Republican Progress.

BLOOMINGTON, IND.

W. A. GABE, - Editor and Publisher.

1899. APRIL. 1899.

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NEWS IN BRIEF GUSTS

BLOWN IN FROM ALL PARTS OF THE EARTH.

An Important Record of the Week As Told by the Telegraph—Latest from Foreign Shores—Crimes, Casualties, Fires, Etc.

Admiral Kautz Upheld.

Washington special: Admiral Kautz's actions in Samoa, as far as they are set out in official dispatches and the newspaper reports, are fully approved. He was instructed by the last mail steamer from Auckland to avoid needless collisions, but to protect property and life until the three treaty powers decided how to deal with the situation.

Department officials point out that from the accounts so far received the Admiral appears to have acted in conjunction with the British forces only in pursuance of the policy of defence of foreign interests. It is expected that he will not abate his efforts to secure the restoration of peace, and it is probable that when the High Commission arrives at Apia it will find its work facilitated through the suppression of the rebellion.

Spaniards Co-operate.

The Government of Spain has directed Gen. Rios, Spain's commander in the Philippines, to co-operate with Major General Otis for the evacuation of Zamboanga and Zoulan.

Gen. Lawton had a narrow escape from death at the hands of a daring Filipino who lagged behind his retreating comrades, secreted himself in a deserted house, and fired point blank at Lawton. His aim was bad and he missed. The American soldiers soon routed him out of the house and made a pepper box of him.

Deserting Aguinaldo.

President McKinley has received a dispatch from Dr. Schurman, President of the Philippine Commission, now at Manila. The message says the proclamation recently issued has done great good, and that the Filipinos are visiting the commissioners every day to express their desire to become citizens of this country. The message also stated that Filipinos coming into Manila declare that Aguinaldo's government is tyrannical and that many natives are deserting from his standards each day.

Molineux Dismissed.

Justice Pardon C. Williams has handed down his decision in the motion made to discharge the indictment against Roland Molineux, charged with sending poison to Harry Cornish, which caused the death of Mrs. Adams in New York last December. Justice Williams dismisses the indictment on the ground that other than legal evidence was received and considered by the grand jury and directing that the case be resubmitted to the grand jury now sitting or to the next grand jury that shall sit in New York.

Americans Make Hardware.

The Sheffield Telegraph, in a long leader of pessimistic tone, says: "Nowadays America and not Germany is the bete noir of the home hardware industry. An immense amount of work is done in America that England ought to do." The British Consul, at Buenos Ayres, reports that in 1898 4,545 bicycles were imported into the Argentine Republic, of which 2,508 were of American and only 509 of British manufacture.

Storer Is Persona Grata.

Madrid special: After a meeting of the Cabinet, Prime Minister Silvelva said that the Government approved the appointment of Mr. Bellamy Storer as United States Minister to Spain. He added that as soon as the United States communicates his name officially to Spain, the latter would appoint a representative at Washington, probably Duke de Arcos.

Pomeroy Burned.

The town of Pomeroy, Iowa, was almost destroyed by fire, causing a loss of between $75,000 and $100,000; partially insured. The town was without any means of fighting fire, and the blaze burned all night, destroying the five leading business places. Pomeroy was destroyed by a cyclone in 1893 and forty-eight people were killed.

Indiana Postmasters.

Indiana postmasters have been appointed as follows: Hooker, Washington County, Zenobia E. Hungate, vice Alfred J. Martin, resigned; Powers, Jay County, Joseph M. Currens, vice Lucinda Frazier (dead.)

Lawton Continues to Advance.

Gen. Lawton has continued his advance beyond Santa Cruz. The rebels are gradually retreating. There has been some brief skirmishes but little real fighting.

Will Sail Soon.

The Samoan Commission sails from San Francisco on the 25 inst. on the transport Badger.

Some of Dewey's Fleet May Go to Samoa.

The rumor is current in Washington official circles that because of the Samoan trouble Admiral Dewey may be ordered to send a ship or two of his fleet to Samoan waters. There is much speculation as to the result of the commission's work in settling the trouble.

Will Resume Operations.

The 2,000 miners who went out at Danville, Ill., last week, have decided to lay the matter before the State Arbitration Board, and will resume operations.

Attempted Train Wreck.

An attempt has been made to wreck the Irish express, bound from Paddington railroad station in London to Milford, where the passengers embark on board the mail boat for Waterford. A large boulder was placed on the track, but the engine, luckily, swept the obstruction away.

Robbers Make a Bold Raid.

One of the boldest hold-ups ever committed in that section occurred at the office of the Alamo Gordo Lumber Company at Alamo Gordo, New Mexico. Two cowboys held up the cashier in the presence of about fifty employes, secured $50,000 in scrip and rode away.

Considers New Government Illegal.

Emperor William has sent instructions to the German ambassadors in London and Washington to the general effect that Germany considers the new government in Samoa illegal and the action of the British and Americans a clear violation of the Samoa act.

