

## STORIES OF THE DAY.

Things Seen and Heard at the Capitol at Washington.

One of the saddest places about the whole capital is that little corner off of statutory hall where women wait the slow motions of their "influence." The condensed heartache and desperation that are crowded into that narrow space day after day are enough to soften the most hard-hearted. Out there, one day this week, sat a widow. She was old and poor. It was a raw, cold day, but the desolate woman had only a thin shawl about her and one shoe was all broken at the side, so that only her stocking kept her feet from the ground. She had sent in for "her" representative, and when he came out, he was coolly courteous, but finally seemed to warm up a little, and, at her earnest solicitation, promised to see Senator Somebody about getting her a place. He was so emphatic in saying that she must not worry, but let her sit there, that she turned to him with her face fairly transfused with a glow of happiness. When she had disappeared over the last "whispering stone" toward the senate, that heartless member turned to the page and said sternly:

"See here! If that old girl comes fooling round here after me again, I am not in my seat. Do you see?"

The boy "saw" all straight enough and gave a frightened promise to remember. Poor little woman!

There is a regular King Humbert of Italy on the floor of the house, and it will surprise him greatly to read this and find himself quite an attraction among the women in the galleries. The particular attraction is a pair of fierce gray moustaches, and they belong to Mr. Poole of New York. Really, the likeness to the royal Italian is quite startling.

Terry of Arkansas has cultivated a remarkable suit of chrysanthemum hair in the summer's recess between congresses. If he could coax his locks to resemble themselves, he would rival in this respect Buffalo Bill.

Prince Albert cuts are quite the fashion since Mr. Reed set the pace on the day he became speaker, but there are ways and means of wearing them. The average congressman needs to take some lessons in the art. A closely buttoned Prince Albert is a sight for gods and men to laugh at if it does not fit, and most of them do not.

One of the remarkable and enjoyable features of the fifty-fourth congress is the absence of smoking upon the floor. Men like Mr. Quigg and Mr. Tarsney, who all but sleep with cigars in their mouths, find it rare self-denial to go without smoking, but they content themselves with a "dry smoke" twisting and chewing to give them the "twist" many cigars as they would otherwise smoke. The only man seen to smoke deliberately on the floor was Mr. Powers of Vermont. He was seen back by the fireplace and was busy thinking when he lit his cigar, and the expression of cherubic content which went over his face when he settled back in his chair to take that tobacco smoke was something to remember.

The ladies who watch with such interest every day the proceedings of congress have quite decided that Mr. Crisp has the smallest and whitest hand in the house.

"What brand do you wear, mister?" asked a man with high beaked boots and a snubnose of Representative Miller yesterday as that gentleman came out of the house.

Mr. Miller looked a little surprised, but replied courteously that he didn't know exactly what his questioner meant.

"I want to know which camp you round up in when there is a general stampede?"

"Do you mean to ask my politics?" asked Mr. Miller.

"Precisely," said the stranger. "I'm off my own reservation and I've kinder lost my bearings. I'm on the trail of the man who corralled a permit to come hither and saw the government for my state, and the herd boss out byer about that I don't see things none too paper and holds me up. Now, if you ain't belong to the other outfit, you look fit to be a pretty good trail boss."

"And who would you like to see?" asked Mr. Miller, with a broad smile at the interest the man was eliciting from him in the corridors.

"I reckon you all know him like a hen, the same his name being Dennis Flynn." And Mr. Flynn soon appeared.

"And who is that?" asked a gallery occupant of his friend, who seemed to know everybody and had been keeping up a running comment on everybody and everything in the house while the Bayard resolution was being discussed, as Mr. Dingley of Maine addressed the chair.

"He's one of the most highly respected men in the house," said a stranger at his left.

"And the thickest man to boot," responded the friend, and went on delivering his opinions audibly.

"Say, Charley, I want a business exactly like that for a flower stand. It's just too lovely for anything, and it wouldn't tip over." She was evidently a bride, and she was commenting on the malchite lace standard—Washington Star.

