CHAPTER XIII.

Two years have dragged their slow length away. Two years! I have but brief records of them here and there—so brief and so far between that it seems to me they must have been very unprolific of events.

I have had two seasons in London, and a winter in the South of France. I know that the boys are flourishing, and that Moorlands is still our own; that Darby is my shadow as of yore, a sweeter, gentler and more tender shadow than even in her childish days. I know, too, that my husband is devotion itself to us both; that every good and beautiful gift of life is showered upon me, and that Joan, Lady Ferrers, is a personage of no small dignity and importance in the county.

It is night, and late night too. Monk's Hall has been gay with guests and festivities, but they have all departed now. It is the first night of the new year, and I have been sitting alone in my dressing room, gazing into the fire—alone, yet not alone, for a host of memories peopled my solitude and gazed at me from out the flickering flames. As I so looked back and thought, a knock came at the door, and, in answer to my "Come in!" a pretty girl figure advanced and dropped into the chair beside my own.

"I thought you would not mind," she says, apologetically; "and it is my last night."

She is very pretty, and she is the only girl I have ever called friend, though many bestow that name on me. She is no other, in fact, than that same Nettie Croft of whom I was once so jealous. She has been staying with us for this Christmas week, but to-morrow she has to go home—to a very dreary home, poor girl! with the soured, embittered old woman who is her only living relative, and whose tongue and temper are proverbs in the neighborhood.

"I am glad you have come," I said, cheerfully; "I thought you would."

"I am sorry to go home," she said, with a plaintive accent in her rich young voice; "so very, very sorry. I think you spoil me, Joan; every time I come it is harder to go away. But are you tired—you look so pale to-night!"

"Not more tired than usual," I answered; "this has been a very fatiguing week."

"I envy you," she said suddenly; "oh, I envy you! What would you do if you had the empty days, the dreary round of commonplace events, the wretched beaten track to tread that I have?"

"You will have other chances," I said. "You are young yet. I—I think it is a mistake to marry young."

"I shall never marry at all," she said, paling to the hue of her white wrapper. "I—I put that idea aside long ago."

"You mean," I said, looking gravely at the sad young face, "that you have cared for some one too well—to forget."

"Yes," she said, very low and with a pained, drawn look of the pretty brows; "I suppose most girls have had an experience of that sort before they are twenty. I can't help it if mine has taken a deeper root than most. You don't mind my speaking to you?—it is a relief at last."

"Mind?—no. The experience of one season, was it not? And you think it will last?"

"It will last," she said solemnly, "all my life."

The fire flames died down for a moment. I think I was glad of the sudden gloom. I bent a little nearer to the flames, a shiver esemed to chill my veins.

"Did he—did he love you?" I asked.

"He made me believe so," she answered, the faint color springing into her face. "And then he forgot."

"Suppose he returns?"

"He will never return to me," she said, the slow tears rising to her eyes; "even if he did——"

"I know," I said, in that broken pause, "it is never the same thing. One may join the thread, but there is always the knot to mar it."

She looked at me quickly.

"You have not escaped either," she said tenderly. "I—I feared it. But it is over, is it not?"

"Oh, yes!" I answered. "It was over long, long ago."

"I wish I could say the same," she said brokenly. "It is so hard—so terribly hard to bear. Sometimes I think, if we meet again suddenly, face to face, without warning, or preparation, I—I should betray myself. That"—with a sudden shudder—"that would be terrible. I should die of shame."

"You think he does not love you, then?"

"I am sure of it." She covered her face with her hands, and for a moment we were both silent.

Then she rose slowly to her feet, and leaned her arm on the mantelshelf, and bent her head down on it.

"It is Yorke Ferrers you love," she said in a low, hard voice, "Yorke Ferrers. And you are his uncle's wife."

"It is a complication, is it not?" I said bitterly. "But you should have put it in the past tense. It was Yorke Ferrers I—loved. That was two years ago. Ah," with a sudden outburst of unreasoning passion, "why did you speak of it? Why recall the dead? It is over-buried—crushed out—stamped out!"

"Where is he?" she interposed calmly.

"I do not know. I have not seen him for two years. He—he went abroad."

"And when he returns?"

"He will not return here. He—he dare not."

