

NOW LIKE A THEATER

THE SENATE CHAMBER RE-MODELED AND IMPROVED.

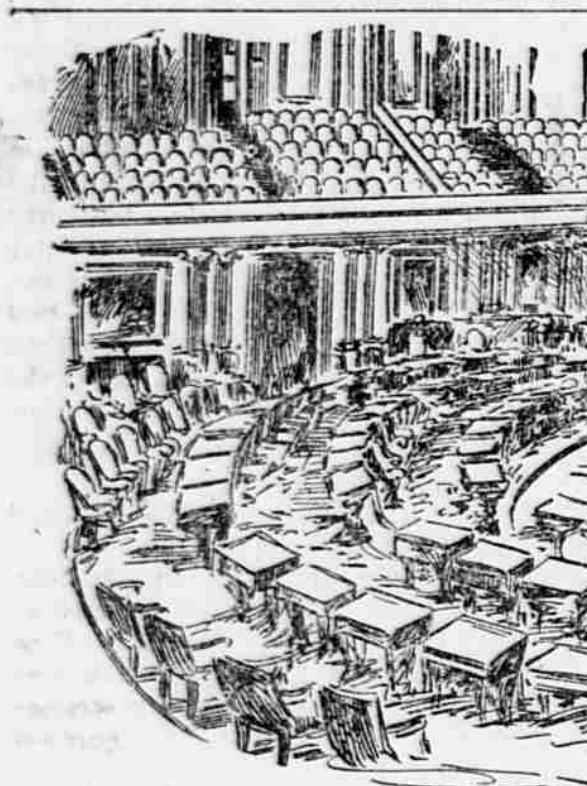
How the Antiquated Old Legislative Hall Has Been Modernized—Gallery Made Like a Balcony—Ventilating Chairs for Senators and Spectators.

Many Electric Lights.

Washington correspondence.



THE work of renovating the historic old Senate chamber, which has been in progress, is now complete, and the accompanying pictures show the new galleries and the peculiar type of ventilating chairs with which they are furnished. The large picture gives a good idea of the improved appearance which the hall presents. What was one of the most primitive and antiquated legislative chambers in the civilized world has been changed into perhaps the most modern one, equipped with a multitude of devices and conveniences that are not only fully abreast of the day, but considerably in advance of it. Aged and white-haired Senators, like the venerable Morrill, of Vermont, who has occupied a seat in the chamber for thirty years, may be led to wonder somewhat when they first see its newly acquired splendors. And the younger and more festive Senators, whose eyes so often revert to the galleries to catch the smiles and glances of their fair occupants, will see the spectators, not crowded in old painted wooden benches as of yore, but seated luxuriously in rising tiers of opera chairs, richly cushioned and upholstered in dark red leather, and constructed after a unique design. They will see the walls renewed and

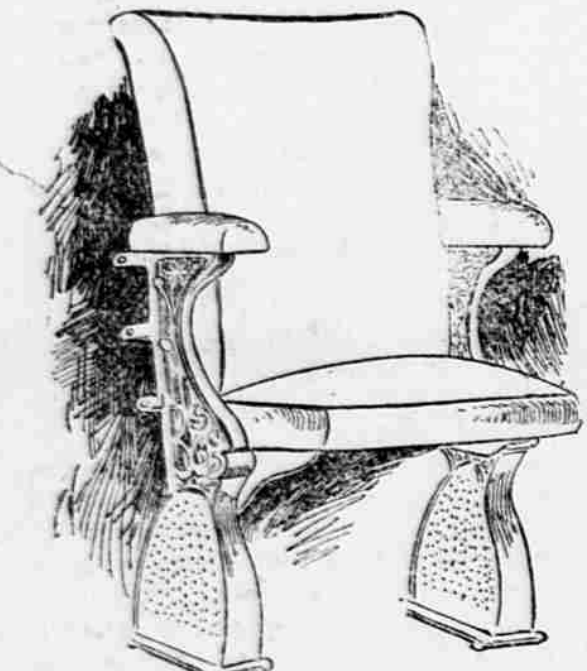


THE SENATE CHAMBER.

fresh, everybody will be more comfortably illuminated brilliantly with beautiful clusters of incandescent electric lights above the tinted glass ceilings, and not only in the galleries, but on the Senate floor, everybody will be more comfortable by reason of the many novel improvements in the reconstruction, heating and ventilation of the restored chamber. The temperature in summer will be kept cool and equable by means of a cold-storage system, and at all times and seasons the personal comfort and welfare of the Senators will be promoted by the best modern agencies that money can buy. And thus greater inducements and incentives than ever are present to prompt aspiring statesmen to attempt to "break into" the United States Senate.

