

BUDDING STATESMEN.

The Little Fellows Who Wait on the Great Law-Makers of the Senate. The Senate page corps numbers fifteen as bright and quick boys as can be found anywhere. They receive appointments on the recommendation of Senators, and come from all sections of the country. There is the elongated and dark-hued Southerner and the ruddy-checked and chunky Western boy, the quick Northerner and the spectacled New Englander. They are paid \$75 a month each during the session of Congress, which generally lasts about eight months for the long and three months for the short session, and at the close of the latter it is customary to vote them an extra month's pay in order that they may return to their homes. In addition to their salary the pages make quite a goodly-sized sum by selling autograph albums containing the signatures of the Senators and prominent people whom they buttonhole for their autographs. Their period of butterfly life is rather short, however, as it generally does not extend beyond two Congresses, the age limit being between ten and sixteen. After they reach the age of sixteen they are compelled to leave.

The pages are very neat in their dress and pay great attention to style. They wear tunic coats and knee pants, generally of some dark material, and affect dark black silk stockings. Their work begins at nine a. m., when they assemble in the Senate chamber and get the desks of the Senators in order or the day, arranging the several bills, petitions, etc., on them, after which, unless there are errands to run, they can amuse themselves until twelve o'clock, when the Senate convenes, at which time they station themselves on the side of the President's platform. After the chaplain's prayer the work begins in earnest, and they are constantly on the run, answering the snap-fingers of the Senators, carrying bills and papers to the President's stand, executing the multitudinous demands of the Senators.

The Senate usually is in session till noon, when it goes into Executive session, releasing the pages from duty. It is customary for the Senate to adjourn on Thursday evening until Friday morning, there is nothing for the pages to do in the interim, and they amuse themselves in various ways. Some are continually poring over novels of "The White Eagle," the paper's order, but the greater number are enthusiastic bicyclists, those are not fortunate enough to own a set not begrudging paying sixty cents an hour for the rent of one, and give the amusing squabbles among a race to how many minutes one has left to hire another takes it, they are hired in on shares. It can not be denied, also, that some are connoisseurs of cigars. The wide marble floors on either side of the stairs leading to the upper floors offer a great temptation to them to slide down them first, rather than walk down, and elocution with which they go (when they descend the floor below a certain death) would terrify mothers.

They are all young politicians, take a keen interest in the debates and are highly posted on all topics that come before the Senate, and religiously follow the position and merits of their favorite Senatorial favorites. It is common thing, after adjournment some heated debate, for them to come and debate the arguments of each other they have heard. And at it with a vim, defying parliamentary law and grammar alike, and much in earnest as though they were \$5,000 a year for it. But it is a playground, the awful mysteries they allow no other mortal to penetrate, where the pages kick and jinks. For good and sufficient reason, this room is located in a secluded portion of the Capitol, and there they shout, laugh to their heart's content. It is done that quarrels among them result in blows, as it means a suspension before that awful tribunal of the mind of a page, the terms, to be followed by a suspension of two weeks or more with loss

of pay. They are under the charge and of old Captain Bassett, who holds the position, it is said, by the memory of man. He is a page himself and is now an old-headed and white-bearded man. His post of duty is to attend the President and behind the scenes, where he is constantly changing, when he is not busy with them. It was a few days ago that a party for a fourteen-year-old boy of \$75 monthly, but on rise quite equal to the others again have quite a bank account. Those who are made as to have relatives in of course are well looked after by those who have to trust to the mercies of the typical page keepers before they are less reckless. Taken as they are very generally, they are a lot of boys, and are said to improve on the force sessions. Senator Garman once, and the story is that he had his ears pulled by a scold on occasions when he was in the Senate.

A remarkable coincidence in the Berkus County (Penn.) family by name, is that both were born on February 22, and took place on February 22, their six children (which sets of twins) were born on the same day.

MEDALS OF HONOR.

