Choked in the Night.

A Well Known Business Man of Lincoln gives his Experiences as to the value of "The Dennis Treatment" for Catarrh.

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WASHINGTON GOSSIP.

STATESMEN BEGINNING TO REASSEMBLE IN WASHINGTON.

President Harrison and His Little Joke. Jerry Rusk and His "Noon" Dinners. Gossip of Tracy, W. L. Scott, Grosvenor Clarkson and Others.

[Special Correspondence.]

WASHINGTON, Oct. 8.—The statesmen are beginning to make their appearance in Washington to get ready for the long session of congress now approaching. House and room hunting is now the order of the day, as all the new senators and representatives, and many of the old ones, must find quarters for themselves and their families. The initiated know how to go about it, and how to avoid being taken in by rapacious landlords, and for the benefit of those who are not initiated, I will tell them that if they want a house or a suite of rooms in this city they will do well to put the matter in the hands of a real estate agent or some friend who will conceal the fact that the quarters are wanted for a member of congress.

There is a sort of unwritten law here that if a congressman will stand it he is to be always asked to pay about 30 per cent. more for a house than any one else. Not that statesmen are undesirable tenants, but that, as a rule, they are too proud to hunt around and haggle for terms. This is particularly true of the new congressmen, to whom a $5,000 salary looks as big as the income of a Vanderbilt or a Gould. Two years ago a friend of mine, a new member of congress, was about to sign a lease for a house here at a rental of $1,200 a year, when he happened to discover that the same premises had been offered to another man for $700. When the landlord was taken to task about this he replied: "Oh, that is nothing. We knew you were a member, and we always ask more from members than from other people. If you hadn't told me you were a member I shouldn't have asked more than $700 at the start."

President Harrison is one statesman who doesn't have to worry about finding a house in Washington. He knows where he is going to live for at least a year and a half to come. After that all is uncertainty. Great preparations are being made at the White House for the coming social season. Mrs. Harrison will have to assist her Mrs. McKee, her daughter and her daughter-in-law, Mrs. Russell Harrison. I hear a bevy of fair friends from England are coming over to spend a week or two at the executive mansion—friends who have entertained Mrs. McKee and Mrs. Harrison during their sojourn abroad. The social affairs at the White House are always brilliant, and this winter they are expected to be unusually resplendent. The old house never was so beautiful as it is today, and it is well worth a long journey to see it when filled with the famous men and women of the capital.

I advise all my friends who read this letter to come down to Washington in January or February and take a peep at Washington society and participate in one of the White House receptions. There is no difficulty about getting in. If an invitation be not extended to you on your own account, call on your senator or representative and tell him what you want. He will take you with him. If he doesn't, never vote for him again. I throw out this gentle hint in good season, so that wives and daughters may make an early start in their little campaigns against the pocketbooks of reluctant husbands and fathers.

Speaking of the president reminds me that last week I was astonished to hear that he actually told a joke to one of his callers during business hours. President Harrison is not much of a joker, and he cares little for the light sort of conversation which with many men is a stock in trade. As a rule the president is, during business hours at least, very direct, practical, earnest and serious, but one joke, and a joke on himself at that, has made such an impression on his mind that he has repeated it to several persons Ex-Postmaster General Hatton was at the White House one day shortly after the president returned from his trip to the Pacific coast, and he spoke of the kindly manner in which the press, without regard to politics, had spoken of the president's speeches delivered during the tour.

"Yes," said General Harrison, "the press has treated me very kindly indeed." "Well," said Hatton, "they were pretty good speeches: to tell you the truth, Mr. President, the best speeches you ever made. In fact you never talk so well as when standing on the end of a Pullman car. Why is it you can't make as good a speech at a dinner or in a hall? If I were you, Mr. President, I would send to Mr. Pullman and borrow a palace car and keep it out here in the yard back of the White House, and when a delegation calls upon you and you have to make them a little speech just adjourn the meeting to that part of the yard where the car is. Then you would always be sure of saying something worth listening to." The president thinks this is a very good joke, but as yet he has not sent for the palace car.

I asked a gentleman of high station who was the president's favorite cabinet minister. "If you mean his nearest personal friend in the cabinet," he replied, "my answer of course is Attorney General Miller. They were, as you know, law partners, and their friendship is of long standing, very close and confidential. After the attorney general, Secretary Tracy comes next in the president's affections. I have heard General Harrison say that Mr. Tracy was one of the most lovable men he ever met, and he commented on the fact that the only man he took into his cabinet as a stranger—General Tracy and the president had never met before the former came down to Washington to take his seat at the presidential council table—had quickly become one of his warmest personal friends and most valued advisers.

