

LEGISLATIVE LAZINESS.

THERE ARE PLENTY OF DRONES IN THE NATIONAL HIVE.

A Senator's Lack of Dignity in the Chair. He is Always Tired—The Two Hour Sessions—Exhibitions of Congressional Indolence in Public Which Are Not Pretty.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 13.—Some of the laziest men in the world are employed by Uncle Sam to make his laws for him. If this country were as severe in its punishment of drones as Draco was, and put to death its lazy men, there would soon be a great many vacancies in the senate and the house. Lazy men are generally amiable, and the laziest man in congress, a certain senator, here named, is no exception to the rule. He is good natured, generous, a true friend, and al-



A LAZY SENATOR IN THE CHAIR.

ways ready to do anything for those whom he likes except make an effort. A few days ago he was called to the chair by Vice President Morton. The presiding officer of the senate is supposed to be the personification of dignity. He is supposed to be the living embodiment and representative of that quality which the American house of lords appears to prize more highly than ability or even wealth. Imagine the consternation of such grave and reverend senators, sticklers for all the dignities, as Edmunds, Ingalls, Dawes and Hoar, when they looked up and beheld this senator, with his two elbows resting on the vice president's desk, his head wearily reposing in his hands like a lazy schoolboy when the teacher's back is turned. Senator Dawes leaned over and whispered to Edmunds, and St. Jerome scowled and twiddled his fingers under his nose, as he always does when immensely pleased or considerably worried. No doubt the senator was tired, for a senator was making a speech on a well known bill—the same speech which he had already delivered three or four times in the senate chamber. Once the anxious sticklers for senatorial dignity thought the presiding officer was going to sleep. He did close his eyes and once he nodded, as much as a man can nod when his jaws are resting firmly in his hands. If this senator had gone to sleep Edmunds, Hoar and Ingalls would have been angry enough to move his expulsion from the senate. They would have deemed the body disgraced beyond redemption except by some summary and desperate proceedings.

This particular senator is always tired. He is probably the only man in congress who is never seen walking down Pennsylvania avenue from the capital. He always rides. Ingalls says there should be some sort of a tramway in the Capitol for the accommodation of men like him who occasionally want to go over to the house. This senator is the man who is accused of purposely spreading the report three or four years ago that he and President Cleveland had quarreled, in order to save himself from being troubled by office-seekers. He rarely makes a speech. The last one he made, I am told, he dictated to his stenographer while lying in bed, as Dr. Johnson used to dictate to his amanuensis, Mr. Hector.

If he is the laziest he is not the only lazy man in the senate. What do you suppose the great senators are doing between the hours of 12 and 2 o'clock—the hours in which the majority of them will receive neither cards nor notes from impertinent people who would disturb them? Devising great plans for the welfare of the country? Preparing eloquent speeches? Conferring solemnly on matters of state? Oh, no! Go into the cloak rooms and there you will find many of them taking their ease. Here are easy chairs, lounges, divans, barbers, servants, and such a lazy lot of senators! They recline, lean, sit upon their spines, ruminate, converse and smoke. The stories that are told, the jests that are passed



NO CARDS UNTIL AFTER 2.

round, the notes that are repeated over and over in that apartment, literally furnished with all modern comforts. If those walls had ears and tongues they could a tale unfold—but they have neither. And the servants, fortunately for themselves and their masters, are as discreet as they are obsequious.

One day last week observers from the galleries would easily see that something unusual was going on in the cloak rooms of the senate on the Democratic side. There was a running in and out from both sides of the chamber. Grave sena-

tors who entered glum as oysters emerged smiling like premiere danseuses. Loud laughter occasionally came rolling out the open door. Within a half hour nearly every member of the senate had spent a moment or two in the retiring room. This was a mystery which roused my curiosity, and I determined to investigate. My efforts were rewarded with success; and, dear reader, what do you think it was? Something dignified, important, statesmanlike? Not much. One of the senators, whom I shall not name out of respect for his gray hairs, had just received from a friend in New York a vile paper, purporting to be a letter from a solicitor's firm in London, informing the addressee that he had fallen heir to an estate in England, and just as the interest was fully roused the reader turned the page, only to come upon a wretched picture. Human nature is pretty much the same in the senatorial cloak rooms as out of it.

