

CONTENTMENT IS WEALTH.

How little we know by the surface
What the deep undercurrent may bear;
There's many a light-hearted pauper
And many a sad millionaire.

It isn't what shows on the surface
That counts in the ev'ry-day strife.
That man is well off who's contented
With his draw in the lot'try of life.

—Four-Track News.

A VINEYARD VENDETTA

INDIAN summer was on, calm, purple-tinted and radiant with the colors of early autumn. The grounds about Clover Creek Academy vied with the surrounding hills in their lavish display of red and gold, and the long sweep of tree-plumed ground that sloped off to the stream back of the barracks building seemed to be one mass of scarlet, intermingled with the darker hues of the never-dying spruce.

The cadets had been in harness long enough to know what military restraint was, for already they chafed under the restrictions of semi-official duty and began to look with awe upon the relentless rigor of Major Kendrick, the commandant.

There had been one or two small football games, a series of elaborate dress parades and one expulsion. This summed up the excitement of the early session, and as they pored over their books in the stuffy classrooms nothing seemed more tantalizing than these purple stretches of country on which the most fantastic and flicker sunshine fell.

"I have an idea, Barry," declared Wallace Wedrell, as the two cadets lolled upon the green after school hours. "It would mean some risk, but there would be all kinds of fun in it." Barry, who, like many of the others, highly respected Wedrell, not alone for his manliness, but for a certain spirit of healthy adventure which dominated his character, wanted to know all about it without further delay.

"I know of a little farm about a mile from here where grapes grow as if they had been taught the business," Wedrell continued. "It isn't a case of theft at all. You see, the farm has been abandoned for several years, and while the vineyard has not been cared for the grapes are as fine as any California product."

"How do you know about it?" inquired Barry curiously.

"Went over there last year at about this time. Was driving to Auburn to meet my father and passed the place. I asked about it yesterday down at Flemming's store, and Flemming said the place is still untenanted."

"Well, out with your scheme."

"I suggest that we use the ropes to-night and go across to the place for a basketful of grapes; it would be a jolly lark and this weather simply gets into my bones; I want to be under that faultless sky for a while."

"Poetical, eh?" warbled Barry; then with a slap on his friend's shoulder, "I'm with you; give me some details."

"You know about all there is to it; we must start from the barracks at 11 or 11:30 and be quiet from the word go; if old Ken learns about the affair it will result disastrously."

"No fireworks," hinted Barry, with a smile.

Indications, however, promised anything but a quiet night, for Wedrell and Barry had scarcely entered the barracks building when a small boy slipped noiselessly down the big tree under which the two lads had been lying. Few there were who knew that "Noddy" Siote had a peculiar habit of studying high in the branches of this particular oak. It was cool up there amid the branches and "Noddy" never found a disturbing influence.

"Wew!" he whistled, closing his Latin book with a pop; "I must tell Fletcher about this; more than two can eat grapes, and Fletch can get even with that Wedrell chap for his particular brand of audacity."

An undercurrent of petty animosity existed between Fletcher and Wedrell, which, if not encouraged by Wallace himself, was nursed into a vivid spark of hatred by Fletcher, with whom no one could get along.

Taps had been sounded a full hour when two dark figures, outlined for a moment against the white walls of the barracks, fell upon the grass beneath a certain third-story window. They shot off down the slope under a maze of somber green trees and almost simultaneously from another barracks window five other figures dropped into the night with equal precaution.

The first two lost no time in clearing the wall that surrounded the academy grounds and headed straight for the undulating stretch of half-open country that lay bathed in the soft moonlight.

"Made it without a tangle," whispered Barry, cocking on one elbow the basket that he carried with jubilant satisfaction; "how for the grapes?"

Wedrell sniffed the night air with suppressed content.

"Isn't that breath of the fields enough to pay us for our little venture?" he inquired spiritedly. His companion nodded enthusiastic assent.

The walk consumed a scant half-hour; then they came upon a rambling old house, picturesque in its desolation. On every hand were signs of neglect in the overgrown garden, trees trailed their branches on the ground, weeds raised green barriers beneath them,

and where once a brick path had led down to the road rank vegetation hid it from view.

Wedrell led the way to the vineyard. There were six long arbors loaded with trailing vines and luscious blue-black grapes. Beneath these arbors, where a wilderness of foliage hemmed them in, it was blacker than the night itself.