Peace Treaties Exchanged.

The condition of war which has existed between the United States and Spain since April 21, 1898, terminated the other day when the last formalities in the restoration of peace were performed by the exchange of ratifications of the peace treaty.

FAILURES OF THREE MONTHS.

First Quarter of 1899 Shows a Great Falling Off in Their Number.

R. G. Dun & Co.'s weekly review of trade says: "Failures in the first quarter of 1899 were in number 2,772, against 3,687 last year, and the liabilities $27,152,031, against $32,946,565, a decrease of 17.6 per cent. Geographical aspects make the return peculiar, with a slight increase of 13 per cent in the Southeast, and 20 per cent in the central States. There was a decrease of nearly 40 per cent on the Pacific and Southwestern States, 41 per cent in Western States and 40 per cent in Middle States. No other year of the twenty-four covered by Dun's quarterly reports has shown as small failures during its first quarter, excepting 1890 and 1881, and no other except 1880 and 1886 as small liabilities per failure. Failures for the week have been 141 in the United States, against 232 last year, and 17 in Canada, against 32 last year."

MUST PAY FOR SON'S SUPPORT.

Supreme Court of Kansas Renders Decision Involving a Peculiar Point.

The Supreme Court of Kansas has decided that former citizens of New York cannot practice deceit on the people of that State. Many years ago Aaron Ettenson, now of Butler County, then a resident of New York, placed his imbecile son in an asylum in New York. Ettenson claimed that the boy was an orphan and in this way got rid of him. He went to Kansas and grew wealthy. It was discovered that he had accumulated much money and suit was brought against him to recover a reasonable sum for the care and maintenance of the son through a period of fourteen years. The lower court gave a verdict in favor of Ettenson, but the Supreme Court has reversed it.

BLOODY FIGHT WITH ROBBERS.

Four Masked Men Attack an Ohio Farmhouse and Are Repulsed.

Alexander Ogg, a wealthy bachelor farmer living three miles north of Barnesville, Ohio, and his household had a desperate battle with four masked robbers on a recent night. All were sleeping but a nephew, Robert, when robbers battered down the door. He grappled with them, but was knocked down. Others of the household came to the rescue and a fearful fight occurred. The elder Ogg was knocked down twice, but defended himself with an ax, while the nephew, a cripple, broke the arm of a robber. Mrs. Robert Ogg was struck over the head and her scalp cut open. Alexander Ogg was seriously hurt and Robert had his head and face badly cut. The robbers fled.

MANY CUBAN BANDITS IN JAIL.

Military Authorities Suppress Lawlessness in Santiago.

Twenty-two bandits are in the Santiago military prison in Cuba. Maj. Gen. Wood, the military governor, is actively suppressing disturbances from this source. The other day four bandits from San Luis and three from Guantanamo were brought in. There is not a little excitement over the operations of the outlaws and rumors are in circulation regarding troubles in the districts of Holguin, but the present efforts of the military authorities will soon assure safety in all parts of the province.

Family Watches His Suicide.

Henry Weisert, 40 years old, of Jersey City, committed suicide by hanging himself to the transom of a door in the presence of his family. He had been ill with consumption for some time and had become despondent. After supper he told his wife that he knew he could not live much longer, and thought he would kill himself and end his misery as soon as possible. She advised him to go out for a walk. He did so, but returned more despondent than when he went out. He again said he felt that both he and his wife and their three children would be better off if he were dead. He got a clothesline, one end of which he tied about his neck. He then stood on a chair and tied the other end of the rope to the transom. His wife and children looked on, not believing he would carry out his threat until he kicked the chair from under him. Then, as his body fell, they realized that he was in earnest, but it was too late to save him. A doctor was called, who said the fall, short as it was, had broken Weisert's neck.

War on Great Combines.

A national anti-trust league has been formed in St. Louis. It proposes to fight the trusts by boycotting trust made goods and inducing consumers to use only those manufactured articles made by independent concerns. The league claims a city membership of 15,000 and a country membership of 35,000. President Thompson says that the plan is to pay every member a certain per cent discount if he trades in those goods which are not manufactured by the trusts. Coupons will be issued to merchants who deal in such goods. The purchaser is to be given a coupon with each article bought and these will be redeemed at headquarters at a certain per cent off. The object is to make it an organization, without cost, for the protection of the purchaser and the independent merchant and manufacturer. In that manner it is hoped to create a demand for anti-trust goods and kill the great trade combines.

Blaze Causes a Loss of $90,000.

Fire broke out in the store of B. F. Keesling at Logansport, Ind., and was not brought under control for three hours. Following are the losses: City National Bank, building and fixtures, $10,000; P. W. Moore, building, $10,000; G. W. Burrow estate, building, $5,000; Dewenter & Co., men's furnishing goods, $15,000; B. F. Keesling, drugs, $15,000; Logansport Wall Paper Company, stock, $10,000.

