

THE CRY OF A CYNIC.

SNEERS STRUNG TOGETHER LIKE
LINKS OF BOLOGNA SAUSAGE.

An Old Timer at the Capital Makes a Few
Disparaging Remarks—He Shows Up
the Weaknesses of Alleged Great Men.
Pertinent Personalities Piquantly Put.

[Special Correspondence.]

WASHINGTON, May 5.—The comment of a genuine cynic on men and things at the national capital. That would be a novelty, wouldn't it? I confess that as a rule I do not like cynicism. Too much of it is very depressing, very tiresome. I avoid cynics, because they are uncomfortable persons to get along with, and their preaching is so cheerless. Too frequent contact with them is likely to cause one to lose faith in his fellow man, and that would be a calamity. But the other day I chanced to be in the company of a distinct and emphatic specimen of the genus cynic. He is an old timer about the Capitol, and on this occasion was pointing out to a mutual friend of his and mine the persons and points of interest, with comments peculiarly his own. His remarks were a string of sneers strung together like the links of a bologna sausage, but such snappy, gossipy sneers that I am tempted to repeat some of them, even at the risk of offending some of my best friends.

"We will stay here only a few minutes," began our mutual friend the cynic, as the stranger in town and myself sat down in the gallery overlooking the senate chamber. "This old hole fills me full of weariness. Lot of old codgers who have stumbled into office or bought their way in sitting around here trying to look wise and appear statesmanlike. Yes, that's Morton in the chair. Does pretty well as a presiding officer now, but you should have seen him when he first came down here. Had to be coached by Ingalls and Edmunds, like a schoolboy speaking his first piece on declamation day. Made some awful breaks, too, and used to be afraid to call his soul own till Edmunds and Ingalls gave him a doot to it.

"Do you know who it is that Harrison is most afraid of? Not Cleve land, not Blaine, not Palmer nor Gorman nor Bob Lincoln, but his own son, Russell Harrison. Why is he afraid of Russ? Think Russ will get into some scrape that will be used against him in the campaign. Russ isn't as bad a fellow as he has been painted, but he is unlucky, always getting into some difficulty or other, like Peck's bad boy. His pa lives in holy terror of him.

"There's John Sherman. Great old man. But too selfish. Won't help anybody to anything unless he can see where it is going to help John Sherman to something by and by. But for this fault he would have been president long ago. Shame that a great old man like Sherman has to go out to Ohio, whose public servant he has been for a third of a century, and fight for re-election to the senate. That's the way with politics—the coldest blooded business of these modern times.

"Look at Culom. See how he tries to look like Lincoln. Clever man, Culom is, but lacks sand. Gives up and runs too quick. Conciliates his enemies and loses his friends. He's hard up for cash all the time, and is too honest to make money in politics. I venture the prediction that in less than two years he'll follow the example of his friend Edmunds and retire from the senate, and get into something at which he can make a little money. That's Allison sitting behind him. Fine looking old chap, isn't he? He's the smoothest man in the senate. You have heard how Ingalls called him the purring cat. But that's only in private conversation. When he makes a speech he is a roaster—a declaimer about little things, a rhetorician over inconsequentialities. An awfully clever fellow though.

"That's Hale—'Bub' Hale, we call him—sitting next to Allison. He is known to fame chiefly as Blaine's friend. I wonder what he will do after Blainedise? You see Frye down in front? He is a pretty good senator, but a better fisherman. He would rather catch fish than be president of the United States. Every spring, as soon as the ice is out of the trout streams up in Maine, he starts for the north. You couldn't hold him in Washington with a cable chain. In the back row you see Senator Stanford. Doesn't know anything but horses. If the senate was a breeders' convention he would be the principal man in it. Has given up his absurd ambition to be a candidate for president and has come out for Harrison.

"The baldheaded man is Cushing Davis, of Minnesota, husband of the beautiful Mrs. Davis, and a brilliant man, but I guess the laziest one in the senate. The one with the short, blond mustache is Ed Wolcott, the wildest boy in the senate chamber, the most independent and reckless fellow we have had here in many years. True as steel, fearless as the devil himself and absolutely without caution or tact. Eloquent as Cicero in defense of free silver, which he wouldn't believe in if he didn't live in a free state.

"That bushy headed man walking in the rear of the seats is Cal Brice. Smartest man in America. Smart in business, in politics, in everything. Nice fellow to talk to, likes his friends, helps them when they don't ask for too much. That's Gorman he is arm in arm with. That pair is a good one to draw to, and if you should fill in with Steve Elkins you would have three of a kind that beats any straight flush in the deck. There are two men in the senate who are understood by nobody on the presidential question, but we understand each other mighty well. I mean Brice and Gorman. They have foiled Hill, they may fool Cleveland, they are playing with Palmer, and I make my guess that what they are aiming at is the nomination of Gorman for president. Queer pair too.

