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2 PRIZES OF	10,000 are	20,000
5 PRIZES OF	5,000 are	25,000
25 PRIZES OF	1,000 are	25,000
100 PRIZES OF	500 are	50,000
200 PRIZES OF	300 are	60,000
500 PRIZES OF	200 are	100,000
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100 Prizes of	$500 are	50,000
100 do.	300 are	30,000
100 do.	200 are	20,000
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999 do.	100 are	99,900
999 do.	100 are	99,900
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A CAPITAL GOSSIPER.

THE SMALL TALK MONGER IN WASHINGTON IS A MAN.

But He Tells Some Good Stories About the Men of the Nation—The Burns Family. Frank Lawler—Senator Ingalls' Red Cravat—Philetus Sawyer's Son.

[Special Correspondence.]

WASHINGTON, Jan. 24.—Your Washington gossiper is a man. He has been here no one knows how many years. He knows everybody. It is the delight of his life to take you up in the press galleries, the best place in the world to see public men, and point out faces to you. His tongue moves in symphony with his forefinger. There's nobody too great for him to speak of in a familiar way, nobody too obscure for him to know something about.

"There," he says, pointing with his lead pencil to a big man in one of the rear seats of the house, "is Jim Burns, of Missouri. Know Jim? I mean the large man with the light mustache and the curly hair. That's one of the best men in the world. He weighs 225 pounds and isn't a lightweight in debate or anything else. Comes from the St. Joseph district in Missouri. He is rich. Queer thing about the Burns family is that they hold all their property in common. There's Jim and his two brothers and his two sons. Altogether they are worth about $8,000,000, and every cent of it is held in common. They have the biggest bank in St. Joseph, lots of real estate and stocks. The three Burns brothers and Jim's two sons are all chums. They live together in a great house in St. Joseph. The brothers are all widowers, and the boys have never married. Their house is like a club house, and one of the best places in the world to spend a few weeks. They have a country house at a summer resort near St. Joseph. Great times they have out there. They have plenty of guests from among "the boys" of St. Jo, Kansas City and St. Louis. It is esteemed an honor as well as a pleasure to be invited to spend a few days with the Burnses. The Burnses are always together. That's one of Jim's sons sitting beside him now. How did he get in on the floor, seeing he isn't a member? I don't know. Guess he's a committee clerk or something, nominally.

* * *

Tell you a story about this Burns boy. All the Burns boys play poker. Their father taught them how when they were little fellows. This one in particular is a great poker player. Last summer the three Burns brothers and Jim's two boys were playing a pretty stiff game one night out at their summer house. They are always playing together, and don't like to play with outsiders. On this occasion young Burns lost several big pots to his father, and then turned round and put up a hand on the old man, and beat him out of $7,000 at one show down. But you mustn't get the idea that Jim Burns is a rough man. He's a gentleman, and was finely educated. He graduated second in his class at Harvard, was a circuit judge for several years, and has been in congress since 1884. He lives at Willard's hotel, where he pays $350 a month for his rooms, so he will have a good place in which to keep bachelors' hall for the entertainment of the other Burnses, who are often with him.

* * *

"The man in light clothes, with a red necktie, a smile on his face, and bangs on his forehead? That is William Walter Phelps, of New Jersey. He looks somewhat like a dude, but people who think he is one don't know him. Phelps is a brainy man. At Yale he was a leader both in the class room and on the campus. He looks effeminate, but he is an athlete. His muscles are like steel. He has a stock ranch down in Texas, and when he goes down there he's a Texan. Jumps a bronco and rides thirty miles without stopping, carries a gun and drinks a little whisky with the natives just to keep them good natured. Phelps had brains enough to make his own way in life. Before he was 25 years old he had a large law practice. Made his fortune in railroads. Some years ago he had nearly his whole fortune invested in one enterprise—the Texas Central. He kept sending good money after bad in that rat hole till his friends advised him to pull out or he would ruin himself. The road wouldn't pay. But Phelps stuck to it till he had put in $1,000,000, and finally the road turned the hill and made him a very rich man. He is one of the most genial men in public life. Everybody likes him. His manners are soft, almost effeminate. But if you think he hasn't a will just try him once. He can yes or no quicker and stick to it longer than any man in congress. He likes to be frank and communicative when frankness will help somebody and hurt nobody, but you couldn't pull a word out of him with a yoke of steers when there are reasons why he shouldn't talk. He adores Blaine and is fond of giving dinners. It is one of the treats of Washington to sit at his table. He is generous with his money, but makes no display of it. He gives away more money in charity than anybody I know of in Washington. Do you remember how he saved young Eno from going to prison by going down into his pocket and pulling out $110,000, and fairly shaming Eno's rich father into putting up a similar sum to save his his boy? Phelps did that simply out of the goodness of his heart, and not because he had any selfish interest in young Eno, for he hadn't.

