into all the rooms I go to, and you will see that I am kept from your ears, and do nothing not intended to be seen by you. Only consider it all with simple secrecy."

In his hands the Senator carried a great bundle of documents—letters with envelopes, petitions, memorials, affidavits, and all the manuscripts to a well known official, and then he turned to me and said: "I am simply referring to Mr. Bayard. Have you concluded to appoint my man to be postmaster at the place I talked of yesterday? No! I hope you can see your way clear to do so at least sometime this week. And I have to call your attention to what I said in reference to pardoning the man I spoke of a few days ago. I am pleased to see you have not forgotten what I said, but am sorry you have not concluded to act. Pardon me for again reminding you of my young man who wants to go to West Point from a large."

The carriage wheels hummed till they stood in front of the War Department, only a block away. Here the Senator rushed up the great marble staircase and pushed me into the private room of the Secretary of War as though time was very precious. He merely said that was pleasant morning, laid down his bundle of documents, and began assorting from them he intended to lay before Mr. Endicott. As he handed them over he asked a personal reading, remarking that they were endorsements for a young man who wanted to receive appointment to a military cadetship; letters complaining that liquor was being sold on a military reservation in violation of law, and calling attention to certain acts of minor army officers, and then the Senator went out into the hall, and on his way to the room of the Secretary of the Navy, which is on the same floor. Without announcing himself, the Senator walked right into Mr. Whitney's room. He did not remove his hat, and instantly announced his mission.

"Nothing, I see, has been done towards countermanding the order for a court martial of the man from my state, and about which I have been here so often."

There were rapid strokes of good natured repartee, sharp dialogue, and away the Senator went, bound for the Department of State, at the south end of the same building, on the same floor, but cut off by a series of iron bars.

"Let me see, Mr. Secretary," said the Senator, addressing Mr. Bayard, "I have so much for you this morning that I scarcely know how to begin it. Here are applications for seven consulates, including duplicate endorsements for a British passport, the original papers of which I have just shown to the House of Representatives disproving the charges made against one of my consuls; three applications for passports; an appeal in the case of an American citizen in prison in a South Sea island; three claims against foreigners in foreign lands, and requests for consular reports affecting the wool industry of the Argentine Republic and South Australia."

Again the carriage moved away, and then stopped at the Department of Justice. Attorney-General Garland smiled as the Senator entered, and exclaimed:

"Your district attorney will be appointed this week. Now, there you are puzzled."

"So far so good," replied the Senator. "Now say the pardon of that miserable miscreant with half a dozen little children will issue and I will be happy. The crime was of no consequence, and it was his first. I will call again."

Secretary of the Treasury was at his desk in his private room. The Senator's bundle of documents was appreciably diminished, but he got a good assortment of miscellaneous matters from it. He presented further endorsements of applicants for positions in the customs and internal revenue services; a petition for importation for an amended ruling on certain imports, and a petition from exporters for an exactly opposite ruling on the same matter; a memorial for clemency from a man who had been arrested for counterfeiting in the manufacture of plate advertisements; a claim for royalties by a man who had pointed out a vein engaged in smuggling, and a remonstrance against the appointment of a man to be superintendent of a government building under the course of construction. Then the Senator went into the Third Auditor's office and laid before him war claims of various descriptions—for horses, for forage, for hay, etc., and hastened away to the second comptroller to see why the account of an army officer had not been adjusted.

"Now, I have but two rooms to visit in this department," said the Senator, "and they are those of the Superintendent of the Life Saving Service and the Registrar of the Coast and Geodetic Survey. I have paid something for assisting in the rescue of a ship a few years ago—his claim has been hanging fire—and in the other I will ascertain for a school teacher when the first bonds were registered, and in what amount and how long they were to run."

These missions were more or less tech-

nical in character, and the officers after listening to the wants explained said they would have replies ready in a few days.

As we went up the steps to the Interior Department to see Secretary Lamar, the Senator told me this place made him more trouble than any other executive branch of the government; that the questions growing out of land and Indian affairs were most perplexing; that patents were slowest in development, and that pensions were most numerous. Secretary Lamar sighed as the Senator entered, and said he was glad that he did not have to deal with an office-seeker this time.

"No," replied the Senator, "not an office-seeker, but an opinion-holder. Here are three of the most annoying questions in reference to making proof of land entries you have come in contact with since you sat in that chair. I want the highest judgment first, so there will be no appeal. And while I am at it I will present an appeal on a question relating to an Indian post-trader. Also a matter growing out of an eleemosynary institution under this department—the question of admitting a certain person."