**A Sightless Household.**  
Kokomo, Ind., is the home of a peculiarly afflicted family. The husband and wife are both blind, the latter being also a helpless cripple, the accident that produced blindness likewise depriving her of the use of her arms. Their hired girl is also blind. Thus the entire household is sightless. The husband sells candy on the streets. Their home is as neat and clean as the tidest housekeeper with good eyes could keep it.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

## HENRY CLAY WAS RATTLED.

But He Remembered a Quotation The Did Just as Well as the Misses Words.

In the early twenties of this century Mr. Clay was appointed by the legislature of Kentucky a commissioner to Virginia to a lot that state that a commission be appointed to make a definite line of demarcation between the two states. Upon his arrival in Richmond he was received with great courtesy by its most distinguished citizens. He said that his profession, politics and affairs of government had occupied his time so exclusively that he was aware of knowing little of polite literature or the favorite publications of the day. This prompted him to ask an old friend whom he knew to be a literary man to select some lines to introduce when addressing the legislature as a quotation expressive of his feelings to the state of Virginia as his birthplace. His friend suggested a stanza from Scott's "Lays of the Last Minstrel," which he highly approved and memorized.

The day appointed for his address found the galleries, halls and every available space crowded with eager, expectant auditors, and many beautiful women in bright attire gave brilliancy to the scene. He held the attention of his audience with entire success until he came to the part where he meant to introduce the quotation. Then his memory failed him. The shock was appalling for a moment. He stood rigid and pale before a thousand watchful eyes, in his mind only a blank, before him a turbulent sea of upturned faces. With a characteristic gesture he threw up his hands to his forehead, and in his most solemn tones he recited the following words:

Breathes there the man with soul so dead  
Who never to himself hath said,  
This is my own, my native land?

Concluding his speech amid deafening applause.

Every one present had supposed that he was overcome by emotion, and none but the friend who had selected the quotation for him perceived the cause of his momentary panic.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

**Henry M. Stanley on Interviews.**  
"Is this Mr. Stanley?"  
"Stanley stopped coolly, and giving his questioner a somewhat surprised and sour stare responded with a reluctant affirmative.

"Have you the time or inclination to give a brief interview?"  
"Interview! Good God, sir! Is there no way to escape the newspapers? Why, it is worse than the passport system in Russia. I cannot put my foot on the soil anywhere in this country without being confronted there. I have done my best to avoid it. If I were to make up for a minstrel show, I would, no doubt, be discovered. You are simply driving me out of the country. I would have been glad to remain ten days at Puget sound if I could have done so in peace, like any other nonobtrusive traveler, but they were there to meet me with signs, books and pencils."—Portland Oregonian.

**How to Reduce Your Weight.**  
When you are dieting to reduce flesh, you must eat stale bread, and give up potatoes, rice, beefs, corn, peas, beans, milk, cream, all sweets, cocoa, indeed anything which even suggests sugar or starch. Dry toast without butter, tea without either milk or sugar, rare meat with no fat, and, as far as possible, no vegetables at all should form your diet. Take all the exercise you can in the way of walking; go twice a week to a Russian bath (where possible) and in variously go to bed hungry. Anybody brave enough to live up to these laws will certainly lose flesh.—Ladies' Home Journal.

**A BUNCH OF WOOD SORREL.**  
Love is like this little flower—  
Fresh and smiling for an hour,  
Pleasant to look, but it will fade,  
Though upon your heart it laid,  
Leave it blossoming in the shade.

Love is like this little flower—  
Fair to see, but only so,  
Drooping, dying in an hour,  
Though upon your heart 'tis laid,  
Leave it blossoming in the shade.

**AN EDITOR'S NIGHTMARE.**  
He Was Fifteen Years in Suppressing an Insistent Contributor.

The former editor of the Spectator, when he retired to enjoy his well earned leisure, gave Alexander Russell this advice: "The conduct of a daily paper," he said, "is always a very serious thing, full of dangers and difficulties, but in addition to its usual anxieties you, my friend, will every night have to keep the most vigilant watch lest that man whose theory about Scotch cheeses into your columns."

