

writers were at that moment standing at the Capitol end of the line of communication.

Not long ago I was myself a witness to some amusing incidents in the whispering gallery. A lad of perhaps 15 years was one of the victims. He was alone, and gazing in evident admiration at the groups in Brumidi's masterpiece, when suddenly some rascal on the other side of the chamber breathed into his ear, apparently, that there was a hole in the seat of his trousers and he ought to be ashamed of himself. The poor boy blushed and looked hastily at his faultless garments, then to the right and left and under the seat—but nobody was near. Then fright overcame him, and it is the opinion of those who saw him dash down the stairs that he is running yet. Soon afterwards a man's hat fell from his hand while he was aimlessly wandering to and fro, and the tile rolled down to a considerable distance beyond where he dared to go. He was in great perplexity, not wanting to go forth into the streets bare-headed; until a bright, but poorly-dressed, small boy offered to recover the property—which he finally did, at considerable risk to himself. The man was very liberal in his "thank you," but proffered nothing else. Then the lad was disgusted. Slipping around to the other side and turning his back, he "got even" with the man for his lack of generosity.

The owner of the hat heard somebody say, apparently close to his ear, "You old skinflint, give that good boy fifty cents. Old stingy! Put half a dollar on that there balustrade and get out of this." The man looked mystified and unhappy. He squeezed a couple of quarters as if loath to part with them, but finally, under the fire of explosives deposited the coin as directed and went away.

But the worst of all was a wretched practical joke which I am afraid may have led two loving hearts to a divorce court. Last September a blooming maiden and a young man, whose mutual admiration could not be hidden under a bushel, were up in the famous retreat basking in the sunshine of love's heyday at a rate of temperature altogether too high for this warm climate. Some envious chap put a stop to it. Having caught the girl's first name, the whisperer grieved her to the heart by hiccoughing into her ear maudlin words of endearment, as if uttered by a man in a beastly stage of intoxication. Her cheeks became red, then pale, and her eyes finally grew big with genuine fright. She begged to go; but her escort, as nonplussed as she, declined, for the want of better judgment. Turn where she might the whispered exclamations of admiring but maudlin flattery were ringing in her ears. Finally she blazed out at her companion, accused him of being durnk or crazy, and started down the stairs alone. Her "best fellow in the world," had already fallen from the high esteem in which he had formerly been king bee, and a more mystified, miserable chap never left Washington in unmerited disgrace.

Last week a large party of New England school teachers thronged the Capitol from crypt to dome. Many of them wore eye-glasses, a few carried lorgnettes, and all were intelligent looking, well-dressed and without an "r" anywhere in their vocabulary. For half an hour I kept in the wake of a detachment of young ladies, to whom a guide was explaining things in fine style. He told them how the plans of the building originated and were accepted; how, under the authority of Congress, then meeting in Philadelphia, a town lot and \$500 were offered for the best design. Out of eighty odd competitors, the committee selected two plans—one drawn by Doctor Wm. Thornton, an English physician, the

other by Stephen Hallet, a French architect. President Washington favored the plans of the Englishman, and Thomas Jefferson those drawn by the Frenchman. Washington finally convinced Jefferson that Thornton's plans were the best, and they were adopted.

Before the corner stone was laid, it was discovered that the Englishman was only an amateur draftsman, and not an architect, and the Frenchman was engaged to superintend the construction of the building according to Thornton's drawings. The school ma'ams listened intently. Next the guide described the laying of the corner stone. He said the Senate was first constructed and furnished in 1800, and the House eleven years later, the two buildings being connected by a bridge. Thornton's plans provided for a dome, but the dome was not built until after the destruction of the building by the British, under Gen. Ross, in the year 1814. The reconstruction of the building was begun in 1817, and completed in ten years. Thus the Capitol remained until 1851, when the House and Senate extensions were begun and finished in '59. The immense iron dome was finished in '63.

