

# Washington Day by Day

News Gathered Here and There at the National Capital

## QUITTING THE SENATE NOT A POPULAR HABIT



WASHINGTON.—People do die in public office, of course, but resignations are so rare that the retirement of Senator John C. Spooner of Wisconsin continues to be a topic of interest where the politicians gather. The old-timers have brought to mind the fact that voluntary leaving the senate in late years is far more infrequent than it was in the earlier history of our country.

The last resignation from the senate of a member who retired to go into business was that of George F. Edmunds of Vermont, who in 1891 resigned to practice law. He is still at it in the city of Philadelphia. Mr. Edmunds had served continuously in the senate for a little over 25 years and retired to seek his fortune at the age of 63.

Mr. Spooner retires for the same reason, declaring that he goes into private life without engagement as counsel for any person or corporation. He and Mr. Edmunds served long as members of the judiciary committee of the senate. Both are great lawyers and both were statesmen of the first class.

Statistics applied to present conditions are not dull. In fact, they are filled with interest. Out of the 59

congresses to date there have been but five in which there were no resignations of senators. These were at a comparatively early age. The rule of these resignations was that the senators needed more money than the government pays, or that they might accept some office with a larger salary and greater distinction.

It is nice enough to be a senator, if one has the income of a private fortune of a few millions, judiciously invested. It is a different thing when keeping up the dignity of the office means dunning tradesmen and good wives dressed in the style of the year ago. And so it is as a natural consequence that the United States senate is not inappropriately termed "The Millionaires' Club." In the first 50 years of the senate's history there were 124 resignations.

In the first 50 years of the senate's history there were 124 resignations. In the next 50 years but 47 resigned. Since the end of the 100 years of senate history, omitting the southern senators retiring to join the secession movement, there have been 24 senators to lay aside their togas. Of these withdrawals 15 were to enable the resigning senator to accept other office.

## STATESMEN SEEM FOND OF JUVENILE READING



JUST off the rotunda of the capitol is a little nook that is an especial object of interest to visiting tourists when congress is in session. It is the capitol terminus of the underground railway to the congressional library. Books are constantly arriving over this subway line for senators, representatives and supreme court judges. They are delivered on their written order.

One would get a rather startling impression of the class of books the statesmen on Capitol Hill are partial to from a casual inspection of the list of books that are drawn out in their names. For instance, the scholarly Henry Cabot Lodge of the old bay state, according to the record, recently took out such instructive and thrilling productions as "Jimmy the Bootblack," "The Boy Captain" and "Little Joe," by James Otis. Mr. Foraker of Ohio is charged with several volumes by "Old Sleuth" and "The Starry Flag," by Oliver Optic.

Mr. Tillman, if the card tells the truth, has been perusing Thomas Bailey Aldrich's "Story of a Bad Boy" and some of W. Clark Russell's thrilling sea tales, including "The Frozen Pirate."

Mr. Aldrich, the tactical leader of the Republicans, has been mixing Old

Sioux with Dottie Dimple stories and tales of Indian adventure.

Dr. Conan Doyle's account of the wonderful adventures of the redoubtable Brig. Girard and the exploits of Sherlock Holmes appear to have caught Mr. Allison's fancy.

Uncle Shelby Cullom apparently is devoted to Oliver Optic. "Now or Never" and "Jack Hazard and His Fortunes" are on his list.

"Uncle Joe" Cannon, the speaker of the house, evidently is fond of detective stories, having called for "The Clique of Gold" and several of Gaboriau's works.

It would appear from circumstantial evidence that nearly every member of both houses of congress and most of the learned judges of the supreme court are confirmed readers of juvenile literature, but such in reality is not the case. The pages and messengers are the ones who read this class of books. They get a senator or member to sign an order and then fill it out for the book they want. An official record is kept, however, of all books drawn out of the congressional library and some future historian, it was pointed out, might obtain queer notions of the class of reading matter that found most favor with the statesmen of the present day.



## STUDY OF THE NEGRO AS SLAVE AND FREEMAN

AN important investigation of the negro in slavery and freedom is now being made by the department of economics and sociology of the Carnegie Institution of Washington, which was founded by Andrew Carnegie. This investigation will be of great importance to the negro as well as the white race, as it will show what the negro has done and what he is capable of doing. The work is being conducted by Alfred Holt Stone, an educated business man from Mississippi, who is a thorough, impartial and candid student of the economic development growing out of negro slavery and the work of the negro under conditions of freedom.