* * *

"I know of another case. When Phelps was down in Texas some years ago he met Billy Crain, now in congress. Crain was lamenting his bad luck in a cattle ranch, and said he was likely to lose everything he had. 'How much would save you?' asked Phelps. 'Twenty thousand dollars,' said Crain. 'I'll let you have it,' replied Phelps, as quick as that, and he gave him his check on the spot. Crain has since paid back every dollar of the loan. That's the kind of a man Phelps is. He's a clear thinker, a splendid talker, and a man with a heart in him.

* * *

"The little man sitting down there in front is Frank Lawler. Surely you've heard of him. He comes from Chicago. Used to keep a saloon there. Likes to talk about the poor workingman and twist the tail of the British lion. Some people poke fun at Frank because he murders the queen's English and blarneys so much, but I think he deserves a good deal of credit for pulling himself up the way he has without any early advantages. He is the hardest working man in congress. At 9 o'clock every morning he begins his rounds of the departments. He works through more pensions and things like that than anybody. Get a case in Frank Lawler's hands, and it's almost as good as won. He sticks and hangs like a leech. About 11 o'clock he runs around the hotels, and if there's anybody in town from Chicago he shows them the sights, takes them up to call on the president, and does the fair thing by them generally. After his work in the house is done he sits up till 2 or 3 o'clock in the morning writing letters and sending out public documents. He is the greatest letter writer in congress. Popular? Should say he was. The chances are he'll come to congress as long as he wants to. He spends $500 a year for public documents to be mailed his constituents. All the people in his district have small libraries of public documents. Why, even the switchmen and gate tenders along the railroads that run through Frank's district have libraries of public documents piled up in their little shanties. They all swear by Frank Lawler. He's a man of good habits, and is nobody's fool, either. To show you how smart he is I'll tell you he keeps a pair of eye glasses in his vest pocket. When he meets anybody that knows him and that he can't place he shakes hands warmly, ingeniously finds out who the person is, and then pulls out his glasses, wipes them carefully and says: 'Why, of course. I'd a-known you in a minute if I'd had my glasses on. You see, my eyes are getting weak.' Frank Lawler's eyes are as good as yours or mine.

* * *

"That great heavy man, with a body as big as a tobacco hogshead, is Barnes, of Georgia. He weighs more than 300 pounds, and is the biggest man in Congress by long odds, and one of the most eloquent. Heard a good story about Barnes. The other day he went with some southern friends of his up into the loft of the war, state and navy building, where a fine view of the city and river is to be had. While they were up there Barnes' friends noticed him to turn pale and look scared. They asked him what the matter was, and he tremblingly pointed to a placard which read:

The supporting strength of this floor is 150 lbs. per sq. ft.

"'Great God!' he exclaimed, 'I weigh 300 pounds, and if I don't straddle out I'll go down!'

"And suiting his action to the word he began to take long steps so his whole weight wouldn't come on any one square foot of the floor."

* * *

Thus the Washington gossiper rattles on about one man after another, no matter who. It is all the same to him. Go over to the senate and the first man he begins on is President Ingalls.