Next the historic paintings in the rotunda were inspected, and the Brumidi friezes; and then the great bronze doors at the entrance came in for their share of admiration. They were cast in Munich and cost our government \$28,500. But the teachers were delighted to hear that the bronze doors at the outside entrance of the Senate wing are much finer and cost \$56,000, and were cast in Chicopee, Mass. Next they went to the old Senate chamber, now the Supreme Court room, and duly held their breath in that sanctuary of departed greatness, haunted by the shades of Webster and Clay and Calhoun and the mighty ones of our nation. Then the room in the Senate wing, which is set apart for the use of the President of the United States, was visited. It is said to contain the finest frescoes of any room on the Western Hemisphere, the choicest of Brumidi's work. The President usually visits this room out of courtesy to Congress on the last days of each session. Here he signs bills that have been passed, enrolled and engrossed in the closing hours. All Presidents have followed this precedent established by President Madison, except Mr. Cleveland; he never visited the Capitol but once for this purpose, during his first term; and during his second, the only time he came here was to attend the funeral of Senator Vance. Somehow, he seemed to prefer going a fishing, or duck hunting, or cruising with his chums among the Pimlico swamps after reed-birds. Then the Vice President's sanctum was visited and the exact spot pointed out where Henry Wilson died when he was Vice President of the United States, above which now stands his bust in Carrara marble. The guide related the incident of the inkstand, how when Levi P. Morton was Vice President, the secretary of the Senate brought a magnificent inkstand, which cost \$600, and placed it in this room. It worried Mr. Morton exceedingly, for he deemed it an unwarranted extravagance, as it certainly was; so he returned the six hundred dollars to the government and carried the inkstand away with him. Just then the Senator from Massachusetts came in, and we left them surrounding the descendant of the Cabots of the time of Henry VII, and buzzing for his autograph.

FANNIE BRIGHAM.

A TRIBUTE FROM A VISITOR.

It has been my good fortune to have personal acquaintance with many of the prominent men of our country, beginning with the grandest of all—the la-

mented Lincoln—down to those of today.

I have listened spell-bound to the healing, soothing phrases of Lincoln, and in rapt sympathy to the impassioned words of Garrison, Phillips, Fred Douglas and the great host of brilliant, honest men who with them raised their voices in behalf of the black man, and who in their pleading cast their eyes heavenward, and asked the Father of all that slavery might end, that all men might be free.

As the memory of those men and days comes back to me, I think of their fervid utterances in behalf of man, and I glory in their wondrous deeds, and feel that the world is immeasurably better that they have lived.

Sometimes it seems to me that these men and voices were divinely added to those upon the earth, to lead all others, and work out together in God's own way the end of human slavery, for the whole world concedes that they were the embodiment of sincerity and honesty, and that their daily life was irreproachable—they accomplished God's work and the world bows down in fond remembrance.

As I sat this afternoon and listened to the candid and at times eloquent words of the venerable President of the Mormon Church, I became satisfied (however much I might be at variance with him in religious views) that before me stood a grand character—an honest man. No rational human beings could look at, and hear him, and from their inmost hearts say otherwise. May his days and the days of all such men as he, be lengthened to the longest span, for the world is better that they live.

When he and such as he pass out from this vale of tears, and wend their way to the feet of Him they love so well, may their fondest hopes be realized—for such as they upon this earth are few indeed. In all sincerity I voice this wish, and give it wing, that it may fly to them, and in their sad and troubled hours be a source of consolation and of joy to them while living, for to the pulseless clod of clay, flowers upon the coffin exhale no fragrance, and kindly words are meaningless.

C. R. JAMESON.

Sunday, February 13, 1898.

PRUNING GRAPE VINES.

The trouble with an unpruned vine is that it bears too much fruit, and this means poor quality. Let us take a thrifty Concord vine to illustrate this matter. At the end of the season such a vine, in good soil, kept well tilled, should have somewhere near to 300 fruit buds on the new growth of the past season. Now, a good Concord vine should bear about twenty pounds of first-class fruit each season; if it does this steadily year after year no more should be expected. To bear that amount of fruit, not more than fifty buds are required. But as we have seen our vine has about six times that number, hence many in excess of the need. Leave the vine untrimmed and the 300 buds will overbear and the yield will be very inferior. Prune to reduce the number of buds to fifty and a good crop of fruit may be expected. That is the simple proposition needed for guiding your pruning knife. Cut away, therefore, enough of the young canes to bring the young buds down to the right number. A good rule with Concord is to remove all the canes but five, and cut these back to nine or ten buds each. The Delaware class should have even less. Prune and tie up so as to have a good distribution over the trellis. The pruning should not be deferred beyond this month if it can be helped. All things considered, fall is perhaps even a better time for grape pruning.—Vick's Magazine.