

RUSH TO THE YUKON.

EASTERN EXODUS NOW WELL UNDER WAY.

Half a Dozen Steamships Are Out from New York City, Hurling South-Going Around the Horn—Kansas Murderers Sentenced for Life.

Going to the Eldorado. At least half a dozen steamships are now on the way from New York to the Yukon carrying gold seekers. A small fleet of sailing vessels has the same destination and the same class of passengers. Among the steamers well known in these waters now making long voyages around Cape Horn are the Cortez, the El Comodoro, formerly of the Maine Steamship line, which were purchased by Senator Perkins of California and associates, to form part of the fleet that the transportation company in which he is interested will operate between San Francisco or Seattle and St. Michael's. The steamer Morgan City has been fitted in the Erie basin for a trip to Alaska and the Gloucester fishing schooner Nellie G. Thurston, while left New York in December, is now—or should be—in the South Pacific. She has fifty passengers. The brigantine Harriet G. and the Klonkie vessel, is on her way around the Horn with about fifty gold seekers. The steamer City of Columbia, which left New York on Dec. 17, has fifty voyagers, including twenty-five women. The steamer Bixham departed for Seattle a few days ago. She carried no passengers, but has accommodations for 250 who will join the vessel at Seattle. The vessels still in port fitting for the trip to Alaska include the bark Agate, with staterooms for 120 passengers, the steamer South Portland and the little pilot boat Actea. The latter will take a party of ten, including three venturous women, who declare they prefer the little pilot boat to the largest steamer.

PROVES A FALSE FRIEND.

Missouri Farmer Loses His Wife Through the Man He Trusted.

Up to a few days ago Richard Conway and Nicholas Willard were intimates in the Gasconade County Jail at Hermann, Mo. They liked each other and unfolded little schemes and confidences to each other frequently. Willard especially liked to talk, and his principal topic of conversation was his wife. Conway accepted a cordial invitation to visit the Willard farmhouse when the owner should have served his time. Conway was released ten days ago. Willard became a free man a week later. His release came in the form of a pardon based on information of a wife's infidelity and a friend's treachery. Conway had visited the Willard home as soon as he was released and had found Mrs. Willard all that her fond husband had said. He prevailed upon her to go with him. They left three small children, not the woman's, in the house without protection.

IMPRISONMENT FOR LIFE.

Dobbs and Mrs. New Sentenced for Murdering Latta's Husband.

George H. Dobbs and Mrs. Amelia New, recently convicted at Eureka, Kan., of the murder of Mrs. New's husband, have been sentenced to life imprisonment. When arraigned, Dobbs stoutly protested his innocence. Mrs. New made no statement. At the conclusion of the trial and while the jury was deliberating upon the case she broke down and acknowledged the murder of her husband by herself and Dobbs. Later she denied this alleged confession. Joseph New was mysteriously murdered last October. A few days later Dobbs went to live with Mrs. New.

To Break Sausser Will.

The trial to break the will of Sausser of Hamblin, Mo., who died and left his fortune, about \$150,000, to the Westminster Presbyterian College of Fulton, Mo., has begun in the court of common pleas. The deceased had no children, and provided for his wife with an annuity of \$2,500. William H. Marquis, president of the college, was named administrator. The only relatives who survive the deceased are Eugene Riggins and Mrs. Isabella Thornton of Los Angeles, Cal., children of a half-brother. They brought the present suit against the trustees of the Westminster College for the purpose of breaking the will.

Thrown Into Icy Rapids.

Two men assaulted Health Inspector Charles J. Leverenz at Tonawanda, N. Y., beat him with sledge hammers and threw him over a parapet into the rapids of Tonawanda creek. The water was full of churning ice floes and Leverenz was terribly bruised and cut, but he managed to lay hold of the anchor chains of a schooner below the rapids and was rescued.

Canada Loses Her Trade.

Strong pressure is being brought to bear upon the Canadian Government to close the Dyea and Skagway routes to American goods. The regulations enacted by the United States Government on Canadian goods going through the disputed territory is killing Canadian trade, and the coast towns of Victoria and Vancouver are suffering.

McComas Is Elected.

At Annapolis, Md., Louis E. McComas was elected United States Senator, to succeed Arthur P. Gorman, the tenth ballot.

To Make Silk in America.

Duplan & Co., silk manufacturers of Lyons, France, propose to establish a branch plant at South Bethlehem, Pa.

Poker Players Expelled.

