

A Job In the Senate Chamber

By Frank H. Sweet

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She went up the middle steps and turned around the corner to the right. A long line was extending back from the door, expectant, impatient, though the visitors' gallery would not be open to the public until 12. She drew from her belt the one remaining link of former opulence. It still lacked ten minutes, and she slipped the watch back with a scarcely breathed sigh. Why had she come here at all, she thought accusingly? She would be better visiting the stores in search of a position as clerk; there were surely some business houses she had not yet been in. And—

Her eyes were brighter, and a flush came and descended to her lips in a soft, evanescent smile that was more like the smile of the old days before the wistfulness came.

She had been standing at the post-office door, and he had looked precisely as he had that day when he parted from them in the Arizona canyon, he a penniless prospector and her father an extensive mine owner. And he had not forgotten. Even before she saw him he had sprung from a carriage, without regard to his horses, and was coming up the postoffice steps with outstretched hands.

"Good heavens! You here, Muriel—Miss Ashburton?" he had cried, with a gladness in his voice which he did not attempt to conceal and which brought an answering color to her face and light to her eyes. There had been nothing between them except a look and hand pressure, but she had often thought of him in these latter dreary years and was glad to know he had remembered her. "I looked for you everywhere—everywhere," he had continued, "but without a clue. I was afraid you had gone from my life. But pardon me; we cannot talk here, and I have a great deal to say. May I call on you at once—this evening? Is your father here?"

"My father is dead," she had managed to say. Her brain had been in a whirl, her heart in a tumult. What did it all mean? What was this impetuous madman saying, implying? By a strong effort she had controlled herself.

"Yes, you may call," she had answered in a low voice. "I—I will be glad to see you." And she had given him the number of the house in which she rented one small room.

"Thank you. I will be there early. I would ask to go back with you now, but I have an appointment which is already overdue. Isn't it providential, though, this meeting? I have been in Washington only three days, and to turn up against you like this!"

"Have you employment here?" she had asked for want of something better to say.

"Yes, temporarily; a job in the senate chamber. You remember I was a jack of all trades, from a farm boy to an impetuous prospector, with occasional dabblings in fresco painting and journalism to help me through college. But I will not detain you here in the wind any longer."

She had watched him spring into the carriage and drive away, an odd light in her eyes and a warm color in her cheeks. As she went down the sidewalk she laughed softly. Eight years before she would not have been like this. Evidently he was without any regular employment, just doing some temporary work in the senate chamber—fresco painting probably, for he had spoken of being familiar with that. At first, from his being in the carriage holding the horses, she had thought he might be a coachman, waiting for his employer's return. But, after all, what did it matter? Coachman or painter or impetuous prospector, he was warm hearted and honest and ambitious. She could read that in his eyes and in the strong, full grasp of his hands. And he had remembered her—and cared for her. It was beautiful to know that in the hurrying, indifferent world there was one who still thought of her and cared for her a little. The manner or lack of employment was such a small matter compared with that. Knowledge of life soon leveled such petty distinctions.

Almost unconsciously her steps had turned toward the capitol. The only alternative seemed a continuation of her search for employment, and, somehow, she shrank from that just now, even though she had been restricting herself to a single meal a day for a week. She would celebrate the finding of a friend. It was opening day at the senate chamber and would be unusually interesting, and perhaps she might see this friend himself or some of the work he had been doing.

There was a sudden stir in the line ahead of her, and she felt herself being pushed forward. The door was open at last, and foot by foot, yard by yard, she was being impelled toward it. But when she entered every seat was taken, and she could only crowd herself into the narrow space behind the last row. She could see the chaplain and a few of the senators on the far side of the chamber and upon the few desks in sight a gorgeous display of flowers.

Presently she heard the opening prayer and bowed her head. Then there was a confusion of voices, with quick, crisp sentences from one desk and another, followed by a short recess in which there was a great shaking of hands and introductions among the senators. At the end of fifteen or twenty minutes some of those in the visitors' gallery began to rise and leave. They had witnessed the opening and

were now going home to lunch. Soon she was able to step down to a vacant seat in one of the front rows.

She had now a good view of the chamber, and her gaze swept curiously from desk to desk. Many of the senators she recognized from pictures she had seen in current periodicals. Suddenly she started and half arose. She had not thought to see him down there; if she met him at all it would be in one of the corridors, and probably at work. But there he was, at one of the desks, examining some papers. What did it mean? He had no right to be in there now, while the senate was in session.

