THE SENATOR'S DAUGHTER.

I.—THE SILVER, GOLD BOY.

On the evening of the fourth of March, year of grace nineteen hundred and twenty-seven, Mr. Daniel Webster Newton, Senator from Oregon, was in the consummation of a rather elaborate toilet. This accomplished he placed himself before a mirror and critically surveyed the results of his labors.

The effect appeared to give him satisfaction. In the glass he beheld a comely young man of thirty, somewhat under the average stature, fastidiously attired in evening dress. The face was a perfect oval, the complexion delicate, the features refined. The high cheek bones and a slight tendency to the hook nose were the only ones to detract from the aristocratic cast of the physiognomy. The hair was black, with which dropped a slender but aristocratic moustache, the upper fingers of the hand and the expeditiously small feet, evidenced to indicate dancing pumps of polished red morocco, were all unmistakable heirlooms of a pure Mongolian ancestry. The long, stiff, black hair, brushed straight back from the forehead, fell in profusion over the neck and shoulders. Several rich decorations shone on the breast of the black broadcloth coat. The knickerbocker breeches were fitted and the knees with rosed ribbons. The stockings were of flowered silk. Mr. Wanlee's face sparkled with intelligent good sense; his figure poised itself before the glass with easy grace.

A soft, distinct utterance, filling the room, yet appearing to proceed from no particular quarter, now interrupted Mr. Wanlee's musings. He at once recognized the voice of his friend, Mr. Walsingham Brown.

"How are we off for time, old fellow?"

"It's getting late," replied Mr. Wanlee, without turning his face from the mirror. "You had better come over directly."

In a very few minutes the curtains of the entrance to Mr. Wanlee's apartments were ceremoniously pulled open, and Mr. Walsingham Brown strode in. The two friends cordially shook hands.

"How is the honorable member from the Los Angeles district?" inquired the new comer gaily. "And what is there new in Washington society? Proposal to congress tonight, I see, Wan's all dressed up in knickers and rosed silk hose! Ah, Wanlee, I thought you had outgrown these frivolities."

The faintest possible blush appeared on Mr. Daniel Webster Wanlee's cheeks. "It is cold to-night" he asked, changing the subject.

"Infernally cold," replied his friend. "I wonder you have no snow here. It is snowing hard in New York. There was about three inches on the ground just now when I took the Pneumatic."

"Pull an easy chair up to the thermo-electrode," said the Mongolian. "You must get the New York climate thawed out of your points if you expect to walk comfortably. The Washington mercury ought to be up to zero."

Mr. Walsingham Brown pushed a comfortable chair toward a sphere of shining platinum that stood on a crystal pedestal in the centre of the room. In response to the touch of the base, and the metal globe began to glow incandescent. A genial warmth diffused itself through the apartment. "That feels good," said Mr. Walsingham Brown, extending both hands to catch the heat from the thermo-electrode.

"By the way," he continued, "you haven't accounted to me yet for the scarlet bows. What would your constituents say if they saw you thus—you, the impassioned young orator of the Pacific slope; the champion of the cause of progressive statesmanship; the mainstay and hope of the Extreme Left; the thorn in the side of conservative Vegetarianism; the *bête noire* of the whole Brown-Sequard-Newton-Crown ribbons and Florid extensions, like a club man at a fashionable Harlem hop, or a—"

Mr. Brown interrupted himself with a hearty but good-natured laugh.

Mr. Wanlee seemed ill at ease. He did not reply to his friend's raillery. He cast a stealthy glance at his watch in the mirror, and then went to one side of the room and took up a few strips of printed paper, about three feet wide, was slowly issuing from between noiseless rollers and falling in neat folds into a willow basket placed on the floor to receive it. Mr. Wanlee bent his head over the broad strip of paper and began to read attentively.

"You take the *Contemporaneous Times*, I suppose," said the other.

"No, I prefer the *Interminable Intelligencer*," replied Mr. Wanlee. "The *Contemporaneous* is too much of a woman. Which reminds me, which a sensible man ever read the organ of his own party? How much wiser it is to keep posted on what your political opponents think and say."

"Do you find anything about the event of the evening?"

"The ball has opened," said Mr. Wanlee, "and the place of the Trimbelly has filled to overflowed. Let me see," he continued, beginning to read aloud: "'The wealth, the beauty, the chivalry, and the brains of the nation combine to lend unprecedented lustre to the inaugural Ball, and the brilliant success of the new Administration is assured beyond all question.'"

"That is encouraging logic," Mr. Brown remarked.

"President Trimbelly has just entered the rotunda, escorting his beautiful and stately wife, and accompanied by ex-President Riley, Mrs. Riley, and Miss Riley. The distinctiveness group is of course the cynosure of all eyes. The utmost cordiality prevails among statesmen of all shades of opinion. The new inter-political animosities, which promise to have been laid aside with the ordinary bitterness of everyday work. Conspicuous among the guests are some of the most active and prominent leaders of the opposition. Even Gen. Quong, the defeated Mongol-Vegetarian candidate, is now proceeding across the rotunda, leaning on the arm of the President, and receiving with evident intention of paying his compliments to his successful rival. Not the slightest trace of resentment or hostility is visible upon his strongly marked Celestial features.

