

RISE AND FALL OF ONE MAN

How Mr. Brown Got Into and Out of Politics.

He Was Called a Broken-Down Pettifogger and His Wife Put Her Foot Down.

"My dear," said Mrs. Thomas Brown, "this is the twelfth anniversary of our wedding day. I believe you had forgotten it."

"Well, I haven't," replied the Hon. Thomas Brown, with a fine show of indignation. "I'm not likely to forget the day when I got you. I remember every detail with perfect clearness."

"What kind of dresses did the bridesmaids wear?"

"And," continued Mr. Brown, artfully evading the question. "I'm sure that we have plenty of cause to be thankful and happy. Certainly no man ever had a better wife."

"Thank you, my dear, and come home early tonight, so that we may have a little celebration."

After this pleasing episode the Hon. Thomas Brown started down town to his office. On his way to the train he made up his mind that he would send home a basket of fruit and some roses and later in the day he would stop at the jeweler's to look at the bracelet his wife had admired.

It was strange, he reflected, how little happiness some people get out of life. Here was he, still on the sunny side of 40, with a sufficient income, a devoted wife, two beautiful children and not a worry in the world. His place in his profession was assured. His neighbors respected him. He could see no cloud on the horizon of his hopes. He was as near complete contentment as men get.

In the reception room of his office half a dozen men were waiting. He recognized one as a well known politician and greeted him with a somewhat chilly nod as he closed the door of his private room. A clerk, however, followed him and ushered in the delegation.

"We've come," said the spokesman, "to ask you to be our candidate for the state senate."

The Hon. Thomas Brown thanked them and said he had neither the time nor money to spare.

"But it will take hardly any time and less money," was the answer. "You can be elected without a bit of trouble. You know the situation. Now think it over and let us know tomorrow."

As a result of the succeeding excitement, which Mr. Brown could not conceal, at least from himself, he forgot the roses and the diamonds. "Senator Thomas Brown" did have an ear-filling sound, as he repeated it under his breath. At 5 o'clock he started to go home. Four professional friends met him at the door. They called him "Senator" and escorted him out to drink his health. It was 7 o'clock before he got out to the South Side.

His wife met him at the door. Her usual placidity was somewhat shaken.

"Why, Tom, what's the matter?" she said. "I asked you to get home early, and here it is after 7 o'clock and dinner half spoiled."

"I've been asked to run for the senate, my dear," said the Hon. Thomas Brown impressively.

"And what did you say?"

"Told them I'd give them an answer after I had consulted my wife," said Mr. Brown, who had already begun to use the wiles of a politician.

"I hate to think of your going into politics, Tom, and"

"But the senate is't exactly politics. I am assured that I can be elected with out an effort on my part. If it was going to make any change in our home life, I wouldn't think of it. And, besides, it's my duty, you know. It's my duty to the state. That will probably decide me."

"I thought you were going to consult your wife?"

"That's what I'm doing now. If you"

"Let's go in and see if any of the dinner is fit to eat. We can talk it over afterward."

The soup was served, when there came a ring at the bell. The maid announced a party of gentlemen to see Mr. Brown.

"Tell them Mr. Brown is at dinner," said his wife, "and ask them to sit down."

"Don't you think I had better go out for a second and see who it is?" interrupted the prospective senator. "It might be somebody from the office on important business, you know." So quickly had the virus of political ambition begun to do its deadly work.

An hour later the Hon. Thomas Brown found the dining room deserted. His indignant wife was up stairs in her sitting room.

"Well, if this is the way you are going to the senate, you will never go with my consent," she broke out. "I heard you telling those men you were always glad and proud to welcome them to your humble home, and then I looked out the window and saw that old Pitzmacher, the saloonkeeper, was at the head of them. If that's politics, I'd rather have the mumps."

"But, you see, Pitzmacher is the member of the city central committee from this ward, and the others are the officers of the ward club. They came over to congratulate me on my candidacy for the senate. I couldn't do less than thank them, could I? They've arranged a mass meeting for this evening to endorse me, and I suppose I'll have to go over and make them a little speech."

"I thought you wouldn't have to turn over your hard?"

"Well, you know a candidate is bound to get the indorsement of his home ward. Once I get that fixed up, you'll see there'll be no more trouble."

An hour later Pitzmacher drove up in an old hack, and the Hon. Thomas Brown descended to welcome him. His wife gave him fair warning.

"If you go riding around in the streets with that man, Tom Brown," she called after him down the stairs, "I'll never be seen on the street with you again. What do you suppose the neighbors will say?"

In the gray hours of the early morning the hack again drew up before the house, and Mr. Brown entered his once quiet and happy dwelling. As the door closed a crowd of men and boys, who had followed the hack from the meeting-place, cheered loudly.

It was 9 o'clock before Mr. Brown appeared for breakfast. His wife received him with a pitying smile, in which tears and anger were equally mingled. She laid before him a copy of the Morning Echo and pointed in silence to the headlines over an article on the first page. "Tom Brown Out for Senator," it read. "Ridiculous Ambition of a Broken Down Pettifogger." "Hints of Sensational Exposures to Be Made."

"There," said Mrs. Brown. "Nothing to make any change in our home life, eh? Elected without an effort on your part? Duty to the state? What do you say to that?"

Mr. Brown lost what little appetite he had. He read the article through with anxious care. Then he swore. The children looked up in surprise.

"The doorbell began ringing before 7 o'clock this morning," went on Mrs. Brown. "There was a procession of all sorts of men neither you nor I had ever heard of. They all wanted to see Senator Brown. I want you to sue that newspaper for libel."