She raised her white face and looked at me in a strange, dazed way.

"Yorke Ferrers dares anything," she said. "He will return."

CHAPTER XIV.

The next morning while I was sitting in the morning room listening to Darby playing on the piano the door opened and my husband entered. He came straight over to me where I sat by the bright wood fire. I noticed he had some letters in his hand.

"Go on, child," he said, as Darby stopped and moved round.

She turned and resumed her playing, only keeping it soft and subdued, so as not to drown his voice.

"Joan, my dear," he said, "you remember the new housekeeper is coming today?"

"Yes," I answered; "the woman you engaged in London."

"Woman! She thinks herself quite a lady," he said, laughing. "She is a very dignified and imposing personage indeed. But I thought I would remind you, for you must see her when she comes. I suppose her rooms are ready?"

"Oh, yes," I answered; "I saw about them this morning. I am so sorry to lose Mrs. Birket. She was such a dear old thing."

"But she is really too old for so responsible a post," said Sir Ralph. "I thought it best to pension her off, poor old body! You see, my dear, you are so young, and we are away so often, that it is necessary to have some one trustworthy and capable to look after the place and the servants."

"I took Nettie safe home," he went on presently. "Poor little thing! I wish she were happier. She is such a sweet, good girl. I have always been fond of Nettie. I used to think at one time that she and Yorke would make a match. He seemed very fond of her."

"Yes," I said quietly.

"By-the-by, I have had a letter from him at last; he is tired of roving—he is coming home."

"Home!" I cried sharply; "do you mean here?"

I had the letter in my hands. I was looking at the superscription. How well I had known that writing once! How my heart used to beat at sight of it. Even now a faint tremor shook me as I held it.

This was the letter:

"San Francisco, Dec. 187—

"My Dear Uncle—

"I am sick of roving. I have been to silver mines, and lead mines, and oil pits, and across deserts, and mountains, and rivers, and seas, until I am yearning for a breath of the old pine woods, and a look at the old house. You may expect me back almost on the heels of my letter. Compliments to my aunt. I trust she can give me a corner at the Hall for a little while, till I can look about and see what I had best do. I am afraid the Bar was a failure. I couldn't stand the dryness and the doubtful honesty of legal complications. But I suppose there are other things. However, we will talk that over when we meet. Kind regards to all.

"Your affectionate nephew,

"YORKE."

"He has got over it," I said to myself, as I folded the letter, and replaced it in its envelope. "He would not call me aunt, or wish to come back here, if he had not. Oh, I am glad—I am very, very glad!"

A weight seemed lifted off my heart. I looked up at Sir Ralph, cool and unembarrassed.

"Of course he must have his old room," I said. "I had better give orders for it. He may return at any moment."

"Thank you, dear," Sir Ralph said heartily. "I am glad you don't mind. I—I was a little afraid you might not like it. I don't think Yorke behaved very politely that time we met him at Salzburg—going off in that abrupt manner, and throwing up his profession and starting off to America. He was always a strange boy. I do hope he has quieted down a little."

"I have no doubt he has," I said calmly.

CHAPTER XV.

A few moments later and the door opened to admit the "lady in reduced circumstances," as Sir Ralph had described the new housekeeper. As I looked up with some curiosity, I saw a dark face somewhat rich in the coloring of cheek and lip—a tall and very beautiful figure, and surmounting the whole, a head of snow-white hair. So white and silky and beautiful was it, that the dainty lace cap seemed almost an affront to its beauty, and yet it seemed to me the face looked too young for its framework. The fire so darkly glowing in the heavy-lidded eyes was altogether out of keeping with such signs of age. A strange-looking woman; but, after all, her looks didn't signify much, and her manners were irreproachable. I told her of her duties, and she expressed herself quite satisfied with her rooms and the arrangements.

"I don't think I shall like her," was my reflection as I sat gazing down on a blank sheet of paper—blank, save for the "Dearest Nettie,' that I had scrawled in my untidy handwriting. "I suppose she is a lady; she has the manners and appearance of one. But she gives me the impression of something covert—underhand—watchful. Her eyes look too young for her face, and her voice seems forced into those low, even tones."

Then I dashed into my letter.