Mr. Stone has outlined a treatment, which is reasonably exhaustive, relating to the economic life of the American negro, without trespassing on either the political or social aspects of the topics. He recognizes the difficulty of treating the one as separated from the other two topics, but the desirability of such a method is believed to more than outweigh the difficulties involved in its execution.

Mr. Stone will make an effort to interpret the salient features of negro life in relation to their economic sig-

nificance, both to the race and to the country as a whole, the purpose being to correlate the negro's economic history with that of the American people along broad lines, as, for example, through the cotton industry and in the creation of national wealth and favorable trade balances as affected by products closely identified with negro labor.

Mr. Stone will treat of the condition of laboring classes during the American colonial period—the introduction of negro slavery into America as an economic factor. He will also investigate the efforts to utilize slave labor in manufacturing and other industrial enterprises. His work will constitute an exceedingly important and novel feature in American economic history.

He will also treat of the negro as a free man, the result and development of the negro industrial school, their effect with reference to local economic conditions, the negro land owner and all such topics as will bring out clearly and fully the whole industrial relation of the negro to economic conditions.

This investigation will be comprehensive in its scope, and it will be at least a year before such progress has been made as will justify a report on this important subject.

## SCULPTOR'S WORK OF 15 YEARS IS REJECTED



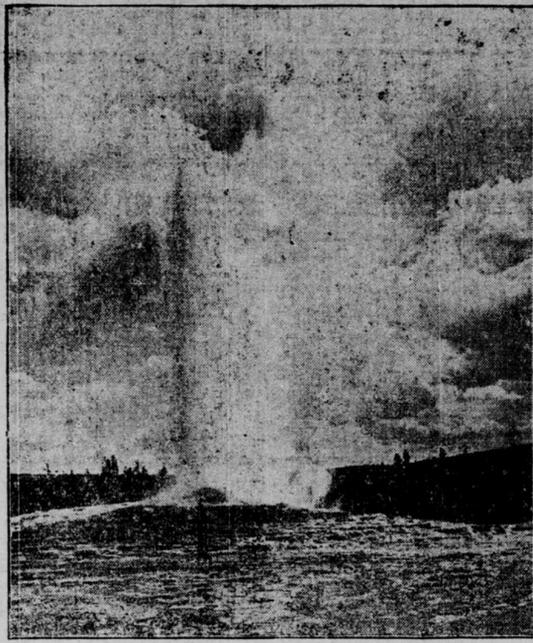
ALTHOUGH nearly 19 years have elapsed since the project for a statue to Gen. Philip H. Sheridan in the national capital was proposed by the Army of the Cumberland, the statue is as far away as ever. The statue committee has rejected the work of J. Q. A. Ward, canceled its contract with him and will begin all over again.

This action was taken by the committee some time ago, but did not become public until recently. Mr. Ward has been at work on the statue for nearly 15 of the 19 years, and has made models, none of which has been approved by both the artist and the committee. A similar fact about it is that he did make one model which satisfied the committee and was approved by them, but Mr. Ward himself did

not consider it good and destroyed it. Meanwhile the statues of Hancock and Logan, provided for in 1891, are standing here in public squares. Both were completed years ago. Sheridan died in 1888. In 1889 congress authorized a statue, appropriated \$40,000 and created a commission to take charge. In March, 1891, congress made a further appropriation of \$10,000 for the statue, making the total \$50,000. The Army of the Cumberland raised about \$5,000. In April, 1892, the commission, contracted with Mr. Ward to make the statue for \$30,000, making an advance payment of \$2,500.

Two of Mr. Ward's statues already ornament the city. They are those of Garfield and Thomas and are generally regarded as among the finest of the many statues of the nation's heroes in the capital city.

## "Old Faithful" in Action.



From stereograph, copyright, by Underwood & Underwood, N. Y. This geyser is one of the most famous sights in Yellowstone Park; it spurts to a height of 130 feet.

## SIXTY CIGARETTES DAILY.

AVERAGE NUMBER SMOKED BY AN IOWA PEDDLER.

After Consuming Nearly 1,000,000 Isaac Manhoff, of Dubuque, Declares He Has Had Enough and Quits Using Them.

