

BEAUTY AND ITS OPPOSITE.

The Story of a Pretty Girl, a Homely Girl and a Man.

As the writer was talking to a retired colonel in front of an uptown hotel a few days ago, a very handsome woman passed them, and the writer's eyes went after her almost as fast as the colonel's did.

"By zucks!" exclaimed the writer, "isn't she pretty?"

"Rather," admitted the colonel, "but beauty is something you can't most always sometimes bank on, especially the beauty of woman's face or figure."

"Well, it's always good to look at, anyhow."

"Of course, and sometimes it's lasting and actual, but oftener the very pretty woman is not the most attractive."

"Still, there's a charm in beauty," insisted the writer, straining his eyes around the corner to get a farewell view of the fleeting vision.

"Now, here's where I come in with a story," laughed the colonel, who always makes his points with a story. "When I was a man of 35 I was on one occasion going down the Ohio river from Cincinnati to Louisville. As I passed into the cabin of the steamboat that was to carry me I saw two young women of 22 and 20, say, standing on the guards, evidently waiting for some one. I noticed them because one was so pretty that a man would have been treasonable to all his manliness not to have seen her. She was gray-eyed, with a beautiful complexion, soft, silken hair and a figure which was grace itself. As the young man of to-day would say, she was a 'corker.' Her companion was as homely as the other was pretty; so homely that I felt sorry that she had to carry such a face around with her. Who or what they were I had no means of knowing, but I was glad that I was going on the boat with them, for the sake of the pretty girl.

"I went back to my stateroom, and in a few minutes thereafter I heard women's voices in the cabin near my door. I noticed then that I had left it open, and as I closed it I saw the two young women had the stateroom adjoining mine and were just entering it. They didn't see me, and I closed the door, feeling elated over the idea that as soon as possible I would make the acquaintance of my pretty neighbor. Then, as I began to slick up for the conquest, I heard voices in the next room. One was sharp and angry, the other soft and pleading. I could only catch an occasional word, but I learned they were sisters, and one of them was reading the riot act to the other, and the other was taking it very meekly indeed.

"After awhile one of them stepped out on the guards, and, though I didn't care to peep out, I could hear her abusing everything in sight. She was outside only a minute or two, returning to begin her tirade inside. Inwardly I thanked my stars that I had been thus placed, because by the merest chance I had been let into the secrets of the dispositions of these two sisters, and I wondered why it was that beauty couldn't carry other charms as well. At the same time, I made up my mind that the conquest I was on the point of making, or hoping to make, would be indefinitely postponed. As the boat pulled out I went forward to look at the city we were leaving, and when I came into the cabin again the supper table stretched away down the length of it, and I caught the appetizing odor of ham and coffee and that sort of thing.

"I knew the captain, and he invited me to a seat at his table, and when I sat down, behold, my two young women sat opposite. The captain, of course, knew them, and at once presented me. They were rather quiet at first, and most of the talk was carried on by the captain and myself. I was watching the homely girl now, because I was afraid I would have to run up against the temper of the pretty one, and I didn't want to be any further disillusionized. It was enough to simply look at her, for, by Jove, temper or no temper, she was a beauty. But I was hungry, and as I was getting my supper in eating shape I stopped talking, and all at once the tones of the voice I had heard in my stateroom filled the vacancy my voice had left. I was almost afraid to look at up, but I did, because it wasn't the pretty girl's voice at all. I never felt so relieved in my life, and that night as we sat on deck in the moonlight I told her all about it and a lot more."

"And was she up to her beauty in all respects?" inquired the writer.

"The finest woman I ever met," said the colonel, heartily.

"Why did you let her escape?"

"Who said I did?" laughed the colonel, showing the writer a beautiful medallion of his wife, which he carried with him always.—Washington Star.

—On the hill where stood ancient Troy, Schliemann found, in successive layers, the ruins of four cities, each of which had evidently been destroyed by fire.

—Rubens had finished a number of greatly admired portraits before he was 16.

THE SENATE AT NIGHT.

How Evening Sessions Were Conducted a Few Years Ago.