An hour later she descended to the next floor, still dazed and wondering. As she left the elevator she met him face to face.

"What! you here, Muriel—Miss Ashburton?" he cried. "This is splendid! Now we can have that talk without waiting until evening. I know a cozy little table down in a corner of the cafe where we can be all by ourselves. We will talk while we eat our lunch. Come."

She was looking at him with wide eyes.

"Why were you in there, at a desk?" she demanded.

"In the senate chamber? Oh, that's my job. You see, when I left you that day I went straight to one of the new towns and opened a law office. My father was a lawyer, and I had studied with him. Somehow the people seemed to like my ways, and last year they had sprung from a carriage, without regard to his horses, and was coming up the postoffice steps with outstretched hands.

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DR. FLORENCE R. SABINE.

A Clever Woman Who is a Professor of Anatomy.

Miss Florence R. Sabine, B. S., M. D., and a dozen other things, associate professor of anatomy at Johns Hopkins university, Baltimore, is the only woman holding such an important position in this country.

You might imagine from her many degrees that Miss Sabine, or, as she prefers to be termed, "Dr. Sabine," was a most serious person. Cold and businesslike in the classroom, outside of it she is a most delightful personage and ever ready to play the hostess, and she does it often in her cozy flat in Mount Royal avenue.

In 1893 Miss Sabine received her B. S. from Smith college, Massachusetts. She was an instructor in zoology for several years and entered Johns Hopkins in 1896. She took her parchment and pigskin with the right to M. D. after her name four years later.



MISS FLORENCE R. SABINE, B. S., M. D.

She stood second in her class. The winner of first honors had the right to be chief resident at the hospital for the ensuing year, an honor usually snapped at. But in his case it was different, and he let the honor go. Miss Sabine, standing second, took it and filled the post most creditably. She had much to do with the accident ward of the hospital, which handles more than a thousand cases annually.

Miss Sabine went ahead in her cool, calm way, and when the year rolled around she won the Garrett fellowship in anatomy. It was not until then that Miss Sabine realized where her vocation lay. She became intensely interested in her work. That she captured the associate professorship was not wondered at.

Out of wax she molded a complete model of the brain and spinal cord. This is now on exhibition in the foyer of the university. It took nearly three years to construct this model, with its several thousand pieces, but the result is that every tissue and portion of the brain that has been known heretofore only by place will hereafter have a name.

Miss Sabine's book, "The Brain and the Spinal Cord," is accepted as an authority among medical men. It has been translated into four languages and is a standard textbook in Germany.

Miss Sabine is tall, slender, blond and somewhat angular. She pays little attention to her figure. Indeed, those who know her best say she tries to make herself as unattractive as possible. She wears enormous glasses while at work, but these may be made necessary by the microscopic work with which she has to do. Her light brown hair is wavy, and her mouth is firm and determined. Her students swear by her, for her method of transmitting ideas is clearer than that of most professors.—New York World.

Folding Table Napkins.

No woman of taste thinks twice about the advisability of folding table napkins in fancy shapes like fans or placing them, twisted cornucopia fashion, in water glasses. Either of these ways of disposing of the napkin is never favored in a private house. The plain square fold is always the best form, says Alice E. Whitaker.

But there is a difference in the square fold. Take a five-eighths napkin, which may be used for breakfast or luncheon, and fold it over twice each way. It is no larger than a handkerchief and suggests economy in linen. Now fold it over in thirds and again in thirds. It will look as large as a three-quarter napkin and lie flat and smooth because of the less number of layers. If you like to have these smaller napkins folded to look a little different from the dinner napkins, fold in quarters first, then in thirds. This makes them a trifle smaller and oblong.

Dinner napkins should be folded accordion fashion, or, to be more explicit, fold once through the middle, then bring one selvage over the middle, turn the napkin over and bring the other selvage to the center fold. Now fold again the same way, bringing the outer edges all even and the napkin opens better. The difficulty lies in teaching the average laundress to change from the old way.

The fringed or small square napkins used when refreshments are served, as at a club tea or a reception, may be folded once each way, then once over in three cornered fashion. Do not press the last fold with the iron, but leave it like a puff; in this way they are ornamental. This is the nearest approach of fancy folding that is allowable.—Exchange.