The Chamber Dismantled.
The entire floor and all the brick walls and piers beneath it were taken out, to be replaced by a new iron floor, topped by a wooden one of cherry. The homely, old-fashioned galleries were utterly demolished, and are now superseded by handsome balconies like those of our best up-to-date theaters. The seating capacity of the old galleries accommodated 1,500 people, but the arrangement of the benches always resulted in jamming and disorderly crowding on great field days. There are only 700 chairs in the new galleries, each one a sort of reserved seat, and when they have all been filled the limit of capacity cannot be stretched, and thus overcrowding will be avoided.

These gallery chairs are remarkable from the fact that they are supplied with



NEW VENTILATING CHAIR.

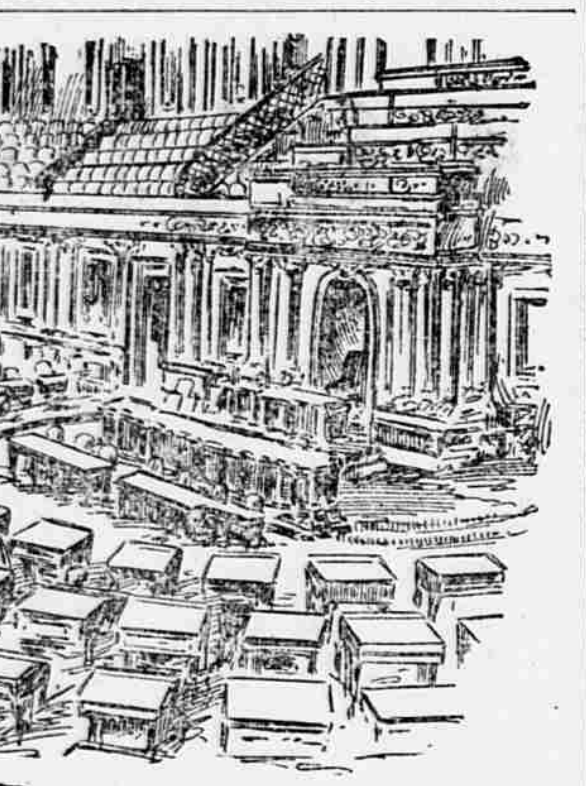
an original ventilating device. Each chair has two mahogany legs or supports, and under these, forming a part of the legs, is an apparatus for diffusing an equable current of fresh air of the right temperature in and around the clothing and body of the occupant. The air is to be supplied continuously from shafts underneath the floor, and will be sifted evenly from apertures in the supports, so that there will be no drafts. The cost of these ventilated chairs was \$3,000, or \$5.14 apiece. The Senators' mahogany desks down on the Senate floor are also fitted with similar ventilators.

Plan of Ventilation.
The ventilation scheme is elaborate and ingenious. The need of improved ventilation in the Senate does not strike the average visitor in the galleries as urgent, but ever since one lordly and revered Senator, a few years ago, removed one of his summer shoes to ease a lacerated toe

and placed the wounded foot on a colleague's desk, there has been a deal of joking in the Senate on the subject of ventilation, and there are officials in the Senate who remark that the present ventilation project is the sequel of that jocular and good-natured agitation. First, a cold storage plant costing \$15,000 was established in the terrace at the west front of the Capitol. It is operated by the usual ammonia process and includes a refrigerating machine, a tank, an insulator and an engine. Exceedingly cold brine is supplied to the air in the system of air ducts reaching from the terrace to the distributing shafts. This abstracts the humidity from the air and reduces its temperature, and can be controlled so that the requisite supply of cool air can be given to the Senate even in the most torrid Washington summer weather. Associated with this cold storage plant are fresh air and steam heating systems. The steam heating plant in the Senate basement furnishes this steam heated air to automatic fans at a definite temperature. The old fans and steam engines have been removed, and newer and more efficient fans substituted, driven by electric motors directly connected with the shaft fans.