After the Coal Trust.

United States District Attorney W. E. Bundy of Cincinnati has filed a suit in the United States Court against th eChesapeake and Ohio and seventeen other coal companies, comprising what is known as the coal trust, asking for an injunction against all the members of the trust. It is also asked that the trust or combination be declared dissolved as void and illegal.

Elopement Causes a Suicide.

John H. Sullivan, for several years the recognized political boss of Boston, committed suicide by shooting himself in the head in the bath room of his palatial residence in East Boston. About a month ago one of Sullivan's daughters married against his wishes, and her elopement was a sore disappointment to him and in time caused despondency.

Falls Under a Train.

Allen L. Dalrymple, assistant superintendent in the railway mail service, was instantly killed by a train at the union station in St. Louis. Mr. Dalrymple was attempting to board an outgoing 'Frisco train, but missed his footing and fell under the wheels.

French Steamer Wrecked.

It is reported from Port au Prince, Hayti, that the French steamer Manouba, belonging to the Transatlantic company, has been wrecked off Anse d'Ainault. The passengers and crew were saved, but the steamer and her cargo were lost.

Stabs the Czar's Aid-de-Camp.

An attempt has been made at Moscow to assassinate the Czar's aid-de-camp, Gen. Mauzoy. He was stabbed in the throat by a servant, but the would-be assassin was overpowered. The general's wounds are not serious.

Formally Invested with Rule in Samoa.

Malieton Tanus was crowned King of Samoa at Mulinuu. The ceremony was attended by all the representative Americans and British.

"Wool King's" Widow Dies.

Mrs. David Harpster, aged 57, widow of the late "wool king of the United States," died at her home in Upper Sandusky, Ohio.

Husband Slays His Wife.

Frank T. Callaway, traveling for a Chicago medical supply house, shot and killed his wife, Birdie, in the Siegel-Hillman department store at St. Louis. The store was crowded with customers at the time, and the shooting created tremendous excitement. Callaway says he went there with the intention of killing his wife, from whom he had been separated for several months. She was a saleswoman in the cloak department. He found her on the second floor, but when she saw him she fled upstairs. He pursued her to the fourth floor, where he fired four shots at her. Callaway was immediately seized by half a dozen employes, who hurried him to the first floor. A crowd quickly gathered, and had not the police arrived soon Callaway might have been roughly handled. Callaway is 25 years old. His wife was 23. Domestic trouble caused the shooting. Callaway had been drinking. He expresses no regret over the deed.

PROGRESS ON NEW NAVY.

Condition of Work on Vessels Now Under Construction.

Admiral Hichborn, chief constructor of the navy, has had prepared a statement showing the progress in the construction of new naval vessels. The battle ships Kearsarge and Kentucky at Newport News are advanced 87 per cent toward completion; the Illinois, at the same place, 64 per cent; the Alabama, at Cramp's, 80 per cent; the Wisconsin, at the Union iron works, 65 per cent. The sheathed cruiser Albany, building at Armstrong's, in England, is set down at 80 per cent. None of the four monitors to be built has been laid down yet. The training ship Chesapeake is 73 per cent advanced, and the submarine boat Plunger 85 per cent. Of the torpedo boats, the Dahlgren at Bath is set down as 95 per cent; the Craven, at the same place, 91 per cent; the Stringham, at Harlan & Hollingsworth's, 72 per cent, and the Goldsborough, at Wolff & Zwicker's, Portland, Oregon, 62 per cent. None of the remaining vessels is more than half completed.

TRAMP MURDERS FARMER'S WIFE.

Kills Mrs. James Hutsler in Ohio—Flees, but Is Caught.

Mrs. James Hutsler, wife of a highly respected and wealthy farmer living near South Charleston, Ohio, was murdered by a tramp named Carl Leckner, who shot her four times, one ball taking effect in her mouth and three in the head. He asked for a drink of water, and as Mrs. Hutsler turned to get him a second glass he fired the fatal shots before the eyes of four small children. Then he became frightened and ran. It is supposed he intended to rob the house. Marshal Allen and his men captured the tramp as he was walking into Jeffersonville. He fought hard, but was overpowered. He claimed he did not intend to shoot Mrs. Hutsler. Threats of lynching were heard, and Marshal Allen took his prisoner to jail in Washington Court House.

Carpenters' Strike Settled.

The carpenter's strike, inaugurated in Cleveland, Ohio, several days ago, has been settled by a compromise and the men resumed work. The original demand was for an eight-hour day, and 30 cents an hour. By the terms of settlement the men receive 27½ cents an hour with an eight-hour day. Heretofore the carpenters have worked nine hours a day. It is estimated that over 3,000 men are benefited by the adoption of the new scale.

New Alaska Mail Route.

