A HIGH-PRICED LOBBY

Financial Transactions Which Startled a New York Banker.

A Check for $275,000 Payable to Bearer—Capitalists Who Declined Identification—$890,000 for One Act.

W. B. S., in St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Nerve is a conspicuous trait of the successful lobbyist. A New York bank president had this impressed upon him. This bank president was George S. Coe. At the time he had been an officer of the American Exchange Bank twenty years, and during fourteen of it was president. Yet his experience with the Washington lobby and its queer methods was something which impressed his memory with minute details. Among the depositors having an account with Mr. Coe's bank was Richard B. Irwin. For five or six years Mr. Irwin had been known to Mr. Coe as a business man—a steamship agent. His balance in the bank had run as high as $15,000.

"Colonel Irwin," said Mr. Coe, "came into the bank one day, as I distinctly recollect, and came into my room. He made some remark to me of an ordinary character, having no reference to business at all, and then went out. As he passed the receiving teller's desk, in a very cool and nonchalant way, he threw down his bank book with a deposit of $735,000 and passed out."

The deposit was one in four checks, one for $10,000, one for $25,000, one for $50,000, and one for $650,000.

"After he had gone," continued the bank president, "the receiving teller reported to me the facts of this deposit, remarking that it was an extraordinary sum to be deposited by Colonel Irwin, and I was quite startled. It was about the time when there was a great deal of excitement prevailing in respect to locking up greenbacks. I inferred, without knowing anything about it, that this had some relation to some stock operation, and possibly some relation to a trick of that kind—a thing that is very odious to me—and I asked the young teller why he had not notified me promptly when the deposit was made. He replied that, seeing Colonel Irwin coming from my own room, he supposed that I knew all about it, and that answer I thought was quite sufficient to excuse him, for it seemed very natural. I was startled at the largeness of the deposit by Colonel Irwin; but the deposit had been made and the man was gone. I did not think there was any official propriety in my pursuing a customer and seeking to know more about it, as the bank in its regular course of business had taken the money. Therefore I said to the teller:

"'Let it pass now, but be very careful and watch the operation of this deposit. See who draws the money, so that we may avoid complicating this bank with any such operations as are now going on in the street.'

"With that remark I dismissed the subject for the day. The next day I directed the tellers—all of them—to report to me how that money was drawn, whether in bank notes or in any other form. The next day passed away, and none of it was drawn at all; and the next day there was nothing drawn against this large account and it still remained to the credit of Colonel Irwin, which was quite mysterious to me. The deposit was made on the 25th of May, and nothing was drawn against it except a small sum, and it gave an unusual significance to the transaction, in view of the financial interests of the country."

DECLINED IDENTIFICATION.

After a few days $325,000 was drawn out in three checks, one for $125,000 and the others for $100,000 each. These three checks were presented at the counter and were paid in money. They came through other banks and were so drawn that there was no way of identifying the persons who ultimately received the cash. But on the 25th of May there occurred something that again amazed President Coe and gave him an impressive experience with the ways of the Washington lobby.

"Two strangers came into the bank, gentlemen unknown to me or to any one there," said Mr. Coe. "They presented themselves first at the paying teller's desk and handed him two checks, one for $275,000 and another for $115,000. I saw the checks at the time. My impression is that they were drawn 'R. B. Irwin, pay to my order,' and indorsed in blank, which made the checks payable to bearer. The two gentlemen presented them and demanded payment in currency. The teller, startled by the largeness of the sums, was unwilling to pay them without some identification, which the gentlemen refused to give. The teller then referred them to the officers' room in the rear of the bank, and they went to the assistant cashier, and he also had the same apprehension or reluctance to pay these large amounts without some identification of the gentlemen who presented the checks. The two gentlemen were then referred to me, and hearing them very emphatic, for I had overheard part of the conversation, I asked them to sit down and explain to me what the matter was. They said in substance:

"'We have two checks on your bank and they refuse to pay them.'

"Said I: 'Let me look at them, gentlemen.'

"They handed the checks to me and I looked at them. One of them was for $275,000. The other was for $115,000. I said:

"'Now, gentlemen, you know those are very large sums of money.'

"And one of the gentlemen remarked: 'That is not a large sum.'

"I said: 'Sir, $275,000 we consider in New York to be a very large sum.'

"He answered: 'We handle larger sums than that,' or something to that effect.

"I then said to them: 'Now, gentlemen, there is a courtesy due between gentlemen, and there is a certain obligation which every man owes to the community in handling large sums of money and which men who are engaged in these large transactions owe to each other to take care of each other. On that general ground I ask you to identify yourselves, simply that I may be sure that I am not paying a forged check.'

