

The Independent

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MANAGUA CAPTURED.

CUBAN INSURGENTS CAPTURE A BIG TOWN.

Only Twelve Miles Distant from Havana—New Witness in the Bryan Case—New York Crusade Against Intoxicating Confectionery.

Insurgents Win a Battle.
The town of Managua, four leagues from Havana, was again attacked by the insurgents Saturday afternoon and captured after a fight lasting forty minutes. The Spanish regulars, fortifying themselves in the church, held out an hour longer. The Spanish volunteer garrison, however, went over to the insurgents at the beginning of the attack and to a man joined the invaders, with all the arms and ammunition at their disposal. The Cuban force was led by Col. Castillo, of Gomez's advance, who, after taking the church by storm, disarmed and then paroled its defenders. Castillo was slightly wounded during the fight. Managua is an important mountain resort, frequented by rich citizens of Havana, and is connected by a carriage road with Havana. The news from Managua created excitement in Havana military and high official circles, and troops were started out to check the new and unexpected rebel advance upon the capital.

No Brandy Drops and "Winks."
The police department of New York has begun a crusade against the sale of "brandy drops," "winks" and the various other kinds of candy containing alcoholic liquor. Mrs. E. Frances Lord, president of the New York County Woman's Temperance Union, wrote a letter to the Police Board some time ago complaining that this sort of candy was being sold to school children all over the city. Chief of Police Conlin sent his officers out and had them purchase large quantities of the "brandy drops" and "winks," which he employed his leisure hours in testing. His decision was that the selling of alcoholic candy was as wrong as the selling of alcoholic liquors without a license, and he said he would see that his orders were promptly carried out, and that all who failed to respect them would be severely punished.

Fastens the Crime.
The strongest link in the chain of evidence against the two murderers of Pearl Bryan made its appearance Saturday afternoon at Cincinnati. A reputable witness has been found who went with the party to where the murder was committed, and in the jail he positively identified Walling as the man who sat on the cab seat with him and directed him where to drive. He also picked out Jackson from among thirty other prisoners as the man who was in the cab with Pearl Bryan on the fatal drive. At midnight officers accompanied the colored man to the woods where he says the murder was committed, in order to discover any traces of the crime that may have been left. George H. Jackson, private coachman for Major Willfield, Mount Auburn, revealed the story.

Murder Prompted by Jealousy.
George Jones, of Centerville, Ia., shot and killed his sweetheart, Leah Martin, her mother, Mrs. W. J. Martin, and then put a bullet into his own head. Jones was of a good family and the Martins are also highly respected people. The scene in the house indicated that Jones had gone there and had a quarrel with the girl and that the mother interfered between them; that Jones shot the mother first and then the daughter.

BREVITIES.

Mrs. Eliza J. Nicholson, proprietress of the New Orleans, La., Picayune, died Saturday morning. She was suffering from the grip when her husband died, and the event so shattered her system that the disease developed into congestion of the lungs.

Sarge County officials arrived in Omaha with warrants to arrest all United States soldiers engaged in a prize fight in that county on Sunday. Over 100 of the privates at Fort Omaha are said to have witnessed the fight between two soldiers, who, it is alleged, fought for a purse put up by officers who were present. The fort commander denies that any officers were present.

Frank J. Miller, a butler in the employ of J. L. Franklin, of San Francisco, Cal., shot and killed John Anderson, a burglar, and was himself shot through the neck and dangerously wounded. The dead thief was a sailor with a criminal record. A year ago an attempt was made to rob the Franklin residence. Miller kept the burglars out of the house, though frightfully beaten by them.

A sensation was created at Springfield, O., by a dispatch from Leonardburg, Delaware County, to the effect that Mrs. C. M. Powell, formerly a boarding house keeper at Springfield, had been arrested there. She is charged with poisoning T. S. Maloney's two children, who died; his wife, who recovered, and also Prof. Van Sickle, who died in Mrs. Powell's house last December and was buried at Gallipolis. Mr. Maloney makes the charges.

