PROCEEDINGS OF CONGRESS

Report on Senator Frye's Bill to Hasten Revival of Our Merchant Marine.

Other Measures Reported and Passed—Debate in the House on Reciprocity with Canada and South American Republics.

WASHINGTON, May 3.—In the Senate to-day Mr. Frye, from the committee on commerce, said that he was instructed by that committee to report two important bills. One was intended to place the American merchant marine, engage in the foreign trade, on an equality with that of other nations. This, he proceeded to say, is the bill known as the shipping-league tonnage bill. The shipping leagues extend along the gulf coast, along the Atlantic coast, along the Pacific coast, and along the lakes. They have a membership of one or two hundred thousand important men. They have been engaged for five or six years in investigating the matter of the revival of the merchant marine. They finally agreed upon a bill which, in their opinion, would have the desired result, and this is practically the bill on which they agreed. It has been reported to the House from the House committee on the merchant marine and the Senate committee on commerce has adopted it with but few amendments. It is reported as an original bill. This cost of the bill, according to the Commissioner of Navigation, would probably be for the first year between three and three and a half million dollars, and would increase, in his opinion, within six years to five or six million dollars. The bill would save to the people of the United States many millions for every million that it would cost. It had been supported by resolutians of innumerable boards of trade and chambers of commerce: by the National Grange, and, I am informed, by the Farmers' National Alliance. I also report a bill to provide for ocean mail service between the United States and foreign states, and to promote commerce. It is an original bill." The two bills were read a first and second time and placed on the calendar.

The Senate bill for the relief of Nathaniel McKay, one of the executors of Donald McKay, was passed.

The Senate then proceeded to the consideration of bills on the calendar, and passed, among others, the following: Senate bill to amend the pre-emption and homestead laws (providing for the selection of lands for educational purposes in lieu of those appropriated for other purposes); Senate bill for a public building at Lima, O. ($60,000); House bill for the allowance of certain "Fourth of July" claims; Senate bill constituting Cario, Ill., a port of delivery in the customs collection district of New Orleans.

At 4:15 Mr. Harris interrupted the proceedings and asked that a bulletin which he had just received should be read to the Senate.

The presiding officer read, in a voice betraying deep emotion, the following:

Senator Beck has just dropped dead in the Baltimore & Potomac station.
MANAGER W. U. TELEGRAPH COMPANY.

"In view of that sad fact," said Mr. Harris, "I move that the Senate do now adjourn." The motion was agreed to, and Senators and officials gathered around Mr. Harris, expressing to each other their sincere sorrow at the sudden death of a man so much loved and respected. Mr. Ingalls instructed the assistant Sergeant-at-arms, Mr. Reed, to proceed at once to the Baltimore & Potomac railroad station, ascertain the facts, make all proper arrangements, and have the Senate flag half-masted.

The House Talks About Reciprocity.

WASHINGTON, May 3.—Mr. Hopkins of Illinois called up in the House, to-day, his motion to table the motion to reconsider the vote by which the House yesterday refused to order the copyright bill to engrossment and third reading. The Speaker ruled that the time alloted to the committee on judiciary having expired, it was not in order now to call up this motion. The motion could not be called up until another day had been assigned for the consideration of business from the committee on judiciary.

The House then went into committee of the whole, Mr. Peters of Kansas in the chair, on the diplomatic and consular appropriation bill.

Mr. McCreary of Kentucky made an argument in favor of reciprocity with South American republics, and condemned the Republican party for being opposed to such reciprocity. Speaking of the pan-American conference he criticised the administration for keeping the proceedings of the conference as quiet as star-chamber proceedings, and affording Congress no opportunity to read the speeches delivered by the delegates. The McKinley tariff bill, he said, tended to close the Canadian and other markets now open to the surplus products of the United States, although the United States should have reciprocity with Canada as well as with the countries of Central and South America. He eulogized the work of the pan-American conference, and declared that the example and wisdom of the conference had hastened the downfall of the empire of Brazil and the establishment of the republic. On the question of reciprocity and trade, the conferenc had arrived at no satisfactory conclusion and the committee appointed to consider this subject had said that while the protective policy of the United States was in the way there could be no reciprocity among the republics of this hemisphere. While the conference had been a success, that success had been delayed and retarded by the blunders and mistakes of those who had it in charge. It had been a mistake to appoint all the United States delegates from those who were in sympathy with the present administration and not in sympathy with more than one-half of the people of the country who desired that the taxation should be reduced.

Mr. Chipman of Michigan said there was a great scramble and competition among the nations for commerce and trade. In this competition there was one nation absent—one which had no voice or potency in the conflict—and that nation was the United States. He hoped that this country would have a foreign policy; a policy vigorous for protection, vigorous for aggression; a policy which would seize upon the fields of trade and commerce; which would assert itself on every sea; which would cause the flag to float wherever other flags floated; and, above all, give the country a fair share of the commerce of the world. [Applause.] The committee then arose and the bill was passed.

A joint resolution was passed appropriating $1,000,000 for improvement of the Mississippi river from the head of the passes to the mouth of the Ohio river, such sum to be immediately available.

The conference report on the Oklahoma town-site bill was presented, but no action was taken and the House adjourned.

MAGIC OF THE AUSTRALIAN BUSH.

Beautiful Sights and Sounds That Greet the Traveler in South Sea Islands.

William Sharp, in May Harper.

