Kentucky's Silver-Tongued Taulbee Caught In Flagrante,

Or Incidents, With Brown-Haired Miss Dodge, Also of Kentucky.

Congressman and Clerk Lunching On Forbidden Fruit and Hidden Waters.

WHAT'S THE WORLD COMING TO?

WASHINGTON, Dec. 10.—(Special)—Wm. Preston Taulbee, the Kentucky Congressman from the Kentucky district, woke this morning to find himself, as not famous, as much talked about, as the President's message. He is the frontispiece of a scandal that will forever destroy his influence and standing in the national capital.

The papers under the designation of "a Kentucky Congressman," published the story this morning that he was caught in a most compromising position in a secluded spot of the model room of the Patent Office with a young female clerk. Certain it is that he has been taking this girl to his corner office and for months, and it can be proven by reliable witnesses that he has been seen kissing and fondling her on several occasions. He would come into the upstairs patent room, a few minutes before the lunch hour, and his to the trusting place. A few minutes later the little daisy would trip up to him by another stairway and they would hold sweet communion for half an hour, evoking the plebian noonday lunch for other delicacies of the season.

The spot they invariably selected was on the top-floor, in the furthest alcove—a place where it was almost impossible for any one to approach.

Without being heard or seen. Not content with crossing in this place, the Congressman was seen by the old watchman to kiss his sweetheart on the stairway one day; a parting salute, as it were. It smelled a cow pulling her heels out of the mud. Taulbee would never come down with the girl, but always slipped out in another direction by himself, leaving her to go down alone and by several employees who were "onto" the racket. This was the meanest part of it, and what a cruel thing it is to put a young girl in a position to be exposed, to say nothing of the other phases of the affair.

Taulbee has been here nearly all summer end fall, and no wonder he has fallen in love with Washington and purchased a residence in the city. The girl who figures in the case is a Miss Dodge, and she is registered from Kentucky. The Times correspondent had a talk with her this morning. She is a little beauty, bright as a sunbeam and saucy as a bowl of jam. She is petite of figure, but plump as a partridge. Her hair is brown, her eyes blue, cheeks like peaches, lips like rosebuds tipped with dew.

She smiled, and jauntily said that she did not see why she should be made the heroine of such a scandal. She is apparently not more than eighteen or twenty, and has great self-possession and buoyancy of spirit, to say nothing of her fascinating face and winning ways.

"Are you from Kentucky?" I asked.

"I am not; I have lived in Washington four years."

"But you are appointed as from Kentucky.

"Oh, yes; but you don't have to be from a State, you can be put down from any State. Plenty of girls get their places that way." "What State are you from?" "I won't tell you, are you a reporter?" "To be frank with you, I am a correspondent."

"Then I certainly won't tell you. You want to write a long piece about it. You must not say anything about it. Mr. Taulbee is a gentleman and I am supposed to be a lady. We will both swear on a stack of Bibles that we have not done anything."

"Mr. Taulbee had you appointed, did he?" "Yes; last February."

"It was very kind in him, especially as you are not from his State, was it not?"

"Yes it was. He is a nice man. But don't you print these things. Go up to see him. "Tell him I said good morning."

"Not this morning. Good morning."

"Oh, I can describe you," she said with a winsome smile.

What a mess this is for an ex-Methodist minister and a Congressman from the grand old Commonwealth of Kentucky.

The time has now arrived when all the Kentucky delegation should stand together.