These lazy senators who will not receive cards or notes before 2 o'clock are aristocrats, and impertinent aristocrats at that, and I am for sweeping them out. I can't conceive what they are sent to congress and paid \$13 a day for and given private secretaries and committee clerks and no end of luxuries at the government expense, unless it is to serve their constituents and others having business with government officials. Seeing callers would certainly be better employment of time than lounging in the cloak rooms listening to tales which the society for promotion of social purity would not be likely to indorse. When 2 o'clock comes most of these high and mighty senators slip down their private stairways, which no outsiders' feet are permitted to profane, to their private lunch rooms in the senate restaurant, to which no man not a senator is admitted unless at a senator's invitation. Soon afterward, as a rule, the senator goes into that fudgy and ridiculous condition known as executive session, and when the bell strikes three times all doors must be closed and every man jack of an American citizen must make tracks. Even in committee rooms the same un-American and offensive exclusiveness prevails. Messengers are stationed at the doors to keep off intruders, and many of these messengers seem to think they own the Capitol. At the door of the room of the committee on privileges and elections the other day I asked the guard at the door if the committee was in session. No. Then could I go in to see a senator whom I knew to be there. No.

"And why not, pray?" "One of the senators is inside, dictating, and he does not want to be disturbed."

"But I do not want to see that senator. I will not speak to him, and will not disturb him. Surely the committee room is large enough for three or four of us." "No matter. The senator is dictating, and he does not want to be annoyed."



A CORNER OF THE HOUSE.

And the understrapper, who probably controls a few votes in some ward in a close legislative district, actually locked the door in my face.

All this is a cover for laziness, and laziness in public servants, particularly when combined with unnecessary exclusiveness, is intolerable. In one respect the senators are more decent in their laziness than the members of the house. Senators do not parade their indolence before the multitude. Go over to the house of representatives, take a seat in the gallery, and scan a corner of the hall in the rear of the seats.

There is a bright wood fire burning in an open grate. If wood cost \$50 a cord and coal 50 cents a ton, the statesmen would insist upon warming their shins by a wood fire. There are easy chairs and lounges. Every one is occupied. A row of distinguished men sit on their spines, with their chairs tilted back and their feet on the wall. On the lounges recline other distinguished men, fast asleep. Some unbutton their collars for comfort's sake, and occasionally some of the statesmen from the rural districts take off their shoes and turn their big feet toward the fire and sleep and grunt and even snore in the acme of comfort. And all this in public, before the eyes of a thousand or two of spectators in the hall of the house of the representatives of the people. It is not pretty.

Evidently the doctrine of Congressman Stockdale, of Mississippi, has many supporters in the senate and house. Stockdale says his idea of heaven is a place in which there is nothing to do, where existence is a state of perpetual inactivity, where even drawing the breath of eternal life calls for no effort. While roll-calls and speeches and dreary readings of the clerk's desk are going on in the house hundreds of men sit and doze and rust and forget a good deal of what they once knew. Laziness is one of the great evils of public life. Intemperance has been driven out. Perhaps we shall have to rouse public sentiment into a crusade against indolence.

WALTER WELLMAN.

She Could Stand a Great Deal. Young Lady (evidently much distressed and embarrassed)—Doctor Fatte, I just know I shall never die a sudden death. Doctor Fatte—Indeed! my dear young lady, and what induces you to think thus?

Young Lady—Because you are now, and have been for the last five minutes, sitting upon poor, dear, little Fido, and I still live!—Cincinnati Chic.

CHOCTAW LEGENDS.

Result of an Interview with Chief Peter Pichehlynn. [Special Correspondence.]

KANSAS CITY, Feb. 13.—In a recent talk with the Choctaw chief, Peter Pichehlynn, he told me of a very curious legend in relation to the origin of a subdivision of his tribe known as the "Crawfish," or Crayfish band: "Our people have among them a band who formerly—but at a very remote period of antiquity, long before the separation into Creeks (or Mus-Ro-gee's) Seminoles, Choctaws, etc.—had their abode in the earth, under the mud and soft places near the rivers and streams, out of which they sometimes come and bask in the sunshine. They were more like a lobster or crayfish than human beings, and walked on 'all fours,' or rather on their claws.

"Their principal place of residence was a great limestone cave, far down in the bowels of the earth, where there was no light, nothing but cimmerian darkness, and they had no language, nor could they understand a word that was spoken to them.

"The entrance to this cave was possible only by wiggling down through the mud, and they used to scamper about the moment they were seen, so that the Choctaws were for many generations unable to get near them, although they would lay in wait for them for months.

"One day, however, a number of them were surprised so suddenly that they did not have time to get their usual route—through the mud—into their cave, but were forced into it by a secret opening they had in the rocks!

