

MR. DOOLEY ON ORATORY.

By F. P. Dunne. (Copyright, 1905, by McClure, Phillips & Co.)

"Did ye iver make a speech?" asked Mr. Hennessy.

"I did wanst," said Mr. Dooley. "Ivry threue born American regards himself as a gr-reat orator an' I've always had a pitcher iv meself in me mind standin' before a large an' admirin' bunch iv me fellow pathrites an' thrillin' thim with me indignation or convulsin' thim with me wit. Many times have I lay in me bed awake, soein' meself at th' head iv a table pourin' out wurruds iv goodlen eloquence fr'm th' depths iv me lungs. I made a pretty pitcher. I must say—ca'm, dignified, a perfect master iv meself an' me audience. Th' concourse shrieked with laughter wan minyt, an' rose to their feet in frenzied applause th' next. In all me dhreams I wore a white necktie an' a long tailed coat, because I have a theory that all threue eloquence comes fr'm th' tails iv th' coat an' if ye made an orator change into a short coat, he wud become deaf an' dumb. As I sat down after me burst iv gleamin' wurruds, th' audience rose an' cheered fr' five minyits an' Sinitor Beveridge, th' silver spout iv th' Wabash who was to follow me slinked out iv th' room.

"So wan day whin th' Arcehy Road Improvement Comity give their grand banquet an' th' chairman asked me to make a few appropriated remarks in place iv Chaney Depoo, I told thim I wud toss off some oratory just so th' boys wud not be disappointed.

"I didn't write out th' speech. No great oratory who has niver made a speech needs to. I merely jotted down a few interruptions by th' audience; like this, Hinnessy: (Great Applause.) (Loud and continuous laughter.) (Cries iv 'Good,' 'Hear, hear,') (Cries iv 'No, no,' 'Go on,') (Wild cheerin' th' audience risin' to their feet an' singin': 'Fr' he's a jolly good fellow, which nobody can deny.)

"An' havin' arranged all these nice-great orator who has niver made a knew ivry man there an' thurly despised thim. There wasn't wan iv thim that I considered me intellection equal. At wan time or another, ivry man of thim had to come to me fr' advice. But somehow, Hinnessy, th' minyt I looked down on what Hogan calls th' sea iv upturned faces drinkin' I began to feel onaisy. I wasn't afraid iv anny wan iv thim, mind ye. Man fr' man they were me friends. But altogether they were me inimy. I cudden't set still. I had come with me appetite but I cudden't eat. I had a lump in me throat as big as an apple. I felt quare in th' pit iv me stomach. I noticed th' me hands were moist. I tried to talk to th' man next to me but I cudden't hear what he said. Wan orator after another was pourin' th' audience with remarks out iv th' fourth reader an' I cudden't listen to thim. All th' time I was thinkin': In a few minyits they'll defect ye, Martin Dooley, th' counterfeited Domestheens. Th' room swan before me eyes; there was a buzzing in me ears. I had all th' symptoms iv Doctor Bunyan's customers. I tried to collect me thoughts but they were off th' reservation. I wud've gone if I cund walk an' I was goin' to thry whin I heard th' chairman minton me name. It sounded as if it come out iv a cheap phonograph.

"I forgot to tell ye, Hinnessy, that in thinkin' iv me gr-reat effort I had rebeared a few motions to intrajaduce th' noble sentiments that was to bubble up fr'm me. At th' mention iv me name an' durin' th' cheerin' that followed I was goin' to lean forward with me head bowed an' me hand on th' edge iv th' table an' a demoor smile on me face that could be translated: 'Th' gr-reat man amused but wudden't have ye know fr' wurruds.' Whin th' cheerin' strong had exhausted its strength I intended to rise slowly, place me chair in front iv me an' leanin' lightly on th' back iv it, bow first to wan side an' thim th' other an' remark: 'Misther chairman, a-a-and gint-elmen: Whin I see so many smilin' faces before me; this auspicious occasion, I am reminded iv a little incident—'An' so on.

"Well, glory be, Hinnessy, I can hardly go on with th' story. It was twenty-five years ago but I can't think iv it without a feelin' at th' end iv me fingers as though I had scraped a plaster wall. At th' mention iv me name, I lept to me feet, knockin' over all th' dishes an' glasses in me neighborhood. I carefully stepped on me neighbor's toes an' bumped into th' chairman who was still tellin' me he wanted me to think he thought iv me. I called me napkin up into a ball an' thrust it into me pants pocket. I become blind, deaf an' dumb. I raymimber makin' a few grunts, fightin' an' imaginin' inimy with me fists an' dhroppin' in me chair, a broken four-flush Patrick Hinnery. I've niver got me reputation back. Most iv th' people thought I was drunk. Th' more charitable said I was only crazy. Th' impressyon still remains in th' ward that I'm a victim iv apoplexy.