A new Alaska mail route is to be established in the Kotzebue country. The route is from St. Michael, through Unalaska, Eaton, Reindeer Station and past the head of Norton Bay to Kotzebue, a distance of 460 miles. Three round trips are to be made annually. A branch route will also be established from the head of Norton Bay to Golovin Bay, a distance of 160 miles.

Guests Have Narrow Escape.

The Park Hotel at Hannibal, Mo., was destroyed by fire. The flames originated from a defective electric wire in the elevator. The guests escaped from the third and fourth floors with great difficulty. The building was owned by Paice Brothers, the occupants, and cost $35,000.

Dreyfus Case Causes Another Suicide.

M. Lorillier, who was private secretary to the late Lieut. Col. Henry, who committed suicide at Mont Valerien Fortress last August after confessing to having forged a letter largely instrumental in delaying the Dreyfus revision, killed himself in Paris.

Bloody Riot at Pana.

After an all-day battle between armed citizens, sworn in as deputy sheriffs, and the non-union negro miners, in which at least nine persons were killed and a score wounded, Pana, Ill., was again placed under martial law.

Buys the Washburn Flour Mills.

J. S. Bell, manager of the Washburn-Crosby Flouring Mills Company, announces the consummation of the deal whereby his company assumes ownership of the C. C. Washburn group of mills in Minneapolis.

Fire Destroys Much Property.

Fire destroyed between $8,000 and $10,000 worth of business property at Laddonia, Mo. The sufferers are C. A. Torreyson, James Gilliland, Masonic Hall, J. J. Griffin, F. S. Friar and C. N. Turpin.

Rebels Driven to the Mountains.

Gen. Lawton has captured Santa Cruz, Luzon. He drove the rebels, who were commanded by a Chinaman named Pao-Wah, into the mountains.

Tragedy at Enid, Oklahoma.

At Enid, Ok., Postmaster E. M. Day was cut with a hatchet and killed and the office robbed. There is no clew to the murderers.

Gov. Roosevelt the Speaker.

Gov. Theodore Roosevelt of New York addressed the Hamilton Club of Chicago upon the anniversary of the battle of Appomattox.

Welland Canal to Open April 24.

It is announced by the Canadian Government that the Welland canal will be open for traffic about April 24.

MARKET REPORTS.

Chicago—Cattle, common to prime, $3.00 to $6.00; hogs, shipping grades, $3.00 to $4.00; sheep, fair to choice, $3.00 to $5.25; wheat, No. 2 red, 71c to 72c; corn, No. 2, 34c to 35c; oats, No. 2, 26c to 27c; rye, No. 2, 52c to 53c; butter, choice creamery, 19c to 20c; eggs, fresh, 11c to 13c; potatoes, choice, 55c to 70c per bushel.

Indianapolis—Cattle, shipping, $3.00 to $5.75; hogs, choice light, $2.75 to $4.00; sheep, common to choice, $2.50 to $4.75; wheat, No. 2 red, 71c to 72c; corn, No. 2 white, 35c to 36c; oats, No. 2 white, 31c to 33c.

St. Louis—Cattle, $3.50 to $6.00; hogs, $3.00 to $4.00; sheep, $3.00 to $5.00; wheat, No. 2, 75c to 76c; corn, No. 2 yellow, 34c to 36c; oats, No. 2, 28c to 30c; rye, No. 2, 54c to 56c.

Cincinnati—Cattle, $2.50 to $5.75; hogs, $3.00 to $4.00; sheep, $2.50 to $5.25; wheat, No. 2, 72c to 73c; corn, No. 2 mixed, 36c to 37c; oats, No. 2 mixed, 29c to 31c; rye, No. 2, 59c to 61c.

Detroit—Cattle, $2.50 to $5.75; hogs, $3.00 to $4.00; sheep, $2.50 to $4.75; wheat, No. 2, 73c to 75c; corn, No. 2 yellow, 35c to 36c; oats, No. 2 white, 32c to 33c; rye, 59c to 61c.

Toledo—Wheat, No. 2 mixed, 72c to 74c; corn, No. 2 mixed, 34c to 35c; oats, No. 2 white, 27c to 29c; rye, No. 2, 54c to 56c; clover seed, new, $3.45 to $3.55.

Milwaukee—Wheat, No. 2 spring, 69c to 71c; corn, No. 3, 33c to 35c; oats, No. 2 white, 29c to 31c; rye, No. 1, 55c to 57c; barley, No. 2, 47c to 49c; pork, mess, $9.00 to $9.50.

Buffalo—Cattle, good shipping steers, $3.00 to $5.75; hogs, common to choice, $3.25 to $4.25; sheep, fair to choice wethers, $3.50 to $5.25; lambs, common to extra, $4.50 to $6.50.