Where They Get Air.
The pure outside air supplied to the steam heating coils is brought from the stone tower at the northwest section of the Capitol grounds, and, after being properly warmed, is diffused through the heating shafts. The temperature is regulated by a special automatic device. If the temperature in the Senate should change one degree either too warm or too cool, the device shuts off the hot air supply in a measure, if too warm, and allows the cold air to mix with it until the desired temperature is restored. If too cool, the supply of cold air is restricted in a similar way.

The air supply, whether heated for winter or artificially cooled for summer, is forced from the various plants with an even pressure through the air-shafts under the air-tight flooring of the Senate and galleries, through the desk and chair legs, and through the diffusing boxes. The pressure is controlled by regulators under each chair, desk and box. The foul or consumed air escapes through es-



CUBANS WHIP THE ENEMY.

Battle of Importance Takes Place in Pinar del Rio

The Cuban insurgents have won one of the most important battles fought on the island during the progress of the war. The battle was in Pinar del Rio, but no details are given. Cubans are rejoicing, as this is the first real battle since Weyler took the field. A later private dis-

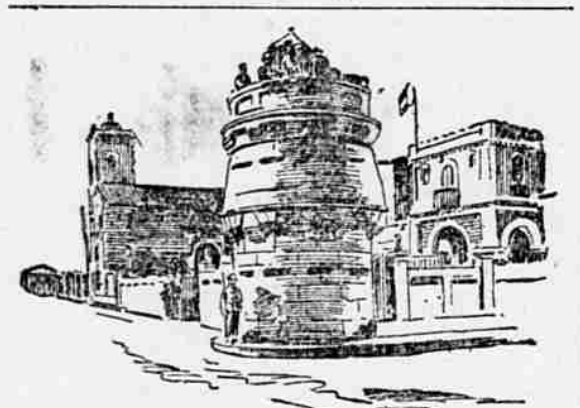


CAPTAIN-GENERAL WEYLER.

patch was received in New York City from Madrid to the effect that Gen. Weyler had resigned as captain general of the Spanish army in Cuba and that Gen. Prando had been named by the Government as his successor. Gen. Luque has been wounded, it is reported.

The insurgents are said to have fourteen factories in operation between Soros and Cabanas in Pinar del Rio. Nevertheless reports are received of a scarcity of food and clothing. The constant fighting has frightened the cattle and they have hidden in the mountains, where it is difficult to secure them for food.

The police, by forming an ambush, succeeded in surprising a party on the Avenue Infante, on the outskirts of Havana, who were preparing to join the insurgents. Two of the party were killed, but



SPANISH FORTIFICATION IN CUBA.

two succeeded in escaping. A policeman was wounded in the melee. Capt. Neila, of the garrison of Casco, who was relieved during a siege by the assistance of Gen. Castellanos, has arrived at Puerto Principe, where he was tendered a reception, characterized by the greatest enthusiasm. Crowns were bestowed upon the men of the garrison and a banquet was tendered them.

KING OSCAR II.

Monarch Who May Appoint a Deciding Arbitrator.

King Oscar II. of Sweden and Norway, who, in case of emergency, may appoint the deciding arbitrator in the Venezuelan boundary dispute, is a good friend of the United States, and the cause of the little South American State, it is believed, will be fairly considered by the man he



KING OSCAR II.

selects, if it should be found necessary for the king to act. The Scandinavian monarch will not be the fifth arbitrator, as was erroneously stated by the press dispatches. Royalty never sits with subjects, yet the indirect connection which Oscar II. may have with the Venezuelan affair gives him importance in the eyes of Americans. The King is a very democratic ruler. He goes about among his people freely and without reserve. He gives them to understand that he is a Scandinavian first and a monarch afterward. His reign has covered a period of constant and untroubled prosperity. His interest has been unflinching in the agricultural, mining and industrial affairs of his kingdom, and no person, however humble, in his domains, has shown aptitude or merit, has been unrewarded. He is very erudite. History, the classics, art, literature and science are affected by him, and he is without doubt the most cultured monarch in all Europe. Personally, King Oscar is a most affable, polished man. He devotes his leisure time to association with savants, artists and authors, and in these conversations the widest liberty is given and royalty forgotten. Physically he is a powerful man, 6 feet 3 inches high and of rather attractive appearance. Scandinavians in America are now making up a present to send him on his sixty-fifth birthday, early in January.