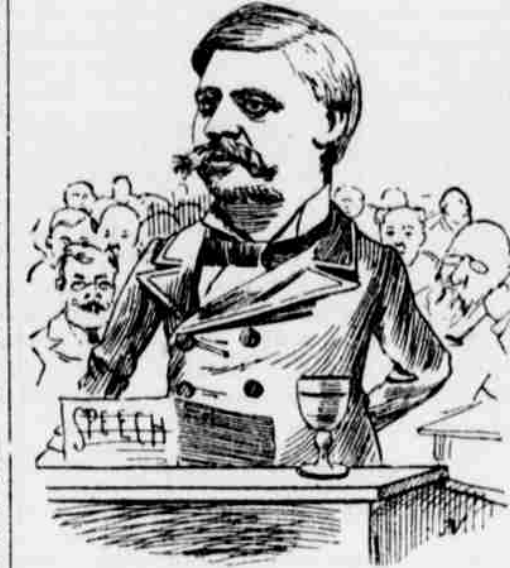
Clever Way in Which Senator Dolph Made a Victim of Senator Vance—Apollinaris and Cold Tea by the Gallon.

[Special Washington Letter.]

The Fifty-fourth congress has managed to get along without night sessions, as contests of physical endurance. The last resort to that senatorial folly was in October, 1893, when the silver purchase repeal bill was under consideration. Time was when a night session of the senate was an event, indeed. In the good old days before senators had become so temperate and so afraid of public opinion that they felt called upon to state openly in the senate whether or not they ever got drunk, a night session was something of a sight, and often wound up in a feast. It was customary in those days for the sergeant at arms to have an open "spread" to which everybody who could get admission to the chamber was welcome. On those occasions employes freely dinked glasses with senators, and it was with great reluctance that consent was given for adjournment. Times have changed, however, and a night session of the senate is now but a tame affair.

There have been numerous night sessions full of funny situations. Senator Zeb Vance, of North Carolina, who was a statesman, humorist, wit and orator, once was made the victim of a practical joke; but the people in the galleries suffered with him. It was one night in 1890 when the senate held its first night session in the Fifty-first congress. The big light in the dome of the capitol, beneath the feet of the goddess of liberty, blazed out brilliantly that night. The meeting was rendered necessary by the desire of senators to be heard on the question of reciprocity, which came out for the first time, the debate being opened by the brief but telling speech of Senator Hale. A night session of the senate always attracts a crowd of spectators.

The galleries were full long before eight o'clock, the hour set for convening, and the visitors remained late, al-



HIS LIPS WERE PUCKERED TO SAY "MR. PRESIDENT."

though the entertainment presented was not strictly first-class. The curiosity seekers were rather imposed upon by a trick of Senator Dolph, who also made a victim of Senator Vance. The latter had been for many days fixing up a great speech, intending to set himself right with his tar-heel constituents, and with southern democrats generally. The Farmers' Alliance had been very active in North Carolina, and the good-natured Mr. Vance felt called upon to tickle them with a speech. The night session was ordered specially for Mr. Vance's benefit, and hosts of his admirers who always enjoyed his characteristic storytelling and mirth-provoking speeches, were on hand. When President Ingalls' gavel fell Mr. Vance was ready to go on with the programme. His manuscript was piled high on his desk, a glass of water was at his side, and his lips were puckered to say: "Mr. President," when the solemn and slender Dolph, of Oregon, arose, and, being recognized, began a dry and long-winded speech in opposition to reciprocity with Canada. The surprise and disappointment of the audience, the senators and everybody else was painful. Mr. Vance, indeed, was indignant and disgusted. He settled back in his chair and waited. He waited a good long time, too, for both the evening and the audience were half gone when Dolph talked himself to a standstill; and then he sat down.

Audience or no audience, Senator Vance determined to deliver that speech, and he arose and began it. He glared at Senator Dolph who had spoiled his programme, adjusted his spectacles, and lifted up his voice.

In each of the cloakrooms there was a large bowl of lemonade and several baskets of Apollinaris on ice. Down in certain committee rooms, occupied by senators who never indulged, senatorial cold tea was on tap for the favored few. Very little attention was paid to the speech of Senator Vance, although his democratic colleagues did listen occasionally, and the galleries applauded as loudly as they dared when he reached one of his many humorous points.