New York—Cattle, $3.25 to $5.75; hogs, $3.00 to $4.50; sheep, $3.00 to $5.50; wheat, No. 2 red, 82c to 83c; corn, No. 2, 42c to 44c; oats, No. 2 white, 36c to 39c; butter, creamery, 17c to 22c; eggs, Western, 13c to 14c.

By The Duchess.

CHAPTER XIV.—(Continued.)

This afternoon, one of many that Barbara has given up to duty, finds her as usual in Lady Monkton's drawing room listening to her mother-in-law's comments on this and that, and trying to keep her temper, for Frederick's sake, when the old lady finds fault with her management of the children.

She has one compensation for the visit. Dicky Browne and Felix Dysart drop in and are both surprised and glad to see her and to learn that Joyce, too, is in town to stay for the winter. Before Barbara returns home she has confided to Dysart the fact that Joyce will visit the art gallery in Broad street the next day.

"Well, did you like the gallery?" asks Mrs. Monkton, throwing aside her book to greet Joyce as she returns from Dore's the next day. Barbara had let the girl go to see the pictures without telling her of the meeting with Felix. She had been afraid to say anything about him lest that guilty secret of hers might transpire—that deliberate betrayal of Joyce's intended visit to Broad street on the morrow.

"Very much. So did Tommy. He is very graphic in his remarks," says Joyce, sinking listlessly into a chair, and taking off her hat. She leans back in her chair, the troubled look on her face growing intensified. She seems glad to be silent, and with downcast eyes plays with the gloves lying in her lap.

"Something has happened, Joyce," says her sister, going over to her.

"Something is happening always," returned Joyce, with a rather impatient smile.

"Yes, but to you just now."

"You are sure to make me tell you sooner or later," says Miss Kavanagh, "and even if I didn't, Tommy would. I met Mr. Dysart at that gallery to-day."

"Felix?" says Mrs. Monkton, feeling herself an abominable hypocrite, yet afraid to confess the truth. Something in the girl's whole attitude forbids a confession, at this moment at all events.

"Yes."

"He was glad to see you?" very tenderly.

"Was he? I don't know. He looked very ill. He said he had had a bad cough. He is coming to see you."

"You were kind to him, Joyce?"

"I didn't insult him, if you mean that."

"Oh, no. I don't mean that; you know what I mean. He was ill, unhappy; you did not make him more unhappy?"

"It is always for him!" cries the girl, with jealous anger. "Is there never to be a thought for me? Am I nothing to you? Am I never unhappy? Why don't you ask if he was kind to me?"

"Was he ever unkind?"

"Well, you can forget! He said dreadful things to me—dreadful. I am not likely to forget them if you are. After all, they did not hurt you."

"Joyce!"

"Do you mean to tell me, that for all that, you didn't know he would be at that place to-day?" turning flashing eyes upon her sister.

"How could I know? unless a person says a thing right out, how is one to be sure what he is going to do?"

"Oh! that is unlike you. It is unworthy of you," says Joyce, turning from her scornfully. "You did know. And it is not," turning back again and confronting the now thoroughly frightened Barbara with a glance full of pathos, "it is not that—your insincerity that hurts me so much, it is——"

"I didn't mean to be insincere; you are very cruel—you do not measure your words."

"You will tell me next that you meant it all for the best," with a bitter smile. "That is the usual formula, isn't it? Well, never mind; perhaps you did. What I do object to is that you didn't tell me. That I was kept designedly in the dark both by him and you. Am I," with sudden fire, "a child or a fool, that you should seek to guide me so blindly? Well," drawing a long breath. "I won't keep you in the dark. When I left the gallery, and your protege, I met—Mr. Beauclerk."

Mrs. Monkton, stunned by this intelligence, remains silent for a full minute. It is death to her hopes. If she has met that man again, it is impossible to know how things have gone. His fatal influence—her unfortunate infatuation—all will be ruinous to poor Felix's hopes.

"You spoke to him?" asks she at last, in an emotionless tone.

"Yes."

"Was Felix with you?"

"When?"

"When you met that odious man."

"Mr. Beauclerk? No; I dismissed Mr. Dysart as soon as ever I could."

"No doubt. And Mr. Beauclerk, did you dismiss him as promptly?"

"Certainly not. There was no occasion."

"No inclination, either. You were kind to him, at all events. It is only to the man who is honest and sincere that you are deliberately uncivil."

"I hope I was uncivil to neither of them."

"There is no use in giving yourself that air with me, Joyce. You are angry with me; but why? Only because I am anxious for your happiness. Oh! that hateful man, how I detest him! He has made you unhappy once—he will certainly make you unhappy again."

"I don't think so," says Joyce, taking up her hat and furs with the evident intention of leaving the room, and thus putting an end to the discussion.

"You will never think so, until it is too late. You haven't the strength of mind to throw him over, once and for all, and give your thoughts to one who is really worthy of you. On the contrary, you spend your time comparing him favorably with that good and faithful Felix."

