

CONGRESS OFFICERS.

DISTRIBUTION OF SENATE AND HOUSE PATRONAGE.

Always a Lively Scramble for Places at the Beginning of Each New Session, When There Has Been a Change of Administration.

Rewarding Party Fealty.

Washington, correspondence:

MORE than 200 anxious broad winners are interested in the outcome of the re-organization of the House at the beginning of each new session of Congress when there is a change of administration, for that number of salaried positions are vacated by the outgoing incumbents to be filled by representatives of the party coming in to power. The minor patronage connected with the offices of the sergeant-at-arms, clerk, doorkeepers, and postmaster render the contest for the elective positions interesting, inasmuch as the representatives taking part in the campaign expect to benefit by the result in providing for their customers. The majority of the positions included in the list of patronage at the disposal of the newly elected officials command lucrative salaries, and each Representative has a following of eager constituents anxious to fill the office and draw the emolument therefrom.

The clerk of the House does not have the largest amount of patronage at his disposal, but the respective offices in his department command the most attractive salaries. He himself draws \$5,000 a year and is required to give a bond of \$20,000. His is a position of some honor and more responsibility. The clerk has forty-three employees under him, commanding aggregate salaries of \$71,308 a year. His right-hand man, the chief clerk, draws \$3,000 per annum. The clerk appoints the journal clerk and an assistant, who keep the official record of the proceedings of the House; two reading clerks, who, of late years, have been selected by competitive examinations, indicating their ability to read to the satisfaction of the House; a tally clerk, who keeps track of the yeas and nay votes, together with a number of minor officials. There is one salary of \$3,000, four of \$2,500 each, seven at \$2,000 each, four at \$1,800 each, seven at \$1,600, two at \$1,400, two at \$1,200, and ten at \$720. He also appoints a carpenter, who earns about \$2,500 at piece work.

The sergeant-at-arms gets a salary of \$4,500, and is now compelled to furnish a bond of \$50,000. His most important duty is to take charge of the disbursement of the salaries of the members, their mileage and other perquisites. He is supposed to be responsible for the good order in the House, to preserve the peace among would-be belligerents, to prevent fights on the floor and to arrest absentees and bring them before the bar of the House when ordered to do so. The sergeant-at-arms dispenses one salary of \$3,000, two of \$2,000, one of \$1,800, one of \$1,200, one of \$720, and one of \$600. He also appoints one-third of the Capitol police, consisting of eight privates at \$1,200, one lieutenant at \$1,600, and two watchmen at \$1,000.

The doorkeeper of the House is paid the smallest salary of all the elective officers, except the postmaster and chaplain, but dispenses the largest amount of patronage. He draws \$3,500 a year, and is not required to give a bond. His duties are defined by his title. He guards the doors to the floor and the galleries, appoints elevator men, pages and folders. Under him there are five positions at \$2,000 each, one at \$1,800, three at \$1,500, one at \$1,400, one at \$1,314, sixteen at \$1,200, nine at \$1,000, fifteen at \$900, five at \$840, twenty-five at \$720, ten at \$600, and thirty-three pages at \$50 per month during the session.

The postmaster attends to receiving and delivering the mail of the members and to forwarding the public documents sent out from the Capitol. His salary is \$2,500 and he is not required to give bond. There are no securities in his office, for every man has to work hard. The postmaster appoints one clerk at \$2,000, ten at \$1,200, one at \$720 and eight men during the session at \$100 a month each.

The chaplain of the House draws \$900 per year, in session and out, and has an easy berth. He is supposed to open the House with prayer, and is not blamed if he makes it short. Sometimes the chaplain pays pastoral calls among the members of his flock during business hours, lingering after the House has assembled to chat with the members. He never aims at his congregation in his prayer, although in times of turbulence and great public excitement in the House he may try to invoke the spirit of peace and a blessing of wisdom upon the public councils. It is usual to elect a minister of the District of Columbia with a regular salary, for the emolument of the place is not large.

The Speaker of the House has a bit of patronage at his own disposal. He is allowed one clerk at \$2,350, one at \$2,250, one at \$1,600 and a messenger at \$1,900. The Speaker himself receives \$3,000 in addition to his regular salary of \$7,000 as a member for the added duties of the speakership.

The Senate Officers.