Then the offices of the Commissioner of the General Land Office, Commissioner of Patents and the Principal Examiner were visited, and the bundle of documents reduced again.

"Now I have the most interesting part of my mission to perform," said the Senator, as we passed down the high steps and he cast his glances across the street to the Postoffice Department. "My colleague and I are rasping each other about some appointments in our state. I have recommended certain men for prominent postoffices and he is recommending others. I suspect that he is using unfair means to thwart me. I must see all the papers he has filed in the department, and must do it without attracting attention."

We entered the room of a clerk having charge of the papers relating to the postoffices, and postmasters in one state which the Senator asked to see all the papers filed in certain cases, and they were dumped out on a table. Quickly he ran over them, making a memorandum of the pertinent points. Then he asked for the papers upon which two postmasters had been recommended. I noticed how brow corrugate as he read these. More memorandums were made, many questions asked, and out he went.

"I have discovered," said the Senator, "that my colleague has been playing double; that my enemies have controlled the appointment of two postmasters who hate me—original applications were on false accusations, and that the location of a postoffice is about to be taken from me and placed with my opponents." The Superintendent of the Railway Mail Service got some of the Senator's documents, in the form of letters and recommendations for postal clerkships; also a petition to reinstate a clerk, and another to remove one. The Superintendent of Free Delivery was asked to send an inspector to two or three little cities to see if they were not entitled under the new law to free mail delivery. The First Assistant Postmaster General wanted to know after the Senator gave the names of more than a dozen fourth class postmasters for removal and as many more for appointment if there was anything he could do for the Senator, and when told "nothing, whatever," he smiled and said he hoped the senator would call when he wanted something.

"Now, Mr. Secretary," said the Senator, "our last building—the pension office. Here is a place I visit six days in the week when I am in the city. This is the bane of public men. We tramp here and pour over pension applications, write thousands of letters in a year, and get cured for our pains. Especially do I sympathize with the pension applicants. Those who get pensions through our efforts are generally thankful; but in their inner souls they believe they would have got them without our assistance. We can never explain a failure satisfactorily to an applicant. I will leave this bundle here. There are more than forty cases here—original applications, appeals, requests for increases of pensions, and for every phase of pension matters here is a cue."

When these matters were lodged with Commissioner Black I began to think of the end of my journey; but when we were again in the carriage I saw we were being driven toward the Capitol. The Senator explained that he kept his surplus documents and seeds in the committee-room, and would have to go there to execute some orders for constituents.

"I presume you mean requests," I observed.

"No orders," was the reply. "It used to be requested, now it is order. My constituents frequently write me, ordering garden seeds, documents, books of various kinds which I have to buy, especially the Revised Statutes of the United States, just the same as a merchant orders a bill of goods he expects to pay for."

Soon I discovered that not seeds and documents alone called my friend to the Capitol. He went to an officer of the Senate to see about the retention of an employee who was on the verge of dismissal. Then he attempted to get into numerous committee rooms to obtain information about documents filed there during the last Congress in cases now dead. Finally he drew from his pocket a memorandum of names of various kinds which constituents had requested, and he went to the document room for them. The afternoon was fast waning, and I observed that the Senator did not take his hat off at any place he visited. He had bolted right into the room of the Cabinet officers and announced his mission. The Senator explained that he kept his surplus documents and seeds in the committee-room, and would have to go there to execute some orders for constituents.

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Next we drove to the Coast Survey Office, and to the Botanical Garden—to the former for some technical information for a scientific constituent, and to the latter for some buds for a horticulturalist. We were now in the office of the Superintendent of the Coast and Geodetic Survey. As the carriage whirled along the Senator drew forth a memorandum book. He stopped at the Pennsylvania depot to inquire the cost of tickets to certain points, making a note of it; at a commission house he asked the price of certain produce, and jotted it down, and at a colporteur's he priced a natural hair switch of a certain grade of whiteness, indicating that there were aged women among the bothering constituents. When I asked him if he did the shopping for his family he replied that he never bought anything or priced anything for his family; that all he did was for constituents. Asked if he made this much work every day for his constituents, he replied:

"Much more than you have seen and heard I do every day. Why, I read and write letters and dictate over forty answers before I left my house this morning. When I get back I will read and sign those my

secretary has written out, and dictate a dozen more before dinner. These will be those I have been serving on this trip with you. For ten years I sat on the bench in my state, and I do more law business now than at that time."

"What part of your work do you consider most annoying?" I asked.

"In relations to federal offices—appointing positions and keeping men and women in or out of them