"Dearest Nettie:

"I have some news that will surprise you. Yorke Ferrers is coming here. He may arrive to-day—to-morrow—next week. I cannot say decidedly when. Tell me if you will come over and dine and sleep here, the day after to-morrow.

"Yours, JOAN."

I sealed it up and addressed it, then left it on the table till the letters should be collected for the post-bag. This done, I turned once more to my favorite chair by the fire. The flames leaped merrily up; the dark, glowing colors in and about the room stood out in rich relief.

"It all looks very comfortable," I said to myself. "I wonder Darby has not come. It must be nearly time for tea."

I leaned forward towards the flowers, and smothered a little yawn. Just then I heard the door behind me softly open.

"Is that you, child?" I said lazily. "Where have you been all this time?"

The flames died down and left the room in sudden darkness. Wondering at the silence, I looked round. A figure stood there outlined against the pale light from the windows, and the faint glow of the wavering fire.

For a second my heart stood still. I did not rise. I felt as if turned to stone. Then suddenly the light leaped up, and the figure came forward from the shadows, and the deep tones of a remembered voice spoke to me:

"I fear I startled you. I told them not to announce me. I have come sooner than I expected."

I rose then. The calm, measured tones, the absence of any formal greeting, nerved me to play my own part. We clasped hands, coolly and conventionally, as friends might have done. But platitudes did not come easily yet.

"We—we expected you," I said, "but not so soon. Your letter only arrived this morning."

"Did it?" he said in the same quiet, even tones. "I hope I have not put you to inconvenience. How are you all?" looking round the room, bright now with treacherous glow from the flaming logs. "How is my uncle—and Darby? You took me for her, did you not?"

"Yes, for a moment. We always have tea here together about this time. I will ring for it," I added mechanically.

"Do," he said. "It will be like the old days in the school room. Poor old days! How far back they look now!"

The lights were brought, and the tea, and with their entrance came Darby, flitting, pure and spirit-like, into the room, pausing as if some prescience warned her of an intruder on its dear loved solitude.

"Who is there?" she asked quickly. "Yorke?"

I led her up, and placed her hand in his.

"She at least is not changed," I said as our eyes met.

"Except to look more like an angel," he said very softly, and his lips touched her brow.

A great peace and calm seemed to settle upon us with the child's presence. She took off the restraint and hardness that we had both betrayed. I looked at Yorke's changed face with a sense of wonder, for it was changed, and something seemed to tell me not for the better.

And I, looking at him, felt that I had changed too. A sort of numbness was upon my heart. It thrilled no longer with the old vivid joys, and hopes, and fears. It beat on quiescent, and at peace. I could not have gone back now to the old foolish times, or stretched out quick arms, crying: "Come back! Oh, fill my life again!" for, suddenly, without warning, or reason, or preparation of any sort, a truth shot home to me, barbed and sharp, but wholesome in its pain—a feeling that he never had filled it; that I had only dreamt he did.

In the unuttered consolation of that thought, I grew at ease with him. When last we had parted, there had been a lover's plea in eyes and voice; but now, by might of two cold, barren years, it was changed and silenced.

I looked life and its necessities in the face from a calmer standpoint, and he—I almost thought he must have forgotten altogether. His composure accomplished my own. Not one trace was there in voice or look of the old love, or the old sorrow. We had fought the battle in our respective ways; we met, and claimed victory.

When I went to my room that evening to dress for dinner, I said gladly, wonderingly:

"He is cured, and I—I have conquered. Heaven has been kinder to me than I deserved!"

(To be continued.)

LEARNED BUT CAN'T READ.

A Brockton Woman Educated by Listening.

The wonderful development of certain faculties in the cases of persons who have lost the use of some of their natural functions, or of others whose faculties have not been fully developed, has long been a matter of remark, but it is not alone the outside observers who appreciate the provisions of nature for the benefit of the unfortunates. The sufferers themselves often appreciate this fully, says the New York Sun, and in some instances, after years, grow to depend so much upon their acquired faculties as to be afraid of a change, even if they have the chance of one.

An illustration of this is given by a woman in Brooklyn who never has learned to read or write. In no way could one discover this except by her own admission, or by putting her to a direct test, for she is one of the best educated women in the country, conversant with languages, art, literature and all the current topics of the day. She is rich, too, and could afford all the services of the best teachers if she but chose to learn to read, but she refuses to do so.

