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WASHINGTON LETTER.

Washington, D. C., August 2, '84.
This is the best Government the world ever saw for purposes of plunder, and the plunderers know it. They seem to have taken it for granted that Governments—and this Government in particular—are instituted among men to enable the few upon the inside to whack up between themselves, and for this are the offices disseminated. I don't know the exact period in the life of this Government—if there ever was such a time—when public officials began to steal and get caught at it, but it was as long ago as 1839 that Swartwout with a million of dollars of Government money in his pocket, put his thumb to his nose and gyrated his fingers at Martin Van Buren and the Government just as Tweed did at the New York public thirty years afterward. As time has passed away, the plundering has gone on with more and more barefaced audacity until stealing is actually official existence. And the Government in all this time has never learned how to keep its books, nor never looked after the state of its cash account so as to know when, where, who, or how long its trusted employes had been stealing, or whether they had been stealing at all. There was postmaster Fowler's larcenies that covered an aggregate of \$515,000, and a period of peccation extending through nearly four years, yet the Government's accounts with its chief post office were kept so loosely (or rather were not kept at all) that Fowler's disappearance was the first inkling that the accounting officials received of any sort of crookedness! The approaching trials of Swain and Morrow and Burnside will develop with startling completeness the wonderful facilities afforded and the terrible temptations to steal that comes of our system of Governmental book-keeping.

Two days ago I paid a visit to the Document room of the House of Representatives in search of an item. It is not the busy place just now that it is when Congress is in session, but it is quite a curiosity-shop in its way. Stowed away in pigeon-holes and tied up in bundles are the copies of all Documents printed by order of the House, and all bills introduced. The familiar inscription which Dante put over the entrance to the infernal regions, "abandon hope all ye who enter here," might well be written over the doors of this room. It is indeed a burying-ground for this kind of literature. Of the 11,000 bills which entered there during the late session, less than 200 emerged in the shape of acts. Of course the great majority of bills and resolutions introduced never had any chance to become acts, and sad would have been the fate of the country if they had. Many of those kept in the background, owe their death to the vigilance of certain members among whom Holman, of Indiana, is the chief.

Much has been written about "the great objector," as he is called, and many have doubtless conceived the idea that he is a stern, cross-grained and morose man. But such is not the case. Those who are familiar with his private life, know that he has a kind a heart as ever throbbled against a waist-coat. It was he who had the provision for the salary of Jennie M. Hunt, a cripple in the Dead Letter Office, placed in the Legislative Appropriation bill so as to secure her against discharge. And through him the little wan-faced hunchback who sits at the door of the Appropriations Committee room, got his place. This boy, whose name is Willie Howard, is the support of his widowed mother. He used to stand on the Capitol steps and beg, where he was allowed to remain by the policemen whose hearts were softened by his appeals, and finally in stormy weather he got a place by the elevator where he often performed little services for members. Holman became interested in him, and got a resolution through the House authorizing his appointment as an additional page. So the boy is a fixture, and makes himself useful in keeping the committee room in order, straightening up the papers and books, and doing errands for the members.

One of the last nights of the session

there was a scene which would make a striking picture on canvas. The Conference Committee on the naval bill were in session. There was Logan, the Republican candidate for Vice-President; Hale, of Maine, and the stalwart Beck, representing the Senate, with Randall, Holman and Calkins, representing the House. For several hours the committee debated and wrangled; a good deal of hard talk being heard from all sides. But through it all, regardless of the fate of the new cruisers, curled up in a great arm-chair, sleeping as peacefully as a kitten on a hearth-stone, lay the little hunchback, tired out with the cares of state. After the committee adjourned in a passionate disagreement, Holman noticed the boy, woke him up as tenderly as a mother would, and told him to go home. DOM PEDRO.

The latest sensation in the amusement field is a troupe of colored tragedians. They opened the season in New York last Tuesday evening to a crowded house. The play produced was "Othello," and the fun was fast and furious from beginning to end. One report says, "The audience was a very noisy, but a very witty one, and had abundant opportunity to display its humor. Othello was an especial butt, the gallery recommending cholera medicine for his cramps when the historic mole was writhing in the agonies of jealousy, and enjoining him against squirming too much lest he lose his liver pad. But Iago was their meat. He was a very black Iago who played the part "for all it was worth." He wouldn't lose a single squirm nor abate a single wriggle or scowl that he could get into his part, and the audience were convulsed over his antics. "Look out, Cassio, he's got a razor," yelled a voice from the parquette. "Slug him, Roderigo, he's playing you for a sucker," screamed a gallery god, when Iago was getting in some of his fine work. Then when Othello went for Iago there was a general cry of "time," and pugilistic injunctions came from all sides. The scenes between Desdemona and her lord aroused side splitting jokes from the front. She was advised to "get a divorce" and "go for alimony" and one wit posted her to the effect that her coon had made another mash. The whole entertainment was uproarious in front of the house, but the colored actors continued their business gravely and paid no attention to the hullabaloo among the audience. The enjoyment of the latter was intense, even old and dignified men unbending and taking part in the riotous merriment. The only drawback was that as the tragedy worked up to a climax the earnest tragedians worked themselves up into a perfect foam of perspiration. This is the only way they got "square" with their tormentors. The performance was better than a circus in many respects." —Topics.