"Gorman never opens his mouth if he can think of some excuse for keeping it shut. Gets toothache when he doesn't want to talk. Never had a confidential

friend, and you couldn't give him one with a chromo worth a million dollars thrown in. Brice right the other way. Talks all the time. Talks well. Analyzes, describes, awfully frank and confidential; you like him; specially honored; see him again. But when he has concluded and you think it all over you wonder what he has been driving at. Gorman mystifies people by keeping still; Brice by telling them too much. Hill is more like Brice. Talks and tells you that's confidential. You struggle to keep it to yourself, and the first man you meet tells you the same thing—Hill told me: it's confidential, you know, so don't repeat it. Hill doesn't like women, but is a regular old woman himself. Scolds his enemies and gossips about them. Turns up his nose like a woman telling a bit of scandal at a quilting party. Another awful smart man.

"The old man with the drooping white mustache and red eye is Senator Harris. Marvelous man. Greatest parliamentarian in the senate. No one knows his age. Supposed to be about ninety, but he won't tell. Guess he has discovered the fountain of perpetual youth. Looks just as young now as he did at the close of the war, when the government set a price on his head. Should have been a big price, for it's a head with a heap in it. There's Morgan, of Alabama. Another wonderful man. Thinks with his tongue. Winds up like a clock and runs 150 words to the minute all day and till far into the night. Can't think unless he is standing on his feet talking, and then he thinks hard. Man sitting beside him is Butler, of South Carolina. Specimen of the find southern gentleman. Courteous, polite, generous. Has lived too high. Has gout. Dan Vorhees has gout too. Has been a big man, but his legs and his voice are failing him."

In this strain our friend the cynic continued for half an hour till we reminded him that the house of representatives was on our programme.

"Oh, yes," said he; "we'll move out of the rich man's club into the hall of demagogues. We'll go over and see the den in which three hundred and odd slaves to their constituents are confined.

We'll take a look at the treadmill and see how these poor wretches work out their two year sentences. That's Crisp in the chair. Pretty bright man, but he was brighter on the floor than he is as speaker. Loses his temper too quickly, fires back when any one says what he doesn't like. Doesn't use the most elegant language in the chair, either. A fairer man than Tom Reed was, but not so great. Neither of them compares with Carlisle as a presiding officer. Tom Reed has two predominating characteristics. One is hatred of Harrison, the other fondness for himself.

"There's Holman up making a speech for economy. He is a one idea man, and that idea is saving the government cash. He is consistent, too, unless something is wanted for his district. Marvelous old man, Holman. He never forgets anything, does more work than any one else in the house, never seems to tire. Has been in congress only thirty-four years, and expects to stay thirty-four more.

"Bland, the silver champion, is another one idea man. Knows nothing but silver. Chews tobacco, spits on his hands, wears cowhide boots, buys his clothes at a secondhand store and is as honest as the sun. The man bobbing up and interrupting another man who is making a speech? Little Joe Wheeler, who was one of the most dashing cavalrymen the Confederacy had. He was called a mosquito the other day by one of his brother ex-Confederates, O'Farrell, of Virginia. That's because he jumps at you, hums, bites and is off.

"The handsome young man smoothing his locks and looking pretty is Durrow, of Chicago, one of the rare cases of a pretty man with good sense. Trying to get \$5,000,000 out of congress for the World's fair and can't. Solemn looking old man is Mr. Warwick, of Ohio. Charming old fellow when you know him, but he hasn't done anything yet. Is known only as the man who succeeded McKinley, and is awfully tired of being simply a successor, like some women's second husbands. That young man who looks like the late Samuel Randall is Bryan, one of the coming statesmen of this country. Smart, eloquent, honest, and knows it. The bearded man in the corner is ex-President Cleveland's closest friend in congress—John De Witt Warner. Has red hair and is a cyclonic talker. Grates his teeth when he makes a speech, but says something worth listening to. The man going out of the hall with a milk white hat on is Bartine, of Nevada. Silver man. Dreams of a new Jerusalem in which the streets are paved with silver. Wears that white hat all the time because it reminds him of silver. Made the best silver speech he heard in the house this winter.