Henry Vine, a tinsmith at Omaha, wrote Henry Segal at Ladd, Ill., announcing that he intended to commit suicide Feb. 15. Segal sent the letter to the police, who found Vine and took him before the captain. Vine said he had written the letter and had nothing to retract. If he wanted to commit suicide he would do so regardless of the police. He is a single man. His landlady says Vine had been very despondent, owing to sickness and want of employment.

The Hutchinson, Kan., Hardware Company, one of the largest concerns of its kind in Central Kansas, was closed by mortgage. John W. Woods, its manager, was connected with the Valley State Bank, which recently failed and the latter is supposed to have involved the hardware company. Liabilities, \$21,000; assets, \$15,000.

The Exchange Bank of David Wilson & Co., assigned at Flemingsburg, Ky., to H. K. Hart and Robert Sonley. The estimated liabilities are \$70,000, with assets of over \$100,000. The bank will more than pay out.

EVENING AND NIGHT.

The air is very still,
On yonder wooded hill;
The old day slowly dies
In Paradise.

What colors manifold!
Red molten with the gold,
Islands of amethyst,
In lakes of azure mist.

The hour whispers peace,
The tired reapers cease,
And rudely sweet and strong
Riseth the harvest song.

The evening star above
Kindles her lamp of love,
And lends her light to bless
Their song of thankfulness.

And from the utmost rim
Of the horizon dim,
The harvest moon comes sweet
Over the sheaved wheat.

Her chaste and holy light,
The still hush of night,
The incense in the air,
Proclaims God's presence here.

Still is the starry East,
Sleeps every bird and beast,
Still is the faded West,
Rest, gleaner, rest.

—Pall Mall Budget.

STORY OF A GOLD MINE

Stories of gold strikes at Cripple Creek have revived those ancient legends of accidental mineral finds which lend such a glamour to the avocation of the prospector. If one can find an old miner with an unoccupied half an hour lies rare and picturesque and sufficient in number to picture a train can be had for the asking. Colonel Thomas Jefferson Maloney, now an operator in Cripple Creek's properties, has been through all the flush times Colorado has known, and has likewise tightened his belt for lack of a more satisfactory dinner in those times when Colorado was not so flush.

"There have been so such strikes in the last five or six years," said Colonel Maloney, "as we used to have in the good old days when old man Tabor grubstaked the two German shoemakers, Hook and Riche, and went to sleep in his clothes two nights afterward a millionaire owner of the Little Pittsburg. It was hard getting him to bed, too. I think he would have been celebrating the strike yet if the boys hadn't chloroformed him. Now when a man makes a find he goes and covers it up until he can 'ten' his neighbors out of their claims. In the other days I speak of a man who struck it rich went out on the causeway and proclaimed his great luck. He spent all his money in adding to the general joyousness of the camp and made no bluff at work until his means for inducing celebration were wholly exhausted.

"Nearly all the bonanza strikes have been made by accident. There was Adams' famous luck over in the Sandia range. Adams said he was a descendant of the family that had so many Presidents and signers of the declaration in it. I always set him down for a liar—he came from Elgin, Ill. He was invariably making this declaration of independence play when he should have been doing assessment work. This man's name was John Quincy Adams—same as the last President of the name—and he never let you go to sleep in ignorance of the fact. Why Providence should pick out such a man to shower favors on I never could imagine. It was his idiotic carelessness that made him a plutocrat. Any man with a morsel of sense would never have got rich as he did. He was always prospecting around in the most unpromising spots. He packed a jack-load of plunder with him, pans and picks and shovels and powder, besides his grub. One day he was prospecting around the Sandia hills, thinking he was looking for float and letting his heart swell with family pride. He had his haversack slung over his shoulder, and among other things in it were ten or twelve cartridges for blasting. His magnifying glass lay at the top of the bag. Adams sat down against a rock to rest, and the glass focused the sun so it set fire to the canvas bag. Adams said subsequently he made the quickest play of his life in getting from under that haversack strap. He hit one ridge and landed forty rods away behind another