Barry was giving vent to his satisfaction with a handful of choice Catawbas when it seemed that the arbor became suddenly alive. No sound, no cry; but figures, lurking farther back in the gloom, now closed in on the two cadets. A furious struggle followed. Wedrell and Barry struck out left and right in the darkness, but five against two proved irresistible odds.

During that wild scrimmage Wedrell had been trying to figure out the affair; this attack had been so sudden and so unexpected that for the moment he was nonplussed. The methods employed by these assailants were not these generally popular with tramps, and yet Wedrell could think of no one else who might attempt this miserable piece of cowardice.

One thing struck him as particularly suspicious—no word had been spoken so far. The party preserved a perfect silence, even when both he and his companion were led, bound and wriggling, down past the end of the vineyard to the deserted house.

Barry was indulging in a choice selection of expletives and Wedrell could hear him roundly scolding his captors, but an outcry in this spot could not avail to any visible extent.

Evidently the gang had some well-defined object in view, for it headed in the direction of the broken doorway. During all this time Wedrell had attempted to see enough of those about him to distinguish their clothing or features, but the darkness thwarted him. Even when they were led down to the last room—the kitchen—at the back of the old house, and a candle lighted, the captors were clever enough to the heavy cloths over the eyes of the two boys, thus cutting off any loophole of escape or discovery.

Wedrell saw the dull glow of the candle somewhere in the room; he heard shuffling feet within reach of his twitching legs as some one tried maliciously to pinch him.

"Ouch!" bawled an agonized voice.

Wedrell had kicked out with one well-shod foot and caught the sneak squarely in the stomach, doubling him up like a jack-knife. At the same moment Wedrell exerted every whit of strength in his back and shoulders; the poorly tied cords snapped and in another minute he was free, the bandage whipped from his burning eyes.

"Fletcher! Nokes! Daulton! Vloss! Noddy!" he shouted, the last-named, his spectacles awry on his nose, lay wriggling and moaning on the floor from the kick so lately administered. Barry, still bound and blindfolded, stood against the wall directly opposite.

It did not take Wedrell the flash of an eye to determine his course. While the other boys were smarting under their surprise, Wedrell's knife, sawing upon the cord that held Barry a prisoner, freed him before they recovered.

"Now, then, a little of their own medicine, Barry!" he roared, darting out into the middle of the floor. His sweeping glance of the kitchen took in every detail, the tallow dip burning on a window ledge, the one broken chair, the long door that led down to a cellar, wide open at the other end of the apartment.

Barry was not a sleepyhead; cadets who knew anything about him at all knew that he could throw the hammer further than any boy in the college, except, perhaps, Wedrell himself, and it was no child's play to face those battering-ram arms.

Poor Noddy had not managed to clear the floor; there were four against two.

"Fletcher," muttered Wedrell in that intensely exciting moment before the two clashed; "I'm about to give you a good thrashing if it's in me; I think you deserve it."

That worthy may or may not have deserved it, but the thrashing did come and the big bully went in a heap to the floor, with one bruised eye that would certainly be decorated with black on the following day. Wedrell's first hard blow from the shoulder had caught him in the right place.

Barry in the meanwhile had done just what Wedrell could have wished—attacked one of the other boys, but another came at him pell-mell, in the mad melee, which took all three to the end of the room before they knew it. Barry pushed both forward and downward. His adversaries lost their balance and were tumbled feet first down the open cellar doorway.

"Good!" shouted Wedrell. "Now for this one, Barry!"

During his breathing spell Barry witnessed a laughable sight.

Wedrell's iron hand, gripped in the collar of the sole remaining fighting representative of that midnight vendetta, fairly lifted him from his feet and sent him spinning like a rag doll down after his unfortunate brothers in the cellar. Fletcher had staggered to his feet, but Wedrell made short work of him, and he, too, was most impolitely precipitated down the slippery stairs.

"No time to waste with you, Noddy," the boy chuckled, gasping for breath; "we must get back to the academy to-night!" With that he slid luckless, growling Noddy down with his comrade.

"The door, quick!" he called to Barry.

There was an iron chain and catch upon it and the door was unusually strong, being a portion of the oak floor. Snap! went the catch in its place just as a thunderous pounding of iron fists threatened to push it upward.