"You should put that down. It will do for his tombstone," says Miss Kavanagh, with a rather uncertain little laugh.

CHAPTER XV.

It is six weeks later, "spring has come up this way," and all the earth is glad with a fresh birth.

March has indeed come; boisterous, wild, terrible, in many ways, but lovely in others.

Mr. Monkton had come back from a sad journey to Nice some weeks ago, to bury his dissolute brother. He had very little to tell on his return, and that of the saddest. It had all been only too true about certain iniquitous debts, and the old people were in great distress. The two town houses should be let at once, and the old place in Warwickshire—the home, as he had called it—well! there was no hope now that it would ever be redeemed from the hands of Manchester people who held it; and Sir George had been so sure that this spring he would have been in a position to get back his own, and have the old place once more in his possession. It was all very sad.

"There is no hope now. He will have to let the place to Barton for the next ten years," said Monkton to his wife when he got home. Barton was the Manchester man. "He is still holding off about doing it, but he knows it must be done, and at all events the reality won't be a bit worse than the thinking about it. Poor old governor! You wouldn't know him, Barbara. He has gone to skin and bone, and such a frightened sort of look in his eyes."

"Oh, poor, poor old man!" cried Barbara, who could forget everything of past unkindness where her sympathies were enlisted.

Toward the end of February the guests had begun to arrive at the Court. Lady Baltimore had returned there during January with her little son, but Baltimore had not put in an appearance for some weeks later. A good many new people unknown to the Monktons had arrived there with others whom they did not know, and after awhile Dicky Browne had come and Miss Maliphant and the Brabazons, and some others with whom Joyce was on friendly terms, but even though Lady Baltimore had made rather a point of the girls being with her, Joyce had gone to her but sparingly, and always in fear and trembling. It was so impossible to know who might not have arrived last night, or was going to arrive this night!

That, up to this, neither Dysart nor Beauclerk had gone to the Court, had been a comfort to her; but that they might come at any moment kept her watchful and uneasy. Indeed, only yesterday she had heard from Lady Baltimore that both were expected during the week.

That news leaves her rather unstrung and nervous to-day. After luncheon, having successfully eluded Tommy, the lynx-eyed, she decides upon going for a long walk, with a view to working off the depression to which she had become a prey. This is how she happens to be out of the way when the letter comes for Barbara that changes the tenor of their lives.

The afternoon post brings it. The delicious spring lay has worn itself almost to a close when Monkton, entering his wife's room, where she is busy at a sewing machine altering a frock for Mabel, drops a letter over her shoulder into her lap.

"What a queer-looking letter!" says she, staring in amazement at the big official envelope.

Mrs. Monkton has broken open the envelope, and is now scanning hurriedly the contents of the important looking document within. There is a pause—a lengthened one. Presently Barbara rises from her seat mechanically, as it were, always with her eyes fixed on the letter in her hand. She has grown a little pale—a little frown is contracting her forehead.

"Freddy!" says she, in a rather strange tone.

"What?" says he, quickly. "No more bad news, I hope?"

"Oh, no! Oh, yes! I can't quite make it out—but—I'm afraid my poor uncle is dead."

"Your uncle?"

"Yes, yes. My father's brother. I think I told you about him. He went abroad years ago, and we—Joyce and I, believed him dead a long time ago, long before I married you even—but now— Come here and read it. It is worded so oddly that it puzzles me."

"Let me see it," says Monkton.

He sinks into an easychair and drags her down on to his knees the better to see over her shoulder. Thus satisfactorily arranged, he begins to read rapidly the letter she holds before his eyes.

"Yes, dead, indeed," says he, sotto voce. "Go on, turn over; you mustn't fret about that, you know, Barbara—er—er—" reading. "What's this? By Jove!"

"What?" says his wife, anxiously. "What is the meaning of this horrid letter, Freddy?"

"There are a few people who might not call it horrid," says Monkton, placing his arm round her and rising from the chair. He is looking very grave. "Even though it brings you news of your poor uncle's death, still it brings you, too, the information that you are heiress to about a quarter of a million!"

"What!" says Barbara, faintly. And then, "Oh, no! Oh, nonsense! there must be some mistake."

"Well, it sounds like it, at all events. 'Sad occurrence,' h'm—h'm——" reading. "'Co-heiresses. Very considerable fortune.'" He looks to the signature of the letter. "'Hodgson & Fair.' Very respectable firm! My father has had dealings with them. They say your uncle died in Sydney, and has left behind him an immense sum of money. Half a million, in fact, to which you and Joyce are co-heiresses."

"There must be some mistake," repeats Barbara, in a low tone. "It seems too like a fairy tale."

"It does. And yet lawyers like Hodgson & Fair are not likely to be led into a cul-de-sac. If"—he pauses and looks earnestly at his wife—"if it does prove true, Barbara, you will be a very rich woman."