Two little creatures were sitting in the gloaming—in one of those old-fashioned, dippy, delightful gloamings that female novelists tell us about. They were sitting there, and the gloaming gloamed away, and the creatures sat and sat. The two creatures were a dude and a dudelet, and they were too-too. "Adolphus," uttered she, with a sigh like unto a sleepy cat, "O, Adolphus!" "What is it, my beloved Alicia? What wouldst thou of thine Adolphus?" "I would—I would—" "Speak, dearest; thine Adolphus is ready to do anything to please his ownest own." "Then, Adolphus, O, Adolphus, kiss me!" There was a slight convulsion of the atmosphere, a trembling of the young boughs over-head, and the gloaming had it all his own way thereafter. The verdict of the coroner's jury was, "Swallowed each other."—San Francisco News-Letter.

A WRITER asks, "Can Democracy soar?" It can, but it doesn't spell it that way. In the matter of sore the Democracy takes no back seat—nor any other seat. It's too sore.

Her Monument.

She built it herself, and yet she did not know that she had a monument. She lived in it, but she did not know that it existed.

Her monument was her home. It grew up quietly, as quietly as a flower grows, and no one knew—she did not know herself—how much she had done to tend and water and train it. Her husband had absolute trust in her. He earned the money; she expended it. And as she put as much thought in her expenditure as he put in his earning, each dollar was doubled in the expending. She had inherited that mysterious faculty which we call taste, and she cultivated it with fidelity. Every home she visited she studied, though always unconsciously, as it were a museum or an art gallery; and from every visit she brought away some thought which came out of the alembic of her loving imagination fitted to its appropriate place in her own home. She was too genuine to be an imitator—for imitation is always akin to falsehood—and she abhorred falsehood. She was patient with everything but a lie. So she never copied in her own home or in her own person what she had seen elsewhere entered into and helped to complete the perfect picture of life which was always painting with deft fingers in everything, from the honey-suckle which she trained over the door to the bureau in the guest's room which her designing made a new work of art for a new friend, if it were only by a new nosegay and a change of vases. Putting her own personality into her home, making every room and almost every article of furniture speak of her, she has the gift to draw out from every guest his personality and make him at home, and so make him his truest and best self. Neither man nor woman of the world could long resist the subtle influence of that home; the warmth of its truth and love thawed out the frozen proprieties from impersonated etiquette, and whatever circle of friends sat on the broad piazza in summer or gathered around the open fire in winter knew for a time the rare joy of liberty—home was hospitable because her heart was large; and any one was her friend to whom she could minister. But her heart was like the old Jewish temple—strangers only came into the court of the Gentiles, friends into an inner court; her husband and her children found a court yet nearer her heart of hearts; yet even they knew that there was a holy of holies which she kept for her God, and they loved and revered her more for it. So strangely was commingled in her the inclusiveness and the exclusiveness of love, its hospitality, and its reserve.

Ah! blessed home builder! You have no cause to envy women with a "gift." For there is nothing so sacred on earth as a home, and no priest on earth so divine as the wife and mother who make it, and no gift so great as the gift which grafts this bud of heaven on the common stock of earth. "His children shall rise up and call her blessed; her husband alsh, and he praiseth her."

MUCH has been said about the recklessness of the cowboys of the boundless. But they are careful. It is a matter of record that one party in Montana has hung thirteen horse-thieves within a week recently and made only one error. What supreme court can show a better return?

THE opposition of the Harpers to Blaine is attributed to the fact that the "Plumed Knight" did not have them publish his book. This is proven pretty conclusively by a letter from one of the Harpers, written on the 13th of March, 1883, and now made public for the first time.

THE cholera seems to be on the decline in Europe, and it is quite likely that it will not reach America this year if the precautions that have been taken so far are kept up.

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