"The young man over to the left who looks like a college student is Storer, of Cincinnati. Married a rich wife, who had him elected to congress, and some day, if she keeps her health, she will have him promoted to the senate. Bright man, with a brighter wife. Same thing true of that man with the long beard—Busey, of Illinois. Smart politician; wife smarter than he is. He works the Democrats, she the Republicans. That's the way he beat Joe Cannon and hopes to do it again. The thin faced man with the long white mustache is O'Ferrall, of Virginia. He's a Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde. Ordinarily he is as gentle as a spring lamb. You feel like tying a blue ribbon around his neck and sending him out to play with the children. Rouse him if you want to see a fighter. Senator Hill roused him in the Rockwell election case. In the debate on that matter other people crossed his path and wished they hadn't. He's a lamb in his seat but a lion on the floor. That's the way he fought for Virginia in the war—fought till he was shot full of holes."

Our friend the cynic had similar comments to make about 250 other men, but we grew tired of him and went away to dinner.

WALTER WELLMAN.

AN INTERESTING TOMB.

The Final Resting Place of General Al-
bert Sidney Johnston.
[Special Correspondence.]

AUSTIN, May 5.—"When I die I want
a handful of Texas earth upon my
breast."

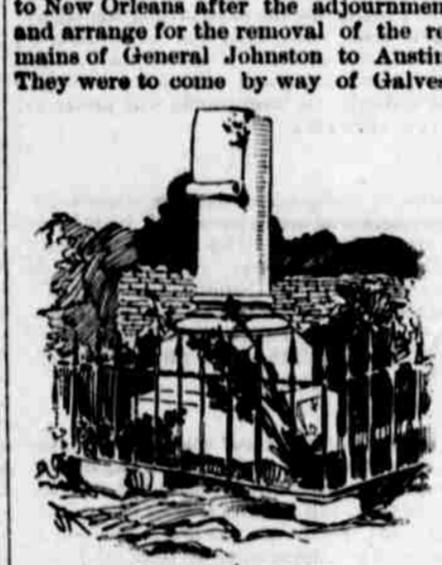
These words were spoken on one occasion by General Albert Sidney Johnston. His wish was fulfilled, and his grave in the state cemetery here is full of interest to the visitor. Texans especially love to speak of his burial here, and point with pride to his grave, simple and unpretentious as it is.

Albert Sidney Johnston loved Texas, and whatever concerned her honor or happiness enlisted his warmest sympathies. His first connection with Texas affairs began during the revolt of this state against Mexican authority and tyranny. Joining as a private trooper he was rapidly promoted until finally appointed to entire command of the Texan army. During Lamar's administration as president, Johnston was appointed secretary of war. He resigned this position in 1840, visited the United States, then returned to Texas and spent a number of years in retirement upon his plan ta... near Galveston Island. He is next heard of as colonel of the First Texas riflemen during the war between the United States and Mexico. Then he was appointed paymaster in the United States army, and in 1855 was made colonel of the Second cavalry, which was intended for active service in Texas. His resignation of his command in California in 1861, journey across the waste of desert and wilderness to Texas, final arrival at Richmond, the Confederate center, and assumption there of the command of the Army of the Tennessee are well known facts in history.

The death of Johnston at the battle of Shiloh, just at the moment of victory when he saw the foe receding and felt convinced that the day was won, has often been described. He died as the true soldier prefers to die—on the battlefield, and with the shouts of his comrades still ringing in his ears. His death was a terrible blow to the Confederacy and many claim that it sealed the fate of the south.

The removal of the remains of the dead general to Texas is often spoken of by those who were living here at that time. It will be remembered by many that after his fall upon the field of Shiloh his body was carried to New Orleans and interred in a tomb in St. Louis cemetery. On account of the capture of that city it remained there until the conclusion of the war.

On Oct. 1, 1866, the legislature of Texas appointed a committee to proceed to New Orleans after the adjournment and arrange for the removal of the remains of General Johnston to Austin. They were to come by way of Galves-



JOHNSTON'S GRAVE.

ton, and it was announced that the public honor of a funeral procession would be accorded his body. When the programme for the reception of the remains was published, however, the United States general commanding the district issued an order prohibiting it. The mayor of Galveston appealed by telegraph to General Sheridan, but he also refused to allow the programme to be carried out. The remains were accordingly transported through the city to the depot without any public demonstration, but not without being followed by a large number of sincere mourners. At Houston the order was not strictly enforced, and the people turned out en masse to honor the remains. The body was received in the hall of the house of representatives at Austin by Governor Throckmorton, and remained there in state for several days. The last ceremonies were attended with no parade, tolling of bells nor sound of martial music, but by a quiet procession and simple sepulture.

The state cemetery covers the crest of one of Austin's hills, that roll back like waves in every direction and command a full view of the city from the east side. It is a fit resting place for the body of the modest hero here in the bosom of his adopted state, by the waters of the Colorado, overlooking the grand capitol building and in sight of the home for disabled soldiers of the cause for which he gave his life's blood.