Once my friend suddenly drew rein, and motioned me to do likewise. For a few seconds I heard nothing; then sharp and clear through the silence rang the crack of a long whip, and I expected to see some stock rider, or perhaps some strayed packman, issue from the scrub. But with a quick "Hush!" my companion whispered to me that what I had heard was only the "whip-bird," and that what he wanted me to see was a lyre-bird, whose native note he had heard a moment before close at hand. Very shortly a somewhat low but sweet burst of melody, though within a limited compass, came from a glade to the left, the greater part of which was shrouded from sight by intricate fern-tree growths; with rapid transitions the song thereafter rose and fell, now imitating the joyous freedom of the magpie, now the laughing gurgle of the jackass, now other forest denizens. Again silence, and then—right in the midst of the fern glade—I saw for the first time a bird I had often heard of, and which I was anxious to see. The lyre-bird, or mountain pheasant (Menura superba), is extremely shy, and though by no means rare in certain districts is thus comparatively seldom seen. In size it very closely resembles the common pheasant, and is of an auburn-brown color; but it would not be a specially attractive bird were it not for the large and delicately graceful tail-feathers, which, when fully erected, exactly resemble the instrument after which the bird is called. Like the shark, and, perhaps, the cuckoo, the mountain-pheasant is generally accompanied by a satellite, in this instance the latter being a small, jerky little bird, popularly called the "pheasant's mother"—but none such was visible to our eyes on this occasion. The whip-bird or coach-whip-bird, referred to is generally heard in the scrub proper, and has received its name from its habit of ending its loud cry or note with an abrupt crack, like that produced by the long lash of a stock whip.

As we rode on the sun grew higher and higher in the heavens, and a gradual silence crept through the forest with the ripening noon. The scrub, which had lately been so full of life, appeared to be deserted by its noisy denizens, and only at rare intervals the muffled chuckle of the jackass broke the stillness. Ere long we came suddenly and unexpectedly upon a rare sight in an Australian forest, and a few yards further brought us within a charmed circle, than which I have seen nothing of the kind more lovely. Immediately before us lay a quiet pool, of an intense azure hue at its center, but with wide margins reflecting the green fern-tree fronds and all else flowery and beautiful that grew near; fringing its edges were great quantities of a beautiful species of iris; beyond, and forming a circular wall, varying from five to eight or nine feet in height, were thick magnolias in magnificent full bloom, and whose delicious fragrance made the air seem heavy with sweetness; over these waved the long, delicate green fronds of the tree-ferns and shimmering acacia sprays; while, beyond, a glimpse was caught of the summits of the lofty blue-gums darkly silhouetted against the purple-blue sky. Not a breath of wind stirred leaf or flower; not a sound was heard save a faint, almost inaudible hum at irregular intervals, or an occasional subdued rustle—as of a leaf falling to the ground, or a bird drowsily shifting its position in the dense green shade. Hark! what was that? Like a far-away village bell a soft sound rings, or rather swells mellifluously, through the still air, and now another and another—a silvery tolling, exquisitely impressive and even solemn in these hushed and lonely solitudes. Wonderfully and at first startlingly strange as the illusion was, I had already fathomed that I was listening to the bell of no forest sanctuary, when my friend whispered to me, "The bell-bird!" The solemnity of the noon seemed to deepen, and the promised vigor of the day to subside into a luxurious dream. Having dismounted, and tied our horses to a tree, we betook ourselves to an hour or two's mid-day rest; and as we lay below a huge spreading tree-fern, lazily smoking, with the scent of the magnolias in the warm air, and the dreamy call of the distant bell-bird rising and falling at solemn intervals, we became drowsy, and doubtless each indulged in a good deal of unspoken sentiment. If so, it certainly did us no harm. From our resting-place on a slope above the pool we could just see the blue line of a distant range rolling away northward, and behind it some outlying summit of the misty Bogongs.

Morning and evening the Australian forest is awake; at noon it is asleep. No greater contrast can be imagined than between the morning hours and those at mid-day in midsummer. In the former the very flowers seem to possess an active existence. Myriads of such, larger and more brilliant than those we are accustomed to in our northern latitudes, load the air with sweetest scents. At sundown again there is a revival of life, but not of so cheerful a description. The tree-locusts in myriads shriek their deafening "p-r-r-r-r-r;" drowsy opossums snarl in the gum boles; and flocks of cockatoos scream as some great gray kangaroo bounds past them like a belated ghost. If there is marsby ground near, the deep boom of the bittern, the wail of the curlew, the harsh cry of the crane, mingled possibly with the strident screams of a returning flock of black swans, will and to the concert. In a moment of silence one may be startled by the mocking laughter of the jackass, or the prolonged howl of the wandering dingo. The dead of night is not so still as the universal quiet of midsummer noon.

A CHAPTER IN STANLEY'S LIFE.

Glad of a Place to Sleep in a Press-Room—His Love Romance in Greece.

Omaha Republican.

Draw a mind-picture of the man to-day, and then listen to a story of his past—a past that is not black with any desperate deed or gory crime, but nevertheless one that contrasts strangely with the present. That was five and twenty years ago, when this now great man—great by deeds of heroism and endurance—was in Omaha, and glad to secure, free of charge, a place to sleep in the press-room of the Republican; where he was without money, without friends, and a penniless stranger in a strange land.

In the year 1866 Stanley was sent out to the Western country by the New York Herald to report the war then raging with the Nez Perces. Stanley was not sent out to do this assignment because of any great fitness as a war correspondent, but because he was faithful and had the reputation of getting his matter to the paper sooner than any other reporter on the staff of that great journal. He came, and the way he did his work was the marvel of the country, as he constantly and repeatedly sent in his messages a day before the other great papers of the day had heard from their special correspondents. This was done by Stanley himself carrying his own messages to the nearest telegraph station immediately upon the termination of a battle.

No matter what the danger, no matter what the risk of losing his life he might have to undergo, he bravely carried his account right through a country that was practically in the hands of hostile Indians, when capture meant death, most probably a horrible one, too. Nothing daunted, and shoving all obstacles to one side, he bravely did his duty to his paper. He arrived in Omaha directly after General Brooke had effectually squelched the uprising, and a handsome check from his employers was awaiting him.

Directly after his arrival here he took up with a woman who went by the name of Annie Riley, who effectually succeeded in fathering Stanley's desire to dispose of his surplus cash. Ere the winter was half gone the young man's money had disappeared, which, of course, resulted in the woman deserting him. In a penniless condition he was glad to get something to eat and a warm place to sleep, and St. A. D. Balcombe, who at that time was proprietor of the Republican, permitted the young fellow to sleep in his press-room.