"Too late!" called Wedrell. "A pleasant night, fellows. Now, Barry," he went on hurriedly, "we must get back to the barracks as quickly as we can or revellie will catch us out. A narrow escape that; someone must have spied on us, and Fletcher (the scamp) thought he would do a bright thing; the idea was to lock us in the old house and to leave us there. Old Ken would have raised particular Cain in the morning and Fletcher's joy would have been complete. As it is now, the tables have been turned. I'll leave word with Flemming at the store to have them released some time during the day, and they can't bring us into it without getting themselves still deeper in the mire. Oh, just imagine a night in that lonely cellar!"

"It makes me shiver to think of it," replied Barry, with a grimace.

No protests, no threats, no pleadings would avail; Wedrell solemnly took the candle and, with Barry close at his heels, marched out to the kitchen—a blank, black hole at the end of the hall.

It was beginning to redden in the east as they walked through the tall weeds toward the road. Suddenly Barry stopped short.

"Look here, Wedrell," he ejaculated, "we've forgotten one thing!" Wedrell shook his head in perplexity.

"What is it?" he asked.

"The grapes!" was Barry's explosive response. "Wait a minute, I'm going to get a bunch for both of us."—Boston Herald.

Cheerful Heroism.

"There are quiet victories and struggles," says Dickens, "great sacrifices of self, and noble acts of heroism done every day in nooks and corners, and in little households, and in men's and women's hearts." The head of a children's home and aid society tells, through the Chicago Tribune, a touching story of simple heroism.

The story deals with the high and unselfish courage of a poor German mother. She came into my office with such an air that if we had not received advance notice concerning her case we must have been seriously misled by her cheerful manner.

"I gif you my children," she informed me, lightly, as one who had few cares and no positive troubles. "I haf six dot I cannot keep, but one I will not gif you. He is sixteen, and crippled. He is no good to anyone but me. Him I keep."

Here is the story back of the light-hearted manner: The woman was left a widow and penniless, with the seven children she loved so dearly. Try as she might, she found herself utterly unable to support them, let alone any thought of educating them. The lame boy, who was "no good to anyone but her," she would not part with.

To avoid burdening others with his support or allowing the poor cripple to feel himself dependent on strangers, she allowed us to provide for the others; yet she did her best to hide from our knowledge the sorrow of parting with them. I call that the purest kind of heroism.

The "Stovepipe Verdict."

It was a characteristic of a certain Tennessee colonel that when once his oratory had begun to flow before the jury nothing could stop it till the fount was exhausted. On one occasion he had just finished tearing his opponent's argument to tatters when the courtroom stovepipe fell with a crash.

"There," cried the colonel, as the clouds of soot arose, "there is a simile furnished by nature herself! Just as the stovepipe has come unjointed and fallen useless to the ground, so my adversary's argument has fallen with as loud a crash. One is not more hollow than the other, nor more in need of polish."

"And, gentlemen of the jury, what do those clouds of soot and smoke resemble—those black masses, smutting all they light upon—what do they resemble more than the malicious libels, the black scandals, which my adversary has poured into your ears, and with which he has endeavored to blacken the character of my client?"

His case had seemed hopeless, but when he had finished the stovepipe comparison the jury was converted and returned what became famous in Western Tennessee as the "stovepipe verdict" in favor of the colonel's client.

A Bold Bid.

"What is the bid weevil, George that the papers say so much about?"

"Roll weevil, my dear. Let me see Ah, yes, of course; it's a new breakfast food."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The moment father begins to read out loud to mother, the children realize that they want mother's attention, and in the rivalry they win, and their goes off mad to bed.

Science AND Invention

Settlement of the tropics by Europeans is pronounced impracticable by F. Hueppe, an eminent authority, who finds that only the strongest become acclimatized, and they soon degenerate.

Electric incandescence lamps have been supposed to be perfectly safe in surgical operations, but a recent explosion of ether vapor was traced to the spark made at contact in turning in the light.

The report of Mr. Olyphant, of the Geological Survey, shows a remarkable approach to equality in the petroleum production of the United States and Russia for the year 1902. The United States was very slightly in the lead, with 80,894,590 barrels, against 80,540,945 barrels for Russia. All the rest of the globe produced only 15,797,365 barrels.

A reddish ring inclosing a whitish glare was seen around the sun after the Krakatoa eruption of 1883, and has been named Bishop's ring. Keen observers have noted a similar appearance in recent months. This ring had a diameter of 70 degrees in August, 1902, but had diminished to 20 degrees in December, 1903, although settlement of coarser dust was expected to make it larger.