Poker playing has got several theological students into trouble. President Jeffers of the Western Presbyterian Theological Seminary at Pittsburg has expelled three students, suspended seven for a definite period and censured several others for this pernicious practice.

National Bank of Paola Suspends.

The National Bank of Paola, Kan., suspended business. No statement of assets or liabilities is made, but it is stated that the deposits, which are small, will be paid in full.

Fire at Kansasburg, Cal.

Fire broke out in a vacant building in Kansasburg, Cal., and spread so rapidly that more than thirty structures were consumed within one hour. Everything was swept clean on both sides of Rand street. This included the postoffice and some of the largest stores in the camp.

Fishermen in Peril.

One hundred fishermen's huts on the ice in Lake Erie, off Put-In-Bay, were swept away in the late gale. Two hundred men, women and children narrowly escaped drowning by the breaking up and carrying them out into the lake and by the huts catching fire.

BIG GRIST OF BILLS.

OVER EIGHT THOUSAND AWAIT CONGRESSIONAL ACTION.

The Outlook for Hawaiian and Cuban Legislation—Talk About Bankruptcy Measure—General Appropriation Bills to Be Closely Scaled.

Now Hard at Work. Washington correspondence.

CONGRESS is now well down to its work, and the process of grinding out bills is in operation. Over 5,488 bills and 107 joint resolutions have been referred to the House committees, and 2,018 bills and 77 joint resolutions to Senate committees. The calendars are hoppers into which the grist of the committees is thrown. From the top of the great appropriation bills over to the Senate. These carry \$102,000,000. Eleven others are to follow. These appropriation bills are the essential of legislation. Without them the Government is idle. When the differences between the two Houses have been settled by conference committees, and they have passed both houses and received the signature of the President, Congress will be ready to adjourn.

It is evidently the intention of the leaders in the House to scale the general appropriation bills. One of the bills is to force an adjournment at an early date. Under the rules other bills carrying appropriations can be buried without allowing them to come before the House. An appropriation bill is a privileged measure, and it is frequently used to shut off legislation. One of the bills is to force the right of way at all times, except when confronted by a contested election case or by a special order from the Committee on Rules. An appropriation bill can switch a contested election case from the calendar at any time by a vote of the House, but it requires unanimous consent to set aside a bill pending after it has once been sanctioned by the House.

Barring this in mind, the question of the annexation of Hawaii becomes interesting. If the Senate fails to ratify the treaty by a two-thirds vote, a bill providing for its annexation will undoubtedly be introduced. If the leaders of the House are opposed to such a bill they can easily prevent its consideration by the House. It may be buried in the Committee on Foreign Affairs; and if reported from that committee, there is no way in which the House can consider it, except by special order from the Committee on Rules.

The Cuban question is in a similar situation. The House is held up by an application of its own rules. If three-quarters of the members favor the recognition of Cuba, they would have no opportunity to vote for it. The Senate resolution is still buried in the House Committee on Foreign Affairs. If this committee should report it favorably to the House it is in the condition of Lord Lovell's wife, who jumped into a box that closed with a spring. It could not come up for consideration without the usual special order. Once on the calendar, it might be called up on suspension day, provided the Speaker would consent to recognize a member of the committee for this purpose. Then a two-thirds vote would pass it.

Bankruptcy and Currency.

There is much talk about a bankruptcy bill. The Committee on the Judiciary has reported a bill practically the same as the Torrey bill. Gen. Henderson of Iowa is the champion of the Judiciary Committee. He is also a member of the Committee on Rules. The bill will probably be brought before the House by a special order. If this is done the friends of the Nelson bill will offer that as a substitute, unless precluded by the terms of the special order—another spring in the box. At all events, it is safe to say that if the House passes any bankruptcy bill whatever this session it will be the bill reported from Gen. Henderson's committee. There is no probability, however, that such a bill will pass the Senate. It can be amended in that body so as to make it entirely unrecognizable to the House. The differences between the two bodies are apparently so great that they cannot be settled in conference.

The same is true of a financial or a currency bill. Men of experience in both houses agree that there is no probability of the passage of any such measure this session. If necessary, the appropriation bills may be used to send them every day. At all events, there will be no Sabine assassination. The situation was aptly described by Senator Thomas H. Carter of Montana, who said that to ask the Senate to pass a financial bill based on the plan of the monetary commission would be like "quitting water against the wind."