Dubuque, Ia.—With a record of nearly 1,000,000 cigarettes, at an average of 60 a day, Isaac Manhoff, a peddler 40 years old, has decided to renounce the weed. The habit had such a hold on him that it was necessary to awake at all hours of the night and roll a "coffin nail" before he could be lulled to sleep again. When a lad in Russia he began the habit which he found so hard to shake off. Despite this fact he will devote his days to trying to convince men and boys that they should cease the practice. Manhoff was in the habit of smoking ten cigarettes before breakfast, and the rest of the day a cigarette was out of his mouth only a few minutes at a time.

For a man who has inhaled the fumes of so many cigarettes Manhoff is a strong man. He weighs about 175 pounds, and has a massive chest, and a square build. He says: "You see, when I awoke in the morning the first thing I wanted was a cigarette. Generally I smoked about ten before breakfast. No, I never smoked while eating, but as soon as I finished I would put one in my mouth. Then through the day I would smoke them continuously, one now and another shortly after. Then night would come and I would smoke them late and many times even in bed."

"Have you ever smoked a cigar?" "I have smoked two cigars in my life. I couldn't smoke them because they made me sick. When I get cigars now I give them to my friends."

"How did you happen to quit smoking?" "Well, you see, it was just like this: When I was afflicted with a cold I usually got hoarse and while I smoked the hoarseness grew more intense. One day not long ago the thought occurred to me that I should forsake the cigarettes. It was then and there

that I made up my mind to never smoke another one."

"What was about your cigarettes that was different from others?"

"Well, when I smoked I always used the Russian rice paper and not the rag paper used generally in America. Why, if I had smoked the rag paper instead of the rice I would have been dead long ago."

Manhoff estimated the cost of his smoking at \$2,191.

## TO SAVE HISTORIC PLACE.

Relic of Days When Spain Ruled in the New World.

Santa Fe, N. M.—If the bill now pending in the legislature of New Mexico becomes a law the old governor's palace, one of the most historic structures in Santa Fe, erected hundred of years ago, will be turned over to the city for a hall.

The bill was introduced by Speaker Roman Liberto Baca of the house, who is a descendant of one of the oldest native families in the southwest and whose ancestors helped to build the old palace.

At present a section of the old palace is rented by the territory to the United States government for a post office. The New Mexico Historical society also has a valuable collection of antiquities stored in the palace. Several rooms have been used by patriotic and political organizations for headquarters.

The old governor's palace has been the scene of action, martial and political, for centuries and could be preserved indefinitely. The history of the southwest is interwoven about the old building.

Indian governors and warriors, Spanish and American governors and soldiers have in turn used the old palace as headquarters. The histories of the murders, assassinations, fights and councils that have been held within its walls would fill a volume.

It is probable that when the bill to turn the historic old structure into a city hall comes up for consideration much of the history of the ancient palace will be brought out in speeches on the floors of both houses.

## Leaves a Mansion for Slums.

Daughter of Wealthy British Contractor or Labors Among the Poor.

Elkhart, Ind.—Mrs. Howard James Clifford, wife of the Salvation army esquire who has been assigned to the Indianapolis field, is the daughter of a wealthy contractor of London England. This fact, which was kept secret from the husband until recently, became public a few days ago. The husband first learned of his wife's prominence and wealth while on a trip abroad. Mrs. Clifford's father was so generous in paying the expenses of the trip and providing them with entertainment that the truth dawned upon the esquire.

Ensign and Mrs. Clifford have been in Elkhart two years and have won innumerable friends by their persistent, modest and incessant labors in hovels and slums, and upon the

streets. Mrs. Clifford is a tireless and able assistant in the work.

Ensign Clifford is a native of Charlbury, a village near Oxford, England. He has been in the United States about five years. One of the first sacrifices that he made upon entering the Salvation army in his native country was that of personal liberty. He was imprisoned for a time during the bitter persecution which the army suffered in the early years of its warfare in England.

His parents were Methodists of the old type. A boast of the ensign is that every male of his family from the days of John Wesley has been a Methodist minister. Two of his sisters and three brothers, one of them Major John Clifford, who did heroic rescue work following the Kingston, Jamaica, disaster recently, are engaged in the work.

## Epidemic is Killing Fish.

Disease Strikes Hatcheries and Millions of Finny Tribe Die.

