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MEN OF MOUTH AND MUSCLE.

The Windy Bobs and Pugilistic Jims on the Floor of Congress.

GOSSIP ABOUT POLITICAL BORES

The Cobbs and Lairds and Ingalls and Millers and Other Museum Attractions—The Bellows of Both Houses.

WASHINGTON, July 28.—[Correspondence of the BEE.]—Nebraska must feel royally proud of her fighting congressman; he certainly has distinguished himself with a Cobb. No doubt Indiana feels equally proud of her "bully boy." Well, these little side shows help to make the closing scenes of congress interesting to lookers on and decidedly attractive to the small boy who is ever ready and spoiling for a fight of some kind. You have no idea how comforting it is to us folks here in Washington to be assured there are a few fighting men in congress, and especially is it comforting and soothing to the unprotected female who looks upon the M. C. as her natural guardian. Of course that's what they are here for, to look after the people's rights and throw a protecting arm about the helpless innocents. They all make noise enough, but like pop-guns, don't go off dangerously, and so it can be readily understood how much we appreciate two such brave men as Cobb, of Indiana, and Laird, of Nebraska, and if the worst comes to the worst, as is often the case here at the national capital, we shall have noble defenders in the above named gentlemen. It would be a pity not to reelect these grand plug-uglies. Visitors at the capital no longer ask the guides to point out William Walter Phelps and Tom Reed, but inquire about the fighting gladiators and are willing to pay a liberal price for photographs of these classic heroes of the forty-ninth congress.

THE SENATE SIDE SHOWS

are also interesting but of a more dignified nature, such as Senator Miller of New York twitting Senator Ingalls of Kansas about wearing a red necktie: just as though Ingalls hadn't a right to wear a red necktie. Conkling used to be very fond of red neckties and red handkerchiefs and he looked awful pretty in them, but Miller is different, very different from Conkling in his choice of colors as well as quality of brain, and the sight of Ingall's red necktie infuriates him and sets him to bellowing like a bull. Ingalls can twit on facts as well as any other fellow in that senate, and he just let drive at Miller on his color, the coloring he, Miller, uses in his butter to make it sell well. The way Ingalls talked about that "butter color" made fun for the galleries. You see Miller has a farm of his own out in York State and loses no opportunity to turn an honest penny on his garden sass and things as well as the few pounds of butter he takes to the country store in exchange for tea, coffee, sugar and striped peppermint candy to sweeten the rural maiden.

SENATOR MILLER, OF NEW YORK,

looks like a man who would be very fond of red and white peppermint candy, and he has that unmistakable something about him which suggests molasses, vinegar and pump water to the farm hands on a hot July day. From temperance principles he wouldn't give them spiked lemonade for fear that it might make them drowsy in the hot noonday sun, thereby losing a minute from the labor that is earning the bread by the sweat of the brows. Miller well understands that a second lost hears no interest. Valuable man to have in the United States senate. In personal appearance Senator Miller looks pulpy, caused no doubt by close attention to his business profession, that of grinding chips into pulp to make brown paper, such as is used for wrapping up beef-steaks and yellow soap. Ingalls likened Miller unto a "hippopotamus dancing on a slack rope." Now this is one of Ingalls' sly jokes. Ingalls isn't as unkind as he talks; he really didn't mean anything cruel to Miller, even if Miller did twit him about his red necktie. You see it is close on to election time and Ingalls was generously disposed and wished to give Miller a friendly boost, eh, He did. Miller has a round full harvest moon like face and full as expressive. His head is large and roving like a country house with several empty chambers, and like all distinguished men slightly bald from scratching for ideas. He wears a heavy nose with crisp, short student-like side whiskers which reminds one of letting down the top blinds. Not in the least English, you know, although he has a swaggering drawling gait, but his speech gives him away, so to speak; that is not in the least English, nor is it Knickerbocker Dutch, but pure unadulterated York State talk. He is a pretty good sized fellow, larger than the common run of men, and he knows it. Thinks a good deal of himself, and measures people and things by that standard. He may have ardent admirers among the divine sex, presume he has, but the senate pages don't gather about his desk like flies about a sugared dish. Takes a good deal of hard clapping on the part of Miller to bring one of these little ungodly rascals to his desk this hot weather, and then they don't mind playing truant on the way to swope a fly off of some kind old bald pate. The senate page standing in front of Miller's desk always looks two ways for Sunday, as it were, and in the most indifferent manner possible takes the order, careful not to break his neck hurrying. Miller is not the man to attract the small boy to his side affectionately. Boys like and respect men they can look square in the face. The senate small boy never looks Warner Miller square in the face. Miller dresses business-like usually, but his clothes have a shop fit—the seams are not exactly in the right place and at times the skirt of his coat has the appearance of trying to perch on his shoulder blades. One hears very severe criticisms in the galleries sometimes. Said a plain-spoken New Yorker, who was sitting beside me during Miller's attack upon Ingalls, in language more forcible than elegant, "Warner Miller is a born ass! He can't help being a fool. Evrats has some brains, therefore the bigger fool he makes of himself sometimes. He has more self-conceit to the square inch than any public man in New York. The difference between Miller and Evarts is that the senate is twice too large for Evarts; he lacks the power to fill it. Miller is twice too large for the senate; it can't fill him." "Misapplied greatness," I modestly remarked. "Evart's expects to be the next nominee for the presidency," I said, "and is posing to that effect. It would take a stronger electric force than that man possesses to send the presidential lightning in that direction." "Will New York reelect Miller?" I asked.. "Not by a good deal. There is a smouldering fire ready to burst out for Conkling; he is our next man or I am no politician." "Oh, then, you belong to the ring, do you?" "I belong to the ring that makes the people circle around a man that will give New York some position in the United States senate. Conkling may have his faults, but we were always proud of him as a statesman and an honest man." "With all his faults, Washington loves Conkling still and will be ready to receive him with open arms," said I. In the meantime Ingalls had raked over Miller and disappeared in the cloak room. Cox.