How Uncle Sam Rewards the Heroes of His Army and Navy. The medal of honor is the one decoration given by the United States to those of its soldiers and sailors who distinguished themselves by acts of individual gallantry. This decoration was authorized for military service by a joint resolution passed by both houses of Congress and approved July 12, 1862, authorizing the President "to cause 2,000 medals of honor to be prepared with suitable emblematic devices, and to direct that the same be presented in the name of Congress to such non-commissioned officers and privates as shall most distinguish themselves by their gallantry in action and their soldier-like qualities during the present insurrection." This was followed March 3, 1863, by an act authorizing the additional issue of medals of honor for such officers, non-commissioned officers, and privates as have most distinguished, or may hereafter most distinguish, themselves in action," appropriating \$20,000 to defray the expenses of the same. The medal prepared was a five-pointed star, tipped with trefoil, each point containing a crown of laurel and oak; in the middle, within a circle of thirty-four stars, America is personified as Minerva, with her left hand resting on the fasces, while with her right, in which she holds a shield bearing the arms of the United States, she repels Discord. The whole is suspended by a trophy of two crossed cannons and a sword surmounted by the American eagle, and linked with the dependent star. A ribbon of thirteen stripes, blue and white, headed with a stripe of plain blue, unites it with a clasp consisting of two cornucopias and the arms of the United States. The medal is of bronze, and no distinction has as yet been made by giving medals of silver or gold where services of peculiar heroism have been performed. This medal is within the reach of the humblest private in the army, and is prized by its most distinguished officers. A large majority of those who have received the medal were enlisted men in the volunteer ranks during the civil war, but many have also been conferred upon members of the regular army—not only for heroic acts during the war, but similar deeds while engaged in fighting the hostile Indians in the arduous campaigns on the frontier. The medals of honor for the navy were authorized by an act of Congress passed in the latter part of 1861, to be accorded by the Secretary of the Navy to such petty officers and others of inferior rank as should most distinguish themselves by their gallantry in action in the navy during the war. It was a bronze in the form of a star with five points, with a device emblematic of Union crushing the monster Rebellion, around which were thirty-three stars, the number of States then in the Union. The naval medals were accorded to 320 persons. Those given in the army amounted to several thousand.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

MIND AND MATTER.

The Effect of Extremely Hot Weather on Different Kinds of Men. One of the most interesting studies bearing upon this subject (of the relation of mind to matter) is found in observing the effects of a high temperature upon different organizations. The nervous, sensitive, egotistic man when the thermometer ranges among the nineties, is chiefly intent upon publishing his perpetual discontent. Instead of sitting still and cooling his mind through work or genial diversion, he moves busily about telling everybody how hot it is, with gestures and ejaculations to match. He is a mental radiator, bent upon transmitting his own conditions to other minds, and without intending it is generating his own discomfort within others. On the other hand the man of even temperament, of cool mind, avoids all mention of physical and thermal conditions on a hot day. His purpose is to get his mind as far away from them as possible. He hears his nervous friend fling down his pen or spade and declare that it is too hot for work. To him congenial work is the very best means of keeping his attention away from physical discomfort. One feels comparatively cool in this man's presence. He is a partial refrigerator and transmits his own conditions.

The mere physical temperature of a man on a hot day is not the measure of discomfort. In the busy season hundreds of New England farmers toil in open fields in the hot sun in the excessive heat, and are not nearly so dry as those who are sitting in the shade of a roadside and reminded that it is a terribly hot day, he will generally reply with true Yankee drollery that it is splendid weather for corn. The farmer's mind is on the hay and corn crops instead of the heat. His mind is kept cool by congenial labor and the promise of good crops.

What is true of man is true of beasts. One of the most painful sights to a person of kind heart is to see the distress of horses that pull the street cars on a scorching day. These animals receive the best care and treatment by the companies, and their muscular strength is not over-taxed so far as their work is concerned. A horse doing the same work on a country road would not perspire much. It is the tremendous strain upon their nerves caused by constant fear of losing their feet on the smooth pavement when starting the car that chiefly induces their sweat and semi-torture. Even with a horse it is the condition of mind that largely decides its power to endure heat and work.—Boston Globe.

GENTLEMEN IN AFRICA.

Chiefs Who Are Distinguished for Tact and Pleading Conduct. In Livingston's travels he is continually referring to the dusky females of Africa as ladies, but it is very seldom that explorers have occasion to apply the word gentlemen to the men they meet. Among the great tribes north of Victoria Nyanza, however, are a few chiefs to whom Sir Samuel Baker, Emin Pasha, Stanley and a few other white men think the word fully applies. Baker said, for instance, that Katagrua was the only gentleman he met at the big King Kabrega's court, and Emin Pasha is equally complimentary. He says that while he was in the society of Katagrua that chief never once asked his guest for a present, and he received very politely and with every appearance of pleasure the few insignificant presents the white man was able to give him.