This condition of affairs ran along almost all the winter, but early in the spring Stanley received word from the Herald that he should report immediately, as he was wanted—that they were going to send him to report the Grecian war, which was then raging. Stanley immediately started for Gotham, and Omaha never knew him more.

He was sent to Greece, as history relates, and an incident happened in that country that made him the redoubtable explorer he is to-day. The story is a long one, but can be shortened into one word—love. Stanley fell in love with a Grecian lady and her family investigated the young correspondent's standing in his native land, which eventually did not conclude satisfactory to the ardent young lover, as his suit was afterward refused.

For some time after this nothing was heard from him, with the exception of several letters written to friends in this country, in which he avowed the intention of doing something that "would shed a luster about his name" not approached by any of the aforesaid young lady's family. He said that he had "loved once and forever," and that he was going to become renowned or die.

It was not a long period after this that the report that a daring young man named Stanley was going as the representative of the New York Herald to make an attempt to discover the whereabouts of Livingstone, who it was thought had lost his way in the Dark Continent. Years passed and no news came from the brave but reckless man who had thus exposed his life to every danger imaginable, and people had begun to say that he, too, had perished in the same way that the man for whom he was hunting had disappeared.

At last a messenger arrived at Cairo, Egypt, who brought news of the safety of the travelers, as well as a brief but vivid account of the trials and hardships endured by Stanley and his party; telling of the finding of Livingstone and later of his death. This brought the name of Stanley to the front as an explorer, and there it has remained ever since and ever will remain.

SOME MAY MAGAZINES.

Harper's Magazine for May opens with an article by Theodore Child on "Some Modern French Painters." Among the artists of whom something is told are Puvis de Chavannes, Dagnau-Bouvert, Henri Lerolle and J. C. Cazin. John Austin Stevens writes about "Old New York Taverns," the article being illustrated with a great number of illustrations characteristic of early New York life. Mr. Howells's story, the "Shadow of a Dream," which is concluded in this number, is a psychological study of two not especially interesting people, who develop a disagreeable and morbid conscientiousness that brings both to their graves. "Making United States Bonds Under Pressure," is an account by L. E. Chittenden, Register of the Treasury under President Lincoln, of a remarkable feat in government history—namely, the signing by the Register of 12,500 bonds in a very brief period. The "Evolution of Humor," by Prof. S. H. Butcher, is a discussion, from a scientific stand-point, of the development of the sense of the ludicrous in the human mind. He points out the difficulty of reconciling the evolution of this trait with the Darwinian theory, but suggests a theory by which the two may be harmonized. "Through Bush and Fern," by William Sharp, is a description of Australian fauna and flora, as seen in an exploration of mountainous regions in the South Sea islands. Louise Imogen Quincy writes pleasantly of "English Lyrics under the First Charles," the article giving opportunity for a reproduction from old prints of portraits of Sir John Suckling, George Herbert, Robert Herrick, Francis Quarles and others. Two or three short stories and as many poems of average merit make up the number.

"Artist and Art Life in Munich" is the subject of an illustrated paper, by Prof. E. P. Evans, of Munich, in the May Cosmopolitan. An interesting addition to Bashkirtseff literature are some personal reminiscences of the much-talked-of young woman, by a Polish fellow-student in a Paris studio. Under the title "The Thieves of New York," Richard Wheatley gives some glimpses into the dark side of life in the metropolis. "Mouching," a local term for aimless sauntering, is a discursive essay, with some attractive illustrations, by Dewey Bates. Dr. D. A. Sargent has an illustrated article descriptive of the Harvard gymnasium, over which he has control. The importance of this addition to colleges and its bearing on the mental and physical improvement of the students are well set forth. Elizabeth Bisland adds another chapter to the history of a trip around the world. Under the title, "A Modern City's Factors of Growth," J. B. Walker paints an attractive picture of Denver, its advantages and prospects. The novelette of the number is a posthumous story by "Porte Crayon," entitled "A Schnatterndorff Episode." Other contributions are: "At the Home of a Corean Gentleman," by Col. Charles Chaille-Long; "The Rise of the Tall Hat," by Edward Hamilton Bell; "The Duc de Morny," by Molly Elliot Seawell, and "Southern Problems," by Henry Watterson. Murat Halstead has a "Review of Current Events," and Edward Everett Hale considers some "Social Problems."

The leading article in the May Scribner deals with the country around Barbizon, made famous by Millet and the "Barbizon School" of artists. The writer, T. H. Bartlett, owing to long residence in the country and an intimate acquaintance with Millet's family, is able to give much information and reminiscence concerning that artist which has not hitherto been told. "Co-operative Home Winning," by W. A. Linn, presents some of the practical results of the workings of building and loan associations. The illustrations are from photographs of houses which have been built by members of these associations in all parts of the country. An important contribution is by Francis Lynde Stetson on "The Rights of the Citizen as a User of the Public Streets." It is to be followed in future numbers by papers on the rights of the citizen as a "User of Public Conveyances," "To His Own Reputation," by President Seth Lowe, E. L. Godkin and others. Other contributions are "The Theaters of Japan," by T. J. Nakagawa; "Glimpses of Napoleon in 1804," by Clarence Deming, and several stories and poems.

One of the best bits of reading in the May Atlantic is Agnes Repplier's essay on "Literary Shibboleths." The pretensions of that large class of persons who affect a fondness for literature of which they have no true appreciation are touched upon in a humorously satirical way. Oliver Wendell Holmes takes occasion "Over the Teacups" to give an opinion of medical specialists that will be relished by all general practitioners. Oliver T. Morton has a second paper on "Some Popular Objections to Civil-service Reform." Henry James's "Tragic Muse" finally reaches its concluding chapter, and it must be said that the leaving of several pairs of battered hearts to find what comfort they can in each other's company is highly realistic, though not at all tragic. Persons who are seeking information concerning Henrik Ibsen, the Norwegian playwright, will welcome the history of his early literary career, which forms the opening article of the number.