Notes of Current Events.

The wife of a Burlington roadmaster, Patrick O'Donnell, was shot and instantly killed by her 16-year-old son at Lincoln, Neb. The shooting was accidental. Guy Hutsonpiller was murdered in his room at the Windsor Hotel at Omaha by George Elliott. The latter used a coupling pin and beat his victim's skull to a pulp. Both men with a party of ten went to Omaha from Moberly, Mo., where Buffalo Bill's show disbanded for the season, they having been employed, as rough riders.

OUR STORY TELLER



"THOSE OTHER PEOPLE."

WE had quarreled. I don't know what about; neither quite knew, I think. One of those unexplained quarrels when we thought mean things of each other without any cause, and then justified the other's condemnation by meaner actions. We were polite to stupidity, and our conversation was interlarded with the poorest satire, in which we exulted as displaying the sharpness of our wit and the indifference of our feelings. We ruthlessly stabbed, and wondered every time at the other's cruelty with a renewed sense of surprise. Whilst pondering on a return thrust likely to prove more hurtful. Every day we seemed to be growing farther from the possibility of a reconciliation, till at last we became quite friendly in our enmity. We ceased to be personal, and only discussed outside matters. Our hearts had solidly frozen—we, who had loved each other so much—there was no longer warmth enough even for satire. We ate our meals silently together in the great hall of the queer old Inn of Montenero, which was built high up on the rocks above the swift river coiling about their base 200 feet below, an impregnable stronghold in the old times of the border wars, and now but a hostelry for travelers crossing the wild forest lands that stretched for miles to the horizon. I had come to meet the Count, my father, on his way south, but he had been detained, and Ugo had declared he would not leave me in the desolate old castle till a safer protector than my female attendant should arrive. I acquiesced—how willingly then, when my heart beat at the sound of his footsteps, and the gloomy halls seemed so mysteriously delightful whilst he was there! Things had indeed changed! Now I protested impatiently at the waiting. Would not my father soon arrive? Yet surely I dreaded his advent, which would mean our parting without ever a reconciliation.

He offered to ride to his encounter. I murmured, "He might if he wished," and turned away with my heart sinking into my toes. He did not go, however, and in this I found further cause for a display of ill-humor. He successfully retaliated, till I despised him with all my soul, and wondered how I ever could have thought him aught but a bear.

One day, as I strode angrily along the corridor, I encountered one of the guests I had not before noticed, though later I remembered that she had been about the inn for some days. She was a little person, not so much in height—she might have been as tall as myself—as in general effect; she looked little, and had the meanest countenance I had ever beheld. I took such a sudden dislike to the creature that I involuntarily drew my skirts aside as she passed. Later on in the day we both observed her at a table in the company of a man. He was taller than she, yet had the same appearance of puny meanness. An impotent pugnacity marked the whole of his irascible physiognomy, the features of which were white and formless. The two openly wrangled during the whole course of the meal, so that we could not help laughing at the ridiculousness of their behavior. They banded words on every conceivable subject. "Pray don't eat your soup as if you were fond of it," said she; "I hate to see people eat their soup in that way." "You hate every one but yourself," said he. "Perhaps I do, when every one has diminished to a you," she replied.

"How brutal they are!" murmured Ugo. I laughed. Well, we were well-bred in our quarrels, at any rate. Whatever we thought we took care to conceal in elaborate politeness worthy, certainly, of better feelings. I think he understood what was passing through my mind, for he flushed a little angrily. Surely I did not mean to compare ourselves to these low creatures, whose deformed bodies seemed the index to their crooked souls. Whether I did or not, I succeeded in hiding further expression of my thoughts.