The Committee on Rivers and Harbors is in session and giving hearings to those interested in such appropriations. It is clear that an effort to pass a river and harbor appropriation bill will be made before the close of the session. Such a bill has the same privilege, under the rules, as the other appropriation bills, and is usually so framed that it can pass the House by a two-thirds vote on suspension day, without debate. This was the case in the last House, and this House is equally as eager on the question of internal improvements.

Another bill of importance is what is known as the anti-scalping bill. It was brought before the House in the last Congress under a special order from the Committee on Rules. In the Fifty-fourth Congress it was put to sleep in the Senate. Its opponents had the benefit of the short session, when appropriation bills were crowding each other to the wall. They used these bills to defeat it. They will have no such opportunity in this session, for it is the long session, and Congress is not compelled to adjourn by the 4th of March. In strong contrast with this stand what are known as the letter carriers' and postal clerks' bills. Both have reached the calendars in previous Congresses, but their friends have never been able to get a special order for their consideration.

Another bill attracting considerable attention is what is known as the Lord bill. It revises the rates for second-class matter in the mails, making stringent limitations affecting the newspapers, and all periodical publications. This proposition was brought before the House on a special order last session, and will probably receive similar treatment this session. Like the anti-scalping bill, it came up last year in the short session, and was buried in the Senate. This year, however, it will have a free course, and the Senate will give it due consideration.

Another important measure is the Immigration bill, better known as the Lodge bill. It passed the House by a large vote at the short session last year, and was lost in conference. Its fate will be different this year, as each house will have plenty of time for its consideration. The bill has been short of some of its objection-

able features, and the prospects are fair for its passage.

Army and Navy Affairs. The army and navy are especially interested in legislation this session. The Committee on Military Affairs is considering a bill providing for two additional regiments of artillery. The proposition is strongly favored by the War Department. These regiments are wanted to man the guns in the new fortifications planned and being built for coast defense. If the appropriation for them is placed in the regular army appropriation bill it is liable to be stricken out on a point of order. Should a separate bill for this increase be reported from the committee it would go on the calendar, and could not be considered without a special order from the Committee on Rules. Its fate, therefore, is primarily in the hands of the leaders of the House. Once before this body, the bill would give rise to a sharp discussion, and probably pass. Judging from the liberality shown by the Senate in the appropriations for fortifications, it would readily pass that body.

WILL SEEK THE POLE.

A Canadian, Captain Bernier, to Try His Luck in the Frozen Arctic.

Capt. J. E. Bernier of Quebec is about to find the long list of men who have tried to find the north pole. On March 1 he will start north with a party of eight, including a surgeon and a geologist. The expedition will head for the northern coast of Siberia, and then will begin the journey overland. The expedition will use the ship Windward to reach, by sea, the northern coast of Siberia. This vessel is the one that was used by the English explorer, Jackson, on his recent arctic journey.

Bernier expects to reach the pole by means of dogs, and he believes he will be able to make about six miles a day in this fashion.



CAPT. J. E. BERNIER.

After landing he is assured he can reach the pole in about 120 days, or four months. He expects to abandon the Windward after landing, and to make the journey home by way of Spitzbergen. Bernier is going north with provisions for two years. Reindeer will be taken along to enable the party to use them for meat in case of necessity. Bernier has carefully studied the experience of former explorers, and he believes that with the proper establishment of food stations, which he will be able to reach the pole without danger.

IN AN ICY GRASP.

Great Damage Wrought by Snow, Frost and Wind in Chicago.

Chicago was on Sunday a wrecked but a beautiful city. From underneath a tangle of telephone, telegraph and trolley wires its streets and rooftops sparkled white, while every tree stood out against the blue of the sky like a diamond cluster against a radiant setting. Ruin itself was not hidden from the sun glinted on the coating of the fallen wires, as well as the interlacing snow and frost fringes of twigs and branches. Dawn looked upon a city as isolated from the world as if it lay locked in the heart of the arctic zone. It was walled by its outskirts by banks of snow which blocked every suburban street car line and furnished picturesque resting places for broken telegraph poles and miles of twisted, useless wire.

Chicago suffered more than any other city included in a territorial storm area extending from Wyoming, Dakota, Minnesota, Wisconsin and Iowa on the west and north to Pennsylvania and New York on the east. Railroad and Western Union telegraph authorities agreed in the statement that the destruction of their lines as isolated from the world as if it lay locked in the heart of the arctic zone. It was walled by its outskirts by banks of snow which blocked every suburban street car line and furnished picturesque resting places for broken telegraph poles and miles of twisted, useless wire.