"I COULD SEE HIS CANDLE FLICKER."

rock. He had just reached cover, and being off went his blasting powder. Adams went back out of the illest curiosity to see what kind of a hole it had made. He found the rock he had leaned against scattered at large over the face of the earth. The haversack had fallen into a sort of crevice at the foot and the explosion had lifted everything into the air. Among other things it had opened a vein of free milling ore running \$3,800 to the ton. That man Adams sold a tenth interest for \$15,000. It was worth ten times as much, but he needed money for development. He made more than a million, and they are working on the vein yet. Adams is blushing it back in Massachusetts. He brought some of the old property of the family back, and naturally guided and

varnished it. He says the Adamses are on earth for the second time."

"I never let fewer than three men work in one of my mines," said an owner of property in the Clear Creek district. "It may be an idle notion, but I have been haunted by the idea that I came near committing murder of the most cold-blooded character a few years ago. If there had been three of us, instead of two partners, the thought never would have come to me, and I wouldn't have the bad dreams that disturb me occasionally. I have never since put myself in a position where a possible homicide would not have at least one witness. I will not work alone with another man in a mine."

"I got my start up in Farncomb Hill. Jim Souther was my partner. We had a fairly good claim; nothing of the bonanza in its nature, just a good, honest once-and-a-half or two-ounce proposition that beat day wages by a shade only. There is one thing about Farncomb Hill, that is its uncertainty. You never know what the next wallop with the pick or the next shot with a cartridge will uncover. Souther was down in the hole and I was on the windlass hoisting the buckets he filled with ore. We had a soft thing so far as labor was concerned, and could almost shovel the ore up. It was a soft tale, a cross between chalk and putty. I got a bucket at last—along about 2 in the afternoon—that weighed like a ton. I could scarcely lift it. I dumped it and almost dropped dead. The ore was so rich in gold I could see it shine. I examined the bucket and found little strings of wire gold hanging to it. Jim had struck one of those celebrated Farncomb freaks, and it was so dark down there he hadn't



"HE MADE THE QUICKEST PLAY OF HIS LIFE."

noticed the alteration in the character of the stuff he was sending up. Do you recall that fine-twisted wire gold exhibited at the World's Fair? Much of that was what Souther and I took out of that shaft. I called to Jim to stand from under, for I aimed to come down and see him awhile. I broke the news to him and then we began to figure out how we stood. As nearly as we could decide we had a pocket or chamber of this stuff extending into the side of the shaft about eight feet. We could reach in and get out handfuls of fine-spun gold that looked like it came from under a red-headed girl's hat. But we couldn't stand in the shaft and admire it all day. There was at least \$15,000 worth of the stuff. The metal that was not free could easily enough be separated from the rest of the ore. It was inclosed in decomposed quartz and required nothing but rubbing between the fingers to get it. We decided to raise it all that night—that is unless it turned out a bigger find than we thought. We figured it best not to go about beating the drum to advertise our strike, but hoist the ore and do our talking later.

"Jim stayed in the mine and I went back on the winch. Then my remuneration came to me. There was a good big piece of money there for one man, and just half as much each for two. I have read somewhere that every man has his price if you keep on bidding you can reach him sure at some spot. Since that day I have shuddered to think how cheap I am. A measly \$15,000 in ore came near getting me. It all came to me as if it were printed in big letters and held before my face. I could call to Jim and get him out of the drift into the bottom of the shaft and let go the windlass. There wouldn't be a kick left in a man who had been smashed on the head with a seventy-five-pound bucket, with 200 pounds of ore in it, after a fifty-foot fall.

"The first time I called I couldn't raise my voice over a whisper. It reminded me of the time I had the pneumonia my first year in the mountains, and Jim nursed me out of it. He walked twenty miles over the hills in a snowstorm to get medicine for me, and it's the surest thing in the world I wouldn't have been hoisting pure gold out of a Farncomb Hill shaft if Jim Souther hadn't sat up with me day and night for a week four years before. I thought of all this while I was limbering up my voice for the second try at calling him. That time I did it."