Secretary Tracy is indeed an admirable man—plain, simple, sincere, direct, thoughtful of the rights and feelings of others, and with a tinge of unconscious melancholy in his composition, placed there by the tragedy of two years ago, to make him more interesting and fascinating. He has won the hearts of all the newspaper men by his kind treatment of them and his willingness to help them in every way he can. A correspondent who called at the secretary's house one recent night said he found Mr. Tracy sitting in his window smoking and reading a newspaper, and in his shirt sleeves. The correspondent offered to give his card to the servant at the door, but the servant replied that a card was not necessary, that Mr. Tracy made it a rule to see every one who wanted to see him.

Uncle Jerry Rusk is another favorite with President Harrison. The secretary of agriculture is, indeed, one of the most popular men in Washington. He is as simple and unassuming as any farmer, full of good humor and dry wit. Probably nothing better than his response to the man who joked him because he was the tail end of the cabinet—"Well, if I am the tail end I will try to keep the flies off this administration"—has been heard in Washington in many a day. Uncle Jerry gets off a good many things like that. I don't know another prominent man in Washington who goes to bed as early as Mr. Rusk does. It is a rare thing to find him up after 9 o'clock in the evening, and he likes to retire about half past 8. He gets up at daylight and, farmerlike, takes a peep at the weather and comes in talking about the possibility of frost and the progress of the corn crop. Another of Uncle Jerry's peculiarities is his liking for the old fashioned noon dinner. In Washington every one takes lunch at midday and dinner at 6 or 7 in the evening—every one but the secretary of agriculture, and he insists on having his dinner at 12 o'clock sharp and his supper at 6.

The death of W. L. Scott has reminded a good many people in Washington of the days in which the late millionaire was a page in the house of representatives here. Even at that early age Scott developed a remarkable facility for money making. He saved up enough of his salary to buy a horse and wagon, and let the outfit to the postmaster of the house at good rates. He took a contract for carrying the mails from the railroad to some country postoffices in Maryland, and sublet the contract at a profit. He bought a piece of real estate in Washington out of his savings, and held to it till he was able to get about fifty dollars back for every one put in. We have a young page in the house now—or he was in the last house and hopes to be in the next—who has made about $20,000 by judicious investment of his savings in Washington real estate. Some day no doubt he, too, will be a millionaire and a statesman.

One of the brightest, most manly little fellows ever seen in Washington is the youngest son of Mr. Clarkson, the chairman of the national Republican committee. Grosvenor is only nine, but he is a lad of remarkable spirit and independence. Three weeks ago he was at Fortress Monroe with his nurse and his aunt, his father being busy in New York and his mother and elder brothers not having returned from Europe. The next Sunday was his birthday, and he wanted his father to spend that day with him at Fortress Monroe. Mr. Clarkson couldn't go, and telegraphed Grosvenor to that effect. Imagine Mr. Clarkson's surprise on Sunday morning when Grosvenor walked into the dining room of the Plaza hotel, with all the dignity and self poise of a veteran traveler, and took a seat by his father at the breakfast table. "You wouldn't come to me, father," he said, "so I thought I would come to you. Came up by the boat from Norfolk. All by myself? Certainly."

There are two things that I have noticed about Mr. Clarkson, one that he is the busiest man in America and the other that he has more friends than anybody else. I suppose this is because he is always doing things for other people, and taking mighty little care of his own interests.

In speaking about the men whom the president is fond of I should have mentioned Mr. Clarkson. General Harrison has the same opinion of the former editor of Des Moines that every one has who enjoys an opportunity to see something of the man's loyalty, heart and intellectual resources. I happen to know that Mr. Clarkson is in such high favor in the president's eyes that he could have had a seat in the cabinet long before this if he had wanted it, but he didn't want it. "I am not rich enough to take a seat in the cabinet," he said. "To go into a position like that a man must make up his mind to get $8,000 a year for doing $50,000 worth of work, and to spend $20,000 a year for the privilege of doing it."

Another newspaper man who enjoys the friendship of a host of people is General H. V. Boynton, Washington correspondent of the Cincinnati Commercial-Gazette. General Boynton has just printed in The Century a clever paper on "Public Men and the Press," a topic which he must be familiar with, for he has been a Washington correspondent for about twenty-five years, and has been on terms of intimacy with most of the big men of that period. Boynton, like Clarkson, will run his legs off to help his friends, and has never developed any facility for feathering his own nest. He has been, and still is, a power in Washington, being both loved and feared. In his private and social relations with men General Boynton is modest, retiring, generous, charitable. In his professional work he is critical and alert. He can be vindictive, too, and it is an old saying here that if a public man has anything crooked in his career, and Boynton gets after him, the victim may as well retire at once to private life and save trouble. Once started, Boynton never lets up. More than one luckless public man has felt the force of his trenchant pen, and many more will feel it in the future, for after a quarter of a century of active service the Nestor of the corps of correspondents is as active and virile as ever.