When this woman was a child her parents lived far from schools, so she had no chance then to read or write. As a mere child she began to earn her own living, and again the chance for schooling slipped away. Then she married and the care of a family took up her time. By time the babies were off her hands her husband had grown rich, and then she began her real education, and now, as a widow, she continues it. Her companions read to her about all the topics which interest her. Years of such work have stored her mind with a rich treasure of knowledge, and there is not a page of a book that has been read to her that she is not familiar with; her stores of knowledge are at her instant command. Why will she not learn to read? Because, she says, she fears that this wonderful memory, which is now such a treasure-house to her, might be impaired if she were to do anything to weaken the demands upon it.

What such a memory can do is well illustrated in the case of a tailor of this city who cannot read or write. He is probably the most widely known man in his business here, as for many years he has done business with New York's firemen and policemen. Almost every man of these two bodies has dealings with this tailor, and each month between the first and the tenth days he visits every station house and engine and truck house in this city to collect his dues. He has acquired considerable wealth, and it is said of him that in all the years he has dealt with the firemen and policemen he never was known to make a mistake of a cent in any man's account, although all his records of transactions have been kept in his head.

Men Who Go to Siberia.

There is a popular idea that the wastes of Siberia are peopled with men who have been unjustly exiled from Russia, and that the criminal is really as difficult to find as the traditional needle in the bunch of hay. Facts, however, do not substantiate this theory any more than they do the large majority of popular impressions.

A great sensation was created two or three years ago, by the finding of seven Russian exiles or prisoners who had made their escape from Siberia. They were in an open boat in the Pacific, and were taken to San Francisco, where they became the objects of popular commiseration, as well as the text for the denouncing of the Russian methods of dealing with political offenders.

The Californians, ever ready with sympathy, gave them clothes and found them work to do. It now appears that, during the interval that has elapsed between their arrival in San Francisco and now, they have every one been punished by the law of the land. The last of the party has just been sentenced to twenty years' imprisonment for burglary, while one of his comrades only a short time back was hanged for two murders which he had committed.

Investigations which have been made show that every one of these men had been sent to Siberia for reasons which would have earned him a corresponding period of exile from the haunts of his fellowmen, if not absolute deportation from the country, in any other part of the world.—Tid-Bits.

Eighty years ago Spain's territory in the new world amounted to 5,000,000 square miles. Of this empire Cuba and Porto Rico are the only remnants, 50,000 square miles.

THE LAST OF HIS REGIMENT.

His face is bronzed by summer's suns,
His locks are white as winter's snows.
His form is bent, his eye is dim,
For war and age have left their woes.

Yet bravely steps the veteran,
And proudly beats the old, worn drum.
To him no music half so sweet
In days gone by or days to come.

No comrades march with him to-day
Along the narrow village streets,
The last of all his regiment,
No soldier face his vision greets.

In trenches rude their bodies lie.
And glitt'ring stars lone vigils keep.
No more the bugle call to arms
Shall rouse them from their dreamless sleep.

From Appomattox to the Gulf,
The Mississippi to the main,
'Neath Southern skies, in alien soil,
They rest in long surcease from pain.

The rough, gray stone with legends brief
Reveals their home beneath the sod;
And some, perchance, lie with the dead
Unknown to man, but known to God.

To others happier fate awards
Repose beneath their native clime;
And now the mounds above their dust
Take on the green of glad springtime.

By loving eyes their graves are watched,
And loving hands fond off'rings bring
Of roses, lilies, violets,
No fairer flowers deck bier of King.

But while no comrades keep him step,
The veteran treads not alone
The way that to God's acre leads
Past fruitful fields with daisies strewn.

A lad of soldier ancestry
Strides by his side—a drummer true—
And troops of happy children bear
Their tribute to the Boys in Blue.

With heads uncovered, bended low,
They pay the meed to valor due.
The simple prayer, the glist'ning tear
Proclaim their faith and love anew.

The last of all his regiment,
All honor to this passing type.
The last of that Grand Army host
For Death's grim harvest soon shall ripe.

DECORATION DAY.

A Story for the Little Ones.