"Ingalls," he says, "is one of the brainiest men in the senate. The only trouble with him is he likes to say smart, cutting things. He doesn't mean half he says, but he is so fond of slashing and hitting he can't let folks alone. I've heard him tear his best friends to pieces. What he likes best is to have people talk back to him. He likes to have people give him as good as he sends, and I think if some men would take a whack at him instead of going off and talking about his malignity he'd respect them more, and they'd understand and like him better. Next to his wife, he is wonderfully fond of his family. I think he likes to ridicule men in a joking way. He used to board down at the Strathmore Arms hotel, where Logan lived. Congressman Thomas, of Illinois, boarded there, too, and Ingalls used to nag Thomas unmercifully. Finally Thomas turned on his persecutor. Ingalls is like Phelps used to be in his fondness for red neckties, and one day he put on one that was unusually large and red. When they sat down to dinner that evening, Logan, Ingalls, Thomas and others all at one table, Thomas began in this way:

"'Senator Logan,' said he, 'as I was coming up Twelfth street this afternoon I saw something that shocked me very much, something that frightened me till the blood stood still in my veins.'

"'What was it?' inquired Logan.

"'Why, I looked up toward this house and the building seemed to be on fire. It was wrapped in flames. I started and ran as fast as I could, thinking of what a terrible thing it would be if my wife and you and Mrs. Logan and all the others should not be able to get out, if the lurid flames should envelop and consume you, if we should have a great holocaust right here in our peaceful little hotel. The thought was so horrifying that I ran at the top of my speed, crying fire and rousing the people along the way. The shock to my nerves was so great that I am still trembling.'

"'But what was it,' inquired Logan, 'that gave you such a nightmare as that?'

"'As I came closer to the house,' Thomas replied, 'I saw what it was. Senator Ingalls was standing on the front steps, where the rays of the setting sun caught him, and he had that necktie on.'

"For once in his life Ingalls was knocked out. While Logan and the others laughed the senator from Kansas blushed as red as the offending necktie, but he could make no reply. He didn't get mad, though, and when Mrs. Ingalls met Mrs. Thomas at luncheon next day, she said, 'Do you know, Mrs. Thomas, James is very fond of your husband?' Ingalls and Thomas are now the best of friends, for the president of the senate likes a man who sasses back, but he has never since that day worn a red necktie.

* * *

"Talking about big men, that round headed, gray old fellow there isn't so very small. He is Senator Sawyer, of Wisconsin. The politicians say he has the state of Wisconsin in his pocket. Sawyer told me once he came to the senate simply because he had nothing else to do. He was dying of ennui. The senatorial seat was a sort of plaything for him. He says now he has got all the fun out of it there is to be had, and that he doesn't care to come back any more. But he has four years yet to serve. Sawyer is very fond of his son, who is out west, Texas, I think, on a cattle ranch. When the young man got ready to start out for himself the old gentleman gave him $450,000 and told him to take good care of himself and his money. 'That isn't the way I started in life,' added the senator; 'in order to get out into the world and get a start on my own hook, I had to buy my time from the master to whom I was apprenticed. It cost me $100 of hard earned money to get away from the blacksmith shop and into the lumber business.'"

If you have the time to spare your Washington gossiper will go on like this all the afternoon. He is a very entertaining fellow. WALTER WELLMAN.

Difficult to Understand.

Custom—Here is something in my chicken salad, waiter, that looks a good deal like feathers.

Waiter—Dat cahn't be possible, sah.

Customer—Why not?

Waiter—Kase chickens don' hab no feathers.—The Epoch.

Retribution.

After having inflicted corporal punishment on Paul the other day, I took him and told him how it hurts me when he is naughty and I have to whip him. On the next occasion he asked: "Mamma, did it hurt you when you whipped me this time?" "Yes, dear, it always hurts me when I have to punish you." "That serves you right for whipping me."—Babyhood.

Romance.

He (on a suburban visit)—I am suddenly called to New York on very urgent business, Miss Jones, but before I go I want to thank you for the great pleasure I have enjoyed in your society, and to say that-that-a-er——

She (blushing)—Oh, Mr. Grizzle, pray——

He—Er-to say, that if you ever want anything in the ribbon line, I'm at the head of that department at Plush & Satin's. Good-by.—Texas Siftings.

Wasn't Giving Anything Away.

Judge Richardson, of the court of claims, who lectures on constitutional law at the law school of the Georgetown university, garnishes his discourses with many amusing and interesting stories, among which is a particularly good one which he relates of Mr. Hoar, the father of the senator from Massachusetts. He brings it in to clinch the point that the opinion of a judge while off the bench, or of a lawyer when not engaged upon a case involving the matter in dispute, is of no more value than that of an ordinary mortal.