Before Emin Pasha met this gentlemanly person he visited Chief Anfini, with whom he became very friendly, and whom he described as "the only negro gentleman" he had met in four years' wanderings in Africa. Anfini is one of the chiefs under King Kabrega, and he rules a district in Unzoro. Dr. Emin describes this remarkable person as a portly, well-dressed man of middle age, who is possessed of inborn tact, never asks for presents, and is not inquisitive about the private affairs of his guests. Since the Arabs began trading in his country Anfini has been able to procure many articles of European manufacture. Dr. Emin says that Anfini is the only negro Prince he has met to whom clothing and whatever other civilized appliances have found their way to his country have become indispensable. He dresses in English flannels and is scrupulously clean. He is the only native in the central regions of the dark continent who habitually uses plates and metal spoons at his meals. When Dr. Emin was his guest, bananas and other food were passed around on China dishes. His people never presume to appear in public in a nude condition, but all are decently wrapped in skins and bark clothing.

Both Stanley and Emin Pasha spoke highly of the personal qualities of King Mtesa's Katikiro or Prime Minister. Dr. Emin says he "must be placed among the few negro gentlemen of my acquaintance." It was this man, who had raised himself from the lowest rank to the highest place in Uganda next to the King, who asked Stanley if he could give him some quick poison with which he might make way with himself in case he should ever lose the favor of the King and his life should in consequence be in peril.—N. Y. Sun.

A ROYAL LAUNDRY.

An Anecdote Characteristic of King Ludwig I. of Bavaria. King Ludwig I. of Bavaria, whose name is being recalled at the present time in various ways, was very much noted for his lavish expenditure of money in beautifying his capital as for his economy in minor matters. It is said he wore the same old coat to be shaved in for forty years, and whenever it rained sent a lackey for his old umbrella, saying it was too bad to use the new one, for it had cost seven guineas. The following anecdote is quite characteristic of the King: Among the many privileges enjoyed by all persons in the slightest way connected with the court, during the reign of his easy-going predecessor King Max, from the chief marshal down to the oven heater, was that of having their soiled linen washed in the royal laundry. Shortly after King Ludwig's accession, as he was standing one morning looking out of the palace window, his wonder and curiosity were aroused by seeing numerous wagons drive up, one after the other in front of the royal residence, all laden with mysterious looking bundles, which disappeared within the palace walls. Sending for his castellan, the King inquired the meaning of this strange procession. "May it please your Majesty," replied the astonished castellan, "it was ever the custom of our late King of blessed memory to allow a few needy and deserving persons to send their washing to the royal laundry." "A few persons?" exclaimed Ludwig; "nearly an hour have I been standing at this window, and there is still no end to the procession. This is an imposition, a downright imposition, and it shall go on no longer." And he gave strict orders to have the bundles remain unopened, to keep them till Easter Tuesday, when they were to be returned unwashed, with a strict injunction never to be sent again. The result was, adds our chronicler, that half of Munich had no clean shirt for Easter.—N. Y. Post.

How to Make an Easy Rug.

Take a piece of Brussels or tapestry carpet the size desired. With wooden needles and Germantown yarn knit a lace about four or five inches wide, choosing an easy pattern. The color of the yarn should contrast well with the prevailing color in the carpet, although maroon or cardinal usually looks well with any colors used for this purpose. Sew the lace around the piece of carpet as a border, and you will be surprised how nice it will look. This is so simple to make that any one who can use the knitting needles can make a handsome rug in a very short time. If a harder yarn is liked, the Scotch Starlight will answer the purpose, for it weaves excellently. For those who crochet but do not knit, any crochet hook will look pretty, providing the hook used is coarse, as the coarser this edge is made the prettier it will look.—Boston Budget.

MISCELLANEOUS.

—You never hear the bee complain, Nor hear it weep nor wail; But if it wish, it can unfold A very painful tale. —Washingtonville, N. Y. Tribune.

—The bright boy in a Burlington, Vt., Sunday-school, who said that a Free Will Baptist was one who went into the tank of his own accord, was sent down to the foot of the class in theology.—N. Y. Tribune.