The patronage of the Senate is much less than that of the House, but the positions are usually more secure. Some of the employes have been in their present positions for many years. "Old Man" Bassett, as he is called, has been in the service of the Senate a little over sixty years, and there is but one Senator, Mr. Morrill, who has been continuously in the Senate during the term of employment of Mr. Nixon, the financial clerk, though he is still a young man. The Senate does not like repeated changes. There are but three elective officers—the secretary, the sergeant-at-arms, and the chaplain. The patronage, except committee clerkships, comes under the secretary and the sergeant-at-arms. The chaplain gets small pay and has no employes under him.

The sergeant-at-arms has the appointment of the acting assistant doorkeeper of the Senate, the postmaster and his subordinates, the superintendent of the document room and his subordinates, the superintendent of the folding room and his subordinates and the laborers, messengers and pages. This patronage is, in accordance with the custom of the State, apportioned according to a regular

system among the Senators, the minority getting a certain proportion. This apportionment being fixed at the beginning of the Congress, is not changed in any respect. If a vacancy occurs the Senator who had the original appointment is called upon to name some one to fill it, and if his choice is not satisfactory he is called upon to make another. Efficiency is always exacted of the employe, and every Senator has enough friends to prevent the right sort of man.

The clerks to the committees are appointed by the chairman of the various committees and do not form a part of the patronage under the elective officers.

CHICAGO'S CANAL.

It Is Hard to Grasp the Vastness of the Undertaking.

The drainage canal which Chicago is building between it and Lockport is nearly twenty-nine miles long and is a wonderful undertaking. Work on it is divided into twenty-nine sections. Given under contract to twenty different and responsible firms, the work on all these subdivisions is in full progress, and on two or three of them—and that in the most difficult rocky part—is already finished.

The width of the great trench at the bottom is nowhere less than 110 feet on the first nine sections from Chicago, while on other sections it will be 202 feet, to be reduced again to 160 feet. A large part of the excavation has to be made through a solid ledge of limestone, underlying the track of the Desplaines River. The width of the upper edges of the huge ditch will vary from 162 to 305 feet, the former width prevailing only on the ten solid rock sections of the excavations, where the walls are vertical and not sloping down as on the remaining nineteen subdivisions, which are excavated by digging, shoveling and dredging.

The clear water depth will be twenty-two feet. This will be uniform throughout, even at the lowest possible condition of Lake Michigan, which will feed the canal at the rate of 300,000 cubic feet a minute and later, when the bottom width of the first nine sections shall have been enlarged to 200 feet, at the rate of 600,000 cubic feet of water a minute.

From the estimates recently made there will have been removed by 1897, when it is expected the canal will be completed, 40,070,433 cubic yards of earth, or in other words, nearly two-thirds of the excavation of the newly opened Baltic canal, five-sixths of the Manchester canal, two-fifths of the Suez canal and three-tenths of the abortive Panama ditch. Of the 40,000,000 cubic yards of excavated soil, clay, gravel, broken stone and crushed primary rock fully 12,000,000 cubic yards alone will belong to the latter class, making the Chicago enterprise a really unique one.

A stroll along the works is highly novel. One sees big dredges, flanked by flying bridges and gigantic scoops, lading up whole loads of dirt at one sweep. One sees levitators of machinery expressly invented and built to dispose of the loose stone rubble and blasted pieces of rock along the second half of the "Big Ditch." Under the name of "cantilevers," they tower like oblique galleys of antediluvian monstrosity over the landscape, loosening, lifting and removing tons of blasted rock with no more exertion than that with which children handle their toys.

Along with these and kindred cyclopean devices, there is a whole army train of steam, gas, water and electric motors, together with from 6,000 to 8,000 men, 600 teams, numberless graders, carts and trucks, and finally an array of blasting machinery, needing five tons of dynamite as their daily bill of fare. During one month recently 1,199,616 cubic yards of earth and rock were excavated and the cost of this one month's work amounted to \$935,055.

In the beginning the cost of the work was estimated at between \$40,000,000 and \$45,000,000, but it is now estimated that at least \$20,000,000 will suffice to complete the work.

MEISSONIER'S STATUE.

Great Painter Is Represented as Seen in His Paris Studio.