One day, according to the judge, a man stopped Mr. Hoar on the street and asked him a question on law. The answer strengthened the questioner in his determination to bring a certain suit, but when he put the matter in the hands of his attorney the latter told him he had no case. Back went the questioner to Mr. Hoar.

"Didn't you tell me thus and so the other day?" he asked.

"Well, yes; I suppose I did," said the old lawyer; "but you didn't pay me anything for it, and the fact is I never can get quite right unless I'm paid for it."

Or, as Judge Richardson naively puts it: "He lacked the feeling of responsibility."—New York Tribune.

Only One Thing Left.

First Society Man (yawning)—What time is it?

Second Society Man (stretching)—Nine o'clock.

"Too late for the theatre."

"Yes."

"Too early to go to bed."

"Yes."

"I'm too sleepy to read or talk."

"So am I. Too tired to think."

"Well, as neither of us seem good for anything else, let's dress up and go to Mrs. Westend's party."—Philadelphia Record.

Complimentary to the Artist.

A lady, who was accustomed to solicit for several charitable institutions, the other day met a well known miser from whom she had never been able to extract a cent.

During the course of the conversation the lady mentioned that she had seen his portrait at the academy.

"And you didn't ask it for a subscription?" queried the miser, who was fond of his joke.

"Oh, I thought it useless," calmly replied the lady, "the portrait is so thoroughly like you."—Judge.

The Old Question.

Reginald Young (who has been very attentive during the evening)—I wonder, Miss Mabel, if you would consider me impertinent should I ask you the old question?

Miss Mabel (greatly agitated)—Oh, Reginald! This is so sudden! I—I—yes, I will listen to you, Reginald.

Reginald—Well, then, have you read "Robert Elsmere?"—Atlanta Journal.

The Modern Plan.

Editor—This poem, sir, is miserable trash.

Amateur—Oh, never mind that. Publish it, and I'll see that it is copied all over the country. I have arranged with a friend of mine to claim the authorship, and then he and I will get into a boiling hot controversy over it. There are no flies on us poets nowadays.—Philadelphia Record.

A City's Landmarks.

Gotham Lady (in Philadelphia)—I don't like the Philadelphia fashion of keeping the front of a house so nearly closed. How can you tell which houses are occupied and which empty?

Philadelphia Lady—Oh, that's easy enough; the empty houses are those with slop cans in front.—Philadelphia Record.

Improving the Occasion.

Little Dot—Mamma, papa was readin' in the paper 'bout a oatmeal mill that exploded awful in Chicago.

Mamma—I suppose the meal was not managed carefully.

Little Dot—I dess so. Maybe they didn't put enough sugar on it.—Philadelphia Record.

Working a Mine.

Head Waiter—Didn't Mr Goodheart tip you just now?

Waiter—Yes, sah, gub me half a dollah.

"Well, you wait on that new guest and give some other waiter a chance at Mr. Goodheart's table. He isn't more than half through yet."—Philadelphia Record.

Even Harder.

"Is there anything so hard to find as a needle in a haystack?" he said, with a sudden flash of meteoric brilliance.

"Yes," she responded softly, "it is quite as hard to find a haystack in a needle. Did you ever try to find a haystack in a needle, Mr. Bradly?"—Washington Post.

Evening Callers.

Miss Smith—Did anybody call this evening, Bridget?

Bridget—Yis, miss; Moike O'Shamus and Tim Blarney.

Miss S.—What? I don't know them.

Biddy—They called on me, mum.—Life.

Sweet Sympathy.

Oliver—I do not think I am quite myself this evening.

Jeannette—Allow me to congratulate you.—Life.

A SERIOUS MISUNDERSTANDING.

The Feminine Names of Streets in Austin Come Near Causing Trouble.

Why it was done we cannot say, but quite a number of the streets of Austin, Tex., have been named after females. Such names as Emma, Laura and Isabella stare at you in large letters from almost every street corner. The Austin people, or some of them at least, have become tolerably familiar with Maria, Jane, Susan and the rest, but strangers are liable to become bewildered by this singular nomenclature.

A gentleman from Dallas, who had only a few hours to spend in the city, wished to visit the blind asylum, and he asked the first man he met:

"Can you tell me how I can find the blind asylum?"

"That's easy enough. You know where Emma street is?"