The leading article in Popular Science Monthly for May is a study by Prof. John Fiske of the character of Edward W. Youmans, the late editor and founder of the monthly. The first chapters of one of the uncompleted parts of Herbert Spencer's system of philosophy, dealing with morality, are a feature of this number. Dr. William A. Hammond writes of sumptuary laws and their social influence. A paper by George W. Beaman on secondary school programmes draws the conclusion that the courses of study in our high and preparatory schools must be more distinctly specialized before they will yield satisfactory results. The strength of spiders and spider-webs is shown by Henry C. McCook. "Scenes on the Planet Mercury" are described by G. V. Schiappirelli. "Recent Glacial Work in Europe," "Cats and Their Friendships" and the "Botanic Gardens at Kew" are the subjects of other papers.

The Ladies' Home Journal for May contains a great variety of practical information and advice for women. Mrs. Frank Leslie, for example, points the way to success for "Women in Business Life;" Ellen LeGarde urges "Woman's Need of Exercise;" Emma M. Hooper tells prospective brides how to buy "A Wedding Outfit for $200;" Helen Jay gives the most practical hints on "How to Take Care of Clothing;" Mrs. John W. Bishop tells women what will be the hats and gowns worn this summer; amateur photographers will revel in a helpful article by A. Bogardus, the pioneer of New York photographers; Dr. T. DeWitt Talmage writes humorously and practically on "May-day Moving;" Mary J. Holmes gives a good glimpse of "Domestic Life in Egypt;" Dr. H. V. Wurdeman tells women "How to Choose Eye-glasses;" Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney, Maud Howe and Mrs. A. G. Lewis have novels and stories. Published at Philadelphia.

If readers of juvenile periodicals do not learn all about Africa it is not for a lack of the telling, no paper or magazine for their use now being complete without a chapter of travel or adventure in the interior of that country. E. J. Glave, one of Stanley's companions, who recites his adventures in St. Nicholas, gives an air of reality to the tale and invests it with an interest that many such rehearsals lack. W. O. Stoddard's story "Crowded Out o' Crofield" increases in interest and brings the boy and girl who were crowded out into new and unexpected complications. Some stories of intelligent dogs are a feature of the number.

Cassell's Magazine of Art for May opens with the first of a series of papers by W. M. Rossetti on Browning's portraits. Portraits of Mrs. Browning are also reproduced. Another article suggestive of Browning is a description by Katherine Macquoid of "Hamelin," the town of the "Pied Piper." "Modern Venetian Glass and Its Manufacture" corrects the common impression that no beautiful work in this glass is now produced. "The Passion of Our Lord, as Depicted at the National Gallery," gives some reproductions of the old masters.

The Home Magazine, edited by Mrs. John A. Logan, has on the cover of its May issue a poem by Charles Stuart Pratt, one of the editors of Wide Awake. An illustrated article by Mary Logan Tucker describes the home of Vice-president Morton in Washington. Mrs. Logan writes of the late Empress Augusta. The first chapter of "A Trip to Hebron" is contributed by Mrs. Henry S. Lane. An account of "King's Daughters," by Mary Lowe Dickinson, answers all the questions of those seeking information about that organization. Published in Washington, D. C.

The Overland Monthly has readable contributions on "The Other Side of the Divorce Question," "Modern Journalism," "The Old Mission Indians," and "Camp and Travel in Colorado." One writer offers "A Plan for the Relief of Farmers," and another has "A Study of Skilled Labor Organizations." There are two or three short stories of the peculiar Western coloring characteristic of the fiction in this magazine.

Cassell's Family Magazine has in each number a collection of stories of excellent moral tone, an article by the "Family Doctor" on the prevailing ailments of the season, a study of the fashions, and a variety of other information of a character to give fitness to its name as a collection of family literature.

Literary Notes.

The New York publishing firm of Stokes & Brother has been reorganized, and will hereafter be known as the Frederick A. Stokes Company. The house is noted for its artistic book-work.

A cheap edition, limited to 100,000 copies, of "Tom Brown's School Days" is announced by Macmillan & Co., uniform in style with their paper-covered editions of Charles Kingsley's novels, of which something over a million copies have been sold in the past six months.

Mr. William Henry Hurlbert, the well-known American journalist, has been studying the present condition of France, and the result of his investigations will be published shortly by Longmans, Green & Co., under the title of "France and Her Republic; a Record of Things Seen and Heard in the Centennial Year, 1889."

In its series of "Historic America" the Illustrated American in this week's number shows that Oscar Wilde need not have pitied us because we have no ruins. It gives some of the most romantic ruins, the remains of old Fort Tejon, which can be met with in any country; so we may now again lift our humiliated heads.

Mr. William O'Brien, M. P., has been somewhat too forcibly reminded of Carlyle's experience when writing the "History of the French Revolution." The Irish member, it seems, either lost or mislaid several chapters of the novel which has been so much talked about. He has repaired the disaster, and the story will be issued by the Longmans at the end of the month.

The American Catholic Quarterly Review has been placed under the chief editorial direction of the most Rev. Patrick John Ryan, D. D., Archbishop of Philadelphia, with the Rev. Ignatius F. Horstmann, D. D.; the Rev. Luke V. McCabe, professor of moral and dogmatic theology, etc., in the Theological Seminary of St. Charles Borromeo, Philadelphia, and George Dearing Wolff, LL. D., editor of the Catholic Standard, as associate editors.

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps and Rev. Herbert D. Ward have collaborated a novel which Houghton, Mifflin & Co., will publish shortly. It is entitled "The Master of the Magicians," and deals with court life in Babylon six hundred years before Christ. The prophet Daniel is the hero, and the royal personages, the life and customs of the time, the conflict between polytheism and the Jewish religion, are figures and elements in a striking love story.