"What is it, Bill?" he hollers back. I could see his candle flicker as I looked down the shaft ready to let go the winch, when I had him placed right. "What's eating of you now?" he keeps on. "We ain't got any time for merry-making or visiting if we get this spending money out to-day," he says. "Make your talk quick, Bill."

"I had to try three times again before I could make a noise. 'Slake a bush,' says Jim, 'if you can't speak.' 'I want you to come up and work the winch,' I yells back. 'I don't like to be so far away from the stuff.'"

"All right," he hollers up, 'if you prefer it. But you know you can't stand it down here as well as I can, and I'm some afraid you'll get the worst of it.'"

"So Jim came up and I took his place. When I was going down the shaft he says:

"You look like you had seen a dead friend, Bill. I think another strike like this would give you heart failure." "What did the find do? We took out

\$22,000 from that pocket and sold the claim for \$45,000. Yes, Souther is still in the mining business with me. I told him about my plan to dissolve partnership when he was in the shaft. He said: 'Do you know, Bill, I had a strong notion to belt you on the head with a pick when you came down the shaft and I found what kind of a pile of putty I had dug into.'"—Chicago Times-Herald.

True-Hearted.

"It makes all the difference in the world what a person marries for. I'm so thankful that I didn't make any mistake," said a small, shabbily-dressed, tired-looking woman, who was cense-ting chairs at a house where she had asked for work. Her tongue was as nimble as her fingers, but her views on all topics were so cheery and hopeful, notwithstanding her manifest poverty, that her garrulity did not become tiresome. Her opinions on marriage, coming as they did from a woman to whom marriage had brought poverty and unceasing labor for an invalid husband, were refreshing, and had the ring of a true heart.

"Yes," she said, "folks that marries for but one thing makes a dreadful mistake. I often think to myself, 'What if I had married for anything in the world but love, real, genuine, sure-enough love! What a fix I'd be in to-day!'"

"You see, my husband's been an invalid for nine years. He went into slow consumption four years after we were married, and he ain't worked six weeks, all told, since; and I've had all the support of him and our three children for nine years, and I've done it by trawling 'round from house to house cense-ting chairs; and all the feelin' I've had about it has been one of thankfulness that I was able and willin' to do it."

"Sposin' I hadn't married for love? Sposin' I'd married for riches, and they'd taken wings and flew away? Sposin' I'd married for beauty, and sickness and misery had robbed my husband of his good looks? Wouldn't I be in a nice fix?"

"But I didn't marry for a thing on earth but respect and love for a good man, and I ain't regretted it, and I ain't a bit unhappy or discontented, exceptin' in the sorrow that comes from the certainty that I ain't goin' to have my husband with me much longer."

"He's faith' fast now, poor dear! I ain't never looked on him as a burden. I ain't throwed it up to him that I've had the livin' to make. I ain't fretted nor complained, nor done any of the things I would surely have done if I'd made the dreadful mistake of marryin' for anything but real affection."

"Folks that marries for anything else has got a lot of unhappiness before 'em that I don't know anything about."

Qu'er Effect of Light.

It is asserted by one of the leading authorities on light and heat that the beams of the sun and moon have a very deleterious effect upon all kinds of edged tools. An exposure of a few hours to sunlight will "turn" the edge of the best razor ever made, and one night's exposure to the rays of the full moon will ruin such an instrument forever. Similar exposure to light will finally spoil knives, scythes and sickles, the premonitory signs of coming uselessness being noted in the blue color which the metal assumes. When the edge of such tools once disappears as a result of continued exposure to the light of either the sun or the moon, they are absolutely useless until they have been retempered.

