

VERY QUARRELSOME.

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There Were No Fist Fights During the Past Session of Congress, but Many Animosities Were Engendered During the Heat of Debate—Entertaining Incidents.

[Special Correspondence.]

WASHINGTON, Aug. 4.—Statesmen are very, very human, and being human will quarrel one with another. The history of this capital shows that it has for nearly a hundred years outdone all the other national capitals in the world in number of its quarrels and duels between prominent public men. Duelling has gone out of fashion happily, and there are not so many quarrels of a serious nature as there used to be. I suppose we are becoming a more polite and a less savage people all the while, but there is still room for improvement.

During the past session we have had no fist fights on the floor, as we had in the last congress, when Mr. Wilson, of Washington, and Mr. Beckwith, of New Jersey, passed the lie over a trivial matter and then sprang from their seats and led drive at each other with their rights. Nor has any senator pulled the ear of another senator, as belligerent Joe Blackburn was reported to have pulled the ear of William E. Chandler in the senate committee room about a year and a half ago. We have had our quarrels, though, and if I could do so without violating confidence I think I should be able to point out to you about two score of statesmen of greater or less renown who do not speak as they pass by owing to hot words spoken in debate or in private conversation.

I often wonder there are no more quarrels than there are. Not only is the heat of debate likely to make sparks of anger fly, leading to bad cases of the rankles and get-evens afterward, but members have so many opportunities in the way of objections to unanimous consents and in other parliamentary procedures to exercise one man power by stepping very hard on some one's toes, that it is a marvel more personal animosities are not engendered. An illustration of the manner in which an "I object, Mr. Speaker" may involve a member in a personal quarrel was afforded a few days ago.

Mr. Lockwood, of New York, somewhat famous as the man who nominated Grover Cleveland for mayor of Buffalo, for governor of New York and for president of the United States, asked unanimous consent for the calling up of a little bill. It was a measure which carried no appropriation, and was of small importance, embracing no principle or other cause of dispute. It could have been disposed of in two minutes, and no one expected an objection, for Dan Lockwood, as he is generally known, is one of the good natured and popular members of the house. But Mr. Watson, of Georgia, the courageous and eloquent young champion of the Farmers' Alliance, was not in good humor that day, and he promptly entered the fatal "I object."

Lockwood pleaded and explained the nature of the bill, but Watson was obdurate. Then Mr. Fitch, of New York, added his voice to that of his colleague. Still Watson held his ground, and the bill was not passed. An hour afterward Watson and Fitch met in the corridor. "Watson," said the New Yorker, still angry, "I want to tell you what I think of your objection to Dan Lockwood's bill. It was mean and childish." "You have no right to talk to me in that way," said Watson, "and if you say that again I will slap your face." "No, you won't," retorted Fitch. And then, to see whether he would or not, Fitch repeated the offensive remark. Mr. Watson by this time had his temper under control and walked away. It was well for him he did, for Watson is not much bigger than a peck of apples, and Fitch, who was educated in German colleges, is a clever amateur boxer and an all around athlete.

Watson is a very good fellow, but he was unfortunate enough the very next day to become involved in a quarrel with General Wheeler, of Alabama. It was all about something Watson said Wheeler had once said. To this day no one knows very clearly what it was. But at any rate they were at loggerheads about it, and Wheeler wanted to make a personal explanation or defense on the floor. Then ensued a funny scene. In the course of three hours Wheeler made about fifty attempts to speak his piece. But the speaker could not see that the question presented was one of personal privilege, nor was he able to make General Wheeler comprehend that he had decided against him. Four times did the speaker state his decision and five times did the pugnacious little man from Alabama persist in his effort to deliver his well prepared remarks.

Finally, while every one was laughing at Wheeler, the speaker was compelled to declare, "The gentleman from Alabama is out of order." "But, Mr. Speaker, I want to—" "The gentleman from Alabama will take his seat." Then General Wheeler sat down, but in a few minutes he was up again, and again he was suppressed. Then the plucky little man—he weighs no more than eighty pounds—began filibustering. He was angry, and proposed to have what he thought were his rights or prevent the house doing any business. He made a motion to adjourn, and when that was defeated, his own being the only vote for it, he moved to take a recess till 1 o'clock, and when that was voted down, he moved a recess till 2 o'clock.

Single handed and alone the nery general held the house up by the tail, as it were, and permitted it to wriggle, but to do no business. Once he forgot himself and sat down when votes were asked for on his own motion, and stood up when the other members stood up to vote against him. This raised a great laugh, and Wheeler temporarily retired from

the field. In five minutes he was at it again with more motions to adjourn. Finally he carried his point, and to save further trouble the leader of the house, Mr. McMillin, came to the front and assured Wheeler that at the proper time he could have his support in a motion to be heard for twenty minutes.