NO ELEPHANTS WANTE D.

The Present Condition of the Curiosity Market.

"The elephant market is overstocked." This is the alarming statement made on Wednesday by Dr. Oscar Kohn to a representative of the New York Times, and the doctor ought to know what he is talking about. He went into the show business twenty-eight years ago with the great and only Barnum, and has had something to do since then with every circus, side show and museum from Portland, Me., to Portland, Ore., and from Lake Erie to the Gulf of Mexico. He sat in a small office in the old building at the southeast corner of Broadway, and seemed to be a very busy man. When the reporter first entered the office and asked Dr. Kohn whether he had anything new in curiosities, the doctor hung his head in shame as he replied: "There is nothing new. It is the same old story."

"How about wild animals," asked the reporter, "are they in demand?"

"Well," was the answer, "a good lion or tiger is always in demand."

"How about elephants?"

The doctor laughed until he was tired. It was then that he said: "The elephant market is overstocked." He added: "Why, there are more elephants in this country than showmen know what to do with. Barnum has thirty of them up in Central park and he would be glad of an opportunity to sell them. If you want an elephant I can get one for you at a very low figure."

"How about giraffes?"

"Well, it's too bad about giraffes. The poor fellows don't live very long in this country. If one of them should last for two years he would be a rare old bird. I remember when Barnum first purchased four of them. He paid $10,000 apiece for them and they were drowned while on their way to New Orleans. In those days giraffes were carried about in glass cases. They are very delicate birds, but Barnum drives them about the streets now just the same as though they were elephants.

"Where is the tattooed Greek?"

"He's stone blind, and is living in England. He made a great deal of money while here and hoarded it away. Oh, he was the greatest of them all. Now I can furnish you tattooed men and girls just as fast as you want them. I can give you a whole regiment of them if you want one."

"Where is the two-headed colored woman who used to sing in the museum?"

"She is down south on a farm. We can't get her out for less than $600 a week now."

"What has become of O'Brien, the Irish giant, who married a giantess in Pittsburg?"

"The giantess gave birth to a young giantess last week. Mother and daughter are doing well, and the old man is feeling pretty well himself."

Then the doctor talked of the other old familiar freaks which had graced the museum from time to time. Some of them are at Coney Island or in the Bowery, but the majority of them are scattered over the country.

His Coal was Delivered at His Door.

Buffalo Express: Dennis Reagan is now living in a flat which overlooks the Lackawanna tracks. Across the street lives an Italian nobleman in reduced circumstances who ekes out his poor existence with the aid of a poor monkey and a worse hand organ. To Garibaldi comes Deanis one evening and, after passing the time of day, warms up to the subject in hand.