Because of this peculiar action of light on steel purchasers should always be on their guard against buying from peddlers who carry their wares exposed, or from retail dealers who have such tools on display in show windows, especially if such windows be located so that they receive the full glare of the sun or moon at any time of day or night. The unserviceableness of tools acquired under such circumstances is generally wrongfully attributed to bad material or inferior workmanship.

Bismarck and the Doctor.

Prince Bismarck is fond of asking questions, but does not like to answer them. On one occasion, says London Million, the Chancellor called in a young physician who, indifferent to his patient's rank and prestige, coolly proceeded to put him through an exhaustive professional examination.

Bismarck became impatient and finally declared he would not answer another question.

"Very well," calmly replied the doctor, "if you do not want to be questioned you had better send for a veterinary. He is accustomed to treat his patients without requiring answers from them to any questions."

The audacity of the young doctor caused the Chancellor to remain dumb for a moment; then he grimly said, "If you are as skillful as you are impertinent, young man, you must be a great physician."

No Alligators.

An American naval officer, wishing to bathe in a Ceylon river, asked a native to show him a place where there were no alligators. The native took him to a pool close to the estuary.

The officer enjoyed his dip; while drying himself, he asked his guide why there were never any alligators in that pool.

"Because, sah," the Cingalese replied, "they plenty 'fraid of shark!'"

America's Lead in Electric Invention

During 1894, 3,315 patents relating to electricity were granted in Great Britain, the United States and Germany. Of these 1,130 were British, being one-twentieth of all British patents, 1,794 were American, and 481 were German.

It is much easier to make that which is ugly uglier still than it is to improve that which is already handsome.

BOAT'S GHASTLY LOAD

FIVE CORPSES AND SIX UNCONSCIOUS MEN.

Drifts Ashore on a Florida Island—Depot Worker Killed by the Man He Was Trying to Serve—Kansas Town Has Oil Fever.

Coast Up by the Sea.

A boat containing five corpses and six men barely alive drifted ashore on Dog Island, off Carrabelle, Fla. When discovered the survivors were lying unconscious on the decomposed corpses of their companions. Last week the eleven men left Key West on a smack to fish on the west coast. When two days out the smack was wrecked, the men escaping in a boat without food, water or clothing. Three days afterward Frank Mason died, and soon after Max Thornton, Alfred Stafford, Joe West and Nathan Adams succumbed. The survivors were too weak to throw their dead comrades into the sea, and the corpses remained in the boat. For the last two days Gilbert Holmes was the only one conscious, and he does not remember all that happened. The scene in the boat was horrible. The living and the dead were tumbled together. The corpses seemed to be gnawed in places, and the fishermen suggested that in desperation the survivors tried to sustain life on the flesh of their dead companions. The six survivors are being cared for on Dog Island. Several of them seem to have been rendered insane by their sufferings.

Tragic Death at a Depot.

Edward R. Masterson, an usher at the Pennsylvania Railroad station in New Brunswick, N. J., was deliberately pushed in front of a train Thursday night and so shockingly injured that he died an hour later. Thomas E. Donlan, of Philadelphia, who caused Masterson's death, attempted to escape, but was seized and taken to the police station. In the angry crowd were several who attempted to do him injury, but they were kept away. Masterson was standing at the edge of the platform, warning passengers of the approach of a fast freight. Just as a switch engine was hastening past to get out of the way Donlan attempted to cross the tracks. Masterson tried to force the man back, when Donlan became angry and gave the usher a sudden push, which sent him headlong to the track in front of the passing train.

Fire Horror at Ecuador.

The fire that swept through the City of Guayaquil, Ecuador, did not result in so many deaths as at first reported, but the property loss was much greater. Only five members of the fire brigade were killed, though forty were wounded, several so severely that the death list may be materially increased. More than 134 houses, including several public buildings of great beauty and one or more of historical interest, were destroyed. Among the latter were the cathedral and the convent adjoining. The loss is conservatively estimated at \$4,000,000. The panic that seized upon the people of the city hampered the work of the fire brigade, and it is a wonder that the loss to life and property was not much greater.

NEWS NUGGETS.