Of the 250 copies of the edition de luxe of Mr. Stanley's forthcoming book, each copy will be numbered and signed by the author himself. It will be printed on the best hand-made paper, and the illustrations—some of which will not be found in the other edition—will be specially printed on Japanese paper, and mounted. "In Darkest Africa" is already in type in England, and Messrs. Scribner have received about one-half of the letter-press. Delay is involved, however, by the preparation of adequate illustrations and maps.

The Manifest Destiny of Canada.

Prof. Goldwin Smith, in the May Forum.

Canada is a disjointed tier of provinces, lying along the northern edge of a continent inhabited by a population identical with the bulk of her own, and with which her own is being rapidly fused by reciprocal migration. The American continent forms her natural market, and she is divided from it only by a conventional line. The fundamental institutions of the two masses of population, as well as their race, language, and religion, are the same. Will the Canadian provinces ultimately gravitate toward their own continent, or will they always remain separate from it and connected with a kingdom on the other side of the Atlantic? That is the Canadian problem. The Canadians, by their present political relations, are excluded from their natural market. To exclude people from their natural market is to condemn them to commercial atrophy, which in fact is the lot of Canada. Can the Canadians be expected to endure this forever? Would the British themselves endure it? Canadians are not knights errant in quest of the Holy Grail; they are husbandmen, mechanics and tradesmen in quest of their bread, and most of them working hard and living hard to earn it. Of late years there has been an increase in the volume of the trade between Canada and the United States, compared with that of the trade between Canada and England, notwithstanding the American tariff. Putting all the elements of the problem together, it appears that to keep the members of the Dominion united in themselves, and severed from their continent, a desperate war against nature must be waged.

French Advertising Dodge.

New York Mail and Express.

A well-known New Yorker, who has just returned from an extended trip abroad, was conversing with several reporters at an up-town hotel the other evening. He said he had noticed a little advertising dodge while in Paris that was new to him, at least. "An enterprising publisher," said he, "had a book which he wished to push, and to this end hired a number of well-dressed men to promenade the principal streets, through the tram-cars, and visit the cafes and hotels. Each was provided with a volume of the work and was to pretend to be deeply engrossed in it. Frequent collisions occurred, the hired readers being so absorbed in the story that they were unable to guide their footsteps. The readers urged in excuse for their apparent carelessness the absorbing nature of the story. The ruse was quite successful, though more than one reader was caught with his book upside down."

A Dairy at a Fair.

New York Evening Post.

Another pretty feature that will be introduced at a church fair to be given in Philadelphia in a few weeks will be a dairy, where, under a long wooden shed hung with greens, ladies dressed in the English dairy-maid costume of a century ago will sell butter, cheese, cream and milk. "The little pats of butter, all churned so nice and sweet," will be packed in little earthern jars holding from a half to a whole pound. The cream will also be sold in pretty little jars and pitchers, and the cheese wrapped in dainty silver papers tied with colored ribbons. The costumes worn by the maids will consist of short flowered skirts of chintz or calico, white kerchiefs and short red cloaks.

The Best in the World.

Senator Henry C. Nelson, of New York, writes:

"SENATE CHAMBER, ALBANY, N. Y., April 4, 1885.

"On the 27th of February, 1883, I was taken with a violent pain in the region of the kidneys. I suffered such agony that I could hardly stand up. As soon as possible I applied two Allcock's Porous Plasters, one over each kidney, and laid down. In an hour, to my surprise and delight, the pain had vanished and I was well. I wore the plasters for a day or two as a precaution, and then removed them. I have been using Allcock's Porous Plasters in my family for the last ten years, and have always found them the quickest and best external remedy for colds, strains and rheumatic affections. From my experience, I believe they are the best plasters in the world."

Allcock's Porous Plasters are purely vegetable. They are mild but effective, sure and quick in their action, and absolutely harmless.

Beware of imitations, and do not be deceived by misrepresentation. Ask for Allcock's, and let no solicitation or explanation induce you to accept a substitute.

Allcock's Corn and Bunion Shields effect quick and certain relief.

AN AMERICAN MONTE CRISTO.

Wilson Waddingham, Whose Wife Left Him Because He Had Gotten Too Wealthy.

Kansas City Times.

A more extraordinary career can seldom be found than that of Wilson Waddingham, who an Associated Press item yesterday said had just moved into his "new million-dollar residence" at West Haven, Conn.

Just one month ago the Times printed an exclusive report of his marriage at Las Vegas, N. M., which was the following day somewhat officiously denied by the Associated Press representative at Albuquerque. The fair bride, of whom but little could be learned heretofore, has often been in Kansas City on short visits, and is the daughter of Maj. J. E. Barrow, an old-time Western character, a former fast friend of Gen. Sam Houston and a prominent territorial politician in ante-bellum days. In 1859 he was the government contractor for the mail route from Kansas City to Stockton, Cal., known as "The thirty-fifth parallel route," and he was elected the first Delegate from Nebraska to Congress. His daughter Nannie is a clever, well-educated girl, almost a pure blonde, inclined to be tall and slender, weighs about 120 pounds and is thirty years her husband's junior. It is asserted by a person in a position to know that she is thoroughly in love with him, and not his plethoric purse, as envious people would be apt to imagine.

Wilson Waddingham is a portly, polished-looking gentleman, fifty-six years old, five feet eight inches in height, and weighs about 180 pounds, and bears throughout a marked resemblance to Grover Cleveland. A bald spot is just becoming visible on his head, and his hair is slightly tinged with gray. This modern Monte Cristo is a jolly, good-natured fellow, the soul of generosity, being noted for his lavish hospitality to his warm friends. He is the largest individual land and cattle-owner in the country, and his wealth is about $7,000,000 represented by real estate in New York, Connecticut, Chicago, Kansas City and California, rich mines in Colorado, extensive cattle ranches in New Mexico and herds of cattle in Texas and the Indian Territory, aggregating 100,000 head, besides a big bundle of gilt-edge bonds and securities and a fat bank acount, which he always has available for any quick deals, which he has a fondness of making, especially when the prospective profit is sufficiently alluring. As a speculator of this kind he is known as one of the shrewdest in the country, and he apparently possesses the magic wand of Midas.