British That Frown.

Did you ever notice the kinds and varieties of frowns you meet in a short walk on the streets? Perhaps it is the twentieth century expression developing from the general hurry of the day.

However, no matter how impatient people may be to get ahead of time, it never pays to hurry inside or to walk with one's eyebrows. The majority of people nowadays hurry, hurry, hurry along the streets, their brows tied up in little tight knots of strenuous attention of some sort. It is refreshing to see any one move with quick energy; an alive and active gait is always to be commended, but why not be cheerful about it? It doesn't help one. It doesn't make saleswomen hurry or street cars stop. It only makes one look one's worst and grow old before one's time.

Frowning is a habit. I often wonder how astonished some of the passersby on the street would be were we to suddenly stop them and say: "What is the matter? What are you frowning about?" I am sure half of them are not really conscious of it. Then some time they will discover deep wrinkles in their brows that are there to stay, and they'll long in vain to be rid of them.

Mrs. Wiggs' advice never to feel sorry for oneself is well worth while. It never wins sympathy. To be cheerful, and, even if not, to look cheerful, is surely a duty we all owe to each other.—New York Globe.

A College Girl's Lament.

"You may be thankful," said the Vassar girl to her friend, "that you were never sent to college. My family has made my life miserable ever since I graduated. No matter what I do or how clever I am, it is all taken as a matter of course. Even when I have an article or poem published they all say, 'Oh, yes, of course, Frances is very bright; but then she has a college education.' If I don't do anything worth while they all want to know what good my college education has been to me. Now, whatever you do, even though it may be an ordinary achievement, they all say: 'Just look at Miss So-and-so. Her stories are in every magazine, and yet she never had any special advantages. She never went to college.' Sometimes I wish all the colleges were at the bottom of the sea. The only thing I learned there that I really enjoy was making fudge. I have a great mind to open a shop for it."—Exchange.

Three Sided Hamper.

One of the most useful things that one can have in a house is a three sided hamper for soiled clothes. It is much more satisfactory than the ordinary round or four sided hamper, as it occupies less space, besides being more slightly in appearance. It is strongly built of heavy wicker woven in and out and twisted around strong supports at the corners, and the front is rounded, thus giving more room inside without making any appreciable difference in the amount of floor space occupied. The top fits snugly and the hinges are serviceable and strong, as are also the handles, which are formed of rings securely attached.

Oiling Floors.

For oiling the floors of houses that have not good boards, one small can of cherry red paint mixed with two quarts of boiled linseed oil and applied with a cloth will be found excellent. A simpler way for good floors is to heat to the boiling point common boiled linseed oil and while still hot go over the floor, using an old paint brush and keeping the oil constantly hot. Even should the floor be rough and inclined to silver this will be found a great improvement.

Exercise Your Throat.

Exercise your throat by singing to to have a rounded throat; sing, whether you have a "voice" or not, deeming the exercise valuable. At night wrap the throat in a linen cloth, wet with scented oil. This will nourish the skin and soften its outlines. Exercise the throat every day by turning the head from side to side slowly and never fast. Try this ten minutes every night and morning.

Stewed Cucumbers.

Stewed cucumbers are not nearly as well known as they should be. The flavor is very delicate and often puzzles the uninitiated to know exactly what vegetable is being eaten. The cucumbers are peeled and quartered and the pieces cut crosswise three



Don't waste your money Lucas Paints (Tinted Gloss) are the most economical paints you can use. They contain only the best materials, cover better with the same amount of paint, look better, endure longer, and keep their fine appearance longer. Just tell your painter to use Lucas Paints. John Lucas & Co Philadelphia

times. Stew in salted water and cook until tender. Drain and serve in a thin white sauce.

French Fry Pan.

A French fry pan in a four-quart size is not a necessity, but if a woman has ever owned one she will never be without it willingly. It may not be of value in preparing healthful foods, but if foods are to be fried in fats there is no more convenient and healthful way of cooking them than in boiling oil out of which they may be carefully drained in the wire basket. Pan fried croquettes, meat chops and fish steaks never have the flavor nor the perfect cooking which French frying gives.

Teaching a Child to Feed.