"And you will be rich with me," she says, quickly, in an agitated tone. "But, but——"

"Yes; it does seem difficult to believe," interrupts he, slowly. "What a letter!" His eyes fall on it again, and she, drawing close to him, reads it once more carefully.

"I think there is some truth in it," says she, at last. "It sounds more like being all right, more reasonable, when read a second time."

She steps a little bit away from him and rests her beautiful eyes full on his.

"Have you thought," says she, slowly, "that if there is truth in this story, how much we can do for your father and mother?"

Monkton starts as if stung. For them. To do anything for them. For the two who had so wantonly offended and insulted her during all her married life. Is her first thought to be for them?

"Yes, yes," says she, eagerly. "We shall be able to help them out of all their difficulties. Oh! I didn't say much to you, but their grief, their troubles, have gone to my very heart. I couldn't bear to think of their being obliged to give up their houses, their comforts, and in their old age, too! Now we shall be able to smooth matters for them!"

Monkton had to run across to London about the extraordinary legacy left to his wife and Joyce. But further investigation proved the story true. The money was, indeed, there, and they were the only heirs. From being distinctly poor they rose to the height of a very respectable income, and Monkton being in town, where the old Monktons still were, also was commanded by his wife to go to them and pay off their largest liabilities—debts contracted by the dead son, and to so arrange that they should not be at the necessity of leaving themselves houseless.

The Manchester people who had taken the old place in Warwickshire were now informed that they could not have it beyond the term agreed on, but about this the old people had something to say, too. They would not take back the family place. They had but one son now, and the sooner he went to live there the better. Lady Monkton, completely broken down and melted by Barbara's generosity, went so far as to send her a long letter, telling her it would be the dearest wish of hers and Sir George's hearts that she should preside as mistress over the beautiful old homestead, and that it would give them great happiness to imagine the children—the grandchildren—running riot through the big wainscoted rooms. Barbara was not to wait for her—Lady Monkton's—death to take up her position as head of the house. She was to go to Warwickshire at once, the moment those detestable Manchester people were out of it; and Lady Monkton, if Barbara would be so good as to make her welcome, would like to come to her for three months every year, to see the children, and her son, and her daughter. The last was the crowning touch. For the rest, Barbara was not to hesitate about accepting the Warwickshire place, as Lady Monkton and Sir George were devoted to town life, and never felt quite well when away from smoky London.

This last was true. As a fact, the old people were thoroughly imbued with a desire for the turmoil of city life, and the three months of country Lady Monkton had stipulated for were quite as much as they desired of rustic felicity.

(To be continued.)

BOY'S ESSAY ON POLITENESS.

Delicious Philosophy in Regard to the Treatment of Girls.

Politeness is rather a difficult thing, especially when you are making a start, says a boy, quoted by London Tit-Bits. Many people haven't got it. I don't know why, unless it is the start. It is not polite to fight little boys except they throw stones at you. Then you can run after them and when you've caught them, just do a little bit at them, that's all. Remember that all little boys are simpletons, or they wouldn't do it.

It is not the thing to make fun of a little chap because he is poorer than you. Let him alone if you don't want to play with him, for he is as good as you except the clothes. When you are in school, and a boy throws a bit of bread or anything at you over the desks, it is not polite to put your tongue out at him, or to twiddle your fingers in front of your nose. Just wait till after school, and then warn him what you'll do next time; or, if you find you are bound to hit him, be pretty easy with him.

Some boys are very rude over their meals. Don't keep on eating after you are tightening and you will be far more happier. Never eat quickly, or you might get bones in your throat. My father knows of a boy who got killed over his Sunday dinner. The greedy boy was picking a rabbit's head in a hurry and swallowed one jaw of it; and my father says he was choked to death there and then. Be very polite over your meals, especially when it's rabbits. Since my father told me that I have always felt rather queer over a rabbit dinner.

It is not polite to leave victuals on your plate, especially anything you don't like. If you don't like turnips it is better to eat well into your turnips first, while you are hungry, and you'll eat the meat and potatoes easy enough after.

Boys should always be polite to girls, however vexing they may be. Girls are not so strong as boys, their hair is long and their faces are prettier; so you should be gentle with them. If a girl scratches you on the cheek, or spits in your face, don't punch her and don't tell her mother. That would be mean.

A Brazilian Indian Telephone.

Mr. Jose Bach, in a narrative of his travels among the Indians of the regions of the Amazon, describes in L'Illustration an instrument by means of which these people communicate with each other at a distance.

These natives live in groups of from one hundred to two hundred persons, and in dwellings called "maloccas," which are usually situated at a distance of half a mile or a mile apart.

In each malocca there is an instrument called a "cambarisa," which consists essentially of a sort of wooden drum that is buried for half of its height in sand mixed with fragments of wood, bone and mica, and is closed with a triple diaphragm of leather, wood and India rubber.