ONE bright Sunday morning in April, many years ago, the telegraph wires could be heard repeating the same things all over the land. "Tic, tic; tic-tic; t-i-c, tic, tictic; tic, t-i-c, tic; t-i-c; tic, t-i-c; t-i-c, t-i-c, tic," they called out, and the drowsy telegraph operators sat up in their chairs as if startled by the words the wires were saying. Any looker on could have seen that something dreadful was being told by the wires. Even the bravest among the operators trembled.

Then came the rapid writing out of the fearful words that the slender wires had uttered, the hurrying to and fro, and messenger boys were seen flying to the great newspaper offices and the homes of the mayors of the cities, and to the churches where the people were already beginning to assemble. For the deep-toned Sabbath church bells high up in the steeples had been ringing out their welcome to all, even the strangers in their midst. "Bim, baum, bim," they sang, which everybody knew meant, "Come to church, dear people. Come, come, come." And the people strolled leisurely along toward the churches. So one family after another filed into their pews, while the organist played such soft, sweet music that everybody felt soothed and quieted by it.

In many of the churches the prayer was over, the morning hymn had been sung, when a stir and bustle at the door might have been noticed, as the messenger boys, excited and out of breath, handed their yellow envelopes to the ushers. First one and then another read the message, and from some of them escaped in a hushed whisper the words, "Oh, God! Has it come to this?"

And all looked white and awe-struck. The head usher hurried tremblingly down the aisle, and, without waiting for the clergyman to finish reading the announcement of the week, laid the telegram upon the pulpit desk.

The clergyman, somewhat surprised, glanced at the paper, stopped, gasped, holding on to the desk, as if he had been struck a blow by some unseen hand. The congregation knew that something terrible had happened, and their hearts seemed to stop beating as they leaned forward to catch his words.

"My people," said he, in a slow, deliberate tone, as if it were an effort to steady his voice, "I hold in my hand a message from the President of the United States." Then his eyes dropped to the paper which he still held, and now his voice rang out clear and loud as he read, "Our flag has been fired upon. Seventy-five thousand troops wanted at once. Abraham Lincoln."

During the next two weeks men came home, hurried and excited, to hunt up law papers, or to straighten out deeds, saying in constrained tones to the pale-faced women, "I will try to leave all business matters straight before I go." There were solemn consultations between husbands and wives, which usually ended in the father's going out, stern faced and silent, and the mother, dry-eyed, but with quivering lips, seeking her own room, with eyes that showed she had been weeping. There were gatherings in the town halls and in the churches and school houses all over the land. The newspapers were read hurriedly and anxiously.

And when little Robert looked up earnestly into his grandmamma's face and asked, "Why does mamma not eat her breakfast?" grandmamma replied, "Your papa is going away, my dear—papa is going to the war, and may never come back to us. But you and I must be brave about it, and help him get ready." And if Robert answered, "Why is he going to the war? Why does he not stay at home with us? Doesn't he love us any more?" then mamma would draw her boy to her and, putting her arms around him, and looking into his eyes she would say, "Yes, my darling, he loves us, but he must go. Our country needs him, and you and I must be proud that he is ready to do his duty." Then Robert would go to his play, wondering what it all meant, just as you would have wondered if you had been there.

Then came the terrible, terrible battles, more awful than anything you ever dreamed of. Men were shot down by thousands, and many who did not lose their lives had a leg shot off, or an arm so crushed that it had to be cut off. Still they bravely struggled on. It was for their beloved country they were fighting and for it they must be willing to suffer, or to die. Then the men who had not been killed or who had not died of their sufferings came marching home again, many, alas, on crutches, and many who

"YOUR PAPA IS GOING AWAY, DEAR."

knew that they were disabled for life. But they had saved their country. And that was reward enough for heroic hearts. Though many a widow turned her sad face away when the crowd welcomed the returning soldiers, for she knew that her loved one was not with them, and many little children learned in time that their dear fathers would never return to them.

Then by and by the people said: "Our children must grow up loving and honoring the heroic men who gave their lives for their country." So in villages and towns, and cities, monuments were built in honor of the men who died fighting for their country. And one day each year was set apart to keep fresh and green the memory of the brave soldiers, and it has been named "Decoration Day," because on this day all the children, all over the land, are permitted to go to the graves of the dead soldiers and place flowers upon them.