"I do not. I have no acquaintance with any lady of that name. There is a family in Dallas of that name, but I am not acquainted with them. Does Emma Street live near the blind asylum?"

The Austin man stared at the stranger for a moment, and then pointing down Magnolia avenue, he said:

"You see where Maria comes into the avenue?"

The Dallas man looked in the direction pointed out, and perceiving a fat old negro woman with a big basket on her arm, nodded his head in assent.

"Well, you must take Maria until you get to the corner of Elizabeth, and continue on until Matilda and Sarah come together, and then you will be all right."

"Look here, my friend, if you think I am that kind of a man because I am from Dallas, you are most confoundedly off. I want you to understand that I am a gentleman."

"You dog gasted idiot!" replied the Austin man, "if I was as bad off for brains as you are I would bore a hole in my empty skull and hire a negro to pour in ten cents' worth of cheap oleomargarine."

The Dallas man shook his fist at the native and replied:

"I've always heard that the State Lunatic asylum was too small to accommodate all the lunatics, but now I know it," and he moved off toward Esmeralda, while the other party leaned against the corner of Ann and Lavinia and glared after him as he disappeared in the direction of Martha.—Texas Siftings.

Robinson's Failure.

"I hear that Robinson has failed again," said a New York business man.

"Yes, so I hear," replied the second New York business man.

"Total wreck, everything gone?" said the first.

"Yes, everything; all liabilities, no assets at all."

"Yes, that's so. Lost all he's got."

"Yes."

"Well, I knew it had to come."

"Is that so?"

"Yes, said so a year ago."

"How did you know?"

"Oh, Robinson is slow—terribly slow. Why, I have known him to be gone ten minutes to his luncheon. Yes, sir; and he always took seven or eight minutes. Can't succeed in business and waste good time like that. Good-by!"—New York Tribune.

Sol Smith Russell's Discerning Boy.

Sol Smith Russell undertook the other day to teach his son Bob a lesson in self denial.

"Look here, Bob," said he, "whenever you get anything good you must give the best of it to your mother."

"I allus do," said Bob. "T'other day I had two apples; one uv 'em wuz runty, 'nd t'other wuz yaller 'nd big. I kep' the runty one 'nd give the big yaller one to mother."

"That was noble—that was manly—that was just what I should do!" said Mr. Russell, proudly patting his pampered darling's head. "Now that, my son, is what we call an act of self abnegation, of denial, of sacrifice."

"Yes, sir," said Bob, "but mother don't eat apples."—Chicago News.

Protection That Protected.

Mrs. Riley—Did anny wan see annythin' o' me ironin' boord?

Mr Riley—Phwhist, Eileen! Oi hev t' go achrosht th' lots an' th' Caseys hov a new billy goat.—Judge.

The Perils of Travel.

A short time ago a young Pittsburger who happened to be in New York encountered the captain of a Cunarder with whom he was well acquainted. The captain possesses literally world wide fame, and a braver or better seaman does not breathe. He had been often invited to visit this city before—for he has not only friends of travel, but at least one schoolmate here—and the young Pittsburger begged him to accompany him on his return home. But the old sea dog thanked him kindly, but added: "Nothing could induce me to trust myself to a railway train over the Alleghany mountains. No, sir! it's too much of a risk for me to trust my bones on such a journey."—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Historic Jokes.

Napier's famous dispatch from India announced his victory in one word, "Peccavi," which is, by interpretation, "I have Scinde." Very much of the same kind was Gen. de Bourmont's message to the French war minister in 1830, when the Dey of Algiers escaped him after being taken. "Perdidi" Diem—"I have lost a Dey." It is said that Drake, when the ships of the Armada turned their sails, sent to Elizabeth the word "Cantharides"—that is, "The Spanish Fly." This last is probably a fable.—Temple Bar

Learned It All.

Lady—And what does your father do?

Little Girl—Oh, papa is a doctor.

Lady—Indeed! I suppose he practices a great deal, does he not?

Little Girl—Oh, no, he doesn't practice any more. He knows how now.—Harper's Young People.

Rough on Dr. Holmes.

A little girl of Boston who recently wrote a composition about Dr Holmes remarked that "he was for several years professor of monotony at the college."—New York Tribune.

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