"Well, sir, 'tis a strange thing this here oratory. Ye see a man that ye wudden't ask to direct ye to th' post-office get on his feet an' make a speech that wud melt th' money in ye'er pocket. Another man comes along that ye think a reg'lar little know-all an' whin he tries to make a speech to a Sunday school class he gives an imitation iv a man with croup, delusions iv pursuit an' St. Vitus' dance. If he don't do that he bombard's his fellow man with th' kind iv a composition that they keep toys after school fr'. Carney made wan iv that kind at that banquet. Carney has a head as hard as a cocynut. He wanted a new bridge built across th' creek an' he was goin' to talk about that at th' banquet. On th' way over he tol' me about it. He argued so well that he convinced me an' I'm wan iv th' most indignat tax-payers fr' a poor man that ye iver knew. I thought whin he got up he wud say something like this: 'Boys, we need a new bridge.

CAPITOL CHAT.

A gray old man entered the Vice President's room Saturday. He sought Senator Frye, and, after depositing the electoral vote of North Dakota, the two presidential campaigns in which Andrew Jackson won. Although A. E. Russell was then but a lad, his memory at eighty-three is keen. He has in his mind's eye a vivid picture of how the voters looked those days in passing to the polls.

He touched on his service years ago as a fellow-commissioner with Cadwallader Colden Washburn, for many terms a member of Congress from Wisconsin, major general of volunteers, and likewise governor of the Badger State. Then Senator Frye became reminiscent, for Cadwallader hailed for Senator Frye's old Congressional district. The North Dakota visitor observed his own regard for the ex-governor and ex-representative, and mentioned the latter's gift of a library to his home town of Livermore, Me.

"Yes," murmured Senator Frye, his mind evidently going back to earlier days.

"They had a famous cradle in the corner of the old Washburn residence, shown the day the library was dedicated," said Russell.

"Yes," said Senator Frye again. "You know, I made a speech that day, and I referred to that old Washburn cradle as having rocked four governors of States, four United States representatives, three United States senators, one major general, one captain in the navy, and two foreign ministers."

There have been some unique incidents in the bringing of electoral votes to the President pro tempore. The messenger from California came with the ten votes of that State sewed into the lining of his coat, near the inside pocket. He simply couldn't lose the votes unless he lost his coat. Several gentlemen entered in a delegation with the messenger from Vermont. Mr. John F. Murphy, the clerk, who keeps a record of votes received, asked for the usual credentials, which is a paper signed by all the other electors designating the name of the messenger.

"I haven't any credentials," retorted the Vermontor, "but we electors are all here," and out stepped his three colleagues in proof of his words. Indiana sent her fifteen electoral votes by a double messenger service. A. K. Sills, of Monticello, and J. D. Oliver, of South Bend, conveyed the important records. "Nearly all the others wanted the office," said Sills. "but it was too important to fight over. So Oliver and I joined forces and secured a majority, and here we are."

Capt. John A. Travis, one of the veterans who guard the gallery doors and hold their places for life, enjoys a distinction belonging to no one else on that roll. Every January he receives an annual pass over a certain big railroad, where he can ride as often as he chooses.

When the final day of debate on the Wilson tariff bill came, in the Fifty-third Congress, the pressure for seats in the galleries was great. There was not a foot of available standing room left when a gentleman arrived, very eager to get inside. It was an impossibility. But he showed both by his manner and by his words his serious disappointment.

In those days the privilege of the floor was less strictly guarded than now, and Travis led his man to the floor below and passed him in behind the brass railing. The stranger returned after the debate, expressing much gratitude and holding out a roll of bills. "I cannot accept money," replied Travis, "for any service here, further than what the government pays me," and the stranger, who proved to be a railroad official of prominence, disappeared. But every year the annual pass over the railroad comes to hand, to prove the official's appreciation.

Representatives Littlefield and Bourke Cockran, the Tammany orators, are striking up a warm friendship. Both are keenly interested in legal topics, for both are leading lawyers in the House. Political differences cut little figure between them. They walk and talk together by the hour.

Both are fast pedestrians. Mr. Cockran has developed into an expert in dress. In fact, he is easily the best dressed man of the House. Mr. Littlefield has no aspirations in that direction, although his attire generally becomes the man. But when these two start out from the capitol, of an afternoon, each arrayed in his long and high, and make a hot pace up Pennsylvania avenue, they are an imposing pair. All the other Congressional strollers up that pleasant thoroughfare are quickly left behind, seeming, in comparison, like common "pikers."