Harrisburg, Pa.—Sore throat is epidemic among the young trout of the state fish hatcheries of Pennsylvania, and is causing wholesale destruction of small fishes, according to State Fish Commissioner Meehan.

Meehan says in his latest quarterly report, submitted to the fish commissioners to-day, that this disease is common among young lake trout at certain times, but it has been many years since it has attacked the young trout of the state hatcheries.

At the Corry hatchery 1,500,000 have died in the last two weeks. At the Spruce Creek hatchery nearly one-third of the entire stock is gone. The disease has broken out at the Bellefonte hatchery. The young fish at the Wayne hatchery are showing signs of uneasiness, a symptom which often precedes sore throat.

The cause of the disease is un-

known, but it is probably due to snow water getting into the spring water in unusual quantities and thus reducing the quantity of oxygen.

## A Lawyers' County.

The Law Times, observing that the Hon. James Fitzgerald, the presiding judge at the trial of Harry Thaw, in New York, for murder, is a native of the County of Clare, points out that this division of Ireland is famous for the number of eminent lawyers it has produced. Included in the list are another Fitzgerald, prime sergeant of Ireland, distinguished alike in the Irish and imperial parliaments; Sir Michael O. Loghlin, M. R.; Stephen Wolfe, lord chief baron of the Irish court of exchequer; the Henns, who for four generations occupied judicial offices; the present lord chief justice, Lord O'Brien, and Justice Kenny. These were all born and educated in the county.

Opportunity knocks once; incompetency knocks all the time.

## RICH OIL FIELD ON SEA

MARINE EL DORADO REPORTED IN GULF OF MEXICO.

Discovered by a Naval Officer Who Says Petroleum Covers an Area of 400 Miles and is Four Feet Deep.

New Orleans.—About 100 miles south of the coast of Louisiana and 150 miles from New Orleans, Lieut. John C. Soley of the United States navy has recently discovered a field of oil 400 miles in area and four feet deep floating on the surface of the Gulf of Mexico.

The news of this find, which is worth several millions, as soon as it became known to the southern shipping centers, created almost as much interest to treasure hunters as the discovery of gold in the Klondike, and all ready along the wharves of Mobile and the levees of New Orleans, where sailormen gather in low-jowled buildings, the fever of treasure trove is in their veins, and they are planning expeditions such as made the old argonauts famous.

No similar event has so gripped the avaricious instincts of the southern sailors and it is doubtful if such an unusual discovery has been made before.

For several days past the United States hydrographic office, under whose direction Lieut. Soley was working, has been receiving hundreds of communications from men interested in the venture and who are inquiring for charts plotting the exact location of the sea where the oil can be found.

The scene of activity along some of the wharves has been unusual, and it is said that some of the keenest business men not only of the south, but all over the country, have expressed the intention of sending out searching parties, comprising experts in navigation and high-salaried oil testers, to locate the oil and to report on the practicability of making it a paying venture.

An insatiable desire for rapidly acquired riches has grown among the maritime men along the gulf coast similar to the excitement of the gold fever of '49, and a wild scramble for the floating oil field threatens to be in full sweep before another week has passed.

According to one of the prospectors who has made arrangements to charter a large tank steamer and to install a powerful pumping apparatus for drawing the oil from the sea, he fully expects to reap a rich harvest, provided the survey steamer which he has sent to the oil field makes a favorable report on the quality of the oil and the chances of getting it aboard.

Even in some of the most conservative commercial houses careworn business men have turned away from the perpetual grind of their daily duties and have expressed more than a perfunctory interest in the discovery.

## PRODUCTION OF ILLINOIS OIL.

On March 1 There Were 3,222 Wells in Main Field with Output of 60,000.

Marshall, Ill.—Figures just completed show the number of producing oil wells in the Illinois field on March 1. At that time there were 3,222 producers, divided as follows: Casey pool (including all of Clark county and Cumberland and Licking townships in Crawford county), 2,085; Crawford county (outside of the two townships in the Casey pool), 932; Lawrence county, 205. In addition to these there are about a dozen light wells in Coles, Edgar and Jasper counties. They are, however, unimportant because of their small production.

A large number of wells has come in since March 1, and there are at present over 400 rigs at work in this state. New wells are being brought in daily. Dry holes are more common than they were a few months ago, on account of the wildcat work being done in an endeavor to find new territory. The daily production of the Illinois field is now about 60,000 barrels.