WALTER WELLMAN.

STOOD THE TEXT BOOK TEST.

A Notable Piece of Oratory by James G. Blaine.

[Special Correspondence.]

NEW YORK, Oct. 8.—While I was chatting with a professor of elocution and rhetoric, who is a member of the faculty of a New England college, a day or two since, he said that one evidence of the decay of oratory was the difficulty which teachers like himself had found in procuring extracts from contemporaneous speeches which would be suitable for the use of students of oratory. He said that perhaps the highest test of the permanent merit of a speech, so far as its oratorical and rhetorical qualities were concerned, was the use of it made by professors of rhetoric, and the insertion of extracts from it in the text books used for students of elocution and oratory.

At one time Mr. Beecher furnished a good many available extracts for the young students; a few quotations from Edward Everett's, Charles Sumner's and William H. Seward's speeches are made use of. Lincoln had furnished three extracts suitable for short orations, and they are to be found in all modern text books. These are quotations from his first and second inaugurals, and his Gettysburg oration in full. Webster's speeches had richer material for these professors to make use of than the utterances of any other American orator.

Of recent addresses or orations, however, with a single exception, almost nothing worthy of the use of students had been discovered. The exception, the professor said, was an extract from an address of James G. Blaine. This is the peroration to Mr. Blaine's eulogy of General Garfield, delivered in the house of representatives on the 22d of February, 1882. The professor said that the extract, which for some years passed almost unnoticed, just as Lincoln's Gettysburg oration did, has now become almost as familiar as was the immortal Gettysburg address, and is sure to be handed down to posterity as a noble example of the use of the English language in the spirit of true oratory.

This extract is perhaps the only quotation from Mr. Blaine's many speeches which will become something like a household word. It will be carried down to posterity, just as Webster's famous address to the survivors of the battle of Bunker Hill, or his apostrophe to the Union in his Hayne speech will, through the frequency with which it is employed in schools and colleges by the young students of oratory. Mr. Blaine's peroration is now found in every text book on oratory which has been issued within the last five years, and at all the oratorical displays in our colleges and schools for the past year or two this quotation had been heard as delivered by some one of the pupils.

Yet at the time of its delivery it excited little more attention than did Mr. Lincoln's address at Gettysburg. It was a noble and solemn occasion. Perhaps no orator ever had a more inspiring audience or a more sympathetic and solemn theme than did Mr. Blaine upon that occasion. The president of the United States and his cabinet sat in the circle in front of the members' desks and directly before Mr. Blaine. Sherman, Sheridan, Hancock, Admiral Porter and all of the distinguished generals excepting Grant were there. The Supreme court in its black robes were before him, distinguished senators and ex-senators were there, and in the galleries were the families of some of the most famous men in the country.

Mr. Blaine read his address without any attempt whatever at elocutionary display, and when he finished it seemed to most of those who heard him that while the address was a most noble tribute to the memory of Garfield, yet it lacked those rhetorical flourishes and that oratorical manner which many regard as essential to the perfect oration. That same criticism was made when Lincoln finished his Gettysburg address. Every one recognized the pathos of Mr. Blaine's closing words, yet nobody spoke of them as a perfect example of sublimity of thought, purity of diction and as capable of sustaining the highest tests of eloquence and oratory. Rather slowly did the public appreciation of the immortal quality of these lines make itself manifest. Today this speech is quoted everywhere as one of the most majestic and perfect exhibitions of what true eloquence is that the English language offers.

Incidentally to this matter it is to be noted that of all that distinguished company, not members of congress, who sat before him, very few are now in the land of the living. President Arthur is dead, and so are Secretary Frelinghuysen and Secretary Folger. Sherman, Sheridan, Hancock and Admiral Porter are dead, and three members of the supreme court bench, including the chief justice, have since then passed away, and yet at that time there were many who thought that Mr. Blaine's hold on life was more frail than any of these men.

E. J. EDWARDS.

The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table.

BEVERLY FARMS, Mass., Oct. 8.—What can a man that is eighty-two years of age be expected to do? The genial "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table," the venerable poet, essayist, teacher and physician (for his standing in medical annals alone is one to be envied), has accomplished the revision of the complete Riverside edition of his works, now being rapidly issued from the press, in twenty volumes, and, in homely phraseology, is resting on his oars. His general health continues unimpaired. With the love and esteem of those near him, and thousands of admirers wherever the English language is spoken, he has seen, one by one, with the sole exception of the "good Quaker poet," Whittier, his friends, associates and contemporaries pass from the stage of action, while he remains a lonely representative of the class of men and women of genius that have made New England famous in the past half century, and one, perhaps, that of all others has learned the charming secret of growing old gracefully—a becoming condition that is characteristic of the good sense pervading his entire career.