A statue was unveiled in the garden of the Louvre at Paris last week in memory of Jean Louis Ernest Meissonier, one of the most celebrated painters of France, and the statue was the work of one of France's most celebrated sculptors, Marius Jean Antoine Mercie. The monument is in white marble. Meissonier is represented as he was seen in his studio, clad in a voluminous dressing gown, as in the portrait of himself which he painted



MERCIE'S STATUE OF MEISSONIER.

in 1880 for A. T. Stewart to accompany his most ambitious picture "1807."

Marius Jean Antoine Mercie, who wrought the statue, is one of the most famous of modern French sculptors, now 50 years old; he does not excel in statues of repose like this, but in statues or groups of action, such as his "Gloria Victis," a highly theatrical composition designed to console his country for the German defeat, which now stands in the Montholon Square in Paris. He is an officer of the Legion of Honor and has been medaled at the Salon and at international exhibitions repeatedly.

The large five-story building on Middle street, Lowell, Mass., known as the Parker Block, was almost destroyed by fire. The fire was aided by repeated explosions of whisky in barrels, which blew out the windows and created havoc in adjoining buildings. The total loss exceeds \$350,000.

THE PEOPLE'S MONEY

WHAT OF THE FUTURE?

THE fires in our furnaces and rolling mills will never glow with their old-time brightness, the bustle in our workshops and factories will never be renewed, our unemployed and hungry thousands will never find employment, and prosperity will never return to our depressed industries while wheat is 50 cents a bushel in the Chicago market. This is an absolutely correct prophecy. Restore prosperity to the farmer and every smokestack in the nation will pour forth its cloud of smoke, every boiler will throb with its imprisoned steam, and the wheels of our factories will again go round with their former vigor. But the stupid or the intentional enemy of the masses will say, with a contemptuous sneer, how can the price of wheat be raised when there is not enough demand for wheat to raise the price? The asking of such a question is a wretched commentary upon the intelligence of the man who asks it. No honest man, with intelligence enough to go to bed at night, but knows that there is to-day in this country a widespread demand for bread that cannot be satisfied because there is no money to make the demand practical; and every intelligent man knows that reason for this is found in the fact that an incompetent Congress, with either a profound dullness of perception or an astounding bluntness of conscience, has steadily legislated against the people's interests or failed to legislate at the bidding of professional capitalists and scheming corporations. Steadily for two decades has Congress been dealing blow after blow to our agricultural and other industries until, reeling under the unprovoked punishment, they finally sank into a lifeless stupor.

No such ravaging insanity in Government was ever before seen as the closing of one important class of mines of a country and the turning of thousands upon thousands of citizens out to beg and starve, simply to please an impudent, money-grasping, over-bearing foreign Government, on which our Congress would let loose the dogs of war if an Englishman would happen to spit on the American flag. To please Great Britain we adopt a course to starve Americans and to paralyze our industries, but are always ready to unload our guns and unloose our warships to defend a sentiment. The people are tired of such schoolboy statesmanship; tired of a Congress that legislates all the time for Europe; tired of the policy of curtailing the volume of American currency for the benefit of our own financial Shylocks and the robbers of Lombard street. There is no necessity for the present state of things; no need of a rich nation like this being a gigantic almshouse, and Congress is alone to blame. Turn out the incompetents and the rescuers, and put honest, capable business men in their places next year. Then, under a very little decent, common-sense legislation, prosperity will return and the future will be all right. —Farmers' Voice, Chicago.

Our National Mistake.

International free coinage is impracticable. It will never be adopted by gold-money-lending England, unless that country is forced to it by independent free coinage in other countries. England led the way in adopting the single gold standard, and by hoarding gold has brought nearly all the other nations to her feet. Her gold-producing colonies have greatly aided her in this policy. Nearly all the other nations, the United States included, demonetized silver at the bidding of England. England is the chief gainer by gold monometallism, the United States is the chief loser. By the remonetization of silver the United States would gain more than any other country could hope to gain by a similar policy. More than this, the United States would profit far more by independent free coinage than by international free coinage.

The resumption of the double standard monetary system, such as existed in this country previous to 1873, would depreciate the present dishonest value of gold to an extent that would save to the United States hundreds of millions of dollars in the payment of foreign obligations, even were all those obligations to be paid in gold. But the terms of the obligations do not demand gold. Therefore, this country, holding to the expressed terms of its contracts, should pay in coin of the standard value of 1870. That was silver and gold at the ratio of 16 to 1. Such are the clearly expressed terms of the \$163,000,000 of bonds sold principally abroad since the beginning of the last Cleveland administration. These bonds, however, are rapidly coming back to this country, and will reach here by the beginning of 1896.

