

He writes home to the Dogtown "Pulverizer" and to the Bungtown "Bazoo" that he is on hand with his valise bulging out with bills for federal appropriations. Having mailed these letters he poses on the side-walk with his legs two feet apart, his thumbs in the sleeve-holes of his vest, and a pair of gold-rimmed spectacles astride his nose. Two small boys, with blacking boxes swung across their shoulders, passing along remark: "Dat is de new jay from Pordunk city, Wyoming," and that is about all the notice he gets.

Once on the floor of the House he discovers that he is but a unit in the majority, or the minority, as the case may be. He bobs up a dozen times during the first hour, but for some cause he cannot catch the speaker's eye. The old voice that used to charm the conventions has lost its charm. The noisy purveyor of literary hogwash is dumb. The business of taking the ear of the house is too great for the knot on the end of his neck. The next day the following notice appears in one of the papers: "The Hon. Sylvester Blowhard, of Pordunk, Wy., made his first appearance on the floor yesterday. He experienced great difficulty in delivering the half dozen speeches which he had in the various manuscripts in his trunk. The Hon. gentleman will add much to the gayety of Congress with his red cravat, his tobacco-stained shirt-front and the wisp of oakum-colored beard which hangs on his chin. He will be of value in the interior decoration of the Capitol, but the voice that once beat out through the open windows, that sang through the trees and checked the traffic on the street, will never again echo through the corridors of Congress hall."

Failing to make an impression in Congress he now occupies himself running around to the various departments — followed by a number of heelers from Pordunk and vicinity. The professional widow takes him into a quiet corner and leans against him while talking pension and other