It is not often that we see one man, and he a very small one, fighting 200 successfully, but that is what Wheeler did in this case and the members applauded him for his pluck. Though the most nervous and excitable man in congress, he is a great favorite. His activity is like that of a flea or a monkey. When he is in a hurry he runs through the hall of the house like a page. Though threescore he runs up and down stairs as if he were a mere boy. I have seen him traveling bareheaded at a two-forty gait between the house and the building in which he does his work, 209 yards distant.

When he makes a speech he is a bundle of nerves palpitating in clothes. Every word is accompanied by a gesture, and if it were possible for the human frame to make more rapid motions Wheeler would be a fast speaker. But his delivery is regulated by the number of gestures which it is possible to make in a given time, and so he doesn't talk very fast, though words come out of his mouth like bullets out of a six shooter. A speech by Wheeler would read something like this:

"Mr. Speaker (right arm uplifted), I denounce (both arms uplifted) this infamous (right hand pounds desk) bill (left arm shoots out a right angle) and declare (stands on tiptoe and flings both arms about) it to be tyrannical (crouches behind his desk like a panther just ready to spring upon a victim) and d— (hits desk) a— (describes a circle with his left arm wildly) m— (pounds his breast) n— (claps his hands together) a— (sweeps both arms together from extreme right to left) ble!"

There was a congressional row one night last month in John Chamberlin's famous restaurant. A far western member of the house, a New Englander and a southerner were the combatants. Some ugly words were passed, when the far western member picked up a champagne bottle, which was about half full, and broke it over the head of one of his antagonists, scattering the sparkling liquid all over the room. Some blood was mixed with it too. At this critical juncture the southern man drew a knife and was about to plunge it into the body of the champagne club swinger when a bystander caught the weapon and wrested it from his grasp, cutting his own hand severely in the operation. Next day two members of congress obtained leaves of absence "on account of sickness."

There have been a few rows in the senate during the session. A public and long continued quarrel is that between Senators Morgan and Sherman. The former is the great champion of free silver, the eloquent defender of the white metal on all occasions. He seems to imagine that Mr. Sherman is about the greatest enemy his precious metal has in the world, and that the Ohio senator is in league with Lombard street and Wall street and the money kings to make the rich richer and the poor poorer. He never misses a chance to fling at Mr. Sherman some words that will be peculiarly unpleasant to that gentleman. Of course it is all done in the most polite manner, as a rule, as befits senatorial courtesy, which requires that when you talk a man he is, in your opinion, a scoundrel you shall do so in language to which he cannot take exception.

Mr. Sherman endures this persistent goading for three or four days, and then he stretches out his long body, raises his long arm and retorts. The retort is not always mild and sugar coated, and one day these great senators, probably the ablest men on their respective sides of the chamber, were actually questioning each other's veracity in public speech.

Two or three weeks ago the gossips of the senate thought they could scent a duel or a shooting match in the air. Senators Harris and Sanders had had some sharp words, in which Mr. Sanders used language which seemed to question Mr. Harris' veracity, and Mr. Harris had retorted by expressing his opinion that Mr. Sanders was a double dyed scoundrel, or words to that effect. Now, argued the gossips, both are fighting men. Harris has the reputation of having whipped his weight in wildcats in his younger days, while Sanders was the leader of the vigilantes in Montana years ago, when to be a vigilante meant being shot at while engaged in the wholesome task of running down and stringing up enemies of society. But there was no duel, and so far as I can learn there have been no mutual apologies or anything of that sort. So another has been added to the long list of feuds already existing in the senate.

A bit of senatorial friction which ended more happily was a collision between Senators McPherson, of New Jersey, and Coke, of Texas. McPherson is suave, polite and good natured, while Coke is gruff, big, blunt, but with a heart that is just about right in him. This, too, was a financial difficulty. Coke wanted free silver and McPherson didn't. They were both Democrats, and so the latter thought he had a right to say, one warm afternoon in the senate cloakroom, that senators from the south who wanted to have a force bill put upon them were taking just the right course to get it by voting for the free coinage of silver.

What Mr. McPherson meant was that if free silver carried the Democrats might lose the next elections, and that would possibly bring on a force bill. But Mr. Coke didn't happen to understand it that way. He thought some reflections had been cast upon him. So he walked threateningly toward Mr. McPherson, his patriarchal beard trembling with rage, and exclaimed: "You can't talk to me that way, sir! I'll pull your nose! I don't allow any man to talk like that to me!" Of course there was a sensation in the cloakroom. Senators intervened. Explanations followed. Peace reigned, and Coke and McPherson, fine men both, are as good friends as ever. WALTER WELLMAN.

MOTHER'S ROOM.

I'm awfully sorry for poor Jack Roe; He's that boy that lives with his aunt, you know; And he says his house is filled with gloom Because it has got no "mother's room."

To talk of "boudoirs" and such fancy stuff, But the room of rooms that seems best to me The room where I'll always stay, dear be, Is mother's room, where a low can rest And talk of the things his heart loves best.