"Av ye plaze, Misther Garabaldi," says Dennis in his most unctious and wheedling tone, "wud ye have any objections to loanin' me yer munkey fer an hour or two ivry mornin'?"

"What-a for you want-a munk?" inquired the count.

"Niver ye mind," replied Dennis. "Wuld ye charge me a mornin' fer the use av him?"

The count suggested that 10 cents an hour would be the proper figure, after vainly attempting to find out what Dennis was going to do with the monkey. Dennis haggled and tried to beat the Italian down, but Garibaldi wouldn't have it that way, and the deal was closed at his figure.

Everything went beautifully for a few days. The money was paid promptly and the monkey was returned regularly in time not to interfere with the requirements of the count's profession. To be sure the animal looked a little hollow-eyed and care worn, but in the main was in good condition.

Finally, however, the Italian's curiosity got the better of his avarice, and he told Dennis that the monkey would not be loaned any more. This announcement had a most depressing effect on Dennis. His megatherian intellect rose to the emergency, though, and he proceeded to effect one of those masterly financial coups which dazzle people who are not familiar with the workings of the capitalistic mind.

"Garrybaldy," said Dennis, "av ye'll promise to act square and not give the racket away I'll be after takin' ye into pardnership and gin ye half the profits for the use of the munkey."

"All-a right-a," said the Italian.

At this the new partners shook hands, and each took another pull out of the can of beer which Dennis had warily provided to lubricate the negotiations. Then Dennis, in his customary lordly manner, put his arm through the Italian's, and together they sauntered over to the back yard of the house where Dennis lived.

"D'ye see thet ther pole, Garry?" inquired Dennis, pointing to a pole some fifteen feet high, surmounted by a cross piece.

The Italian couldn't very well help seeing it, and remarked that it was within the range of his vision.

"D'ye know phwat ther is beyant the fence?" said Dennis. "Thin's the railroad thracks. Now, thin, Garry, this is the snap: Early in the mornin' whin the coal trains begin to come in I put the munkey on the pole. The brakesmin is all out on the cars riddy to go up the thristles. Ivery mother's son of them flings two or three pieces of coal at the munkey. I've laid tin tons away in the cellar, and divil a wan o' thim's hit the munkey yet."

EDUCATIONAL.

The thirty-fifth annual meeting of the American society for the advancement of science will meet in Buffalo from the 18th to the 24th of August.

A Los Angeles, Cal., woman forty years old sells fruit and vegetables to procure the means with which to educate herself in music.

School-teachers are too numerous for their own welfare this year on the Pacific coast. Over twenty applications have been made for each school in Solano county, California, up to date.

The country is becoming rich in schools and colleges. Public Opinion (Washington) figures out that the distinctively scientific schools number 92; manual schools, 225; medical colleges, 145; institutions for the higher education of women, 238; law schools, 57. There are 370 universities and colleges in the United States, with 65,522 students in attendance.

The Legislature of Ohio has provided for the establishment of an industrial school for the education of the blind in that state. It is not to take the place of the asylum in which blind children are instructed in the ordinary branches of education, ethics and music, but is designed to instruct them in mechanical industries that will enable them to earn their own living.

As regards the effects of electric lighting, especially upon the eyes of school children, Prof. H. Cohn says that the arc lights, even when surrounded by an "opaque" glass globe, which reduces the light by 50 or more per cent, are hurtful to the eyes when the latter are exposed for a long time to its effects. He suggests that the lamp should always be placed at such an elevation that the eye is not bound to look directly into it.

SOME SIMILES.

Language Is Often a Slippery Thing to Deal With.

Chambers' Journal: "The child of the past and the parent of the future" is not an unhappy simile for the present. Happiness has been likened to a ghost; all talk about it, but few, if any, have ever seen it. Ambition's ladder rests against a star, remarks a clever writer, who also tells us that a proverb is a short truth sandwiched between wit and wisdom.

Eloquence is a coat of many colors judiciously blended. No one thing will make a man eloquent. Flattery has been termed a kind of bad money to which our vanity gives currency. Society, like shaded silk, must be viewed in all situations, or its colors will deceive us. Kindness is the golden chain by which society is bound together; and charity is an angel breathing on riches; while graves have been poetically called the footsteps of angels.