By a vote of 215 to 90 Friday the House refused to concur in the Senate's free silver amendment to the bond bill.

The Brisbane river at Brisbane, Queensland, has been greatly swollen recently, owing to the floods. While a small steamer was crossing the river Thursday, with about eighty passengers on board, she was capsized and only forty persons were saved.

A bloody battle took place at a school house in Hopkins County, Texas, in which Charles Walker was killed outright, William Walker receiving a fatal wound and Elton Walker a scalp wound. Jack Williams was shot through both thighs and will die.

A man who has lived in Butte, Mont., for several months under the name of John Ladusky was betrayed by his wife as the man who destroyed the residence of Martin Buckley at Basin, Mont., with dynamite several months ago, with the intention of killing Buckley and his entire family. The woman betrayed her husband because he beat her nearly to death.

A negro burglar, or a white man blackened up, entered the house of Jefferson Smith at Dallas, Texas, at midnight Thursday night. Smith, grappled with him and was stabbed in the back three times and is believed to be fatally injured. His wife tried to assist him and the assassin crushed her skull with a blow from an axe. She is unconscious and cannot recover.

Edward Webster, chief grain inspector at Galveston, Texas, reports that from Oct. 12 to Jan. 29 there was exported from that port for foreign points 2,618,697 bushels of corn. So far during the present month there has been exported about 300,000 bushels, making the total grain exports thus far this season nearly 3,000,000 bushels, with nearly 1,000,000 bushels on hand awaiting tonnage.

Brenson, a small town in Kansas, is much excited over the action of the Standard Oil Company, which intends to open oil wells plugged there a year ago. The company a year ago drilled several wells at Brenson, but soon plugged them up, and this gave rise to a suspicion that oil had been found and the company was suppressing the fact. The company has now begun to unload oil-drilling and oil pumping machinery at Brenson, and the citizens believe this substantiates their theory of deception.

Wood & Robinson, New York lumber dealers, assigned to Andrew M. Underhill, with preferences for \$9,403. Assets and liabilities about \$40,000 each.

Fear is entertained in Valparaiso that Argentina will begin war with Chili in April. A Valparaiso dispatch says it has been agreed to settle all the French claims for \$25,000.

At Terre Haute, Ind., the jury in the case of the three Kellers, indicted for the murder of Clara Shanks, Friday morning brought in a verdict of not guilty. The case was brought on a change of venue from Parke County.

The amendment to the bond bill to coin the American product of silver was defeated in the House Thursday by a vote of 41 yeas to 118 nays.

Paderewski's manager, Herr von Gortitz, has been arrested at San Francisco for non-payment of a bill of \$251 for dry goods contracted seventeen years ago.

SENATE AND HOUSE.

WORK OF OUR NATIONAL LAWMAKERS.

A Week's Proceedings in the Halls of Congress—Important Measures Discussed and Acted Upon—An Impartial Resume of the Business.

The National Solons.

The House debate Saturday upon the Senate's free coinage substitute for the bond bill was very spirited. Mr. Towne, a Minnesota Republican, claimed the attention of the House and galleries for over an hour with an eloquent effort on behalf of free coinage. Mr. Hall, a Democrat from Missouri, on the other hand, announced his conversion to "sound money" in a rather sensational speech, in which he charged that eight Senators who voted for free coinage, according to "credible information," had privately said that they believed free coinage would bring upon this country national and individual bankruptcy and ruin. He charged them with trying to "feather their nests at home" and declared that the greatest sin of the present age was the cowardice of statesmen. He also declared that a high officer of the administration had said that the silver question had already cost the Government \$262,000,000 in bond issues, and in the course of the next twelve months the bond issues would increase to \$1,000,000,000. Mr. Hall voted for free coinage in the last Congress. The National Game, Bird and Fish Protective Association has prepared a bill, which will soon be introduced in both houses of Congress.

Except to appoint definite time for the hearing of several important matters, the Senate did nothing Monday except to arrange resolutions and amendments concerning the Murrelet bill. The House continued debate of the bond bill.