"The Choctaws then attempted to smoke them out, and at last, by persistent effort, succeeded. They treated them kindly, taught them to talk Choctaw, to walk erect, made them cut off their toe nails and pull out the hair from their bodies. After which they adopted them into the tribe, but the majority of them are still under ground!

Ball playing seems to be common among all tribes, but it is conceded that the Choctaws, in their primitiveness, were the most skilled in this game. Of course it is not at all similar to the American national game in any particular, and is played with two bats or sticks.

These sticks are bent into an oval loop at one end, with a web of fine buckskin thongs stretched across them to prevent the ball from falling out when caught or tossed. One of these bats is held in each hand, and the players catch the ball by jumping into the air, and throw it from the bats, never allowed to strike it or catch it with their hands. In every house I visited I saw one or more pairs of these peculiar bats, according to the number of male residents.

In the primitive days of these people, it was an invariable law of the game that no player should wear moccasins on his feet, and appear only with the prescribed dress; that is, in his "breecch-clout," a beautiful head belt, and tail made of white horse hair or quills, and a mane around his neck constructed of the same material as the tail, dyed in colors.

The match was usually made up months before the day agreed upon, and led by two champions, or captains, as we should call them. These two captains had the power to go through the tribe, from village to village, and alternately choose the men for their respective sides. This choice of players was effected generally by proxy; two runners were sent armed with a pair of "ball sticks," elaborately ornamented with paint, ribbons and other gewgaws, which, touched by the players selected, was an evidence that they accepted, and would be on hand at the time specified and prepared to take part.

Each set of players erected on the ground where the game was to take place two upright poles about thirty feet high, and six feet apart, across the top of which another pole was fastened. These goals, or "byes," as they were called, were some eight hundred feet apart; at a point just half way between those goals was driven a small stake, where the ball was to be thrown into the air at a given signal, usually the firing of a gun.

All these preliminaries were arranged by old men, who were the judges or umpires of the game; they drew a line from one goal to the other, across which all the betting was made and placed in the possession of "stake holders" the night before the game commenced. Everything conceivable that wigwam or field possessed was staked, and principally by the women of the tribe as bettors.

On that night, too, all the players assembled around their respective "byes," where, under the glow of torches, the beating of "tom-toms" and the songs of the squaws, they for more than a quarter of an hour indulged in the picturesque "Ball-Play dance," in their proper dress, and rattling their sticks together, all the time chanting as loud as they could. Meanwhile the women who had staked their goods formed themselves in two rows on the "line" between the respective players and also danced, joining in musical appeals to the "Great Spirit" to decide the game in favor of their side.

At the small stake, from which the ball was to be thrown at the opening of the game on the morrow, four old "medicine men," who were to perform the act of "throwing the ball," were busily puffing at their pipes, smoking to the "Great Spirit" for success in impartially judging the game, as their duties of umpires demanded.

Sometimes seven or eight hundred players took part in the game, and when the contest commenced a terrible struggle ensued to catch the ball on their sticks and throw it home between their respective stakes, which counted one.

When this happened there was a short halt; then the ball was started again by the judges, and whichever side in that summer counted a hundred won.

HENRY INMAN.

I was not satisfactory. That was all the satisfaction I could get from him. I found out the next week that he had a brother-in-law. That was the reason I was dished. You can bet I was discouraged. I had saved up a little money and concluded to take things easy until it ran out. One day I was strolling around town when I met a chance acquaintance who suggested that we go into a pool room near by and see how the horses were running. Well, sir, will you believe it? I yielded to the allurements of the turf and picked a winner the first time. I made \$40 that day.

"The next day I showed up again. I didn't know the first thing about horses, but concluded to stick to one jockey. In three days I had won \$250. That settled me for awhile. I lived high, went around in cabs and had expensive dinners. My money ran out in about a week. Then I went back to my gold mine. 'Of what use,' I thought to myself, 'is there in slaving for your bread, when all you have got to do is to pick winners?' But this time my gold mine didn't pan out. I began to see that the ability to pick winners was limited, and the result of my little venture was that I had a high old time for about a week, and came out dead broke. Then I did a little thinking, concluded that I had had enough of the turf, and made up my mind to work.

Once more I scanned the advertising columns of the papers, and this time I saw that a firm in Kansas City wanted a competent stenographer. They telegraphed me to come on, and I borrowed enough money to pay my fare and keep me a few weeks, and skipped the town. I stayed in Kansas City for a year at \$30 a week, and never was treated better in my life.