Ten years ago he raked in a cool million in the New York mining stock market in some famous Colorado mining deals, principally the notorious "Robinson mine," about twelve miles northwest of Leadville.

In the past five years Mr. Waddingham has been making successful speculations all over the country, and incidentally has made a dozen trips across the Atlantic. He is a large owner of Kansas City property and cleared nearly a half million in the celebrated "Goodrich place," on Baltimore avenue, which he bought in a lump about four years ago for $500,000, platted it and resold it at the height of the real-estate boom for about double that sum.

Mr. Waddingham is personally one of the most pleasant and approachable of gentlemen and, as already stated, the pink of generosity, has but few enemies, and his lucky star is not evied by those who know him well. He lives high everywhere, pays the best of prices for everything and enjoys life while it lasts. He is one of the best judges of wines in the country. He is a leading stockholder and director of the Union National Bank and is a member of the Kansas City Club. Is also a well-known member of the celebrated Lotus Club, of New York, at whose elegant quarters he usually homes while there.

The story of Mr. Waddingham's rise to fame and fortune from the time he was a poor boy in Kingston, Ont.—where both he and his former wife were born—has indeed so many glints of Orientalism that it is scarcely credible. It would take a page to fully describe it, of which here only the very briefest outline is given. It was just thirty-three years ago when he paid court to Emma Hobrough at Kingston, the book-binder's beautiful daughter, and who was accounted the belle of the town. They were married soon afterward and went to California and Idaho, where, a few years later, Waddingham made his first big strike, about $100,000, in some mining deals. His original trade was that of a carpenter, and he was at one time, before the war, a clerk on a Mississippi river steamboat. His wife proved a most amiable companion and, although not now legally separated, there is nothing but the warmest of feeling between them, they having mutually "agreed to disagree," although it is not to be supposed that she fully sanctioned his second marriage. Still, she admits that he has always been one of the most generous of husbands, and even now allows her about $20,000 per year and $5,000 to each of the children. He has a grown daughter, Emma, a beautiful and accomplished girl, whom he almost idolizes.

There was always marked dissimilarity of temperament between Waddingham and his wife. The former was a chronic traveler, roving all over the country, seldom averaging over a few weeks in the year at home, has traveled hundreds of thousands of miles, and is one of those mercurial kind of people who are discontented unless always "on the move." His wife was one of those modest, mild-mannered sort of women, domestic in her ideas, and conservative in her views, who wanted her husband to stay at home and not be rushing all over the country and chasing his "visionary schemes," as she considered them.

He uses the Western Union wires quite freely, and almost exclusively in preference to the mails in transacting nearly all his matters, business or social, even the fastest mails being considered too slow for him. It is nothing unusual for him to pay $10 for a single telegram, his expense for the year being frequently $5,000 for telegraphing alone. The New York World some weeks ago represented Waddington as an ignorant sort of fellow, ungrammatical in his talk and lacking the polish that makes the cultured man of the world and who stumbled on his great wealth in a hap-hazard manner, all of which is far from the truth. There is nothing of the Tabor type about him. He was educated at the Queen's College, Canada, and his language and letters indicate the thorough scholar and gentleman, although he may lack the polish of a McAllister or the acquired knowledge of a college professor.

The "million-dollar palace" which the Associated Press has mentioned, cost only $450,000, but in it there is $90,000 worth of furniture. Mr. Waddingham spent his honeymoon at the Montezuma Hotel, Las Vegas, Hot Springs, N. M., and passed through Kansas City a few days ago on his way East.

Wood Ashes for Dry Weather.

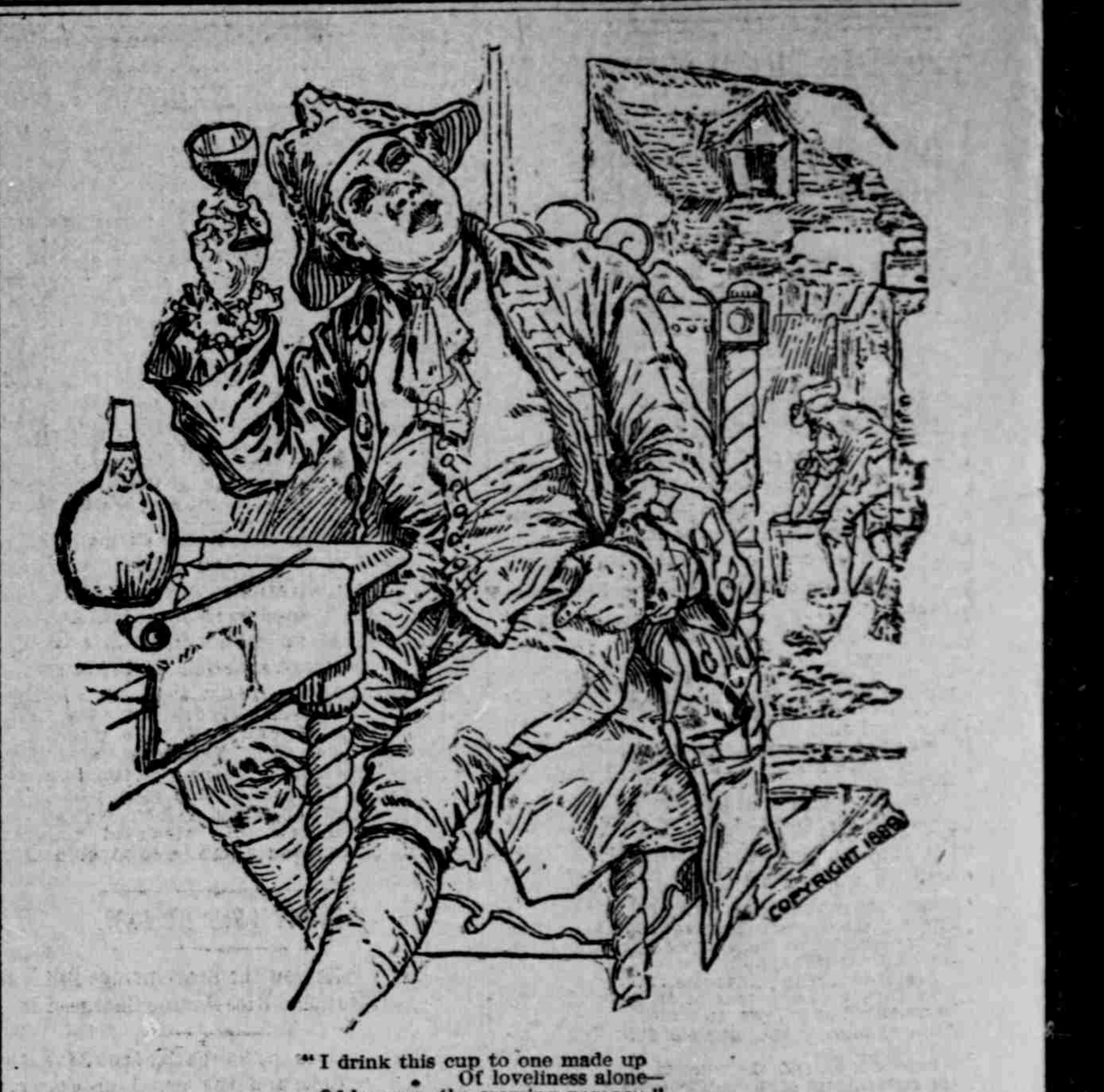
President Smith, of the Wisconsin Horticultural Society, reporting through the Prairie Farmer, of Chicago, particulars as to an acre of potatoes dressed with compost manure and another with unleached wood ashes, the two lying side by side and treated in other respects precisely alike, makes a statement of notable value, especially for a dry season:

"The acre fertilized with ashes yielded fifty-one bushels the most, and if there was any difference in quality it was in favor of those that had the ashes. Now, the fair inference would be that the ashes were much the best manure for potatoes. Let us look a little further: The last half of May and the first half of June were wet and cold, and so far the two acres seemed to keep just about even. After June 15 the weather became very dry, and there was little rain upon the plants until they were ripe. Very soon after the ground began to get dry it could be plainly seen that those manured from the compost heap were suffering for want of rain, while those manured with ashes were growing very rapidly. They continued until they were ripe. The simple fact is potatoes or strawberries manured with ashes stand drought that would be ruinous to crops fertilized with any other manure I have ever tried. To this fact I attribute the failure of the compost-heap acre to hold its own with the acre upon which the ashes were used. I have tried the experiment many times, always with precisely the same result, provided we had a dry season during the growing of the crop. I don't know but the rule will hold good with all farm and garden crops, but with the above-named there is no doubt. Do not understand me as underrating ashes as manure. I have used them in preference to any fertilizer I could get for potatoes for many years, and one of the principal reasons has been that I could rely upon a good crop even in dry weather.

The Victim of the Fountain Pen.

Washington Post.

The first thing that a man who has purchased a cheap self-feeding pen feels like doing with it is to write himself an ass.



"I drink this cup to one made up
Of loveliness alone—
Of her sex, the seeming paragon."

These lines of Pinckney bring before the mental vision a woman of surpassing beauty, challenging admiration and homage. This sentimental tribute was, no doubt, worthily bestowed by the poet, but it is a prosaic fact that large numbers of our fair country-women are deficient in personal charms, because they do not try and conquer the disorders peculiar to their sex, and from which so many of them suffer martyrdom. As it is the ambition of every woman to look her best, let the afflicted ones use Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, and thus recover their health, without which there can be no beauty.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is a legitimate *medicine*, not a beverage; carefully compounded by an experienced physician, and adapted to woman's delicate organization. It is purely vegetable in composition and perfectly harmless in any condition of the system. Contains no alcohol to inebriate; no syrup or sugar to ferment in the stomach and derange digestion.

As an invigorating tonic, it imparts strength to the whole system. For overworked, "worn-out," "run-down," debilitated teachers, milliners, dressmakers, seamstresses, "shop-girls," housekeepers, nursing mothers, and feeble women generally, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the greatest earthly boon, being unequaled as an appetizing cordial and restorative tonic.

As a soothing and strengthening nervine, "Favorite Prescription" is unequaled and is invaluable in allaying and subduing nervous excitability, exhaustion, prostration, hysteria, and other distressing, nervous symptoms, commonly attendant upon functional and organic disease of the uterus, or womb. It induces refreshing sleep and relieves mental anxiety and despondency.

It is the only medicine for the cure of all those peculiar weaknesses and ailments incident to females, sold by druggists, under a **positive guarantee** from the manufacturers, that it will give satisfaction in *every case* or price ($1.00) will be promptly refunded. See *guarantee* printed on bottle-wrapper and faithfully carried out for many years.

For a Book of 160 pages on Woman: Her Diseases, and How to Cure them, (sent sealed, in plain envelope,) enclose ten cents, in stamps, to WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, No. 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

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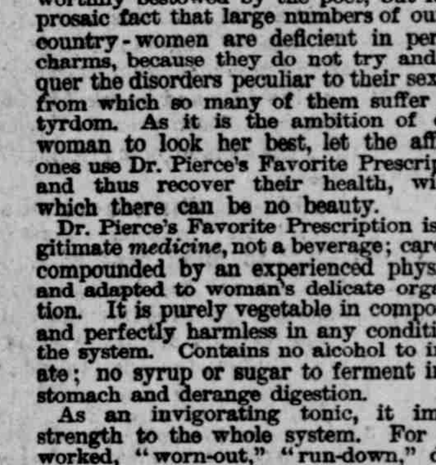

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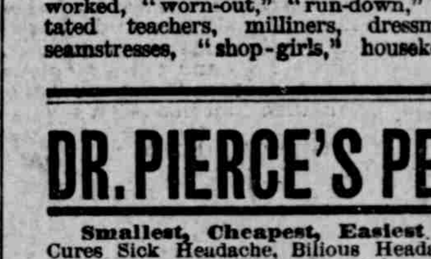

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PENSIONS FOR VETERANS.