Language is a slippery thing to deal with, as some may find when selecting their similes. Says a writer: "Speak of a man's marble brow, and he will glow with conscious pride; but allude to his wooden head, and he is mad in a minute." The young lecturer's "similes were gathered in a heap" when he expressed the whole body of his argument on deceit in the following: "O, my brethren, the snowiest shirt-front may conceal an aching bosom, and the stiffest of all collars encircle a throat that has many a bitter pill to swallow."

Plagiarists are a species of purloiners who filch the fruit that others have gathered, and then throw away or attempt to destroy the basket.

It has been truly said that the abilities of man must fall short on one side or other, like too scanty a blanket when you are in bed; if you pull it upon your shoulders, you leave your feet bare; if you thrust it down upon your feet, your shoulders are uncovered. The man, we are told, who has not anything to boast of but his illustrious ancestors, is like a potato—the only good belonging to him being under ground.

A man at dinner in evening dress has been likened to a conundrum; you can't tell whether he is a waiter or a guest. A Yankee, describing a lean opponent, said: "That man doesn't amount to a sum in arithmetic; add him up and there's nothing to carry." An American critic, in reviewing a poem, said: "The rythm sounds like turnips rolling over a barn floor, while some lines appear to have been measured with a yard-stick and others with a ten-foot pole."

An amusing illustration was given by a parent when asked by his boy, "What is understood by experimental and natural philosophy?" The answer was, "If any one wants to borrow money, that is experimental philosophy. If the other man knocks him down, that is natural philosophy." Curious and comical illustrations seem natural to many children. A little girl, suffering from the mumps, declared she felt as though a headache had slipped down into her neck. "Mamma," said another youngster, alluding to a man whose neck was a series of great rolls of flesh, "that man's got a double chin on the back of his neck." A little three-year-old, in admiring her baby brother is said to have exclaimed, "He's got a boiled head, like papa."

Talking of curious similes—among the southern languages of India is the Teloogoo or Telinga, so rough in pronunciation that a traveler of the nation speaking it before a ruler of Bokhara, admitted that its sound resembled "the tossing of a lot of pebbles in a sack." A simile for scarlet stockings is fire-hose—laughter is the sound you hear when your hat blows off—and trying to do business without advertising is said to be "like winking at a girl in the dark." An unpoetical Yankee has described ladies' lips as the glowing gateway of beans, pork, sauerkraut and potatoes. This would provoke Merryat's exclamation of, "Such a metaphor I never met afore." Much more complimentary was the old darky's neat reply to a beautiful young lady whom he offered to lift over the gutter, and who insisted she was too heavy. "Lor, missy," said he, "I'se used to lifting barrels of sugar." Wit from a man's mouth is like a mouse in a hole; you may watch the hole all day, and no mouse come out; but by-and-by, when no one is looking for it, out pops the mouse and streams across the parlor.

Marrying a woman for money, says a philosopher, is very much like setting a rat-trap and baiting it with your own finger.

An American writer says: "A man with one idea always put me in mind of an old goose trying to hatch out a paving stone."

An editor's simile of man's career is summed up in the line: "Man's a vapor full of woes, and starts a paper, busts, and goes."

We all recollect how the Bath waters were associated in Weller's mind with the "flavor of warm flatirons." The humorist who created that character was often reminded of a printer's parenthesis by the appearance of a bow-legged child; and the elongated pupils of a cat's eyes before a bright light were likened by him to "two notes of admiration."

King Ludwig's Bedchamber.