Birth of the Day.

It comes to us of to-day like a strange, tragic dream, this memory of a war of more than three decades ago, when the sound of shot and shell rent the silence and peace of the beautiful summer days, and there was a vacant chair in the home of every patriot in the land. Then the soldiers were divided into two factions, the boys in blue and the boys in gray. Now they are united in one band—those that are left—and they are all boys in gray. Time has given them their uniform.

The blue was mingled with the skies,
And we were boys in gray.

Southern women gave to our country its first Memorial Day—the women of Alabama, who paid tribute to their soldier dead on April 26, 1866.

The first formal services in commemoration of the soldiers who gave their lives for the Union was on May 5, 1868, by order of Gen. John A. Logan, who was at that time commander-in-chief of the Grand Army of the Republic.

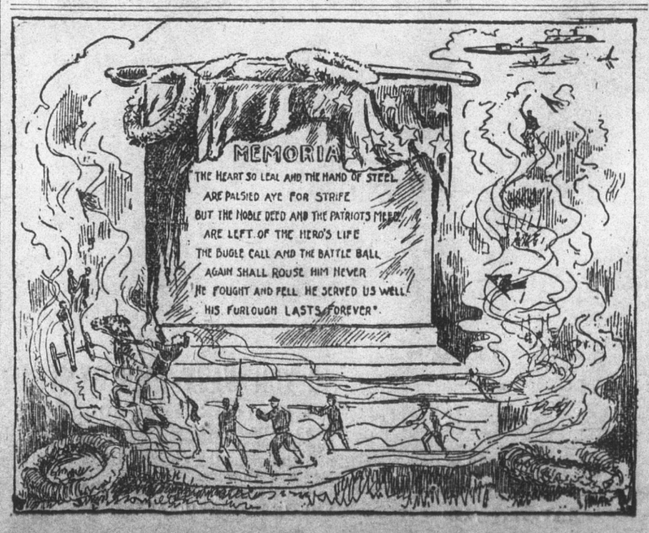
The first State to take legislative action on Memorial Day was New Jersey, and New York was the first State to make it a legal holiday. Congress adjourned as a mark of respect to the memory of the men who had died fighting their country's battles.

On the first occasion when the order was general for an observance of the day, which was that proclaimed by Gen. Logan, there was a great display of soldiery, and most pathetic scenes were witnessed, for the scars of war were yet fresh. At Arlington, where 15,000 soldiers reposed, Gen. Garfield—afterwards President of the republic—made an oration that melted all who heard it to tears. It was not only a magnificent tribute to the dead, but a classic and valorous lesson of encouragement to the living. It was on that occasion that he uttered this grand peroration:

"If silence is ever golden, it must be here beside the graves of 15,000 men, whose lives were more significant than speech, and whose death was a poem the music of which can never be sung."

Men in Gray Predominate.

"It has often been said of the veteran soldiers, when they have appeared on parade, as upon Decoration Day," said an observer, "why, how many young men there are among them! but that cannot be said many years longer. There are still to be seen in the ranks numbers of men comparatively young in appearance, but I was struck on last Decoration Day by the number who have now grown gray."



NATIONAL SOLONS.

REVIEW OF THEIR WORK AT WASHINGTON.

Detailed Proceedings of Senate and House—Bills Passed or Introduced in Either Branch—Questions of Moment to the Country at Large.

The Legislative Grind.

Another stirring debate on Cuba occurred in the Senate Wednesday. The main speeches of the day were made by Senators Foraker, Cannon, Lindsay and Hoar. Mr. Foraker spoke in favor of a reference of the resolution to the committee, but on the general question declared his purpose of supporting the resolution recognizing Cuban belligerency when it should be reported by the committee. Mr. Cannon was bitter in his denunciation of Spanish atrocity. Mr. Lindsay declared if the information furnished by United States consuls was so shocking as to subject them to danger of assassination if their names were disclosed it was time to send warships to Cuba and to terminate all diplomatic relations with that country. It was developed in the course of a colloquy between Senators Foraker, Morgan and Vest that the State Department had withheld the names of United States consuls reporting on the serious condition of affairs in Cuba because it might lead to their murder. No action on the resolution was taken.