—The sum of \$100, which was deposited in a Hartford bank in 1824, has grown to \$2,621, and the person who placed it there has been dead for several years, while the rightful heirs only learned their good luck a few weeks ago.

—More than three hundred Italian laborers sailed from New York for home the other day, being unable to obtain employment. Two brigands, who had been confined ever since their arrival, were sent back by the same steamer.

—The famous cattle trail between Texas and the North will soon be wiped out. It was 600 miles long and one mile wide, and when the original survey of Colorado was made this strip was left for the use of the cattle men. The railroads have now rendered it useless.

—A two-year-old child died at Atlanta, Ga., over a year ago. A short time before its death the child's hair was cut off and a curl placed in a box with some of the child's playthings. The other day, when the box was opened, the hair was found to have grown over two feet.

—A Paris tradesman one night recently asked the old woman who came around every morning to clean up his store if she liked to see people hanging, and when she said no, told her she had better not come around the next morning, then. She supposed it was a joke until the next morning, when she pushed open the door and found the dead body of a man hanging in the passage. He had put up on the shutters the notice: "Closed on account of death in the family."

—There is a man in Palatka, Fla., who imagines that he is a teapot. He is perfectly sane on every other subject, but nothing can convince him that he is not a teapot, and an earthen one at that. He sticks out one arm to represent the spout, bends the other to represent the handle, makes a hissing noise to represent the escaping steam, and then, if any one comes near him, is very uneasy lest they hit him and break off either his handle or his spout.

—Canadian girls, it is said, allow their lovers six months to make a decision. If the youth is particularly bashful and the young lady is indulgent she may give him a place on the sofa and accept contributions of the sap of the maple with which he comes laden to her fresh from the forest for another three months. But unless somewhere in that time he asks her to be his own he must seek other firesides. She doesn't weep at the parting or make any time over it. There are as good fish in the sea as ever were caught, she argues, and in that reason she finds consolation for the misspent time. Canadian girls are not only pretty, but they are all trained to make good housekeepers.

—Queen Victoria's Coronation in Westminster Abbey June 28, 1838. Fifty years ago, on the 28th of June, 1838, the crown of these realms was placed upon the head of Queen Victoria. On the morning of that memorable day the sky was overcast for a time, and between seven and eight rain fell. The procession, which a vast multitude had gathered to see, would have been shorn of half its splendor and attraction if the weather were unfavorable. Happily the sky cleared and the sun shone forth brightly before the procession left Buckingham palace at ten o'clock. The beauty of the day was one of the charms of a spectacle which had not been equaled since the entry into London of the allied sovereigns in 1814. An incident occurred before the end of the ceremony at Westminster abbey which in the days of antiquity would have been hailed as a good omen and which, in fact, has proved emblematic of the brilliancy of a reign that is not only one of the longest but is one of the most memorable in our history. After the royal robe had been thrown over her Majesty's shoulders, after the orb had been placed in her hand and the ring upon her finger, after the Holy Bible had been presented to her and the Archbishop of Canterbury had pronounced a solemn blessing, then, to use the words of our reporter, "a gleam of sunshine which now broke through the great south rose window lighted right on her Majesty's crown, which sparkled like a galaxy and lent a still more dazzling brilliancy to the scene." There are men still living who were present not only at the coronation of the Queen but at that of her two predecessors on the throne. Yet the vast majority of the people have no acquaintance with such a ceremony now except at second hand, and it is our fervent hope that many years may elapse before another coronation takes place at Westminster Abbey. When the Queen was crowned there were some old men whose memories might stretch back to the time when George III. ascended the throne, yet there were many more to whom such an event as a coronation was not extraordinary and who had been present at that of William IV. seventeen years before. With the exception of the coronation of George III., no event of that kind was more noteworthy than that of her Majesty since the suspension to the crown of these realms was settled by act of Parliament in the house of Brunswick.—London Times.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—It's a pity that the dude can't be allowed the woman's privilege of changing his mind. Perhaps if he were he might possibly make a swap for one that was occasionally good for something.—Journal of Education.

—The reason why so many old families die out is because the younger ones have not been sense enough to swarm. They want to stay together and live on each other until they all starve.—N. O. Picayune.