Ex-Gov. Powers was conducting a Bangor constituent, Mr. F. A. Wilson, around the capitol the other day. Mr. Wilson, eminent as a lawyer in the Pine Tree State, and a former partner of Chief Justice Peters, as learned a jurist as Maine ever produced, has brought the six electoral votes here. As the two were standing in the corridor Representative Champ Clark, of Missouri, stalked by. He once went to Bangor and told the Maine Democrats in convention assembled what simon pure Democracy is.

"Here, Champ," said the governor, hailing him. "I want you to meet one of our distinguished Bangor citizens, Mr. Wilson."

"This is a pleasure," quoth the Missourian. "One of these days I am going to deliver a lecture on the splendid character of New England hospitality. I have just been up there again and I know what I am talking about."

"When you deliver that lecture, come to Bangor and let us all know

about it," responded Gov. Powers. "We will pack the largest hall in the town for you."

"The Mission of St. James" is a suggestive title to be prominently displayed on a report from the House committee on private land claims. It has no reference, however, to the mission at London, where Editor Whitelaw Reid, of the New York Tribune, is soon to be stationed. On the contrary, it refers in the legislative connection at present to a little dispute over a half acre of land out in Washington State.

The history of the dispute dates back over sixty years, when the Bishop of Quebec commissioned two priests to go into the then Territory of Oregon "to lend their services to the bad Christians who have there adopted the morals of the Indians and live in licentiousness and forgetfulness of their duties." They established the Mission of St. James near Vancouver. Some ten years later a military post was established at the same place. The missionary and military authorities occupied the ground jointly. Eventually extensive litigation grew out of this joint occupation, and the undepicted claim to a half acre of land was augmented by still other claims, which the government is now asked to liquidate by payment of \$45,000.—Washington Post.

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We are willing to believe that the president does not look with favor up on the scheme to reduce our representation. He may be a politician but he is not that kind of a politician.—Durham Herald.

A salve that heals without a scar is DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve. No remedy effects such speedy relief. It draws out inflammation, soothes, cools and heals all cuts, burns and bruises. A sure cure for piles and skin diseases. DeWitt's is the only genuine Witch Hazel Salve. Beware of counterfeits. They are dangerous. Sold by R. R. Bellamy.

The legislature would do well to let the child labor law and the school law remain as they now are.—Charlotte Chronicle.

Terrible plagues, those itching, pestering diseases of the skin. Fat and misery. Donn's Ointment cures. At any drug store.

According to Professor Wiley of the Bureau of Chemistry there are few articles of food that are unpoisoned. We don't mind that if only the cook doesn't leave.—Exchange.

Kills His Wife and Attempts Suicide. Macon, Ga., January 11.—A special to The Telegraph from Savannah, Ga., says that F. M. Adams shot and almost instantly killed his wife there today. He attempted suicide soon after word but was prevented from ending his own life. There is considerable excitement over the occurrence. Jealousy on the part of Adams toward his wife and the fact that she would not live with him are supposed to have been the causes of the tragedy.

Wall street is complaining that while Tom Lawson did not give them a scare he frightened the "lamb's" away, which was much worse.—Durham Sun.

Great in Demand. Nothing is more in demand than a medicine which meets modern requirements for a blood and system cleanser, such as Dr. King's New Life Pills. They are just what you need to cure stomach and liver troubles. Try them. At R. R. Bellamy's drug store, 25c., guaranteed.

New Bern has Pamlico sound and Goldsboro has the railroad money and officers; Kingston seems to be holding the bag on a snipe hunt.—Kingston Free Press.

The Secret of Success. Forty million bottles of August Flower sold in the United States alone since its introduction! And the demand for it is still growing. Isn't that a fine showing of success? Don't it prove that August Flower has had untold success in the cure of indigestion and dyspepsia—the two greatest enemies of health and happiness? Does it not afford the best evidence that August Flower is a sure specific for all stomach and intestinal disorders—that it has proved itself the best of all liver regulators? August Flower has a matchless record of over thirty-five years in curing the ailing millions of these distressing complaints—a success that is becoming wider in its scope every day, at home and abroad, as the fame of August Flower spreads. Trial bottles, 25c.; regular size, 75c. For sale by R. R. Bellamy.

"Few of the plums of this world have fallen to women," writes one of that sex. Well, everything else in the orchard has, beginning with apples.—New York Herald.

Spotted Her Beauty. Harriet Howard, of 209 W. 34th St., New York, at one time had her beauty spotted with skin trouble. She writes: "I had Salt Rheum or Eczema for years, but nothing would cure it, until I used Bucklen's Arnica Salve." A quick and sure healer for cuts, burns and sores. 25c at R. R. Bellamy's drug store.

We wonder if Judge Parker feels much happier to be able to walk about the streets of New York without having crowds to press upon him and ruffle his shirt bosom.—Charlotte News.

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