The Senate did absolutely nothing of importance Tuesday. The President sent the following nominations: William Woodville Rockhill, of Maryland, to be Assistant Secretary of State; Matthias A. Smalley, of Ohio, to be Marshal of the United States for the Northern District of Ohio; Casper N. Morrison, of Missouri, to be Judge Advocate, with the rank of Major. The day in the House was devoted to the consideration of business reported from the Committee on the District of Columbia. At 4 o'clock the debate on the bond bill was resumed. Concurrence was opposed by Messrs. Hill (Rep. of Connecticut), Lacy (Rep. of Iowa), and Burton (Rep. of Missouri, and Ozden (Dem.) of Louisiana, spoke in its favor. There were only thirteen members present at the night session of the House.

The House Thursday, by a vote of 80 to 190, in committee of the whole rejected the Senate free coinage amendment to the bond bill and reported the bill to the House with a recommendation to non-concur and insist on the House bill. Propositions were offered during the day to concur with amendments as follows: To coin the American silver product, for the retention of the seigniorage by the Government, and to open the mints to the free coinage of silver at the ratio of 154 to 1, when Germany and France should have agreed on similar action. All were defeated by large majorities. By a vote of 21 yeas to 29 nays, the Senate defeated the motion of Mr. Merrill, chairman of the Finance Committee, to take up the tariff bill. The negative vote which defeated the motion was given by Democrats, Populists and four Republican Senators, viz., Teller, Mantle, Dufrais and Carter. The affirmative vote was entirely Republican, but its total of 21 is less than half of the aggregate Republican strength. A resolution was adopted directing the Pacific Railroad committee to make full inquiry into the status of the Pacific railroads. Later in the day Mr. Pettigrew made a savage speech against the "highwaymen and conspirators" connected with the Pacific railroads and urged the forcible seizure of Government lands. Consideration of the urgency deficiency bill was then resumed, and soon thereafter was passed substantially as reported. It carries about \$2,000,000, a large increase over the amount passed by the House.

The House Friday rejected the Senate's free silver substitute for the bond bill by a vote of 215 to 90. The evening session was devoted to pension bills. The debate which preceded the vote was of an interesting character but devoid of any sensational features. The galleries, as usual on a field day in the lower branch of Congress, were crowded to the doors, and quite a number of Senators, including Messrs. Palmer of Illinois, Bacon of Georgia, Cockrell of Missouri and Butler of North Carolina, sat through the five-hour debate. Secretary Herbert was also present. The Senate did nothing.

Firing Big Guns.

Some remarkable records in big gun firing were made by the gun crews of the British flag ship Royal Arthur off the Pacific coast a week or so ago. At the battle of the Lahu river, in the Chinese-Japanese war, an average of one shot in fifteen found its mark, and even at this rate the havoc among the war ships was terrible. In the Royal Arthur's practice eight shells, with a bursting charge, were fired from the twenty-two ton gun at 1,800 yards, at a target in the water ten feet high and twelve feet square, and every shot burst within a radius of fifty feet of the target. The destructiveness of such firing in the case of a war ship some 200 feet long may be imagined. Of course, such marksmanship might not be possible in the excitement of an actual fight. On another practice trip recently one gunner, with a six-inch quick-firing gun, put eleven out of twelve shots through a canvas target ten feet square at 1,800 yards.

Bicycles Used in Armies.

Nearly every army has now a bicycle corps. In Germany six men of every regiment are mounted on wheels to act as scouts.

Sixty anarchists have been arrested at Lisbon, Portugal, as a result of the explosion of a bomb in the house of a physician who had testified to the insanity of the man who threw a stone at the king. Senator Antonio d'Assacosta, minister of justice, declared in the chamber of deputies that the Government was determined to adopt the severest measures to suppress anarchy.

Miss Clara Barton, president of the Red Cross Society, with her party, has left London on her way to America for the distribution of the relief fund in her hands.