

Which Senator?

The street doors of the Washington mansions close with a spring lock, which arrangement recently caused one of those accidents which no amount of care can prevent. The wife of a high official was taken suddenly ill in the night. Her sister, the wife of Senator —, lives in the next street to her. She felt the need of this sister at once, and the husband started after her. In answer to his knock the Senator thrust his head from an upper window, and learned the particulars. He then aroused his wife, and with his help she was speedily dressed, and ready to start. The Senator accompanied her to the door, in what might have been a toga, but was really a night-shirt. He even stepped out on the stoop with her (it was rather dark), and stood there until he heard her pass out of the gate. Then he cast a look up at the heavens to see if it was going to rain, and was about framing his mind into the belief that it was, when a sudden jar and slam right behind him sent his heart into his throat, and nearly threw him from his feet. Whirling about with lightning rapidity, he made a desperate plunge for the door. But it was too late. With hysteric eagerness, he precipitated his full weight against it; but it did not give. It was one of the few houses in Washington built by the day. He looked hopelessly over the dark front of his house, and then apprehensively out into the street. He dared not knock to arouse the servants, for fear of attracting the attention of the neighbors. It was a most trying position for a United States Senator to be in. He drew his toga about his imposing presence, and mopped the perspiration from his brow with the sleeve. Then he cast his mind over the past, wading unhesitatingly through the mold of hoary centuries, but he could not find anything to parallel this atrocious affair. What on earth should he do? It was 3 o'clock, and in an hour the wierd gray of dawn would tinge the neighborhood. He smote his head as only a Senator can do it, with a view to shake up the contents in the hope that something tangible would come to the top. But the only effect was to make him more fully realize the damning grotesqueness of his peril. He tried to forget that he was a Senator, to forget that he had awakened startling echoes in the halls of the national council. He would have given all his wealth, and the balance of his life, if he had never been a public man at all. Would to heaven he had stuck to his native farm. He would now be in the sweet sleep of toil, instead of drifting irresistibly into a conspicuousness that promised to be appalling. Dancing about on the stoop, smiting his head, and picking out the most unparliamentary language he could think of, it suddenly struck him that his yard ran back to the next street. If he could get around there and scale the fence he might possibly find a back door or window unfastened.

Drawing his toga still closer about him and assuming the heavy tread of a Senator about to walk over twelve dozen eggs, he proceeded through the darkness, pausing every other step to listen, and hugging up close to the fences at every sound. He got around to the back street after passing through a series of imaginative difficulties which caused his hair to stand sensitively on end and turned his spinal column into an unbroken current of cold air. The fence was a high one, and there was nothing to stand upon; but he managed by desperately jumping upward to actually catch hold of the top, and then he worked with all his might to bring his body to the same altitude. It was a heavy body—a broad, well-rounded, senatorial body. It rubbed up and down the boards, or vibrated across them in a series of contortions; while his eyes, both single to the public good, grew restless in their sockets, and his feet whipped about with such velocity as to shed a pair of red morocco slippers in almost no time at all. But he worked faithfully, and he saw opportunities to say something, but he couldn't do it, and at last he got his breast upon the top, and there he balanced unevenly for one bright instant, and then he went over on the other side, going down with an ease and rapidity which fully compensated for all the trouble and labor of coming up the other side. He reached the grass plot on his back, and with a heartiness that left no doubt of his sincerity. At the end of fifteen

minutes he regained his consciousness, and, ultimately, his feet, and as he moved wearily away on them to the house, he hoarsely whispered—

"By the gods! can it be possible I'm a man of wealth and influence?"

He tried the basement door, and the first floor door, and the basement window, but none of them showed the faintest weakness. He was irretrievably locked and barred out, both he and his toga. The stoop to the first floor was high and open at the side toward the basement door which it closely adjoined. The senator—a man of the people, and the owner of thirteen pairs of pants with hardly a break in any of them, crawled under this stoop, and sat huddled up on his haunches waiting for day and the coming of one of the servants, and quoting at short intervals such paragraphs from the senate proceedings as he could remember.

At the end of an hour and a half, the basement door was opened, and the cook came out and hurried across the yard. At the same instant the United States Senator in a toga jumped into the area, shot through the door and up the back stairs with all the grace and agility of a scared rooster.

He was eating his breakfast when his wife returned.

"O J—," she exclaimed, with breathless eagerness, "Mary has got a baby!"

"I don't care if she has ten cords of them," shouted the United States Senator, striking the table with his fist.—*Danbury News.*

NINE OF DIAMONDS.—Various reasons are assigned to account for the nine of diamonds being called the curse of Scotland. First.—Mary of Lorraine introduced the game of comete into Scotland, at which the nine of diamonds is the winning card, and ruined many Scottish courtiers thereby. Second.—Because George Campbell, in the reign of Mary Stuart, stole nine diamonds out of the Scottish crown. The whole of Scotland was taxed for it, and the card was called, in consequence, not only the curse of Scotland, but said "George Campbell." Third.—James, Duke of York, is said to have introduced the game into Scotland, which by others is ascribed to Mary of Lorraine. Fourth.—The Nine of Diamonds—Pope, at Pope Joan, and Scotch Presbyterians gave it a bad name accordingly. Fifth.—Because every ninth king of Scotland was a bad king, and diamonds representing royalty, the nine of diamonds was was therefore stigmatized. Sixth.—Because, according to false report, the Duke of Cumberland wrote a cruel order at Culloden on the back of the card in question. Seventh, and lastly.—The Dalrimple (Earl of Stair) family was a family of Whigs, to one of whom Scotland owed the massacre of Glencoe, and to another the defeat of the intrigues of the Stuarts at the French court. The Dalrimples bore nine lozenges (saltirewise) in their coat-of-arms, bearing some resemblance to the nine of diamonds, to which card the Scottish Jacobites are said to have given the name of the curse of Scotland, in token of their hatred of name, title, and of the memory of Stair and Dalrimple. What is wanted is the date, at which the name was first given.—*Ec.*

The *Evening Times*, which started here some few weeks ago, yesterday suspended publication. The reason given by the editors is a rather curious exemplification of the effects of the existing upsetting of political sentiments that prevail here in Baltimore. The editor says that when the paper was started the editors were all in accord on political questions. Now they have differed so irreconcilably in opinion in reference to the present campaign, that it is judged best to suspend the paper until a new and more harmonious organization can be effected.—*Baltimore American.*

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