"But at the end of the year I concluded to get back home. My people wanted me to come back, so I gave up my job. I hadn't been in town more than a week before I got a position in a railroad office at \$75 a month. Things in a railroad office ran along just about so, anyway, so there's nothing much to tell there. Everything was lovely until I got a chance to go with a commission house at the same salary. I thought it would be great sport to go 'down on 'change every day and hobnob with capitalists, so I took the job as soon as it was offered to me. I stayed there three months, but there was a man in the office who didn't like me. One day I got a letter telling me the same old story. This time I knew it was no use to kick, so I quietly left. Then I knocked around town for about a month, steering clear, however, of the pool rooms, when I got a chance to go into another railroad office. This time my salary was only \$65 a month, but I was glad to take anything.

"In the meantime my old employer in the insurance office where I first worked had been making overtures to me, but I had steadily resisted him. I had left him in a moment of pique, and I was too proud to acknowledge that I had made a mistake. This thing kept up for some time, until finally I yielded. I went back to my old place at \$20 a week. On the 1st I was raised to \$100 a month."

"How long were you absent from your old place?" said I.

"Just two years, five months and one day," he replied. "I suppose many people will think I have wasted my time. I tell my friends, however, that if a rolling stone gathers no moss it acquires some polish."

"But," said I, "suppose you had stuck by your present business these two years and a half, how far along would you be now?"

"I might have been manager," he replied. TOM MASSON.

Some Foreign Dishes.

VIENNA, Jan. 28.—In traveling over Europe one meets, as a matter of course, many dishes not often found in American restaurants and hotels, and many dishes one is familiar with are cooked and served so as to be almost as novel as those entirely new.

In Liverpool I got a recipe for Yorkshire pudding, and this is it: Twenty-five minutes before dishing up your roast beef, pour out of the pan one-half of the gravy into a dish for future use. Beat up two or four eggs with as much flour as will make a light batter, with three tablespoonsful, or six, of milk. Lift out your meat and pour this batter into the dripping pan, and replace the meat and bake it the twenty-five minutes, and serve hot with the meat. The pudding will be light and permeated with the taste of the meat and gravy, and is delicious.

At Shoeburyness, at the home of one of the officers of the School of Gunnery, I found this new and savory manner of serving cold roast mutton, when it had been carved until the bone was not slightly, and the slices were too small to send to the table. For one pound of sliced cold mutton take one quart of onions and fry them until the rank smell is gone and they are almost half done. Take one-half a pound of stale bread crumbs, and then put a layer of onions, one of meat and one of crumbs, until they are all on a deep earthen dish, finished with a layer of crumbs. Of course, salt and pepper; then put this in the oven for a good hour, and it is enough to give one a Coney Island appetite to smell it, and it is thoroughly good.

There is something in the way of cooking the Yarmouth bladders and kippered herring that we cannot achieve, and I think it is because our fires are different. The English toast them down in front of a fire, not over it, and then put a bit of butter and a dust of pepper and you have a savory morsel which looks and smells temptingly and is cheap. There also they roast their meat before the grate, instead of baking it, and though there seems to be no difference, the meats tastes quite differently, and all in favor of roasting. LOUISE DALRYMPLE.

Clara Morris does not believe in stage tears. She says there are no tears but real ones shed by intensely wrought up actresses on the stage. When Ellen Terry plays her most emotional parts she not only sobs in reality, but the weeping often becomes uncontrollable, and sometimes lasts an hour after the play is over.

CLOSING OUT SALE OF

Pianos and Organs.

We have decided to ship nothing to Omaha, and having some stock yet we will continue the sale until sold. We have some Upright Pianos, slightly damaged, that we can make you at a great bargain. Six second-hand Pianos at your own price. Good second-hand Organs at \$35 to \$50.

MAX MEYER & BRO.

C. M. HANDS, Manager, 142 North 11th

Steam and Hot Water Heating.



F. A. KORSMEYER & CO. Telephone 536. 215 S. Eleventh St.

E. HILL, LATE OF BROOKLYN, N. Y.

TAILOR AND DRAPER

GENTLEMEN:

I shall display for your inspection a new and very carefully selected Stock, comprising many of the latest and newest designs of the European Manufacturers, and I am now prepared to take all orders for making up garments for gents in the latest styles.

LADIES TAILORING:

Having for seventeen years met with great success in Brooklyn, N. Y., in cutting and making Ladies Jackets and Riding Habits, shall be pleased to receive patronage from the ladies during the coming season.

I am also prepared to receive orders for all kinds of Uniforms and Smoking Jackets.