It is not necessary to particularize what it was; it will suffice to say that this theory—based upon the exposure of Scotch cheeses in front of the shops, and the treatment to which they were consequently exposed—was not completely exposed—was not completely exposed—was not completely exposed.

"Day and night," said Russell, "for 15 years, I never forgot my predecessor's warning. A hundred times that theory endeavored to gain admittance into my columns, and by most unlooked for channels, sometimes it lurked on the edge of the free church in Scotland, or even in the disruption itself, but it was always detected and struck out."

"It was a dog in the death, for I knew that Hill Burton would never let his efforts to get his views upon Scotch cheese into print while there was breath in his body. On the morning of the last day of the fifteenth year he ran into my office waving a paper in his hand and crying out, 'It's in, it's in.'"

"What," cried I, "not in the Scotsman surely?"

"No," said he, "in Chambers' 'Information for the People.'"

"My relief of mind is not to be described."—Pearson's Weekly.

## MISS NEW SOLOMON.

HOW SHE REACHED A DECISION ON THE QUESTION OF OWNERSHIP.

Testing Two Claimants For a Beautiful Bicycle, Justice Finally Triumphs In a Difficult Case Through Knowledge of the Masculine Nature.

The judge, the renowned Miss New Solomon, sat dignified in her seat of honor. Her decisions were famed the world over for clearness and justice. Great nations submitted their disputes to her for arbitration and were pleased to learn from her the truth of their positions. That she should sit dignified was therefore not to be wondered at, but there was peculiarity in her countenance which which never had been known since her great namesake sat in judgment over two women who contended for a baby. In all her lawbooks, in all her experience, there was no suggestion of precedents for such a case. She was, therefore, the matter she had to deal with was this: Mr. George Wheeling, a beautiful mustached young man dressed in gray knickerbockers, a white sweater, brown and yellow golfing stockings and improved wheeling shoes, claimed that he was the sole proprietor of a bicycle that was in the court for her honor to look at.

But there was another claimant, a young man just as beautifully mustached as Mr. Wheeling and quite as handsome otherwise, who appeared in brown ordinary knickerbockers, gray sweaters, yellow and red golfing stockings and quite as improved shoes. This claimant was Mr. William Bickling.

Neither had witnesses, and so the learned judge questioned them and cross questioned them, but each seemed equally truthful, and the judge paused perplexed for the first time in her seat in her chair and ordered the courtroom seats stacked around the sides. The audience was sent to the galleries, where it waited with breathless interest as the travesty court attendants carried out the judge's orders. The judge sat in the center of the room, the two claimants on either side of her, and the judge turned to Mr. Wheeling and said:

"Take that wheel, sir, and ride the best you know how." And the judge sat down and busied herself taking the hairpins out of her hair and then putting them back again.

Mr. Wheeling blushed very prettily as he gave his very bony knickerbockers a twitch and prepared to mount. As gracefully as a bird he rose and settled in the saddle and began to ride. There was not a woman there whose heart did not jump. The men, of course, tried to jeer, but they could not help but admire the rider, and the judge translated that the decision was going in favor of the rider, and she sent out a full report of a decision then and there for the newswriting organization of the city.

Mr. Wheeling rode in and around the massive pillars, backward, forward, turning all the beautiful figures, and in all the ways that pretty riders know how. The flitter on Judge New Solomon's mouth became a smile. As Mr. Wheeling dismounted, Mr. Bickling came daintily forward, and as airily came daintily forward, and as airily followed Mr. Wheeling's performance died away in wonderment.

When the reporter saw Mr. Bickling riding as gracefully as Mr. Wheeling, she gazed into the judge's face and saw there, instead of a decisive smile, a look of surprise, followed by the same old look of perplexity, whereupon she reached wildly for the nearest telegraph operator, and the recipients of the association's reports took out several columns of interesting matter and announced that the case was still under consideration.

When Mr. Bickling dismounted, the critics could point out no difference between the riding of the two graceful young men, and the judge looked as if she would like to have a good cry, but she bit her lips and restrained herself.