"'The Hero of the Battle of Cheyenne can afford to be magnanimous,' remarked Mr. Wanlee, looking up from the paper.

"'Pshaw,' said Mr. Walsingham Brown, warmly. "The noble old Houhan thinks he settled forever the question of the quality of your race. The Presidency could have added nothing to his fame."

Mr. Wanlee went on reading: "'The toilets of the ladies are charming. Notable among those which attract the reporters' eye are the peacock feathers, the coat of the Princess Hudipala the manee—'

"Cut that," suggested Mr. Brown. "We shall see for ourselves presently. And after we dine. Dine in a quiet place. I want to meet that I have entertaining for it been always."

The Hon. Mr. Wanlee threw his wallet, cost yesterday, into the basket, and rose. He pressed a rosing and the lid flew open. Then he handed the box to his friend. It contained a number of little gray pastilles, hardly larger than peas. Mr. Brown took one between the thumb and forefinger and put it in his mouth.

"Thus do I satisfy mine hunger," he said, "to the lowest the longings of the organ of mastication. Thus do I feed the fire of the digestive practice, subversive of society as at present constituted, and outraging the very laws of nature."

Mr. Wanlee was paying no attention. With eager gaze he was again scanning the columns of the *Interminable Intelligencer*. As it modestly he resolutely [illegible] Gen. Quong and Mr. Brown. "Ah, here it is," he said, "Senator Amalgamator, Mrs. Hawkins and Miss Hopeton of New York, Senator Newton of Massachusetts, whom are in all with his lovely daughter Miss Newton, and a great number of—"

He paused, stammering, for he became aware that his friend was regarding him curiously. Coloring to the roots of his hair, he "laughed a difference and began to read again: "Senator Newton of Massachusetts, whose arrival with his lovely—"

"Think, my dear boy," said Mr. Walsingham Brown, with a smile, "that it is high time for us to proceed to the Capitol."

II.—THE BALL AT THE CAPITOL.

Through a brilliant throng of happy men and [illegible] women, Mr. Wanlee and his friend made their way into the rotunda of the Capitol. Dazzled with the sudden transition from the spectacular effects which society arranges for its own delectation, the young men were startled by the brilliant scene before them. The many-hued panorama that girds the rotunda was hidden behind a wall of flowers. The delights of the dome were not visible, for beneath it the eyes of the spectator met a dome of red roses and white lilies, which poured down from its concavity a continual and almost oppressive shower of fragrance. From the center of the rotunda, from the height of forty or fifty feet a single jet of water, rendered intensely luminous by the newly discovered hydrocoagle process, and of the purest and most brilliant tint, leaped from daylight, yet soft and grateful as the light of the moon. The air pulsated with music, for every flower in the rotunda had its little musical bee, the notes which Rafbolini, in the Conservatoire at Paris, was sending across the Atlantic from the vibrant tripod of his lyre.

The friends had hardly reached the centre of the rotunda, where the hydroelectric fountain throw aloft its jet of blazing water, and where two opposite streams of promenaders from the north and south met and mingled in confusion and mingled in an eddy of polite humanity, before Mr. Walsingham Brown was seized and led off captive by some of his Washington acquaintances.

Wanlee pushed on, scarcely noticing his friend's defection. He directed his steps wherever the crowd seemed thickest, casting aloud his eyes in search of him with glances of inquiry, now and then exchanging bows with people whom he recognized, but pausing only once to enter into conversation. The person whom he was seeking was Gen. Quong, the leader of the Mongol-Vegetarian party and the defeated candidate for President in the campaign of 1876. Wanlee had seen the Mongol with the young Congressman, and detained him only a moment. "You are looking for somebody, Wanlee," said Gen. Quong, kindly. "I see it in your eyes. I scarcely have time to dance."

Mr. Wanlee proceeded down the long corridor that leads to the Senate chamber, and continued there his eager search. Disappointed, he turned back and retraced his steps to the rotunda, and went to the other extremity of the Capitol. The Hall of Representatives was reserved for the dances. From the great clock above the Speaker's desk, hung with the mistletoe of a waltz, to the rythm of which several hundred couples were whirling over the polished floor.

Wanlee stood at the door, watching the couples as they moved before him in mazes of the difficult of the ball. Presently his eyes began to operate. They were resting upon the beautiful face and graceful figure of a young white maiden, who waltzed in perfect form with a young man, apparently an Italian. Wanlee advanced a step or two, and at the same instant the lady and her partner stopped in their dance and turned to her partner, who immediately relinquished her waist.

"I have been expecting you this age," said the girl, holding out her hand to Wanlee. "I am delighted that you have come."

"Thank you, Miss Newton," said Wanlee.

"You may retire, Francesco," she continued, turning to the young man who had just been her partner. "I shall not need you again."

The young man addressed as Francesco bowed respectfully and departed without a word.

"Let us be friends forever, Miss Newton, putting her hand upon Wanlee's shoulder, "for I am in great distress."

"Tell me what you desired?" asked Wanlee, as they glided off together.

"No, Daniel," said Miss Newton, "I haven't danced with any gentleman."

"Why haven't you danced?" asked Wanlee.

"I have made good use of Francesco, however," she went on. "What a blessing a competent professional partner is! Only think, our partners should be—some of them—very, very old." Wanlee's eyes were fixed upon the beautiful face and graceful figure of the