—She—"Ralph, why did you send me a little red flag to-day?" Ralph (a rejected and dejected suitor)—"I beg you will wear it as a signal of danger. You know, I would not like to see the other fellows suffer as I do now."—Life.

—"Young man," he said, solemnly, "what would you think if I should put an enemy into my mouth to steal away my brains?" "I would (hic) think, sir," hic-coughed the young man, "that you were going to an unnecessary expense."—N. Y. Sun.

—With \$500,000 represented in a single dog show this country has no reason to be discouraged. Twenty years from now we shall be worth many millions in dogs, though we may possibly lose a few sheep.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

—An article is going the rounds of the papers headed: "How to Select a Wife." Its rules are very scientific and interesting, but when a young man falls in love he doesn't ponder over rules. He just sniffs both his eyes tight and grabs frantically in the dark.—Savannah Daily.

—Prospective son-in-law—"Modern custom justifies me in asking you how much you are going to give your daughter in case we marry?" Prospective father-in-law—"Yes, and modern custom justifies me in asking you how many of your debts you expect to pay with my money."—Texas Siftings.

—Mrs. Chilsley—"I see statistics show that forty-five per cent. of male criminals are unmarried." Mr. Chilsley—"Which shows how many men prefer the penitentiary to matrimony." And the ensuing silence was so deep that Mrs. Chilsley could hear herself reflect.—Puck.

—"Is it becoming to me?" she asked, as she paraded in the costume of one hundred years ago before her husband. "Yes, my dear," said he, meekly. "Don't you wish I could dress in this fashion always?" "No, my dear; but I wish," he added musingly, "you had lived when that was the style."

—Lightning-rod agent (to boy): "Is that your father lying there in the shade, sonny?" Boy—"No, sir; pa's away, an' me and ma is the only ones at home; that's a dead book agent. D'ye want to sell ma any thing?" "Thunder, no!" said the lightning-rod man.

—The day will come in this country when the man who carries a cane under his arm and the man who carries an umbrella on his shoulder, will be taken out and hit with a squash, and hit hard enough to kill. Then the woman with the baby cart wants to look out.—Detroit Free Press.

—Long-haired Stranger—"My friend, don't you believe in the grand old maxim that 'Honesty is the best policy'?" Citizen—"Well, I didn't use to, sir; but now that I have accumulated a snug fortune and retired from business, I'm beginning to think there's something in it. An honest man, stranger, is a very noble work indeed."—Time.

—According to the Republican, a Springfield market man sent an order to a farmer in a neighboring town for some chickens, but neglected to state whether the fowls should be shipped alive or dressed. Not being "up" on current literature, he was rather surprised to receive a postal the next day, on which was written: "The quick or the dead?"

—"Why, Bilbeck," said Singleman to a friend in a restaurant. "I thought you went to housekeeping a week ago, and now I find you here taking your meals?" "Yes," said Bilbeck, garnishing a fried oyster with ketchup, "two days after we commenced housekeeping our cook was taken sick, and my wife has been filling her place, and you know she took lessons at a cooking school."—Drake's Magazine.

Touret Recipes of Ancient Egypt.

Curious hair recipes occur on some of the papyri, some of which are very absurd. One to prevent the hair from turning gray directs that a salve should be made from the blood of a black calf cooked in oil; in another that of a black bull is preferred for the same object. Evidently the color of the animal was to pass through the salve into the hair. In another place we read of the tooth of a donkey dipped in honey being used for really strengthening the hair; and the ingredients for an ingenious compound are given for injuring the hair of a rival, and the counter-remedy to be used by those who think their hair-oil has been tampered with by a suspicious friend. Cakes of some composition which absorbed oil were always placed on the heads of the guests at least, and from them the oil gradually trickled down through the hair. A most disagreeable practice this may seem to us, but to them it appears to have given great pleasure; and with the Egyptians as well as with the Hebrews, oil was symbolical of joy and gladness. Rouge and other coloring substances were used by women of Egypt to enhance, as they thought, their beauty; the eyes had often a green line under them; the lashes and eyebrows were penciled in black; and, as in modern Egypt, the nails were always stained red with a preparation from the honna plant.—Woman's World.

FARM AND FIRESIDE.