Foreigners have no confidence that the United States will much longer cling to the single gold standard. They realize that such a policy is suicidal, and the great wonder abroad is that we do not return to the double standard at once. Had the same selfish monetary policy prevailed in the United States that has obtained in England for a century and a half, we would never have demonetized silver. It was the one great mistake of our national life. —Kansas City Journal.

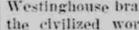
What Is It?

Richard M. Smith, a member of the Legislature of Texas, says: I favor the restoration of silver to the place it occu-

pled prior to 1873 as a full money metal, a place to which it is entitled by constitutional consecration, by the history and traditions of our people. It is, along with gold, the money of commerce, of civilization and of freedom—one of the inalienable rights of the people of this country. If the money of the constitution is not sound money I am not a sound money advocate, but there are two so-called sound money parties—the Republican and the Cleveland party, and to them we are indebted for the money we have. Is it sound? Do they call the silver dollar sound money? It is their creature. What is it? It is not redemption money, nor is it redeemable. It is not an honest measure of value, because gold is the legal standard and the metal of the silver dollar is worth but half as much as the metal in the gold dollar. It is not good credit money, because it is not legally convertible into standard money at the will of the holder. If not a fiat dollar, I repeat, what is it?

Monetary Science.

Political economy has been called "the dismal science." The most dismal branch of it, if men are to endeavor to force conclusions to fit some preconceived theory without reference to principles, is that which relates to money. The persistent determination to make the whole science subordinate to the absurdities of the gold standard has operated like a Westinghouse brake on the progress of the civilized world.



JOHN P. JONES.

But there is one principle of monetary science that, if held steadfastly in view, will constitute an unerring guide through what would otherwise be a path of inextricable difficulty. That principle is that the value of the unit of money in any country is determined by the number of units in circulation. In other words, the value of every dollar depends on the number of dollars out.

The greater the number of dollars out, other things being equal, the less will be the value of each dollar; the fewer the number out, other things remaining the same, and this without any regard whatever to the material of which the dollars are composed. This is the key to the financial situation in every land. Without this key it is in vain that the student attempts to unlock the door leading to the arcana of monetary knowledge. Unlike many of the locks made by man, the lock on that door is unpeckable. The household of science is one that thieves cannot break through and steal. He who would enter must first find the key. With this key in hand, the most secret recesses may be explored with confidence. Without it, the student travels in a circle, returning after much labor to the point from which he started upon his journey. Like one in a maze, when most confidently expecting to find his way out, he but sees himself coming up against impassable barriers.

If money were unlimited in quantity, it would have no value whatever. Nothing has value which is unlimited in quantity. If instead of sand the ocean beach were strewn with gold dust, it would have no value whatever as a commodity. Yet if that gold dust were taken up and coined into pieces of money, the number of such pieces being limited, they would have value precisely as gold pieces have value to-day. And, on the other hand, as Adam Smith says, if gold should reach a certain degree of scarcity, the slightest bit of it might become as valuable as a diamond.

May Wait Forever.

The gold men say, "Oh! yes, bimetalism is the proper thing, certainly, but we must wait for the other fellow to join hands and make it international." They know, you know, and everybody ought to know, that we may wait until the end of time for England to assent. Its financiers labored in season and out more than half a century to effect the demonetization of silver. It was a great scoop. They got some of our great men—our best citizens—to see it their way, and before we knew it, they had us foul. Will they let go their hold? Did you ever see an Englishman let go of a good thing? Don't you know they've got the biggest thing they ever had—control of the world's trade? Do you suppose they don't know it?

England Not to Blame.

Who will blame the Englishmen for wanting to get silver cheap, as a business proposition? They command the trade with India, China, Japan and the Straits. As they can buy just as much tea, silks and other products for a dollar in silver now as they could when it was worth par, the difference between its present cost, 52 cents in gold, and \$1.00 in gold then, is so much additional profit. It is to be noted, however, that some of the business men of the "far East" have dropped into the game and are sharing the winnings. The common people there don't get much less consideration than they do here—they get nothing.