The design of the headstone is intended to represent a broken column, typical of the life of him who rests beneath it. At the base of the shaft is this simple inscription:

ALBERT SIDNEY JOHNSTON,
SHILOH.
April 6, 1862.

Upon a scroll above are carved these words, taken from the message of Jefferson Davis announcing his death to the Confederate congress: "His last breath cheered his comrades on to victory. The last sound he heard was the shout of victory."

The footstone has upon it:

GENERAL A. S. JOHNSTON,
A HERO
AND PATRIOT.

Around his tomb can be seen the graves of Confederate soldiers and generals, heroes who were killed during the Mexican war, and men distinguished in Texas history in various battles. He sleeps surrounded by the graves of some who served under him in the old republic of Texas and afterward fought under his command on the great battlefield of Shiloh.

MARCELLUS FOSTER.

His Thumb Weighs a Pound,
A Harlem young lady religiously inclined applied for a class in Sunday school a few weeks ago, and the superintendent promptly placed her in charge of that doubtful honor—the infant class.

The new teacher went on pretty well until she ventured on the thin ice known as "general questioning."

"Now children," she said, with that extremely vivacious manner which is popularly supposed to fascinate young children, "what does Moses do?"

The infant mind worked on the problem for a few moments in silence.

"Come dears," said the young teacher encouragingly, "some one tell me what Moses did."

A very small boy on the fidgety back row seemed to be struggling with a reply.

"What is it, Willie?" urged the teacher encouragingly.

"It's a pound!"

"What?" asked the astonished teacher.

"My mariner says so."

"Says what, Willie?" demanded the perplexed teacher, while the class stopped fidgeting and listened intently.

"She says every time Moses puts his thumb on the scales it weighs a pound."

"Who is Moses, Willie?"

"He's our butcher, mith."—New York Tribune.

Her Tailor Made Gown.

You can tell by the air that she carries:

You can tell by her dignified walk;

You can tell by the manner it fits her;

You can tell by the other girls' talk;

"Oh, Clara, how stunning you're looking;

You are so becoming in brown."

And you know, as you hear them exclam ing,

She has on a tailor made gown.

It doesn't take knowledge surpassing

To tell that it isn't homemade;

One look is enough to convince you—

You need no extraneous aid.

She seems to impart by her manner,

"It's the first of this color in town,"

And you mentally bow in subjection

To the girl in the tailor made gown.

And yet there is one who disputes it:

Her rival, who vows and declares

That Clara is playing deception;

It's a dressmaker's gown that she wears.

Dear girl, you are choking with envy,

But just to convince you, go down

To Clara's parlor. He will show you

The bill for that tailor made gown.

—Tom Masson in Clark Review.

Dear Park and Oakland.

To those contemplating during the coming summer a trip to the mountains in search of health or pleasure, Deer Park, on the dome of the Alleghany mountains, 3,000 feet above the sea level, offers such varied attractions as a delightful atmosphere during both day and night, pure water, smooth, winding roads through the mountains and valleys, and the most picturesque scenery in the Alleghany range. The hotel is equipped with such adjuncts conducive to the entertainment, pleasure and comfort of its guests, as Turkish and Russian baths, swimming pools for both ladies and gentlemen, billiard rooms, superbly furnished parlors, and rooms single or en suite, an unexcelled cuisine and superior service.

The surrounding grounds as well as the hotel are lighted with electricity, have cosy and shady nooks, meandering walks, lawn tennis courts and grassy playgrounds for children within full view of the inviting verandas. Six miles distant on the same mountain summit is Oakland, the twin resort of Deer Park, and equally as well equipped for the entertainment and accommodation of its guests. Both hotels are upon the main line of the Baltimore and Ohio railroad, have the advantage of its splendid Vestibuled Limited Express trains between the east and west, and are, therefore, readily accessible from all parts of the country. Season Excursion tickets, good for return passage until October 31st, will be placed on sale at greatly reduced rates at all principal ticket offices throughout the country. One way tickets reading from St. Louis, Louisville, Cincinnati, Columbus, Chicago and any point on B & O. system to Washington, Baltimore, Philadelphia or New York, or vice versa, are good to stop off at either Deer Park or Oakland, and the time limit will be extended by agents at either resort upon application.

The season at these popular resorts commences June 22d.

For full particulars as to rates, rooms, etc., address George D. DeShields, Manager, Deer Park or Oakland, Garrett county, Maryland.

Veterans' Route to the Encampment.

Veterans going to the G. A. R. encampment at Washington in September via the B. & O. R. R. will traverse territory fraught with a thousand reminiscences of the conflicts in which they figured so prominently. Along Cheat river, on the western