Artificial phosphate, claimed to be superior as a fertilizer to the natural, is now made at Magdeburg, Germany. The process, that of Herr Wolters, consists in melting in a reverberatory furnace a mixture of 100 parts of coarsely crushed phosphorite, seventy parts of carbonate of lime, twenty-two parts of sand and six parts of cinders. The melted mass is poured into water, dried and crushed to fineness.

Mr. Guy E. Mitchell tells of a strange use for milk. He and others have used it for painting barns and outbuildings. Into a gallon of milk are stirred three pounds of Portland cement and enough pigment to give the proper color. This mixture, spread on the wood, makes a coating that after six hours becomes as good and lasting as oil paint. It makes the best possible paint for trees where large limbs have been pruned or sawed off, says Mr. Mitchell.

The N-rays of Blondlot are not only emitted by the nerves and muscles of man and animals, but it appears that they increase with activity in the body. Continuing his experiments, Augustin Charpentier has found that the whole spinal cord increases the phosphorescence of the test object. Contraction of muscles is indicated, and the "motor-centers" of the cerebrum are manifested when called into activity, even the center of speech showing its location by extra N-rays when the person is speaking.

Among the productions of the Philippine islands are two delicious fruits entirely unknown in the civilized world. One of these is the durian, whose remarkable qualities were described upon by Alfred Russel Wallace during his explorations in the Malay Archipelago. It grows on a lofty tree somewhat resembling an elm, is about as large as a coconut, has a tiny shell, and contains a creamy pulp which combines some of the flavors of a delicious custard with those of a fine cheese. "To eat durians," said Mr. Wallace, "is a new sensation worth a voyage to the East to experience."

American soldiers in Jolo call the durian "the vegetable Limburger cheese." The other rare fruit spoken of is the mangosteen, said to be the fruit that Queen Victoria never tasted. The exquisitely flavored liquid it contains cannot be preserved for shipping abroad.

HOW HANNA WON HIS WIFE.

When a Young Grocer He Wooded Only Daughter of Daniel Rhodes.

Nearly thirty-eight years ago Mark Hanna was just starting on his business career as a grocer in Cleveland. He was poor, plodding, and to the casual observer a very every-day sort of young man. Daniel Rhodes was one of the rich coal owners of the State. He had one daughter, Gussie, the very idol of his soul. Around this lovely girl the brusque old father had wreathed all the sentiment, all the hopes of his future existence. Mrs. Rhodes, her fond mother, was a joint idolater at the daughter's shrine, and the doting parents had dreams of a rich, influential suitor, a splendid marriage and a brilliant social career for Gussie, when, as usual, the unexpected happened.

Gussie Rhodes met and loved the obscure, poor young man, Mark Hanna. Mr. Rhodes was astounded when the daring young grocer called upon him and asked for the hand of his daughter. He refused absolutely to grant the young suitor even time enough to beg. He said "no" curtly and sharply, and when he saw his daughter bent to scold her, but instead he took her in his honest arms and begged her not to think of "this unknown man, Hanna." He said he never, never could consent to such a choice for his child.

Gussie Rhodes told her father, with many a reassuring embrace, that she would never marry without his consent, and she added: "But, papa dear, I shall never marry any man but Mark Hanna."

Then she promised her father not to see her lover or write to him for a year at least. She kept her promise, and in the course of a few weeks, although she never adieu murmured, and was sweetly gentle and loving to all about her, she grew pale and wan.

She neither ate nor slept. The old father was at his wits' end. Some one proposed a foreign tour for that change of scene which is supposed to work wonders in heart affections, and, presto! a few hours' notice, father, mother and daughter were on board an Atlantic liner.

For nearly a year the "change of scene" prescription was faithfully pursued, and the patient, always cheerfully submissive, gentle and charming, obviously grew frailer day by day. Almost in despair the old man brought his child home again, and one morning he gathered the courage to ask her if she still cared for Mark Hanna.

"Why, father," she replied, "I shall always love Mark; I told you that, you know, a year ago."

Poor old "Uncle Dan" Rhodes! That was a bitter day for him, but he was equal to the occasion. Sending for the obscure young man, he said to him:

"Mr. Hanna, Gussie loves you; that is my only reason for accepting you as her future husband. You are poor, I'll fix it so Gussie can live as she has been accustomed to and I suppose must see you marry her."

Now the coming young man can ever so slight a shadow of his future greatness on the opportunity of the present.