If a book comes from the heart it will contrive to reach other hearts. All art and authorcraft are of small account to that.—Carlyle.

DRUNKENNESS A DISEASE.

Acknowledgment of the Fact in the Austrian Reichsrath.

Medical men generally have for years been of the opinion that drunkenness as it exists to-day is a disease—created, perhaps, by moderate indulgence, but ultimately becoming as much a part of the human system as any other disease of the blood. The first instance in which a legislative assembly has treated the drink habit as a disease rendering its victim a source of danger to the state has just been provided by a bill now about to be introduced to the Austrian Reichsrath. This bill proposes to treat the persistent drunkard as a person who is mentally incapable and likely to inflict injury upon the community, not only by actual violence, but by his example. It is therefore proposed that the authorities shall keep him under control, both during good behavior and for such a longer time as in the opinion of competent physicians will serve to wean him from his craving for strong drink.

This bill is the result of a long continued series of efforts by the medical profession of Austria. The ground has been taken that the position of the drunkard in social life has not been hitherto properly estimated. It is argued that he should be regarded more as a lunatic than as at present the case, and that he should be treated accordingly. There has always existed a feeling that the craving for drink, with its consequences, ought to be treated as a mere bad habit, a temporary and recoverable error, not really a form of mental disorder. This, there can be but little doubt, is a false reasoning, for evidence has multiplied in recent years that the victim to alcohol is subject to disease, just as much as a maniac or imbecile.

The bill to which reference has been made may be taken as fairly representing medical opinions on this subject. Modification in detail may, perhaps, be found advisable as time goes on, but the profession will probably approve the bill on its general outlines. The attempt to repress the excessive drinking habit and to treat it as an ingrained vice, which has absorbed all traces of a resisting will, certainly deserves a fair trial. Every precaution will be made to render the preliminary investigation as searching as possible, and no personal privileges will be lost by detention.

The Captain's Dinner.

A woman who has just crossed to Europe for the first time writes home of the pleasant pomp and ceremony with which the end of the voyage is celebrated on the last night out.

It seems, she says, that it is always customary, on the German line, at least, and probably on all, to have an especially elaborate dinner just before arriving in Southampton, which is called "the captain's dinner." Every one is supposed to order wine and drink to the health of the captain, while he responds, toasting the health and safe arrival of his passengers. When we came to the table we found it decorated with most showy cakes, four stories high, with little American and German flags stuck on them, and paper ornaments. We went through an elaborate menu, and when we came to the dessert, the music stopped, the waiters suddenly disappeared and the lights went out. A hush and sense of expectancy fell upon the company. Suddenly the music started into a lively march, the doors opened, and the waiters appeared, bearing trays. On each was a globe of rice paper with a light inside, and around this sat small Japanese figures made of ice cream, each holding in his arms a little umbrella of light-colored paper. The room was perfectly dark, and the effect, as the waiters marched round and round, forming different figures and bearing their illuminated burdens, was novel and interesting. Everybody clapped and cheered. Then the lights were turned on, and we ate the ice cream men and kept the umbrellas as souvenirs. It was a captain's dinner without a captain, for we chanced to be passing at the time through a very dangerous place, and he could not leave his post on the bridge.

Haydn's Joke.

Humor seems inseparable from genius, and Haydn dearly loved a joke. (Giving concerts in London, where he had an enormous success, he had noticed that during the symphony, especially in the tranquil andante, the ladies sitting in their chairs were sleeping. "I will give you something to make you sleep better," he said to himself. He lost no time in writing a new symphony, which began with a tranquil andante. After much "planissimo" all at once there came out the whole orchestra "forte," with all the bass drums, and after that the pianissimo came again. Having written this composition Haydn rubbed his hands, thinking about the effect of it. The result surpassed all his expectations; the respectable matrons began to sleep after the first soft sounds of the andante, but suddenly—bun! And in the ranks of the audience: "Oh!" "Ah!" The ladies jumped from their chairs and were perfectly awake; by the platform "Papa Haydn" stood tranquil and beat time, but from his fine smile nobody could understand whether this was the effect of inspiration or only a joke.

A Steady Thing.

Visitor—What has become of your ossified man?
Museum Attendant—He's got a better job at a cigar stand in a hotel.
Visitor—Selling cigars?
Museum Attendant—No; they use him to scratch matches on.—Judge.