—The farmer who carries a notebook in his pocket and jots down his mistakes as well as his successes in his farm work, will have a very interesting and profitable book for reference next season.

—By good management of the pastures it is possible to secure a supply of grass until late in the fall, and then with a patch of rye sown early in the fall, it is possible to have a supply very early in the spring.—National Livestock Journal.

—An hour and a half nooning is none too much for the farmer and his laborers in the long days. A little later in the evening, when harvest work is pressing, is better than hard work in the middle of day.—Prairie Farmer.

—A long-handled brush, long enough to reach the ceilings, is as important to a good housekeeper as a good broom; if the walls and ceilings are lightly brushed before the room is swept, the paper will keep clean and fresh much longer.

—It is utter folly to say "farming don't pay, but it is a fact that profits are not as large as they would be with more acute intelligence employed in the business, and, withal, liberal preparation, which is a condition precedent to full success.

—Tapioea Cream: Two tablespoonfuls of tapioea soaked over night in warm water, one quart of milk; boil ten minutes with the tapioea, two-thirds cup of sugar, yolks of three eggs, salt and flavor to taste. Beat the whites of the eggs to a stiff froth, add two tablespoonfuls of sugar, spread over the top and brown.

—That habit of throwing every tool down, any how, in any way, or any place, is one of the most detestable habits a man can possibly get into. It is only a matter of habit to correct this. Make it an inflexible end of your life to "have a place for every thing and every thing in its place."—Rural New Yorker.

—What the horse eats he can eat will digest inside of four hours, therefore he should be fed often and have rich material in his stomach in small bulk. The chances of many a good race horse have been spoiled by starvation. A horse or a man with an empty stomach can never put forth his best feats of strength or speed. It has taken trotting-horse trainers to learn this, but those who win have learned it.—Field and Farm.

—The best authorities have settled upon a few staple products which contain food in a high degree. First and foremost is milk. It is no economy to scant the supply of milk used by a family. It often takes the place of other food to a large extent. Butter is wholesome fat, and cream a palatable form in which to take fat when it is especially needed by the system. Cheese is very nutritious. The cereal foods have varying values. They are numerous in variety, and, by making the different preparations of oat, wheat, barley and corn the staple breakfast foods, a housewife can scarcely go amiss.—Christian at Work.

SLEEPING AFTER MEALS.

The Natural Way of Aiding Digestion and Strengthening the Brain.

There is a widespread superstition, cherished by the great majority of the people; that to sleep immediately after they have taken food is to endanger health, to favor the onset of apoplexy, etc.—a superstition based on the assumption that during sleep the brain is normally congested. There is, no doubt, such a thing as congestive sleep, but during normal sleep the brain is anemic. When a person has taken a fairly abundant lunch or dinner the stomach demands a special influx of blood wherewith to accomplish its work of digestion; no organ can more easily comply with that demand than the brain, which, when in full activity, is suffused with a maximum amount of the vital fluid. But a derivation of blood from the brain to the stomach can only take place, except in exceptionally full-blooded and vigorous persons, on the condition that the cerebral functions be meanwhile partially or wholly suspended. Hence many people after taking dinner feel indisposed for mental action, and not a few long for sleep. The already partially anemic brain would vainly yield up to the stomach a still further supply of blood and yield itself up to refreshing sleep. Doing so it gains new strength; meanwhile digestion proceeds energetically; and, soon, body and mind are again equipped to continue in full force the battle of life. But superstition, the child of ignorance, intervenes, declares that sleep during digestion is dangerous, admonishes the would-be sleepers to struggle against their perilous inclination, and, though telling them that after dinner they may sit awhile, assures them of the adage, "After supper walk a mile." The millions of its victims continue, therefore, the strife to which it condemns them, and ignore the suggestions offered to them by the lower animals, who have always practiced the lessons of sound physiology by sleeping after feeding whenever they are allowed to do so. Hence the human brain and human stomach of such victims contend with each other during the digestive process; the brain, impelled by superstition, strives to work and demands blood to work with, while the stomach, stimulated by its contents, strives to carry on its marvelous chemistry, and demands an ample supply of blood for the purpose. The result of the struggle is that neither is able to do its work well; the brain is enfeebled by being denied its natural rest during the digestive process, and the healthy function of the stomach degenerates into dyspepsia.—Westminster Review.