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Chicago was for hours cut off telegraphically from nearly all the principal cities of the country, and the storm's havoc affected the city telephone and fire alarm service to the point of temporary disablement.

LUETGERT IN TEARS.

Sobs Convulsively as He Tells the Jury His Story.

With a smile on his face and the utmost confidence in his manner Adolph L. Luetgert took the witness stand in Chicago. The court room was packed and the eyes of Judge Gary roved constantly over the breathlessly expectant throng, commanding silence as they fixed face after face. A small army was denied entrance to the building.

Slowly, impressively, Luetgert weighed the questions and gave back his answers until he was asked of his first wife—the first love of his strange career. Then to the astonishment, the utter amazement, of the great audience, the iron-hearted prisoner burst into tears. Covering his face with his broad palm, he sobbed convulsively; his shoulders shook with emotion, and his tones choked in his deep chest as he tried to go forward with his story.

At the afternoon session the examination of the witness by Attorney Harmon was so slow that the jury court adjourned nothing pertaining to the alleged murder of Mrs. Luetgert had been brought out.

Walter Nash of the West Hoboken (N. Y.) police found \$92,000 worth of counterfeit money in a vacant house. It was all in \$100 notes on the Bank of Montreal. The house was the one formerly occupied by William Brockway and his confederates, Abbie L. Smith and William E. Wagner. They were arrested in August, 1895, charged with counterfeiting.



CHARLOTTE M. BRAEME

CHAPTER VI.

A week had passed since Lady Carven reached Paris—a strange week. She had not seen her husband. He never took breakfast with her; they met at dinner, and twice he had taken her to the opera. He never interfered in the least with any of her affairs. He sent up her letters unopened, and never even inquired from whom they came. He sent every morning to ask if she had any particular wish for the day—if there was any place she desired to see. At first she said "Yes," and went to the different places of note. He accompanied her, but she could not avoid thinking that he was slightly bored by these excursions. The next time he sent her a note, and he did not reiterate his remarks, and she felt almost sure that he was relieved by her refusal. When they went to the opera, they were never alone—Hildred always secured some companion. It seemed to Hildred that he was quite as much at home on the first day he entered the Hotel.

CHAPTER VII.

A beautiful evening in October: it was as though some of the warmth and sweetness of summer had returned for a while. The sky was blue, the colors of the sunset were gorgeous, the foliage of the trees was magnificent, autumn flowers were blooming, autumn tints were over the land. The day had been unusually warm and sunny. Lord Carven had invited some friends to dinner: as they lived at some little distance, and they could not come that night, dinner was ordered earlier than usual. It was only twilight when the guests drove away, and Lord Carven, having no one to play billiards with him, sauntered restlessly through the rooms, thinking to himself how foolish he had been not to provide himself with a companion for that most interesting of all games.

"I must not let this happen again," he said. "To live here alone requires more strength of mind than I am possessed of."

It did not occur to him that he was not alone—that he had a fair young wife near him. He never thought of her at all. He had not even remembered her existence but that, wandering aimlessly along the terrace, he saw her in the drawing room.

Seeing her, he thought it was possible she understood something of billiards, although "women never know anything about the game," and, fancying from his manner that he wished to speak to her, she opened the window and went out to him.

"I wanted to ask you, do you know anything of billiards?" he said.

"Billiards?" she repeated, wondering. "Yes—many ladies play remarkably well. Lady Courtenay does. It is such a great resource."

"Do you want me to play with you?" she asked, quickly.

"Yes, I am bored to death. I am tired of smoking. I never read much, and there is nothing to do."

"Extraordinary!" she cried—"nothing to do?"

"What do you mean?" he asked.

"I mean nothing. I am very sorry. I have seen a billiard table, but I have never played. I will try to learn, if you like."

The night wind was sweeping round them, bending the tall chrysanthemums, stirring the dying leaves—a sweet fresh wind that was as odorous as palm. The twilight was fast fading, the birds had long since ceased to sing, there was a pleasant brooding sense of rest and of freshness.

"This is almost as good as a billiard table," said Hildred laughing; but the earl shook his head.

"It may be for you," he replied; "but it is not for me."