Correspondence London News: It is divided into two parts by means of a golden balustrade, the back part being rounded. Here the king's bed stands on a raised dais, up to which lead five broad steps, covered with ruby velvet, on which are embroidered large golden suns. The bed is of guilt bronze, a work of art as we meet it once in a lifetime. It is covered with a counterpane of gold cloth, embroidered in colors, the centre representing King Louis XIV without his wig a large emerald on his breast, a sapphire in his hair. The bed is surmounted by a canopy of gold, with a high crown of gold in the center and four enormous bunches of white plumes at the four corners; from the canopy descend the curtains, to examine which a lover of art will devote several weeks. The outside is ruby velvet embroidered in gold, so that of the ground color scarcely anything is seen; the inside is covered from top to bottom by pictures from the Bible—at first sight the product of the miniature painter's brush, but on close inspection the triumph of the needlewoman's skill. The center of the background is occupied by a sun embroidered in diamonds and pearls. The walls of the room are entirely hung with red velvet embroidered in gold, the children holding garlands of flowers being so solid that a real baby held to the wall cannot stand out from it more boldly than do these works of the needle. On one side of the bed, within the space confined by the golden balustrade, is the washing stand, a tall mirror in gold arabesques, the table of marble supported by gilt bronze figures—the basin, ewer and ten vases in gilt bronze of a size that would astonish even a giant, and of a beauty that it is impossible to describe. The other side of the bed is taken up by a prayer stool in ruby gold-embroidered velvet, the background filed by a St. Michael in colors, of such splendid workmanship that the original by the miniature painter, upon which the stitches were worked, must be less beautiful. Above the prayer stool there is a tiny altar with a copy of Raphael's "Annunziata," which, with the prayer book it adorned, was sold by the Perugian family that had owned it since Raphael's time to the empress of Russia, who in her turn lent it to King Louis, one of the great favorites in the years that preceded her illness.

In Iowa, when a commercial tourist drops his grip-sack in a hotel of a prohibition town, he registers and asks, "In which room did you say I could find my letters?" "I will show you myself," says the landlord, as they disappear up stairs.

THE INVENTOR OF THE LIFEBOAT.

Struggles and Success of Joseph Francis—An Interesting Old Man.

Joseph Francis, who became famous as the inventor of the first practical life-saving car and whose services congress proposed to recognize with a gold medal, says the New York Tribune, has lived for many years at the Stevens house in lower Broadway. He is a cheerful old gentleman of 86. His gray hair is smoothed carelessly over his square ample brow, while his gray mustache and small imperial give a pleasing expression to his mouth. His pale blue eyes twinkle beneath shaggy eyebrows and beam to everybody and everything with merry cheerfulness, as if he were on good terms with the whole world. He wears old-fashioned broadcloth trousers and an old-fashioned collar encircles his throat. He lives quietly and modestly, and many had forgotten that he still lived until the chamber of commerce called the fact to the attention of congress last fall, and urged that the services of this venerable inventor be fitly recognized.

Mr. Francis began the study of life-saving methods when he read about terrible shipwrecks in his school days. When only eleven years of age he made a small boat with compartments in the bow and stern, which he filled with blocks of cork. He was almost beside himself when he filled the boat with water, and found that not only did it not sink but that it floated with four men in it. It was the first real lifeboat built in the country. He improved upon this and sent his invention to the Massachusetts mechanic's institute and received a reward. It was the first bit of public encouragement that the boy inventor had received, and then men of brains and money became interested in him. In 1825 he made a lifeboat with air chambers along the side in addition to the cork compartments of the bow and stern. When he launched it it struck the water heavily and went down out of sight. It came up again instantly and right side up, and several men got into it, but were unable to upset or sink it. He then took the boat to Philadelphia, to exhibit it, but England was the first to order two boats of this pattern for service on the Canada coast. Orders then poured in for lifeboats of the same pattern, and he received orders from the emperors of Brazil and Russia for state barges.

Francis continued his experiments, and in 1838 perfected a covered life-car for taking people from a wreck to the shore on a hawser. This was made of wood, and when he found that it could not withstand the banging on rocks and ledges he set to work to build one of iron, and got a patent on his successful invention in 1845. He tried to get the secretary of the treasury to take an interest in the invention, but the official gave him no more encouragement than if his "newfangled contrivance" was found successful at a wreck on the New Jersey coast the government would then look into it. Francis was not disheartened, but took his boat to the Jersey coast and waited till the stranding of the British ship Ayrshire in a furious storm on Jan. 12, 1850. She had 200 people on board, and after the life-savers had secured a hawser to her the life car was sent out. Its first trip brought five persons to the shore. Within the next two hours everybody save one man was landed on the beach. This one man jumped on the car as it was leaving the ship and was swept overboard by a sea. This success made Francis well known. Shortly afterward he gave a special exhibition of his life-car on the Seine before the Emperor Napoleon, who knighted him and gave him a gold snuff-box, which bore the imperial initial and a crown set in blue enamel and studded with eighty-six diamonds. He was also honored with medals and diplomas of merit from other crowned heads, and when he returned home the government had adopted his life-car and pontoon wagons.