1029 N STREET. LINCOLN, NEB

FINEST IN THE CITY

THE NEW

Palace Stables

M St, opp. Masonic Temple.

Stylish Carriages and Buggies, At all Hours Day or Night.

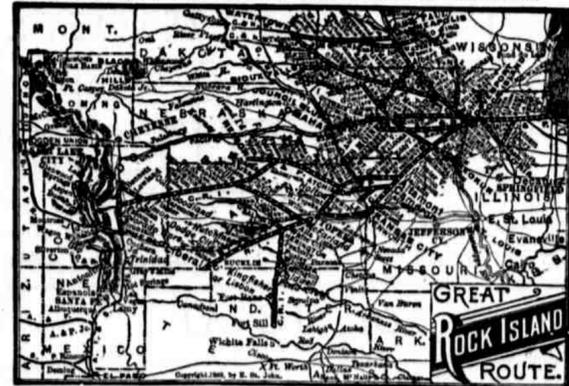
Horses Boarded and best of care taken of all Stock entrusted to us. PRICES REASONABLE.

BILLMEYER & CO., Proprietors.

Call and See Us. Telephone 435

A MAN

UNACQUAINTED WITH THE GEOGRAPHY OF THE COUNTRY, WILL OBTAIN MUCH VALUABLE INFORMATION FROM A STUDY OF THIS MAP



THE CHICAGO, ROCK ISLAND & PACIFIC RAILWAY,

Including main lines, branches and extensions East and West of the Missouri River. The Direct Route to and from Chicago, Joliet, Ottawa, Peoria, La Salle, Moline, Rock Island, in ILLINOIS—Davenport, Muscatine, Ottumwa, Des Moines, Des Moines, Winterset, Audubon, Harlan, and Council Bluffs, in IOWA—Minneapolis and St. Paul, in MINNESOTA—Watertown and Sioux Falls, in DAKOTA—Camoron, St. Joseph, and Kansas City, in MISSOURI—Omaha, Fairbury, and Nelson, in NEBRASKA—Horton, Topeka, and St. Paul, in KANSAS—Belleville, Abilene, Caldwell, in ARKANSAS—Pond Creek, Kingfisher, Fort Reno, in the INDIAN TERRITORY—and Colorado Springs, Denver, Pueblo, in COLORADO. FREE Reclining Chair Cars to and from Chicago, Caldwell, Hutchinson, and Dodge City, and Palace Sleeping Cars between Chicago, Wichita, and Hutchinson. Traverses new and vast areas of rich farming and grazing lands, affording the best facilities of intercommunication to all towns and cities east and west, northwest and southwest of Chicago, and Pacific and transoceanic Seaports.

MAGNIFICENT VESTIBULE EXPRESS TRAINS,

Leading all competitors in splendor of equipment, cool, well ventilated, and free from dust. Through Coaches, Pullman Sleepers, FREE Reclining Chair Cars, and (east of Missouri River) Dining Cars Daily between Chicago, Des Moines, Council Bluffs, and Omaha, with Free Reclining Chair Car to North Platte, Neb., and between Chicago and Colorado Springs, Denver, and Pueblo, via St. Joseph, or Kansas City and Topeka. Splendid Dining Hotels (furnishing meals at reasonable hours) west of Missouri River. California Excursions daily, with CHOICE OF ROUTES to and from Salt Lake, Ogden, Portland, Los Angeles, and San Francisco. The DIRECT LINE to and from Pike's Peak, Manitou, Garden of the Gods, the Sanitariums, and Soccia Grandeur of Colorado.

VIA THE ALBERT LEA ROUTE,

Solid Express Trains daily between Chicago and Minneapolis and St. Paul, with THROUGH Reclining Chair Cars (FREE) to and from those points and Kansas City. Through Chair Car and Sleeper between Peoria, Spirit Lake, and Sioux Falls, via Rock Island. The Favorite Line to Pipestone, Watertown, Sioux Falls, and the Summer Resorts and Hunting and Fishing Grounds of the Northwest.

THE SHORT LINE VIA DENVER AND KANKAKEE offers facilities to travel between Cincinnati, Indianapolis, Lafayette, and Council Bluffs, St. Joseph, Atchison, Leavenworth, Kansas City, Minneapolis, and St. Paul. For Tickets, Maps, Folders, or desired information, apply to any Ticket Office in the United States or Canada, or address

E. ST. JOHN, General Manager. JOHN SEBASTIAN, CHICAGO, ILL. Gen'l Ticket & Pass. Agent.