"Mr. Rhodes," said he, "I most gratefully accept the gift of your daughter's love. To marry her is for this world to become a paradise for me, but I can not make her my wife unless she will be content to live as my means will enable us. I can neither accept nor permit my wife to accept it from any one."

So Mark Hanna and Gussie Rhodes were married, and the bride went from her father's big house to live in a tiny little cottage, where with one maid-of-work she was as happy as a queen for some years.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

ARCTIC EXPLORATION.

Is the Object Sought Really Worth All the Time, Expense and Trouble?

Mr. Peary is going on another hunt for the North Pole. The layman sometimes apt to pause and ask him self whether, after all, the business of Arctic exploration is worth while. The history of such exploration is a story of long effort.

As long ago as 1553 Sir Hugh Willoughby, with several other commanders, led the way into the frozen north in the eastern hemisphere. It is probable that they reached seventy-two degrees north latitude. In the centuries following, navigator after navigator went into the north either in the eastern or western hemisphere. The names of Barents, Henry Hudson, John Davis, Frobisher and William Baffin are written on the world's map, and their explorations were, without doubt, of specific benefit to commerce and the scientific world. Modern exploration may be said to have begun with Perry, who in 1827 reached 82 degrees 45 minutes north. The most memorable expedition of the nineteenth century was that of Sir John Franklin, who in 1845 sailed for the north with two ships and 133 men. His expedition was lost. It

the next twelve years no less than twenty-one expeditions from England or America were organized to search for Franklin and make explorations toward the pole. After that, polar explorations lapsed for a time, but about 1875 it was renewed with fresh vigor. During the century England, Germany, Austria, America, Scandinavia and even Italy have sent explorers, and the achievements of Kane, Hayes, Hall Greely, Wellman, De Long, Nansen and Peary are too well known to need specific mention. Hundreds of thousand dollars have been spent, many lives lost, men have suffered untold hardships, even being driven to cannibalism. And for what? ask the doubters. Merely that they may reach at imaginary point on the top of the world—a point which, if found, would benefit nobody except the explorer himself and the lecture bureaus. No one has yet reached it. The man who made the nearest approach to the goal was Captain Cagni of the Duke of Abruzzi's expedition, reaching 86 degrees 33 minutes north.

The doubter who is compelled willy nilly to observe the actions of explorers may take comfort in the thought that he is at least observing a line of honest endeavor, that any increase of our knowledge of the world is not altogether worthless.—Woman's Home Companion.

Jailbird Was an Artist.

A young man named Will Vickery showed an ingenuity in escaping from the clutches of the law in Joplin the other day that might profitably have been applied in a better cause. Will Vickery is not noted as a worker and he mildly surprised his guards when, on being put to cleaning the streets, he began to labor with marked energy. When his zeal and vigor had enabled him to get out of hearing distance of the guards he commenced to engage passers-by in conversation.

Nothing in particular was thought of this until the guards noticed that they had a new man on the job and the hard working William was missing. When they investigated they found that William had represented a passing countryman that he was the boss on the job and needed another man. The countryman wanted work and William hired him and handed him his industrial implement. Then he swiftly and noiselessly stole away. He has not been seen since.—Kansas City Journal.

The only time a man seems to feel free to tell his wife how he is doing financially is when he is losing money.

Most people find lots of comfort in a sick doctor.

LONG AND NOTABLE CAREER.

Senator George F. Hoar Has Been 35 Years in Congress.

George Frisbie Hoar, the senior Senator from Massachusetts, has completed his thirty-five years of service in the halls of Congress. The venerable statesman became a member of the House of Representatives March 4, 1869, and served in the lower house eight years. March 4, 1877, he took his seat in the United States Senate, where he has remained ever since. Despite the fact that he has passed the seventy-seventh milestone along life's path, Senator Hoar is in the fullness of his great intellectual powers, and stands, as lawyer, orator, scholar and statesman, by common consent, at the head of the American Senate.

Possessing remarkable mental and physical vigor, with faculties thoroughly trained and a mind richly stored, he is still incessantly active and industrious in the discharge of his duties as a Senator, both in the committees of which he is a member and on the floor of the Senate. He usually takes a leading part in debates only upon those measures which have been under the supervision of his committees, but his voice is frequently heard in all general discussions in which the Senate may engage. His occasional orations on great public questions, such as the Philippines issue and the Panama canal treaty, have been productions of the highest order, sustaining Mr. Hoar's high reputation for eloquence and learning. In the consideration of constitutional subjects and of general questions of law, Mr. Hoar always takes a conspicuous part, his

place as chairman of the Judiciary Committee giving his views additional importance.