What if I do get dirt about, And sometimes startle my aunt with a shout? It is mother's room, and, if she don't mind, To the hints of others I'm always blind. Maybe I lose my things—what then? In mother's room I find them again. And I've never denied that I litter the floor With marbles and tops and many things more But I tell you, for boys with a tired head, It is jolly to rest on mother's bed.

Now poor Jack Roe, when he visits me, I take him to mother's room, you see, Because it's the nicest place to go When folks suggest that I should go low. And mother, she's always kind and sweet, And there's always a smile poor Jack to greet; And somehow the sunbeams seem to glow More brightly in mother's room, I know, Than anywhere else, and you'll never find Or any old shadow in mother's room. —New York World.

**Nomenclature of Servants.** "I always call my cook Berks, my maid Mary and my man John. We're constantly changing, and I can't be bothered learning their real names." It might have been suggested that this lady's indolence in learning the names of those who serve her might account somewhat for their frequent change. Not a few mistresses complain at the increasing sensitiveness of servants to the use of their names. If the cook is a married woman she wants the sign of her promotion recognized. "Mrs. White, Mrs. Brown would like to see you," was the message the housemaid brought from cook to mistress the other day.

The mistress remonstrated. "Mary, why do you not say 'Mrs. White, the cook would like to see you?'" "Oh, ma'am, Mrs. Brown would not like it."

"But I wish it." Shortly after the girl returned. "Mrs. Brown says, ma'am, she wasn't baptized 'Cook.'"

Mrs. Brown had been in the house five years as cook and was indispensable. Mrs. Brown accordingly she remains. In the south negro house servants make this demand imperative. The cook is not only Mrs. Brown, but the housemaid is Miss Mary, the right to waive the miss she will admit alone to those in authority. The butler calls Miss Mary from the chamber above and the cook addresses her as Miss Mary through the open door, and both speak of her respectfully as Miss Mary to those above them. Confusing and inconvenient in a household as this polite address is apt to be where some daughter of the household also may be Miss Mary, there is no escape from it if one desires to be served. —New York Evening Sun.

**A Little Essay on "Notions."** "Nannie has been away visiting," said a mother the other day, "and has come home with notions."

"Nonsense!" cried Nannie, who was present. "Mamma laughs at me because I put parsley around the cold meat at supper and make butter balls." A heightened color on each face showed there was a little more beneath the remarks than either speaker cared to have appear. It was the old story of the daughter going abroad to discover that other and better ways of doing some things existed than were practiced at home. All mothers will do well to let these Nannies make their little innovations and give fling to the "notions" even when they are more pronounced than garnishing the meat platter and serving the butter in balls. It is the compensation of the busy mother, if she will only see it so, that the day comes when the young and fresh energy of her daughter arises in her behalf.

A few years ago, in the happy time of homemaking, it was her pride and effort which showed everywhere, but the cares of motherhood, the "bearing, nursing and rearing" of which Jean Ingelow so tenderly sings, together with the combat of life, have dulled the edge of ambition in small things, and the home misses little details of comfort and attractiveness in consequence.

But here is the buoyant spirit eager to supply all deficiencies of that sort, to give a touch of grace to the plain dignity of the household—it is the wise and fortunate parent who will permit and enjoy the assistance thus within her reach. —Her Point of View in New York Times.

**Away with Ugly Mourning.** Why do we still continue to wear mourning? The custom is outworn; it is an anachronism in the Nineteenth century. It is unchristian; it clouds the spiritual significance of the resurrection with the ever present expression of temporal loss. It is cruel; it forces helpless and innocent people into action which entails a privation and unnecessary suffering. It is untruthful; it makes false outward show of changes in sentiment. And it is essentially vulgar, for it presses private affairs upon public notice; it trusts claims of fashion and frivolity upon a time which most greatly moves the heights and depths of being, and it forces its superficial worldliness into the fiercest throes which can ever rend human nature. —Mary E. Black in North American Review.

**Sleeping in Lighted Rooms.** Among the most pernicious habits of foolishly tender mothers is that of keeping a light in the room in which little children are supposed to be trying to go to sleep for the night. It is true that there may be now and then an abnormally timid or nervous child, for whom a light at such a time is a necessity, but the vast majority of infants are readily accustomed to going to sleep in the dark, and the habit once formed need not be broken over, unless illness intervenes to overthrow all rules and routine.—Exchange.

**Ovid's Recipe for Wrinkles.** Take equal parts of bean and barley meal and mix with raw egg. When the mass is thoroughly hard and dry it should be ground to a fine powder and made into an ointment with melted tallow and honey. A thick layer of this applied to the face every night was warranted to smooth out all wrinkles and make the skin as soft as a baby's.—Exchange.

**A Real Pretty Girl.** An Augusta (Ga.) newspaper speaks of "an independent western girl" as "slender, graceful, with eyes lit with azure fire and a slanted head poised on the neck as firmly as the Alexandrian shaft that lifted Ptolemy to light the sea, commanding as the tower of ivory that looked toward Damascus." —

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