## WOMAN SINGS SELF TO DEATH.

Ranchman's Wife Has Hysterics Until She is Exhausted.

McPherson, Neb.—Mrs. Amanda Hill, wife of Morris Hill, a ranchman living in this county, literally talked and sang herself to death.

She had been an acute sufferer from a nervous affection for a number of years, and her malady did not yield to medical treatment.

At times she became hysterical, but her hysteria was of the usual kind until a few days before she died. Four days before her death she began to talk and sing, and she talked and sang almost constantly from that time until, completely exhausted, her heart ceased to beat.

Her talking and singing were evidently of a hysterical nature, and she was unable to cease either. She was requested and commanded to keep silence, but could not do so.

## One Drawback.

"Do you think the time will ever come when every one will fly?" "It may. But if it does I hope I'll not have to live near the people who are our next-door neighbors now. I know they would be running in every day or two to borrow our wings."

## Well in Bank of England.

The Bank of England is not in danger of a drought. An artesian-bored tube well, reaching to a depth of 400 feet, has just been completed there. Springs have been tapped yielding a minimum supply of 100,000 gallons a day.

Bequeathed Son to Friend. At the Northwich (England) rural council Councilor Watis reported a case of a boatman who willed a bequeathed his son Fred to another boatman, who paid a half-crown to make the transaction, as he imagined, legal.

First to Employ Women Clerks. Benjamin F. Hamilton, of Saco, Me., claims to be the first storekeeper in New England to employ women clerks. He recently passed his eighty eighth birthday.

# How Patrick Saved the Bank.

An Irish Folk Tale

By Seumas MacManus

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It's mighty wonderful if you have never heard tell of how Patrick saved the bank.

Ye see it was this way. The Bank of Ireland was at that time owned by a man named O'Toole, who was a great grandson's great grandson of King O'Toole. He was a mean fellow, who didn't take after his ancestors; and the devil tempted him to covet making a tremendous pile of money, all at one haul. So he employed a sea captain and sent him off on a voyage round the whole known world, to find where and how the most money was to be made, upon a speculation of any particular description.

And this sea captain sailed for the three years and three days, returning back, at the end of it, to tell his master that, in the South sea islands, the natives would give their one eye—if they had only one—for scalpeens (salted mackerels), and he said that there was loads of money to be made by sending out a venture of that commodity there.

O'Toole he jumped with joy when he heard this, and he not only gathered every penny he owned himself, and likewise every penny that was invested in the bank with him; but, moreover, he sent messengers, east and west in Ireland, for to notify every man who had a shilling of money put by in old stockings, for to fetch it to him, and lend it to him for a year and a day, and at the end of that time he would pay them back double.

And the amount of money he took in, on loans, in three weeks, was a miraculous sight.

Well, the year and a day wore round, and every man, woman and child in Ireland that had a penny invested in the Bank of Ireland walked out to Dublin, at the end of the time, to draw their money and their interest; but lo and behold ye, the sea captain and his fleet hadn't returned.

Andy O'Toole he asked of the people to give just ten days sparin's, and his fleet would be in. What to do he didn't know, for he was sore afraid that the fleet would not be in within the ten days.

So he sent private messengers throughout all the land, and gathered up to Dublin at once every great and clever man that could be found, and here and then offered each man his weight in gold, when the boats would come home, if they could invent some plan of saving himself and saving his bank till the arrival of the fleet.

But all of the plans put together, if they were tried, couldn't save two slates on the bank.

Now there was at this time in the far parts of Donegal a poor man who went by the name of Dark Patrick, by reason that he was dark visaged, and had a black head and a black beard, and he was noted for sound sense.

Now it was on the very last day of the Bank of Ireland's sparin's that Dark Patrick arrived in Dublin, and finding it was so late, didn't even wait to look for lodgings or get a pick to ate, but inquired his way to the Bank of Ireland, and to the council chamber in it.

O'Toole welcomed Dark Patrick, and he told him that, as all the others had failed him, and as the worst had come to the worst, it was no harm for him to have his try.

Dark Patrick bowed gravely, and he inquired of O'Toole, and satisfied himself on the feet was, sure enough, safely on its way, and couldn't be far from the coast of Ireland now, and that it carried loads and lashin's of money to pay, and double pay, all claims. And when he was contented on this point, he asked O'Toole what was the most money, in gold and silver, he could, by any means, obtain, beg, borrow, or in any way come honestly by.