The scene in the chamber at ten o'clock, when Mr. Vance was talking, was interesting, if not inspiring. There were just 20 senators in the chamber, a dozen more in the cloakrooms, where they could easily be seen through the

open door, and a score more were out of sight in the various committee rooms, sampling the smuggled cold tea. Senators Hiscock and Everts sat on the back row, talking earnestly, the younger with his gray hair arranged in the usual disorder and his aged colleague curled up almost out of sight in the big chair of Senator Sawyer. Senator Hawley was nervously fingering the manuscript of a reciprocity speech and Senator Mitchell was reading an Oregon newspaper. Down in the front row Edmunds, Cullom and Spooner were drawn up in a bunch, telling stories and laughing so loudly that the presiding officer was compelled to warn them to keep better order. Senator Aldrich, the argus-eyed manager of the tariff debate, was juggling with a great mass of figures on his desk. Through the cloakroom door the handsome and well-dressed McMillan, of Michigan, could be seen cracking jokes with Saunders, of Montana, whose three yards of massive gold watch chain shone like a streak of lightning. Senator Hoar kept his hat and cane in his hands and went away early.

On the democratic side, in the front row, Morgan, Cockrell and Coke sat reading and writing, as if they never did anything else. The pugnacious little Mr. Vest was listening and nodding approvingly to Vance, and the good-natured, big Mr. Gray talked earnestly to his seat mate, Mr. Carlisle, who looked absolutely worn out with hard work and the effects of the long, hot summer. Gibson, of Louisiana, listened wearily to his neighbor, Mr. Blair, who was an intruder on the democratic side; and Pasco, of Florida, and Turpie, of Indiana, sat as quietly and seemingly as dead to the world as Rufus Blodgett, of New Jersey. The most uneasy man in the chamber was Senator Hearst, of California. He visited the republican cloakroom for awhile, and finding things too dull there went back to his own side and chewed on a cigar which he was, apparently, just dying to light.

Senator Vance is now on the other shore, but he was very much alive on that night. Senator Dolph was not re-elected, and is no longer here to trouble the senate with his singular performances. Nearly all of the men who were present on that occasion have gone to glory or to private life. The stately Ingalls, of Kansas, who was president pro tempore, is a statesman out of a job, and realizes that political life is an iridescent dream. Senator Hale is still a member of the senate, is just as handsome, fully as well dressed, quite as sarcastic and given to oratorical efforts from day to day as of yore. Dolph has gone out of public life and will never again steal an audience which belongs to another senator. Senator Hiscock, the handsome New York statesman, has long been in retirement, having been succeeded by David B. Hill, the sarcastic and aggressive ex-governor of New York, who is willing to be president. Senator Everts, the learned, the legal authority, the ex-cabinet minister, the orator with long sentences, all of them classical, was succeeded by Senator Murphy. Senator Sawyer has gone back to Oshkosh, and little Senator Mitchell, of Milwaukee, occupies his place. Senator Edmunds resigned five years ago, and ex-Gov. Proctor, of Vermont, was elected to succeed him. The changes have been numerous, but the quality of statesmanlike timber has not deteriorated.

Senator Blair, of the Blair educational bill notoriety, is a visitor in Washington, his place in the senate having been taken by Dr. Gallinger, who is now chairman of the committee on pensions, and quite a worthy sample of New England statesman. Senator Carlisle is now secretary of the treasury. Senator Gibson, of Louisiana, no longer entertains in the democratic cloakroom, with his inimitable stories with morals. Senator Blodgett, of New Jersey, has gone back to the sand lots of Jersey, and in his place is James Smith, the only senator with a natural, unaffected, simple, perfect and almost fabulous foghorn for a voice.