During the following days we became better friends; the discussion of these oddities made us forget something of our own rancor. We were pleased to condemn them, and philosophize on the usefulness of such beings on earth, their hideousness and evident discontent with life. Whenever we came across them our loathing increased. It happened one afternoon as we were seated on the parapet of the tower overlooking the dense stretch of wooded country to westward, and the silver serpent river, whose color deepened with the setting of the sun, till the whole became a winding line of molten crimson at our feet, that a strange emotion, caused by the wondrous scene, stirred

us both. We turned to look at one another, when the sight of their vile figures intercepted our glances, and their querulous voices echoed in the great silence—petty, stupid, mean.

"I wonder that they can even think of such things," I said a little hotly, whereat an odd look crept into Ugo's eyes, which made me feel suddenly indignant. No doubt he was comparing me to them. How small of him to do that! How I disliked the way he dangled his feet against the parapet, his sword between his knees! I rose up and went in. He could listen and enjoy the company of those horrible people if he liked, since he could not see any difference between them and me. I went disconsolately to my room and watched from my window, and the tears crept into my eyes as I thought that surely Ugo and I would never be the same to one another again. Whilst I sat and dreamily pondered, the idea entered my head that this strange pair had come between us; that they had cast the evil eye on us—the evil eye! I shudder as a sense of the reality of the superstition assailed me. I recollected that they had appeared at the inn on the day of our quarrel. For seven days Ugo and I had been as strangers to one another, and they, they would sever us for all time. I leaned out of my window, gazing down on the parapet beneath me, on which Ugo still sat. The horrible woman was looking at him even as I was, and the man mumbling to himself. I could have laughed out loud from very rage, for Ugo seemed to be mesmerized to the spot, bathed in the crimson light from the setting sun, with a look in his eyes that was not his, a look of one enthralled by evil. Far below, the river seemed a way of blood, and the forest trees black and immutable. The idea of blood entered my soul, and with it a terrible thought. I shivered and closed the casement, then hastened away to escape from the grewsome notion that seemed to pursue me and take possession of my will.

I had done it. The awful idea had returned to me. In the late evening I stole through the dark corridor to her room, and all the way I laughed to myself, for the strange madness so possessed me that I had neither fear nor horror. Then I crept away down the stairs and out into the open by the flowing river. There, as the cool air fanned my feverish face, I thought—I had done right; she was an evil, horrible thing who would harm us. But Ugo! What will he think? Still, I said aloud, I am glad, I am glad.

"Why are you glad?" I turned round with a little cry as Ugo came out of the darkness and joined me. "I could not rest," he went on quite naturally, "so I came out here. I did not expect to find you," he continued, with no warmth in his tone, adding, "Those people got on my mind. I felt an irresistible desire to go and smother that brute—kill him. I wish I had, but somehow I hadn't the courage." "Ugo!" "What is it?" he said. "I have done it." "What?" "I have killed her." "You are mad!" "I have killed her," I repeated. He remained silent, pale to the lips, then said, hurriedly: "No one can possibly know you did it?" "No—unless—" "Unless?" "He—she should divine." "But he must die, too!" He sprang away from my side, bitten by my madness. "Don't you see," he said, looking oddly, "such people must not exist; they are horrible, venomous worms; they are not human, they have the evil eye, they poison the earth."

I followed slowly, possessed by a strange calm. Of course it was quite right. The world must be rid of such extraneous beings. We cleansed our homes of all vile accumulations, we swept our streets, and burned every useless thing, killed nauseous insects and treacherous animals, exterminating all that was loathsome. Why did we stop at human vermin, and not purify the world, too, of such defilement? Then suddenly I stood still. Ugo, a few yards before me, was rooted to the ground, and, she! I had failed, then. My stabs meant nothing. She could not be killed. Ugo, too, had failed! The blood in my veins turned cold with horror, and, like him, I could not move from where I stood.

At last he came up to me as one in a dream, and said, "We cannot kill them! Look! They are some evil spirits. Little one," he murmured, tenderly, "come away, come away from here; it is a poisonous place. They may

live forever, but they shall not separate us. We were in their thralldom." Was it a dream? Ugo's arms were round me. "I love you, I love you!" he said. "I have been afraid to tell you, and they, they came between us; but we do not care—do we? You were so brave, braver than I, for you did not hesitate but it was no use, we could not kill them."