A Supreme Test.

(In a quiet corner at reception) She—You say you would be willing to risk your life for me?
He—Only try me.
She—Then go down to the supper room and get me something to eat.—Scribner's.



The arrival of "Trilby" in Australia was much delayed, and the public had anticipated it with an eagerness which no other volume has ever called out. The two thousand copies landed one Saturday morning, and the booksellers made special arrangements for immediate sale. Many a Sunday congregation was sadly reduced in consequence.

"In printing his 'White List of Editors' of periodicals that deal fairly and honestly with contributors," says the Independent, "the Author's Journal finds but thirty-one that are not under suspicion. Of course there are many periodicals not mentioned that belong on the list, and their names will no doubt be added in due time."

Clarence Urmey, the young Californian whose poems have been appearing of late in the Independent, Cosmopolitan, the Youth's Companion, and other Western periodicals, is one of the few California writers who were born in California, most of them, like Bret Harte, Joaquin Miller, and John Vance Cheney, having migrated from other parts of the country.

Bram Stoker, who has been Henry Irving's man of business for several years, has a way of dropping into literature to the extent of writing a short story now and then. His latest effort is "The Water's Mou," a novelette dealing with a young coastguard on the North Sea coast of Scotland and a fisherman's daughter. Under stress of hard times, the fisherman engages in a smuggling venture, and the girl tries to get the young coastguard to betray his trust, but, failing in this, she sets out to sea and warns the smugglers, and in returning is drowned, and her lover meets the same fate in an attempt to rescue her body. Mr. Stoker's theatrical experience is apparent in the melodramatic way he has handled the incident, but he has made a pretty and pathetic story of it.

Giving Arabs an Electric Shock.
I stood upon the highest point of the pyramid and held up my own forehead in the air. There was a slight, hardly perceptible prickling observable on the skin of the finger which was opposed to the wind. I could only explain this fact, observed by all of us, as an electrical phenomenon, and such it proved to be. When I held up a full bottle of wine, the top of which was covered with tinfoil, I heard the same singing sound as when the finger was held up. At the same time little sparks sprang continually from the label to my hand, and when I touched the head of the bottle with my other hand I received a strong electric shock. It is clear that the liquid inside the bottle, brought into metallic connection with the metallic covering of the head of the bottle through the damp cork, formed the inner coating of a Leyden jar, while the label and hand formed the outer coating. When I had completed the outer coating of my bottle by wrapping it in damp paper, the change was so strong that I could make use of it as a very powerful weapon of defense.

After the Arabs had watched our proceedings for a time with wonder, they came to the conclusion that we were engaged in sorcery, and requested us to leave the pyramid. As their remarks, when interpreted to us, were without effect, they wanted to use the power of the strongest to remove us from the top by violence. I withdrew to the highest point, and fully charged my strengthened flask, when the Arab leader caught hold of my hand and tried to drag me away from the position I had attained. At this critical moment I approached the top of my flask to within striking distance to the tip of his nose, which might be about ten millimeters. The action of the discharge exceeded my utmost expectation. The son of the desert, whose nerves had never before received such a shock, fell on the ground as though struck by lightning, rushed away with a loud howl, and vanished with a great spring from our vicinity, followed by the whole of his comrades. We had now a full opportunity of carrying out our experiments.

A Few Questions.

"Oh, see that beautiful white bird flying over the boat."
"Not quite so loud, dear. That's a carrier pigeon just sent off with news about the race."
"Say, pa, how does the pigeon know anything about it 'n' how can he tell what he does know? I sh' think a parrot would be better."—New York Recorder.

Just Resting.

Little Johnny has been naughty and has to be sent from the table without having any dessert. For an hour he has been sitting in the corner of the room crying. At last he thinks it time to stop.
"Well! I hope you have done crying now," says his mother.
"Haven't done," says Johnny, in a passion; "I'm only resting."—Tit-Bits.

Didn't Seize the Opportunity.

"What's the trouble, Jim? You look angry."
"My uncle has promised to pay my debts."
"That's a funny thing to get mad about."
"I'm wild that I didn't make more debts."—Tit-Bits.

Not What He Meant.

Mab—And is this really the first time you were in love, Freddie?
Fred—Absolutely, darling; but I sincerely hope it won't be the last!—Illustrated Bits.