We have managed to get along without night sessions of the Fifty-fourth congress, but the Apollinaris water has recently been on tap in the cloakrooms. It is furnished out of what is called the contingent fund of the senate, and disbursed under the discretion of the sergeant at arms, who makes himself popular with the senators by keeping plenty of lemonade on hand during the hot weather. There is a very black man in the republican cloakroom, and a partially black man in the democratic cloakroom, and these employes keep the rooms clean, comfortable and well supplied with the creature comforts which come only to senators, millionaires and newspaper men. There is some honor in being elected to congress as a member of the house of representatives; but he who is ambitious will aim at the senate, where for six years a man may live like a lord, and the poor patient people pay the expenses. That man who can be elected twice to the senate can spend 12 years in luxury; and after that amount of pleasure in one lifetime, a man ought to be content to return home and live with his neighbors, or else gather up his feet and be laid away with his fathers. But the average statesman, when retired from congress, settles down in Washington as a claim agent, and lives ever afterward regretting his retirement, and daily imitating Forey in bidding "farewell, a long farewell, to all my greatness."

SMITH D. FAY.

—Lord Byron had a favorite dog, "Boatswain," which is buried in the garden at Newstead abbey.

THE M'KINLEYS AT HOME.

Honored Most by Those Who Know Them Best.

Every Child in Canton Is Familiar with the Republican Leader's Life History—Mrs. McKinley's Charming Personality—Their Pretty Home.

[Special Canton (O.) Letter.]

Your average Ohioan is loyal to his state and to his great men. Just now everything in the Buckeye state revolves around Maj. William McKinley. As soon as you have taken your seat in the train which carries the just and the unjust from Cleveland 54 miles southeast to Canton, the pretty capital of Stark county, O., you are accosted by some patriotic son of that thrifty town with the inquiry: "Going down to see the major?" The question is not unreasonable, for every body who goes to Can-



WILLIAM M'KINLEY.

ton wants to see the author of the McKinley bill, just as every tourist who visits Rome wants to see the pope.

Col. McKinley is immensely popular in the place he calls his home. In fact, he is persona grata in every circle, political and social. Some admirers go so far as to almost worship him. And after you have met the man you are no longer surprised at this exhibition of loyalty. The famous statesman has the knack of meeting every caller with bonhomie so natural and engaging that reserve gives place to confidence. He is not effusive, just kind; and adapts himself and his conversation to the mental and social conditions of his visitor. And that is why the hewer of wood and drawer of water is quite as enthusiastic about the republican favorite as is the political diplomat or senator who visits Canton to assist his host in formulating plans for the impending campaign.

The life history of the modern Napoleon is on the lips of every boy and girl. Without waiting for an invitation the youngsters will tell you that their famous fellow-townsmen was born in the little town of Niles, Trumbull county, O., January 29, 1843, the son of a prosperous iron manufacturer; that he received his education in the public schools and at the Poland (Mahoning county) academy; and that in June, 1861, he enlisted in the Twenty-third Ohio volunteer infantry as a private. They will also tell you that on September 24, 1862, he was promoted to second lieutenant; on February 7, 1863, to first lieutenant; on July 25, 1864, to captain; and that he was breveted major by President Lincoln for gallant services at the battles of Opequan, Fisher's Hill and Cedar Creek. They will conclude his war history by informing you that he served with distinction on the staff of ex-President Hayes and Maj. Gen. George Crook, and that after the latter's capture he served for a time on Gen. Hancock's staff, and subsequently on the staff of Gen. S. S. Carroll; that he was with the gallant Twenty-third Ohio in all its battles, and was mustered out with it on July 26, 1865.

After the close of the war the young major studied law with Hon. Charles E. Glidden and David Wilson, of Mahoning county, O., and then attended the Albany (N. Y.) law school. In 1867 he was admitted to the bar, and located in Canton, which he has since made his home. Two years later he was elected prosecuting attorney of Stark county; and in 1876 his neighbors sent him to congress, where he remained until 1891, except part of his fourth term, when he was unseated by a democratic house of representatives late in the first session.

While in congress the major served on the committee on revision of laws, the judiciary committee, the committee of expenditures for the post office department and the committee on rules; and when Garfield was nominated for the presidency he was assigned to the committee on ways and means, on which he served until the end of his congressional career. While acting as chairman, during his last term, he was instrumental in formulating the historical tariff measure known as the McKinley bill, which has made his name familiar in all countries with which the country has commercial relations.