When this drum is struck with a wooden mallet, the sound is transmitted to a long distance, and is distinctly heard in the other drums situated in the neighboring maloccas. It is certain that the transmission of the sound takes place through the earth, since the blows struck are scarcely audible outside of the houses in which the instruments are placed.

After the attention of the neighboring maloccas has been attracted by a call blow, a conversation may be carried on between the cambarisas designated.

According to Mr. Bach, the communication is facilitated by the nature of the ground, the drums doubtless resting upon one and the same stratum of rock, since transmission through ordinary alluvial earth could not be depended upon.

"Bend Down Your Heads."

On the west coast of Ireland, near the mouth of the River Shannon, are several large sea caves which open into each other. The visitor seems to be floating through a submarine palace of many halls, whose roofs are either as green as grass in the sun, or blood-red. But the visitor needs a good guide and a good boatman, for the sea is insidious and the labyrinth of caves intricate.

On one occasion, writes Aubrey de Vere, in his "Recollections," soon after a party had entered, the boatman suddenly shouted, "Bend down your heads for your lives!"

No one saw any danger, but the boatman felt the placid water insensibly rising, and knew that the tide had turned. At last the visitors knew this, too; for it was not until the boat had ascended within a few inches of the roof that it began to descend.

"Pull your best," exclaimed the man at the helm; "if the second wave reaches us we are lost." But before the second wave reached the cave the boat had issued from its mouth.

No Wonder.

The reprehensible practice of kissing babies, and thereby subjecting them to danger of contagion as well as to discomfort and annoyance, is so hard to suppress that one cannot greatly marvel at the means of combating the practice which a certain father is reported to have adopted.

"Why, I should like to know," a friend asked this prudent father, "have you taught your baby to eat onions?"

"It keeps people from kissing him," answered the father.—Youth's Companion.

The stars are scattered the most thickly in and along that luminous stretch of the night sky known as the milky way, and are the fewest in the regions farthest from the milky way, on either side. Even in the milky way the distinction of the stars is very irregular. Photographs of the milky way convey the impression that it is cloud-like in its formation, consisting of banks or sheets of star clouds, among which are to be seen here and there dark lanes.

The icebergs of the two hemispheres are entirely different in shape. The arctic icebergs are irregular in form, with lofty pinnacles and glittering domes, while the antarctic bergs are flat-topped and solid looking.

New South Wales has spent $12,000,000 for harbors in forty years, exclusive of the cost of the port of Sydney, and will spend $1,500,000 for the same purpose this year.

AT PEACE WITH SPAIN

WAR ENDED BY THE EXCHANGE OF TREATIES.

President McKinley Proclaims Hostilities Are Closed—Formal Ceremony at Washington—French Ambassador Acts for Our Recent Enemy.

	1898.
Maine blown up	Feb. 15
United States declare war	April 21
Spain declares war	April 24
First battle (of Matanzas)	April 27
Dewey destroys Spanish fleet	May 1
Cervera's fleet destroyed	July 3
Santiago surrenders	July 14
Peace protocol signed	Aug. 11
Treaty of peace signed	Dec. 10
	1899.
Ratifications exchanged	April 11

The formal exchange of ratifications of the peace treaty took place at the White House Tuesday afternoon, Ambassador Cambon of France acting for Spain. This formal recognition that the war is ended and that the United States and Spain are again on terms of peace, occurred just one year from the day when President McKinley recognized that diplomatic consideration of the Cuban question had failed and that war was inevitable.

It was on April 11, 1898, that President McKinley sent his war message to Congress, saying that he had exhausted diplomatic efforts and asking Congress to clothe him with the war power. War was not declared until April 21, but the end of peaceful relations between the United States and Spain was on April 11, 1898, and the return to a recognition of peaceful relations occurred on the first anniversary of that day, making the break between the two nations just one year.

At 3:28 o'clock Secretary Hay attached his signature to the Spanish copy of the treaty and M. Cambon his to the copy for the United States. The official seals were affixed at 3:35 o'clock, completing the ceremony. The President's proclamation announcing the exchange of ratifications, omitting the text of the treaty, which is quoted in full, is as follows:

Whereas, A treaty of peace between the United States of America and her majesty the Queen Regent of Spain, in the name of her august son, Don Alfonso XIII., was concluded and signed by the respective plenipotentiaries at Paris on the 10th day of December, 1898, the original of which convention, being in the English and Spanish languages, is word for word as follows: * * *

"Whereas, The said convention has been duly ratified on both parts, and the ratification of the two governments were exchanged in the city of Washington on the eleventh day of April, one thousand eight hundred and ninety-nine. Now, therefore, be it known that

I, William McKinley, President of the United States of America, have caused the said convention to be made public, to the end that the same and every article and clause thereof may be observed and fulfilled with good faith by the United States and the citizens thereof.

In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed. Done at the city of Washington the eleventh day of April, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and ninety-nine, and the independence of the United States the one hundred and twenty-