O'Toole said that he owed a hundred thousand pounds, and that the most money he could now obtain, beg or borrow, to pay off his debt, would be £1,000.

"What," says Dark Patrick, says he, proceeding to the window, and looking at the houses opposite, "what is that establishment that I see opposite me?"

"That establishment," says O'Toole, says he, "is a manufactory of horny buttons."

"Well an' good," says Dark Patrick, "I now want you to do three things"

"Name them," says O'Toole.

"They are," says Dark Patrick, "that, in the first place, you'll hire—at any money—for this day that manufactory opposite, and have it completely cleared out instantaneously. And the next thing that you get me at once 50 trustworthy men, with 50 picks and shovels, whom you can rely your life upon. And, in the third place, get me ten herring barrels. Can you do all these things?" says Dark Patrick.

O'Toole considered with himself for a minute, and then he says desperately: "I'm prepared to do as you direct."

In short time O'Toole had engaged the manufactory opposite and turned it inside out. He had brought Dark Patrick the 50 men with the 50 picks and shovels, and the ten herring barrels, and he stood by to see what in the name of wonder the next move was going to be.

"Now," said Dark Patrick, says he, "I want you to start 20 of these men in the cellar of this bank, and 20 more in the cellar of the manufactory opposite, working for life and death, cutting a passage under the street from the one cellar to the other cellar, and they are to fill the ten barrels to within half an inch of the lip with the clay they take out. The thousand pounds in gold and silver, and the other ten men," says he, "is to come with me."

Then across the street he started,

and while the men in the cellars below were working like the fury, cutting their way under the street from house to house, Dark Patrick got the other ten men to start the fires in the factory, and he got ten frying pans and put them on the fires, and he got hammers and anvils, and he set them on a bench that ran along the window looking into the street. On the frying pans he emptied the bags of gold and silver, making the men blow the bellows like murder till the coals were red hot, and he then started them carrying the frying pans, full of coin, to the bench and beating the coins on the anvils, nicely and lightly, with little hammers, opening the windows at the same time so that the noise would get properly into the street—where the crowd now was gathering at a tremendous rate in front of the bank, and instructing the beaters that they were to make all the clatter and clang and jingle that they could.

The passage underneath the street was soon completed. Then ten herring barrels filled within an inch (A of lip were fetched up; they were filled up with a couple of layers of hot coals—some of the barrels with gold coins and others of them with silver—and while some of the men went on with the frying of the coins, and some with the beating upon the anvils at the window, the remainder were started in pairs, with hand sticks, to carry the barrels as fast as they could across the street to the bank.

And as fast as the men entered the bank with the barrels of money they carried them back just as fast as the underground passage, so that when the last barrel was going in of the bank door the first was coming out again out of the door of the manufactory, and there was one continual string of barrels of fresh gold and silver coins streaming across the street from the manufactory to the bank.

And, when the people heard this, their amazement was a wonder to behold. Some of them were sent in to draw their money, and report to the others upon what they observed. And when they came back with their money on plates smoking hot, they said how the barrels of gold and silver were going down to the cellars, in a string, to be stored there, and, by this time there must have gone in a thousand barrels if there went one. And their money, they said, had been served across the counter to them upon iron scoops, for no man could handle it, yet while it was boiling.

When the people heard this, not only would they not draw their own money, which they had in it, as they were now greedier than ever for the big interest, but those of them that had just drawn it out, went back with their plates again and deposited it.

O'Toole, the banker, was a glad hearted man that day, and, for the first time in three weeks, closed his eyes in sound sleep that night. Dark Patrick, at his special entreaty, remained with him for three days longer, till his mackerel fleet came safely in.

And it is said that it took 300 men, three days and three nights, carrying off the fleet, into the bank, the bags of gold that they had brought back with them in exchange for the scalpeens; so that O'Toole was able to pay off, with double and treble compound interest, every creditor he had in Ireland.

It was him was the elated man then, I tell you. He nearly threw himself at the feet of Dark Patrick, and he asked him to name the size of his reward.

"Well," said Dark Patrick, "I'll ask as a reward that you'll never again risk the money of the poor people of the country"

And O'Toole promised that he never would, nor did he.

## MUST BE FRESH.



Editor—Seems to me I have seen this before? Contributor—No; absolutely the latest thing I have turned out.