

assaults without complaint. It was about this time that he gave utterance to the laconic, expressive declaration, "let no guilty man escape."

Grant could not consistently remove Bristow while the whiskey trials were pending, but when they were concluded, the dispatches one morning announced that Secretary Bristow would thereafter be known as "Ex-Secretary Bristow." Grant had quietly said to him: "Your services as secretary are no longer required." Scott M. Morrill who had been United States senator from Maine was appointed secretary and served out the balance of Grant's administration.

When the treasury doors closed on Bristow he fell with a thud; the conspiracy had collapsed, and the plotters scattered like fugitives from justice. It was one of the meanest and most disreputable conspiracies ever conceived in our history.

The correspondent, Wilson, says Bristow retired from politics in disgust; yes, undoubtedly in disgust with himself for his treachery to his benefactor Grant Ditto with Blueford Wilson

JOHN M. THAYER.

### REGARDLESS OF BEAUTY.

"I never thought Kentuckians insensible to the charms of beauty" says a writer in a New York paper. "I am at loss however, to understand why a Louisville jury failed to give Pauline Markham more than \$4,000 for an injury received by one of her legs in falling into a drain or a sidewalk excavation or coal-hole, or something of that sort. Miss Markham sued for \$10,000. Twenty-five years ago and many good years since, Pauline Markham's legs were justly renowned as the most splendid, stately, shapely, glorious and perfect in the world. Not only were they the legs regnant of burlesque, but all legs, either on or off the stage, acknowledged their proud supremacy. Sages of the east and philosophers from the ends of the earth came to gaze upon them. Sculptors raved about them, and painters praised their unattainable perfection. They were the summit, the acme, and the bright consummate flower of crural charm. They were the legs of legs, unequaled in their architecture, inimitable in superb and statuesque loveliness, a vision, a delight and a desire. Four thousand dollars is only the interest on \$100,000 at four per cent. This may be a sufficient estimate of an injury which the world will hope is slight. A Louisville jury should have given, however, at least \$100,000 for even a scratch upon such monuments of beauty."

### THE GAME OF FLAPDOODLEDOO

As Played by the Most August Deliberative Body in the World.

**SCENE**—The United States Senate. Cobwebs run from the head of George Frisbie Hoar up to the clock, and there are last year's bird's nests in Senator Peffer's whiskers. Living Pictures are being exhibited. The thermometer is at 106, and the Tariff Bill is reposing in a jar of alcohol on the President's desk. On David B. Hill's polished head a congress of flies is engaged in a debate on the question of admitting fried potatoes to the human system free of duty. Mr. Henry Cabot Lodge is engaged in his continuous act of trying to look intellectual. Mr. Kilanyi is giving a special exhibition of pictures before "the most august deliberative body in the world."

**MR. KILANYI**—The first picture, gentleman, represents a group of elegantly decorated idiots in the act of thinking. The idiot on the extreme right is known as the champion of Colorado horsehair. He represents the stuffed soda industry of Soda Creek. Here in the centre is the gentleman that has the shirt-flap interests of central New York at heart, and the beautiful person on the left with the wart on his nose looks out for the manufacturers of pin-poles in Texas.

**SENATOR ALDRICH** (*rising with enthusiasm*)—Three cheers for the United States Senate, the most august deliberative body in the world.

*Each Senator presents himself with a bouquet and cheers lustily.*

**MR. KILANYI** (*as another picture is disclosed*)—This, gentlemen, represents a United States Senator refusing to make anything besides his salary. He looks sad, but this is because he has just swallowed a whole cucumber and not because honesty disagrees with him. The gentleman represented, by the way, is pledged by

his constituents to guard the interests of the toy baloon makers in the southwest. He is what is known as a statesman and patriot, and if the company will step 'round to the back of the picture it will find that the stars and stripes are embroidered on the seat of his pants.

**SENATOR MACPHERSON** (*rising solemnly*)—Gentlemen, this is a great day for the most august deliberative body of the world.

*The Senators shake hands all around and John M. Palmer pins a cauliflower in his buttonhole.*

**MR. KILANYI** (*as the pictures shift*)—Here, gentlemen, we have the Committee on Snores after studying the Wilson Bill for three years. The beard of the chairman is, as you see, eight yards long. The committee has just reached the question: "Shall we strike out the clause adding one-hundredth per cent. duty to unripe rubber balls?" Great pressure has been brought to bear upon the committee by the rubber ball interests of Paggawackett, Mass.

**MR. HOAR** (*getting to his feet with dignity*)—Allow me gentlemen to propose that the forts of the cauntry fire forty-five guns in honor of the most august deliberative body in the world.

*Wilkinson Call, of Florida, takes off his boots and decorates his desk with socks darned in red, white and blue.*

**MR. KILANYI**—The next picture, gentlemen, shows a group of upright and thirsty Senators putting another lump of sugar in their tea. The Wilson Bill is here seen in the distant wrapped in crape and supporting itself on crutches.

**SENATOR BRICE** (*exultantly*)—Hooray for the most august deliberative body in the world!

*Senator Pugh takes a wreath of laurel from his desk and places it on his own brow.*

**MR. KILANYI**—My last picture, gentleman, shows the United States Senate passing the Wilson Bill. The bill is being passed on the other side of the street. You will note that each member carries an axe, a bowie knife and a saw. The bill has already been beaten into insensibility, had all its limbs amputated and its heart removed. But the birdseed industry of the south is still unsatisfied. The tutti frutti manufacturers still demand further protection. The glass-eye makers want foreign competition discouraged, and the Welsh Rarebit Association asks that the tax be taken off dry toast. All these things need time. This picture represents the things taking time. I call it my *chef'douere*. I will leave it in the frame. You might like to look at it for a few months.

*The Senators rise id a body and regard each other solemnly and admirably.*

**MR. HILL** (*with great deliberation*)—We are a splendid assemblage.

**CHORUS**—We are!

**MR. HILL**—The eyes of the Nation are upon us, and we are being acclaimed as heroes and sages.

**CHORUS**—We are!

**MR. HILL**—I propose that we adjourn and parade in barouches along Pennsylvania avenue, that the public may look upon us and strew roses in our path.

**CHORUS**—We will parade.

**MR. HILL**—And now let me propose three cheers for the most august deliberative body in the world.

Three cheers are given. Mr. Pugh takes another wreath from his desk and places it on top of the one he already wears. Each member then presents himself with a fresh bouquet. The most august deliberative body in the world next marches out of the Senate Chamber and, preceded by a brass band, leaves the Capitol. The houses and public buildings are decorated brilliantly with flags, and guns are booming on all sides. The public cheers, the small dogs bark and the President hides himself in the cellar of the White House. And so the triumph of the most august deliberative body of the world goes on. They are great people. And the public—well, the public continues to be the guy.

The Satirist in *Town Topics*.

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