Residents of Indiana and Illinois Whose Claims Have Been Allowed.

Pensions have been granted the following-named Indianians:

Original Invalid—John Bisel, Warsaw.

Restoration—Peter Brechner, Wabash.

Restoration and Increase—Jasper H. Grinstead, North Vernon.

Restoration and Reissue—Wm. L. Steele, Huntington.

Increase—Samuel P. Bradford, LaGrange; John H. Keefer, Huntington; Charles T. Redman, Alpha; Simon Wright, Fillmore; William Whaley, Ellettsville; Newton W. Rodman, Farrabee; Thomas Nowland, Grand View; John H. Jackson, Altogo; Andrew Backer, Bremen; Jas. D. Kiper, Bird's-eye; Thos. Brasher, Noblesville; Thos. S. Truitt, New Haven; Henry Alspaugh, Cadiz; Samuel Bunker, Camden; Wm. H. McCart, Huron; Wm. H. Foster, Columbus; Washington A. Coon, Albion; Wiley E. Dittmore, Spencer; John K. Hart, Greencastle; Henry Williams, Freetown.

Reissue—Moses Grant, Maxwell; Robert Jones, Huntington; Calvin Harris, Fincastle; Hannibal E. Burns, Waldron; James O. Laughlin, Mineral City; Abel J. Fawcett, Bloomfield; David Hickman, Frankfort; John Crabtree, Hartford City; John Gilmore, Ovid; Roland Smith, Fairmount; George W. Fender, Jeffersonville.

Reissue and Increase—Samuel H. Eberly, Pine Village; David B. St. John, Terre Haute; Daniel Heaton, West Middleton.

Original Widows, etc.—Rebecca J., widow of Alex. Biddle, Ossian; Nancy L., widow of Wm. L. Steele, Huntington.

Mexican Widow—Mary A., widow of William Lewis, Heilman.

TO RESIDENTS OF ILLINOIS.

Restoration—Joseph Foster, Irving; John Everett, Chicago.

Restoration and Increase—Emanuel B. Kepner, Chicago; Michael Frazee, Olney.

Increase—Thomas G. McCorkle, Eddyville; William B. Smith, Lawrenceville; William Murphy, Palestine; Curtis B. Stone, Chicago; A. McEathron, Lena; Thomas Dooley, Crafton; Thos. Beacly, Cuba (jr.); Joseph S. Hicks, Odin; Samuel A. Kennedy, Xenia; John H. Conn, Englewood; Anton Wiberg, Broose.

Reissue—Reuben Hamilton, Monmouth; Francis M. Hays, Onaga; James G. King, Carlyle; William Roloy, Pana; William H. Milligan, Pinckneyville; Michael Erzinger, Kankakee.

Reissue and Increase—Thomas B. Baso, Mackinaw.

Original Widows, Etc.—Sara A., widow of David Fletcher, Gard's Point; widow of William T. Wyatt, Simpson.

Mexican Widows—Elizabeth C., widow of Edmund Jones, Carterville.

Great Nerve.

New York Sun.

"He has a terrible nerve."

"Who, Chumpleigh?"

"Yes. Why, that fellow was managing a traveling 'Hamlet' troop out in Kansas once, and, when the audience called for the author at the close of the play, Chumpleigh went before the curtain and bowed."

A Good Thing to Let Alone.

Kansas City Journal.

There is nothing which the great body of American citizens will resent more quickly or more emphatically than any interference with the free-school system, and they will resent it quite as promptly from the Church of Rome as from any other source.

Care of Lace Curtains.

Ladies' Home Journal.

After shaking the dust out of the curtains thoroughly, soak them at least one whole day in pure, cold water: if very much soiled you may be obliged to repeat the process several times. They can be washed carefully, rubbed gently, and pressed and squeezed with the hands; but on no account should they be rubbed on a washboard. They need boiling, or at least scalding. They must dry before being starched, and when dry is a good time to mend them, should they need it.

Clear starch, well boiled, should be used, and there is a great danger of making them too stiff. They ought to hang in very limber folds; as nearly like the way they hung when new as possible. Gum arabic, when obtainable, is much to be preferred to starch for all such fabrics, as it imparts a freshness and crispness like new goods. After starching they should be hung to dry upon a sheet over the line. When a little more than half dry, fold them together, end to end, and pin them with great care upon a sheet which has previously been tacked smoothly to the bare floor, or pinned to the carpet.

Pin the sides of the curtain first, smoothing out toward the center, watching that there are no wrinkles in the sheet, and being careful not to stretch, at any the time, the center of the curtain. Place the pins at the edges near enough together that the curtain must dry in a straight line. Examine closely while drying, to see if they are drying straight, and if not, change the position of the pins.

Another plan, more economical of space, is to pin a sheet tightly around a broom handle and roll the curtain smoothly and evenly around it, the ends of the curtain being first pinned to the end of another sheet, and both sheet and curtain wound together. It will take two persons to do this, in order to keep the edges even.

A Point the Czar Neglected.

Iowa Register.

The Russian government is making great preparations for the entertainment of the international prison congress, which meets in St. Petersburg next month. There will be dinners, and excursions, and fetes innumerable. A trip to Finland is proposed. There has been no invitation yet to take a trip to Siberia.

A Case in Point.

New York Tribune.

"The man who habitually drinks beer soon becomes a mental and physical wreck," says a temperance paper. "Yes, indeed," was the wicked reply; "just look at Bismarck."

Foreign Fashions Introduced.

Philadelphia Record.

A new thing in weddings is for the bride's brothers to kiss the groom.