The Senate Thursday passed the Morgan-Cuban-belligerency resolutions, by a vote of 41 to 14, after a most exciting debate in which Messrs. Mason, Morgan, Gallinger, Hall, Fairbanks and Hoar participated. In the House the resolution appropriating $50,000 for relief of destitute American citizens in Cuba passed without a dissenting vote. An attempt to incorporate the Morgan resolution failed, but the debate was sharp and exciting. Both houses adjourned until Monday.

Representative McMillin Monday introduced in the House a resolution providing for the consideration of a Senate resolution recognizing the belligerency of the Cuban insurgents "from day to day until disposed of." The resolution was referred to the Committee on Rules. The resolution appropriating $50,000 for the relief of distressed American citizens in Cuba reached the White House at 12:20 o'clock, just as soon as it could be sent up after being signed by both houses, while they were in open session. The President signed the resolution immediately. The conferees on the sundry civil appropriation bill have agreed. The most important amendment to the bill was that revoking the order of President Cleveland of Feb. 22, 1897, setting apart 21,000,000 acres of lands as forest reservations. The appropriation for Pearl harbor, Hawaii, is reduced to $10,000. The Senate amendment for improving Salmon bay, Washington, is stricken out. The appropriation for a Government exhibit at the Omaha exposition is left at $200,000, the $75,000 increase of the Senate being stricken out. The amendment for investigation of sugar production remains in the bill. The appropriation for the improvement of the lower Mississippi River is increased to $2,933,333. The net reduction from the Senate amendments is $500,000. The Mobile bay improvement is made $25,000, instead of $40,000 inserted by the Senate. The total of the bill as agreed to is $53,622,651.

The debate on the tariff bill began in the Senate Tuesday with crowded galleries and a large attendance of Senators and the tariff leaders of the House. Mr. Aldrich, Mr. Vest and Mr. Cannon were the speakers. Early in the day Mr. Mallory, the new Senator from Florida, was sworn in and took his seat. Senator Cullom introduced by request a bill to amend the interstate commerce law. The bill prescribes relations for pooling, requiring that pooling contracts shall not extend beyond five years and that they shall name the maximum and minimum rates to be charged, requiring the approval of the interstate commerce commission before the agreements can become effective. The bill provides for a complete revision of the interstate commerce law. The House was not in session.

CURRENT COMMENT

Greece is stronger in history than anything else.—Syracuse Standard.

Why not place a heavy tariff duty on pink teas?—Chicago Times-Herald.

Maid of Athens, ere we part, hit the Turk below the heart.—Chicago Times-Herald.

The Senate committee having taken the hide off the Dingley bill has evened things up by putting hides on.—Portland Eastern Argus.

Mayor Harrison is modifying Chicago's civil service regulations. The modification is executed with an ax.—Washington Post.

The railroads which have been forced to accept bicycles as baggage are getting even by treating them like baggage.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Chicago prides itself on its originality. For instance, who ever heard before of the best club in the League being at the tail end?—Chicago Record.

It is something of a pity that the originators of Arbor Day didn't have the plain American common sense to call it Tree Day.—Providence Journal.

At last we have caught the Chinese napping. They haven't yet claimed that they used the airship 2,000 years ago.—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

Mr. Langtry announces that he treats an American divorce with contempt. So do a great many other people, but it holds just the same.—Baltimore American.

The sudden closing up of the Greco-Turkish war was hardly courteous to Gen. Miles, who was on his way to give the combatants some points.—Buffalo Commercial.

It is to be hoped that the prospective increase of the tax on beer will not result in any such rush to load up as has been seen in other directions.—Houston Daily Post.

It is easy to explain why we haven't had a rainbow for a long time. The milliners haven't left any color for the heavenly arches to come out with.—Chicago Journal.

If Turkey can extract a war indemnity from Greece it will be a greater feat than Herrmann's trick of taking gold pieces out of hard-boiled eggs.—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

It is said to have cost Kentucky $100,000 to elect Deboe to the Senate, and perhaps after all he would have been willing to take the office for half the money.—San Francisco Call.

Since the wrecking of that Chicago bank and the calling of an extra session of the New Jersey Legislature there is no telling just what the typewriters will do next.—New York Journal.