"Lord Carven," said Hildred, "I thought has just struck me. We have been married—how long?—since the third of August, and it is now October; and do you know that you have never once addressed me by name? My school fellows called me 'Dreda,' my father calls me 'Hildred.' You have so contrived never to give me any name at all. You do not say 'Lady Carven,' 'Hildred,' 'wife,' or anything of the kind. How is it?"

"I cannot tell," he replied, blankly. The question evidently puzzled him.

"I do not expect you would ever care to use any pretty familiar loving name, but do you not think you might learn to use my own? Lady Courtenay used to look at me, when you addressed me in that general kind of way as 'you.' Could you not say 'Hildred'?"

"I—I really do not know," he replied; "it is an uncomfortable kind of name—'Hildred.'"

She raised her charming head with a haughty little gesture.

"Do you fancy so? I think you do not know what an uncomfortable name it is. Rather proud of my name; it may be quaint, but it is not common. If you cannot say 'Hildred,' can you not call me 'Lady Carven'? I am tired of being spoken to so vaguely."

"I will not do it again, Lady Carven, if it annoys you," he said.

"Lord Carven, will you be very angry with me if I ask you a question?"

"No; without knowing what the question was, I predict that—certainly not."

"Briefly, it is this: Why did you marry me, Lord Carven?"

"Why did I marry you?" he echoed in astonishment.

"I ask you the question," she went on, "because I have watched you and studied you, and I am convinced at last that you did not marry me for love."

"Love?" he cried. "Why, what has that to do with it?"

"I thought," she continued, "that you had married me because you loved me. I knew that you were cold, unemotional, but I believed implicitly that you married me for love."

"I had never seen you—I saw you only once," he said in astonishment.

"I know, I remember. Still, I repeat what I have said to you—I—I fancied—I am quite sure you tell me the truth, but I will do so—I fancied that you had seen me somewhere and had liked me."

He laughed, but the laugh was not pleasant to hear.

"Did you really think that?" he asked musingly. "For—child!—then I turned to her with sudden brightness. 'Do you really mean to tell me, on your word of honor, that you do not know why I married you?'"

She raised her fair, proud face to his.

"I assure you most solemnly that I do not. It is the greatest puzzle I have ever had."

"Did your father tell you that I—I loved you?"

"No," she replied, thoughtfully, "he did not. Indeed, he assured me that love was not needed for happiness. He never said you loved me. He said you wanted to marry me."

"And what else? Go on. What else?"

"That it was a grand position, in which I should be supremely happy."

"What else?" asked the stern voice.

"I hardly remember. That if I consented his highest ambition would be gratified."

Lord Carven murmured some terrible words between his closed lips.

"Then he never told you why this marriage was forced upon me?"

"Forced?" she interrogated, gently. "Perhaps the sudden pining of her lovely face startled him, or the sharp quiver of pain in her voice touched him."

"He—your father—never told you that he insisted on the marriage?"

"No, never," she replied, slightly.

"He never told you that he made it my only refuge from him—my only hope—my only alternative?"

"No; he never told me that."

"Then I will tell you now. He compelled me to marry you—and I begin to perceive that he has sacrificed you as well as myself."

"Sacrificed us?" she repeated. "You cannot mean the word?"

"I do mean it, both for myself and you," he replied. "I will tell you, Lady Carven: it is right that you should know the truth. I have seen and loved a prodigal. I have squandered a large fortune, and was deeply in debt. I owed your father the sum of sixty thousand pounds—I had mortgaged Ravensmere to him. I was also deeply in debt to others. I had literally come to my last shilling; disgrace, ruin, poverty and death were all before me. Your father had the management of my affairs, and when I asked him what I was to do, he told me that he had two hundred thousand pounds and a daughter."

A low cry came from her lips, and she covered her face with her hands.

"I am sorry to pain you," he said—"sorry to distress you—but it is better that you should know the real truth. Your father is ambitious; his hopes were fixed on your marriage. He offered me the alternative—I could choose beggary, ruin, shame, disgrace, and a painful death, or I could choose money and marry you. I told him that I did not feel inclined to marry, that I had no affection for you, and I implored him to find some other way out of the difficulty. He refused, and you know the result. Bear in mind, though, that I am most deeply grateful to you. Your fortune has saved me from worse than death. I am sorry, too, to tell you this story; but it is best that you should know the truth."

"Yes," she agreed, despairingly, "it is best."

She drew her hands from her face and looked at him. What nature of man could have been that the anguish and despair on that girlish face did not touch him?

"Then you have never loved me, never cared for me?" she said, faintly.