The task of teaching a child to feed himself can be much simplified if a small enough spoon is used. We found that even the regulation coffee spoon held enough to allow some for face and bib, while a teaspoon was entirely too large. When we tried the tiniest souvenir coffee spoon, the bowl of which was about as large as a woman's thumb nail, baby got on very neatly. The spoon held so little that it all had to go in the tiny mouth.—Good Housekeeping.

"Old" Lace.

To get just that soft "old" look to lace, dye it in tea, using about a tablespoonful of green tea to a quart of water to make an infusion of the right strength. The lace will come out a discouraging shade at first, but boil it a few minutes in water in which a pinch of baking soda has been dropped and the color will fade to just the right shade. Don't use coffee; it is sure to take on too yellow a tone.

A Nail Polish.

A powder for polishing the nails may be made by mixing one-half ounce each of talcum powder, pulverized boric acid and powdered starch. Then add ten drops of tincture of carmine. A nail rouge is made of half a dram of fine powdered carmine, a dram of fresh lard and twenty drops of oil of lavender.

Sprinkling Clothes.

Never sprinkle clothes till the day they are to be ironed. Sprinkle and fold all cotton and linen clothes at night to be ironed next day. Pack closely in a clean basket covered with a muslin cloth next them and a dry one

Why Not

Give your heart the same attention you do the other organs? If your stomach, lungs, liver, kidneys or any other organ is in trouble, refuses to work, you hasten to repair them. The heart never refuses as long as it has power to move, but continues to do the best it can, getting weaker and weaker, until it is past repair, and then stops. It is just as sick as the other organs, and needs help, but because it will work, you let it.

This is wrong. If your heart is weak, you should take Dr. Miles' Heart Cure to strengthen your heart and enable it to overcome Dizziness, Palpitation, Short Breath, Faint Spells, Pains in Heart and Side, and all other Heart Difficulties. It had palpitation of the heart so bad that I would faint away. My doctor recommended Dr. Miles' Heart Cure, and it helped me from the start." MRS. J. C. WEIS, Cleveland, O. The first bottle will benefit, if not, the druggist will return your money.

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Centre County Banking Co. Corner High and Spring Streets. RECEIVE DEPOSITS; DISCOUNT NOTES. J. M. SHUGGERT, Cashier.

How the Washboard wears out Clothes.



TAKE a new shirt. Soil it well! Then soap it, and rub the stains out of it on a Washboard. Do this six times. Then look at the hems, collar and cuff edges, and the button holes, closely. You'll find them all badly frayed, ripped, thinned,—worn out more than from three months' hard steady use. Half the life of the garment gone—eaten up by the Washboard. Shirt cost a dollar, say,—washboard takes 50 per cent of wear out of it—you get what's left. Why don't you cut out the washboard? Use a "Water Witch" instead. This is a new wrinkle. It drives the water through the clothes like a force pump. It takes out all the stains, in half the time, without wearing a single thread, or cracking a button. No rubbing, scrubbing, wearing, nor tearing, the clothes against a hard metal Washboard. That costs twice as much for hard work, and wears out twice as many clothes in a year. Try the "Water Witch" for four washings! Won't cost you a cent to try it, either. You write to me for a "Water Witch" and I'll send it to any reliable person without a cent of deposit, or a cent of risk on their part. I'll pay the freight, too, so that you may test my offer entirely at my expense. Use it a month, free of charge. If you like it then, you may keep it. If you don't like it, send it back to me, at my expense. If you keep it you pay for it out of the work and the wear it saves on,—at, say, 50 cents a week. Remember it washes clothes in half the time they can be washed by hand, it does this by simply driving soapy water swiftly through their threads. It works like a spinning top and runs as easy as a sewing machine. A child of ten can wash with it as well as a strong woman. You may prove this for yourself, and at my expense; I'll send the "Water Witch" free for a month anywhere so you can prove this without risk. I'll take it back then, if you think you can get along without it. And I'll pay the freight both ways out of my own pocket. How could I make a cent out of that deal, if the "Water Witch" wouldn't actually wash clothes in half the time, with half the wear, and do all that I say it will? Write me today for particulars. If you say so I'll send on the machine for a month, so that you can be using it in a week or ten days, 200,000 people are now using our "Water Witch" Washers. Write today to me, thus—R. F. Bieber, Binghamton, New York.