"My dear," said the Hon. Thomas Brown, with a weak and pleading smile, "you mustn't let that bother you so. Public men, you know are subject to the attacks of the partisan press. Before I forget it, there is one little thing I wanted to speak to you about. You buy your groceries of Hilton do you not? Well, now, just as a favor to me, would you object to changing. You see, Hicks, on the opposite corner, is I find, the president of the Brown club. Don't you think it would be a little pleasanter all around if we patronized him?"

"Mr. Brown," persisted his wife, "will you sue that paper for libel?"

"Why, certainly not," was the answer, "but that publication makes it absolutely necessary for me to stay in the fight. If I backed out now, the newspapers would all say that I withdrew under fire. Then I should be a coward. Of course I wish, for your sake, since you feel so bad about it, that I had never begun."

"Well, they can't say your son is a coward, anyway."

"Why, what's the matter?"

"He started for school at 8 o'clock this morning, just as he has done for the last two years. He wore a pretty little white waist and red stockings, and I thought he never looked so sweet. Half an hour later he came back. I wish you could have seen the child. He had fought with three big boys, because they said his father was a broken down pettifogger. I've got him in the bedroom now, with witch hazel on his eye."

"Don't you think, Nellie," said Mr. Brown as he got up from the table, "that you could strain a point and buy your groceries from Hicks?"

"I've fixed things so that won't be necessary, I think. I saw enough last night to convince me that you could never stand the strain of a campaign like this. When you came in this morning, I was sure that I was right, and even if you could the rest of us couldn't. So when the callers began to ring the bell at half past six I told them

all that Mr. Brown's physician had forbidden him to accept a nomination."

"You did?"

"Yes, and then, a little later, the reporters from the afternoon papers called to interview you. I told them all that you had refused to be a candidate, that the state of your health was precarious, and that you were out of politics for good. So you see, after all, it won't be necessary for me to buy my butter from Hicks."—Cincinnati Tribune.

Anxiety Moderating.

For the past six months such expressions as "if I don't go up the river on the first boat it will be because I'm sick," have been heard every day in this city. Now that three or four of these "first" boats are getting up steam preparatory to sailing, many of these ultra-anxious people are not nearly in so much hurry to get away as they were while yet the bosom of the Yukon was a solid mass of ice. These very people are now heard to say "I find it will not be possible for me to get away before the latter end of the month, and it is extremely doubtful if some of them make up their minds to go before the latter end of the summer if at all this year. However, the first boats to sail, and two or three are arranging to get off Saturday, the 12th, will not go empty by any means; but the majority of those who will leave among the first are men who came in over the ice with merchandise and who, in many instances expected to get out on the ice, but where detained in disposing of the goods and later forced to remain by the early decay of the trail, and who have business demanding their presence on the outside. The bulk of travel up the river will not begin before the completion of the clean-up, which will not be before sometime in June.

Volunteer Militia Company.

By the kind permission of Major Hemming, the volunteer company of militia recently organized, will begin its semi-weekly classes for drill on Monday evening next, 14th inst., at 7:30 o'clock sharp, in the barracks square of the Yukon garrison, and will continue on each Monday and Friday evenings at the same hour. Sergeant Instructor Davis has kindly consented to instruct the company. All British subjects are eligible to join, and drill will not be compulsory, as the company is not under military rules and regulations. Additional names will be received by Mr. H. D. Hulme, of Tabor & Hulme, at his office in the Orpheum building, and a full attendance on Monday next is expected.

Following is a list of names of those who have already signed the roll, and length of former service:

- D. D. Buchanan, 3 years; C. S. W. Barwell, J. N. E. Brown, S. A. Burpe, 3 years; R. L. Cowan, 12 years; W. M. Chandler, 7 years; Fred S. Crisp, George Craig, A. C. Clark, O. S. Finnie, 2 years; J. W. Good, 1 year; F. L. Gwillum, J. H. D. Hulme, 15 years; Chas. W. Hooper, 18 months; Thomas P. Hinto, H. H. Hurdman, 3 years; Andrew Hart, 3 years; E. B. Hegler, A. Keith, F. G. C. Kelly, J. T. C. Laing, J. T. Lithgow, 3 years; M. W. Lewer, 1 year; A. E. Marks, J. H. Macarthur, 2 years; D. A. Matheson, E. R. Murray, 6 years; P. Margetts, A. G. Macdonald, 7 years; Wm. M. McKay, 13 years; Hugh C. McDiarmid, 2 years; David A. McClellan, J. W. Nay, Ed. H. Port, 11 years; W. F. Povah, 3 years; R. A. Rumsey, 3 years; H. E. A. Robertson, Wm. C. Sime, Robt. B. Switzer, 4 1/2 years; E. E. Tiffin, Wm. Thornburn, 2 1/2 years; J. Turner, J. Tyrrel, Peter Vachow, H. E. Verge, 6 years; Alfred Watson, William White, 6 months; H. J. Woodside, 10 years; J. H. Walker, J. Wood, 2 years; W. C. Young, 6 years.

Facts Backed by Figures.

The average gas jet consumes five feet of gas per hour. The distance from the farthest point of polar discovery to the pole itself is 460 miles.

The average height of the human race is, for men, five feet six inches; for women, five feet two inches.

No fewer than 2401 patents have been taken out on processes for making sugar and salt.

Under Spanish rule a chief source of income to church and state in the Philippines was a lottery, which yielded \$200,000 per month.

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