Our arms were tightly entwined, nothing in the world could come between us now. Those grewsome people were but pigmies. What cared we? And we turned with a laugh towards them. Then we saw what was indeed stranger than anything that had yet happened at the old castle, for there under our very eyes they changed, and she became even as I was, tall and fair, and he as Ugo, brave and beautiful, till at last it seemed that they were we and we were they; then as the pale moon gleamed from out the clouds and threw a flood of light across our path, we found that we were alone.

"It is not true!" I murmured. "I may have been like that, but not you." He colored to his eyebrows. "The portrait of me was doubtless excellent," said he; "the other, of course, was a preposterous calumny."

But I don't think either of us cared very much, for we knew that as long as our hearts beat near one another's those other people could not find a way to come between us. And in very truth, they were seen no more at Montenero.—Westminster Budget.

SHEEP SHEARING.

Expertness of Professional Shearers in New South Wales.

Most of our readers would probably think that to shear, say, twenty or thirty sheep, would be as much as the most skillful and industrious shearer could do in a long day's work. They may, then, says Chambers' Journal, be interested to know what vastly greater numbers are expected to pass through the deft hands of a capable craftsman in the pastoral regions of the great sheep-keeping colony of New South Wales. Our notes have been collected on the spot.

The number of sheep a man can shear in a day of eight and a half hours is governed by several circumstances over and above the shearer's expertness, depending mainly on the class of sheep and the nature of the country over which the sheep have pastured. Of all the breeds of sheep merinos are the most difficult to shear. In the first place, they are very "throaty"—that is, the skin covering the neck lies in large, loose folds, so that manipulation with the shears is at best tedious and troublesome. Then, again, they possess what is technically known as the "points" of the breed—they are woolled to the tip of the nose and down the legs to the hoofs; it is these so-called "points" that take up time.

Sheep grazing over pastures where burs, grass seeds, twigs, etc., are numerous, or over coarse, sandy country, pastures that are full of foreign matter that blunt the shears during the process of shearing. It will at once be seen that this especially applies to short-legged sheep, heavily fleeced as the merinos are to the extremities of their limbs. The time taken up sharpening his shears is a serious consideration to the shearer.

Bad or careless shearers, in order to give the sheep the appearance of being properly shorn, may either "shingle" or "feather" the fleeces they cut off. By "shingling" is meant making a second cut over the same part of the body of the sheep, the first severing the staple toward the center, and the second close to the skin; yet the whole fleece holds together and the damage may not be detected till closely examined. On the contrary, "feathering" is plainly seen as soon as the fleece is shaken out; here the clip has been uneven, leaving patches of longer wool to be severed by a second cut. This leaves a quantity of short wool in the inside the fleece, which readily separates when the fleece is unrolled. "Shingling" is the worst fault, as it quite ruins the staple for combing purposes.

In the mountain districts west of the table-land the average number of sheep a fairly good man will shear in a day of eight and a half hours varies from seventy to 120. On the northern plains near the Queensland border the average is 120 to 170; and it is on record that the champion shearer of Queensland clipped 327 sheep in nine hours. Such a man, in the language of "the seed," is termed a "ringer." In the central plains on the Lachlan River the average is eighty to 120. With machines the numbers are, of course, considerably more. The men are paid £1 per 100 sheep; and out of this they have to provide rations, shears, sharpening-stones, oil, etc.

A Neat Swindling Trick.

The latest swindling game was practiced successfully the other day at Benton, Pa. Two men, who appeared to be strong silver and gold advocates, were in the central depot and became involved in a heated discussion. The gold man offered to bet a gold double-eagle that if he hammered the coin into a shapeless mass it would still be worth \$20. He was ostentatiously taken up by the silver advocate, but when it came to selling the lump to Jeweler Roth the store was closed. James Hagerly, a strong sound money advocate, who stood by and who had implicit faith in the value of gold, gave the man \$20 for the battered coin. The two enthusiasts disappeared shortly after, and then it was discovered that the metal left by them was spurious.

A Terrible Warning.

A Bangor, Me., man was struck and killed by lightning while he was hugging his best girl.

In the eyes of a young woman, a man cannot exaggerate the importance of his \$40 a month position.