

says," or "what the editor thinks" in his private letters to his "member," carries far more influence than if each one of his constituents should write that member a personal letter.

These "papers" are seldom entirely honest in their endeavor. During my one term, there was a universal demand from all parts of the State for economy. "The people are being taxed beyond reason," was the cry. Bald-headed Broker, my real-estate friend, had called my attention to the burdensome charges for legal printing of delinquent taxes. Looking into the matter carefully, and taking up the general subject of legal printing, I drew up a bill cutting these charges down to reasonable advertising rates, and submitted it. Had I deliberately set fire to the State House I could not have been half so roundly abused as I was by these same criers for economy. I never would have believed a man could be so many different things all at the same time as they called me. The worst "cuts" of all, however, were those of wood, which they used in their cartoons of my innocent face.

Extra carriers had to be put on to bring the mail for the members from the editors of every country "cross-road sheet." It reminded me of the time I had advertised for "a quiet boarding-place." Members flocked around me in the corridors, followed me into the street, called at my hotel at all hours of the night and day, and begged me not to press my bill. "Let it die in the committee-room; we'll pay all funeral expenses, and tip the undertaker!" Men who had entirely ignored me were now most fawning in their attentions. When flattery, cajolery and such like means failed, threats were used.

"Why," said I, "these papers have been begging us