A. P.

How to Set the Color in Lawn.

Dissolve a half pound of saltpeter in a pailful of water and dip the lawn in it several times before washing.

How to Make an Æolian Harp.

Take a rectangular box made of thin boards, five or six inches deep and about the same width, and of a length to extend across the window it is to be set at, so that the breeze can sweep over it. Glue a strip of wood half an inch in height at the top of each end of the box. Upon these strips stretch the strings lengthwise across the box and turn by tension pegs, as in the case of a violin. The sounds produced by the rising and falling of the wind are of a drowsy and lulling character.

How Iron Structures Become Unsafe.

By examining a worn bar or car wheel with an ordinary microscope it will be seen that the worn surface is coming off in thin flakes or scales. By applying a microscope of very high power, however, it will be seen that iron is composed of a vast number of minute flakes held together by a peculiar cement, just as very flat and long bricks might be in a wall by mortar. Long continued jarring breaks up this cement to a fine powder with no adhesiveness, and then the flakes of iron fall apart just as a brick wall would fall if the mortar should turn to dry sand. But by some law not well understood continuous motion in the same direction destroys the cement many times faster than irregular motions. Thus a regiment of soldiers keeping step weaken an iron bridge more than so many wild horses.

How to Put Away Butter.

Mix well together one ounce each of saltpeter and white sugar and two ounces of best salt, all in fine powder; give one ounce of this mixture to each pound of butter and thoroughly work them together. The butter thus prepared is then to be tightly pressed into clean, glazed earthenware vessels so as to have no vacant spaces. Butter thus put up acquires its finest flavor three weeks later and preserves it for a long time. Another method is to take fresh butter eighteen pounds, fine salt one pound, saltpeter one and a quarter ounces and honey or fine brown sugar two ounces. Work and press as above. Some fill the vessels only to within one-half or three-quarter inch of the top and fill with coarse salt.

How to Make Artificial Coral.

Melt together four parts of yellow resin and one of vermilion. Dip the twigs, stems, carvings, etc., in it and then dry without touching. The effect is very pretty.

How to Make Honey.

Take of soft water six pounds, pure honey three pounds, white sugar twenty pounds, cream of tartar eighty grains and essence of roses twenty-four drops; mix in a brass kettle and boil five minutes, taking special care not to let it get smoked. It is better to have a charcoal fire or place the kettle on hot coals. As soon as the kettle is taken off add the whites of two eggs well beaten, stirring thoroughly. Two more pounds of pure honey added at that time will increase the honey flavor. A slight decoction of slippery elm is sometimes added while cooling, but in hot weather it is liable to foam and rise to the surface.

How to Make a Cloth Waterproof.

Spread it out smoothly and rub the "wrong side" with a lump of beeswax (perfectly pure and free from grease) till the surface presents a slight but perfectly uniform white or grayish appearance. A cloth so prepared will turn water for several hours.

How to Prepare Wax for Polishing Floors.

Take twelve and one-half pounds of ordinary yellow wax, rasp it as fine as possible and stir it into a hot solution composed of six pounds of good pearlash and rain water. Boil and stir it while boiling as long as it froths, then take off and stir in at once six pounds of dry yellow ocher. It may then be poured into molds of any desired size and will harden on cooling. When wanted for use a pound of it is dissolved in five pints of boiling water and well stirred and the mixture applied while warm to the floor with a paint brush. When cool, wipe with a coarse wooden cloth. One coat of this will last six months.

How to Make Brine for Pork.

Take brown sugar, bay salt and common salt, two pounds each; saltpetre, one-half pound, and water, one gallon. Boil gently and remove the scum. Another favorite pickle is made with twelve pounds of common salt, two pounds of sugar or molasses, one-half pound of niter and water enough to dissolve it.

How to Make a New Omelet.

Parboil a lamb's or calf's kidney and cut it into small pieces, as for an ordinary kidney stew. Add an equal quantity of French mushrooms (champegnons) and stew them until they are nearly done. Then add, chopped fine, a small quantity of green pepper, seasoning with salt and black pepper as usual. When the kidney and mushrooms are cooked thoroughly place in an omelet, made in the usual way, and you have a breakfast dish fit for a king.

How to Restore White Flannels That Have Turned Yellow.

Dissolve 2½ pounds of white Marseilles soap in seventy five pounds of soft water and add, with constant stirring, one ounce of liquor ammonia. The flannels are to be soaked in this fluid over night and afterward washed thoroughly in water.

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