

salary he receives, but, like the mole, he works under ground, and, therefore, has many sources of revenue unknown to his constituents; One of his peculiarities is an insane desire to attend to other people's business. Another is to have several employes of the Government on his staff, especially young and pretty type writers. His head is full of schemes, and in return for votes in favor of grabs and grafts gets a federal building at Bungtown and a Post-office at Slab Creek. Many of his supporters—especially the howlers and heelers—are made postmasters and postal clerks, and as a consequence, he is solid as ever among his constituents. Unlike a Chief Justice in New Jersey who said, after thirty years experience: "I prefer to withdraw when the public may wonder why I do so than to wait until the public shall wonder why I do not," he hangs on to office like a cocklebur to an old sheep's tail. He reaches for the public udder until he gets a swipe from the right hind quarter of the indignant cow. When the day of his decapitation arrives—for arrive it will—he develops into a lobbyist—the most contemptible employment that men ever engaged in. Having once occupied a Congressional chair he has the right to the floor of both the House and Senate, and there he will always be found advocating any bill that has money in it, no matter how patent the steal.

In the Congress of the nation there are many men of splendid abilities, high characters and broad sympathies, but unfortunately they do not constitute the majority, but it is also true that in every State of the Union there are demagogues who are known to be demagogues and who pride themselves on being demagogues. Like buzzards they feed on the rotten offal of politics. And the people continue to vote for them rather than fight them. And this state of affairs will continue until men are chosen on account of merit and past service and for these things only.