In 1891, after his retirement from congress, Maj. McKinley was nominated for governor by the republicans of Ohio, and after one of the most hotly-contested campaigns in the history of the state was elected by a plurality of over 21,500. His administration proved so excellent that he was renominated in 1893 and reelected by the enormous majority of 81,000.

Much is said by Cantonians about the major's loyalty to principles and friends. When he was a delegate at large to the national convention of 1888 his name was sprung for the presiden-

tial nomination, and he might easily have secured the coveted prize, but in a strong address he forbade the use of his name for the reason that he had pledged his support to Senator Sherman. The same thing was repeated in 1892, when, in the face of the most urgent appeals from friends from Ohio and elsewhere, he declined to accept a nomination and carried the day for Harrison.

Should any foolhardy individual venture to say ought against Maj. McKinley's personal appearance he would be torn to pieces by a Canton mob. As far as I am concerned, I could see nothing Napoleonic about the ex-governor. He struck me as a very pleasant-looking gentleman of medium stature and weight, who looks one squarely in the eye and seems to read one's thoughts. He is probably five feet eight in height, and weighs about 180 pounds—just the correct proportion for a man of his age. There is nothing about him to remind one of Bonaparte's cold stare or haughty impudence, nor of the Corsican's trenchery and cruelty.

When I mentioned this to a pleasant Canton matron she agreed with me, and clinched the argument by adding: "If he had been a cruel man, or a haughty man, Ida Sexton would never have married him." This observation led to a chat about the home life of the McKinleys, and I was pleased to learn that Mrs. McKinley is scarcely less esteemed than her distinguished husband. She is a Canton girl, the daughter of James A. Sexton, who was one of the most prominent business men of the town. She married the major on January 23, 1871, and their life since then, so everybody says, has been an ideal one. When she was Ida Sexton she was considered one of the belles of Ohio. After graduating from Brook Hall seminary, at Media, Pa., she traveled through Europe; and upon her return acted as assistant cashier or manager in her father's bank. Naturally the bright young woman was paid considerable attention by the young men of her acquaintance; but, to use a modern slang phrase, Maj. McKinley "had a cinch" on her affections, and what was equally important, on her father's esteem. Rumor has it—and rumor, you know, never lies—that when the young lawyer asked for his daughter's hand old James Sexton said: "You are the only man I have ever known to whom I would entrust my daughter."

In prosperity and adversity Mrs. McKinley has been her husband's guide, philosopher and friend, and although a confirmed invalid for years she has never spared herself when she thought she could promote his interests and ambitions. The home life of the couple



MRS. WILLIAM M'KINLEY.

has always been regulated by the wife; and the ease and grace with which she entertains visitors, whenever her health permits, are pleasant to contemplate.

The McKinley home is a cheerful, rather old-fashioned mansion, tastefully furnished and conveniently arranged. Like its occupants, it is solid and substantial. The lawn surrounding it is spacious and neatly kept, and handsome trees add not a little to the attractiveness of the place. Should the McKinleys be destined to dwell in the white house their thoughts will, no doubt, often go back, regretfully, to the pretty Canton home.

Both Maj. and Mrs. McKinley are members of the Methodist Episcopal church of Canton, and have always taken a deep interest in its prosperity as well as in all humanitarian and religious movements. Both are fond of good books and art, two of the chief treasures of their home being a choice collection of pictures and statuary.

WILLIAM WALTER WELLS.

Wanted a Change.

The two small boys who wanted to fight Indians had gotten some distance from home. The romance had dwindled, and a discouragement which neither liked to confess had taken possession.

"Look here," said one of them at last, "I've been playin' I'm Sierra Sam for two days now, haven't I?"

"Yes," was the reply.

"Well, I'm kind o' tired o' that game. I think I'll play I'm the prodigal son."—Golden Days.

That Terrible Boy.

Boy—Ain't sister and you going for a ramble this afternoon?

Suitor—We are, sonny; but why do you ask?

Boy—Because sister's had the corn doctor here all the morning.—Waterbury.

A Roundabout Reason.

"How fortunate it is that young Pink's whiskers are so becoming."

"Why so?"

"Because he never has the price of a shave."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.