Senator Hoar was born in Concord, Mass., August 29, 1826, and was educated at Concord Academy and at Harvard, where he was graduated in 1846. He served in the Massachusetts House of Representatives and Senate before being elected to the Federal Congress in 1869. The long public career of Senator Hoar has been associated with many momentous events in the nation's history. He was a member of the committee to investigate the Union Pacific Railroad management and the famous Credit Mobilier. He was also a member of the committee to investigate the conduct of Speaker Blaine in connection with the so-called Mulligan letters. As one of the managers on the part of the House in the impeachment of Secretary Belknap, Mr. Hoar made an argument that attracted the attention of the country. He was one of the electoral commission which was appointed to determine the Hayes-Tilden Presidential contest in 1876.

Mr. Hoar has been a leading figure in many important Republican National Conventions. The position of minister to England was offered to him by President Hayes, and also by President McKinley. President Hayes likewise offered him the place of Attorney General in his cabinet. All these Mr. Hoar declined.

Of the present members of the Senate only two were in that body when Mr. Hoar entered in 1877—Allison of Iowa, and Cockrell of Missouri. Senator Morgan of Alabama became a member at the same time Mr. Hoar entered the Senate. Neither Mr. Morgan nor Mr. Cockrell, the latter of whom came to the Senate in 1875, had previously been a member of the House. Mr. Allison had served in the House eight years before he became Senator, in 1873, but he was out of public life two years (from 1871 until he went to the Senate), so that, while his actual service in both branches of Congress has been longer by four years than that of Mr. Hoar, it has not been continuous.

No other man in the history of Massachusetts has for so many years represented that State in the United States Senate as Mr. Hoar. He has served as Senator for twenty-seven years, four years longer than Charles Sumner, who at the time of his death, in 1874, had been a Senator twenty-three years.

Fancy It.


The windy wind (pronounce it wynd; It sounds the more poetic)—
I num! I had a thought in mind,
But stopping to explain, I find,
Has knocked it. How pathetic!

Hold on! I've got it. Here it is:
The wintry wind was blowing;
The blizzard had begun to blis;
And cold? Well, say! Um um! Gee whis!
And how it was a-mowing!

I'd just got snugged down in bed—
(How rhymes sometimes will spare us)—
Well, sir, the awful things I said!
For it popped just then into my head
That I hadn't fixed the furnace.
—Brooklyn Eagle.

Some soup is pretty watery.

SENATOR GEORGE F. HOAR.



place as chairman of the Judiciary Committee giving his views additional importance.

Senator Hoar was born in Concord, Mass., August 29, 1826, and was educated at Concord Academy and at Harvard, where he was graduated in 1846.

He served in the Massachusetts House of Representatives and Senate before being elected to the Federal Congress in 1869. The long public career of Senator Hoar has been associated with many momentous events in the nation's history. He was a member of the committee to investigate the Union Pacific Railroad management and the famous Credit Mobilier. He was also a member of the committee to investigate the conduct of Speaker Blaine in connection with the so-called Mulligan letters. As one of the managers on the part of the House in the impeachment of Secretary Belknap, Mr. Hoar made an argument that attracted the attention of the country. He was one of the electoral commission which was appointed to determine the Hayes-Tilden Presidential contest in 1876.

Mr. Hoar has been a leading figure in many important Republican National Conventions. The position of minister to England was offered to him by President Hayes, and also by President McKinley. President Hayes likewise offered him the place of Attorney General in his cabinet. All these Mr. Hoar declined.

Of the present members of the Senate only two were in that body when Mr. Hoar entered in 1877—Allison of Iowa, and Cockrell of Missouri. Senator Morgan of Alabama became a member at the same time Mr. Hoar entered the Senate. Neither Mr. Morgan nor Mr. Cockrell, the latter of whom came to the Senate in 1875, had previously been a member of the House. Mr. Allison had served in the House eight years before he became Senator, in 1873, but he was out of public life two years (from 1871 until he went to the Senate), so that, while his actual service in both branches of Congress has been longer by four years than that of Mr. Hoar, it has not been continuous.

No other man in the history of Massachusetts has for so many years represented that State in the United States Senate as Mr. Hoar. He has served as Senator for twenty-seven years, four years longer than Charles Sumner, who at the time of his death, in 1874, had been a Senator twenty-three years.