Here was a case that needed a method of deciding such things, and the judge determined to decide it according to masculine human nature as she understood it. So she stood up, and with a wave of her hand that silenced even the whisperings of gossiping men, she spoke in a clear, ringing voice:

"Thus does this court decide. Listen, that you may distinctly hear. Rather than render a decision unworthy of this court, or fail to render one in any case, I do declare that the bicycle in question shall be bestowed on Miss Laura Bloomer or unworshipfully."

Mr. Wheeling turned to leave the court, giving Mr. Bickling a look that said plainly, "Anyhow you won't have it," while Mr. Bickling burst into tears.

At this the judge rose up, and in a voice that echoed through the courtroom said:

"Decision withdrawn, for it is plain to see now that the wheel belongs to Mr. Bickling. Poor fellow, take it!"—New York Sun.

**Dr. Collyer's Appetite.**  
The Rev. Robert Collyer, while at the breakfast table of one of his friends in the country near Boston, was asked by one of the family, "Mr. Collyer, do you enjoy as good an appetite as you have in years past?" To which he replied, "My dear, if I lose the appetite I now have I hope no poor man will find it."

**As Usual.**  
Lippert—In what frame of mind was Porring when you saw him this morning?  
Chipper—Same as usual—no frame; no mind.—Richmond Dispatch.

## Artificial Teeth.

"Where do false teeth come from?" said a well known bone importer, echoing a question that a Times reporter had put to him. "Wouldn't you like to know? Most people, I imagine, think that all the false teeth are made from ivory. That is quite a mistaken idea, as the majority of false teeth are now made from anything but ivory. We import large quantities of walrus tusks for no other purpose than that they may be made into false teeth."

"You go into some big dental establishment where teeth are made, and you will doubtless find the remains of walrus tusks lying around, and indeed, a highly polished tooth made from an elephant's tusk, from which a good set of teeth might be made for a wealthy client, or his." He then to spare my pains, I found him a tusk, which, being an especially good one, I sold for \$12.50 a pound, the usual price being from \$2.50 to \$3.50 per pound. I afterward learned that the dentist made \$500 out of that set of teeth."

"Of course it would be impossible for dentists to tell clearly as they do now if the teeth were all made from elephants' tusks. As a matter of fact, so many people are now wearing false teeth that I doubt if the ivory suitable for this purpose could ever be found. I am told that a good many false teeth are now being made from vegetable ivory, tortoise, etc. If so, the price of teeth must naturally go down, and in time the toothless one will probably be able to replenish his mouth for an absurdly low sum. A set of teeth for \$1.25," concluded the dealer, laughing, "would create a boom in the teeth."

**The English Good Bread Eaters.**  
"Bread is one article of food that is cheaper in England and Scotland than in this country," said Mr. John Stevenson of Glasgow. Mr. Stevenson and a brother conduct bakery establishments in Glasgow and London, the largest in the world, certainly the largest in Europe.

"The people on our side," he continues, "most bread than do the citizens of America, and not so much meat companies, which are dearer in Great Britain than in this country. We make two pound loaves of square form, the weight of which must be stamped on every loaf, and the law against light-weight bread is very rigid. Every week we consume 3,500 barrels of flour, the biggest part of which comes from the United States. Of late we have been getting a good deal of Argentine wheat and a little from Australia. About the best wheat in the world is grown in Hungary, but of that there is no great quantity imported into England."—Washington Post.

**The Lawyer's Two Cigars.**  
A down east lawyer had a tough case on hand at a recent term of court, and before it came on laid his forehead on his hand and ordered an idea be brought. The presiding judge loved a good cigar, and the lawyer's happy thought was to propitiate him and make him friendly to his case by treating him to the best the market afforded. The disciple of Blackstone was not in the habit of smoking a cigar, and he was not to be bought by the good cigars himself, so when he brought a 25 cent one to offer the court he bought a cheroot for his own use. Armed with these, he submitted into the judge's room, and after a little chat passed out a cigar, asking the judge if he smoked. The court accepted gracefully, but before many whiffs were drawn the horrid lawyer dissected his hand to get at his nose and ordered an idea be brought. 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