"No, I am grateful to you; I can say no more."

He saw her draw her silvery shawl round her shoulders and shudder as though she were seized with violent cold.

"I feel now," she said, "that it was a cruel thing to do. You are young, and your whole life is blighted. At first I thought and believed that you understood everything—that you were as mercenary and ambitious as your father—that you were as ready as he to give yourself and your money in exchange for my title; I thought that you, through him, knew the full value of the estate and everything on it—that you knew all the hidden corners—that you were as keen and shrewd as he was. I misjudged you—I beg your pardon for it."

She raised her pale face to his.

"I swear to you," she said, "that I would rather have died than have married you had I known the truth."

(To be continued.)

LOUIS XVII.

The Boy King Rudely Torn from the Arms of His Mother.

Miss Anna L. Bicknell writes an article on "The Last Days of Louis XVI. and Marie-Antoinette for the Century."

The respect shown to the boy-king irritated those who governed at that time, and they were further exasperated by the insurrection which had broken out in La Vendee, where Louis XVII. was styled king. Thenceforward the poor child's fate was sealed.

On the night of July 3 of that memorable year, at 10 o'clock, the guards appeared bearing a decree by which it was ordered that "the son of Louis Capet" should be separated from his mother, and given into the hands of a "tutor," who would be appointed by the Commune.

The scene that followed is one of the most harrowing recorded in history. The terrified child uttered loud cries and entreaties, clinging desperately to his mother, who knew only too well into what hands he was about to fall, and what would be his fate. She refused to give him up, and defended him with the strength of despair, telling them to kill her before taking her son from her. A whole hour passed thus—in desperate resistance on the part of Marie-Antoinette, in threats and violence on the part of the guards, in tears and supplications from Madame Elizabeth and Madame Royale. At last the guards declared so positively that they would kill both of her children, that the Queen, exhausted, ceased her resistance. Madame Elizabeth and Madame Royale then took up the child from his little bed, and dressed him, for the Queen was powerless. When ready she gave him herself into the hands of the guards, with floods of tears, "foreseeing," says Madame Royale, "what she would never see him again."

After the poor little Dauphin was taken away they were left to mourn in peace, "which was some comfort," says Madame Royale. The municipal guards locked them up in their rooms, but did not remain with them. No one now did the housework. Madame Elizabeth and Madame Royale made the beds, swept the rooms, and waited on the Queen. The guards came three times a day to bring food and to examine the bolts and the bars of the windows, lest anything should be disturbed.

The prisoners were able to go up by an inner staircase to the top of the tower, where the Queen spent hours looking through a crack in a wooden partition in the hope of seeing her son go by. Madame Elizabeth was informed by the guards of the ill-usage to which the poor child was subjected, "and which was beyond imagination," says Madame Royale, "more especially because he cried at being separated from us." But Madame Elizabeth entertained the guards to keep all these particulars from the Queen, who was only too much enlightened when she saw the child pass by, and watched his pale, sorrowful face.

The last time that such miserable comfort was granted to her was on July 20. She had watched long, and at last she saw him, cowed and terrified, bereft of his golden curls, wearing the red revolutionary cap, and, alas! slinging a song of coarse insult against herself. She knew then how the child must have suffered before he could have been brought to this.



LOUIS XVII.

On Thursday the consular and diplomatic appropriation bill was passed by the House after a day of debate on the Cuban question. Mr. Dingley made a speech relative to wage reductions in the cotton industry, in which he showed that the tariff question has nothing to do with them. In the Senate Mr. Tyler's resolution that bonds be paid in silver as well as gold was taken up by a vote of 41 to 25. After a day of debate, was made unfinished business. Mr. Pettigrew introduced the passage of a resolution directing the Secretary of the Interior and the Attorney General to inform the Senate what steps the Government had taken concerning the killing of a woman in Oklahoma territory by Seminoles Indians, and the burning of two Seminoles Indians in the same territory. The resolution inquiring of the Postmaster General what action was necessary to maintain the excellence of the postal free delivery service was agreed to. Mr. Tillman's resolution extending the authority of the Interstate and Foreign Commerce Committee relative to the investigation of the giving by railroads of transportation for any other consideration than cash was also passed.

In the House on Friday there was a parliamentary struggle over the bill for the relief of the book publishing company of the Methodist Episcopal Church South. By shrewd maneuvering its opponents succeeded in preventing action. Previous to the consideration of