"The answer of the gentlemen was something like this, or to this effect, that they had reasons for not wanting to be identified, and that they declined to be identified. I saw that I was officially in a corner, because I could not fail to recognize the right of any man to preserve his incognito if he chose to do it nor the right of any man to demand money for a check payable to bearer. That, of course, is an unquestionable right. The only ground on which I could refuse was by saying the checks were forgeries. I had looked at them and at the signatures with unusual attention. I was perfectly satisfied that they were genuine. I did not want to belittle myself by being unnecessarily hypercritical, so I resolved to do the next best thing that I could to protect the bank. Therefore I said:

"'Gentlemen, how do you propose to use this large check? If you are going to use this in a bank you can relieve me of all embarrassment.'

"And the gentleman who had presented the larger check said: 'Yes, I am going to use it in a bank.'

"Said I: 'Then have it certified and you can deposit it, which will save you and us the trouble of counting this large amount.'

"He assented. So I directed the check to be certified. Then, turning to the other gentleman, I said, 'How do you want yours?'"

"He said: 'I want mine to-morrow morning in money.'

"I said: 'Come in to-morrow morning and you shall have it.'

"As to the first check, I felt this assurance in certifying it, that if it were deposited in another bank and it proved to be wrong in any way, I could discover the forgery. The next morning the gentleman came in, and without any hesitation at all I said:

"'Pay this check to the gentleman.'

"It was the check for $115,000. At the same time, for the purpose of protecting myself as much as possible, I directed the police officer whose business it is to go around among the banks to see this gentleman and bring me word where he went. I had had an opportunity of reflecting upon the matter over night, and the bare possibility of our paying a forged check of this magnitude was, of course, startling to me. So I said to this officer, whom I knew to be a very discreet man:

"'When we pay a check this morning, as I will tell you, you ascertain whether the party who receives it is a respectable man, so that we may know that it is not a forgery. Bring me that assurance. That is all I want.'

"He said: 'I can do that.'

SEEKING A CLEW.

"The check was paid and the gentleman went out. In fifteen or twenty minutes the officer came back and informed me that the gentleman to whom the $115,000 check had been paid went from our bank into the Park Bank, and there went to the officers' room and had some conversation, and went thence to the note-teller and paid a note, and then went down street and into the Equitable Building and up in the elevator. The officer, not desiring to go up in the elevator with him, went up the stairs, but failed to see him, and therefore supposed he had gone into some office. In some way the name of the Northern Pacific railroad was mentioned to me just at the time, and the office of the company was suggested to me. I said to the officer:

"'Go up to the Northern Pacific railroad office and see if the gentleman to whom this check was paid is there.'

"He went, came back and reported:

"'The gentleman is sitting there reading a newspaper.'

"I then directed our assistant cashier to go to the Park Bank with a note requesting the president of the bank to answer a confidential question which our assistant cashier would ask, in order to assure me that a certain check which we had paid was paid to a respectable man. The assistant cashier came back and reported to me that the gentleman was named King, and that he had been postmaster or something of that kind to the House of Representatives. I remarked to our assistant cashier:

"'This, I think, relieves us of any solicitude in respect to that check, and that is all our interest in it.'

"With that I dismissed the whole thing, and my connection with the matter ended so far as the $115,000 check was concerned. Having certified the $275,000 check, the next thing was to ascertain how it was paid. I inquired the next day what bank had sent the $275,000 check in. The answer of the clerk was, 'The Marine Bank.' I requested our assistant cashier to go down to the Marine Bank and ask the officers whether the person to whom the $275,000 was paid was a responsible party; whether the officers of the bank knew him, so that I might feel assured it was all right. The word came back that the party was a very respectable party; that the cashier knew all about it, and if it was necessary he would tell me, but that I could be assured the check was all right. I then dismissed the whole subject from my mind, as it was none of my business to pursue it further."

IRWIN'S OPERATIONS.

The story of President Coe is given in all its detail because it affords an insight to the bold magnitude of lobby operations as well as to the strange methods of the lobby.

Irwin, who made the deposit, was an agent of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company. He was summoned from San Francisco in January and sent down to Washington in February to try to get through a bill giving his company $500,000 a year for ten years to perform certain additional mail service between San Francisco, Japan and China. Between the time of his arrival here in February and the final passage of the bill, on the 21st of May, Mr. Irwin used $140,000. When his work was accomplished he went back to New York, made the deposit of over $700,000, which was in addition to the $140,000 spent, and disbursed it for services rendered in connection with the bill.

The total amount ditributed, of which the two checks for $275,000 and $115,000 formed parts, was $890,000. It was paid out between the middle of February and the end of May. It was the price of the passage of a single act of Congress. Yet not a dollar was traced into the pocket of a member who voted for the measure. The people who furnished the money were probably under the impression that they were buying votes. Perhaps some of the thousand-dollar bills which, according to bank tellers, were thick in Washington about the time of this grand distribution of intended corruption, purchased a few members of Congress, but if they did it was never proven. An investigation, however, showed that more than half of the money went into the pockets of the lobby and remained there. What became of the rest was only a matter of suspicion.

Irwin was before the investigating committee. He was loath to give the names of those to whom he had paid the money. But after much pressing he furnished the list. From this it appeared that the largest sum had gone to John G. Schumaker. That gentleman had received $300,000, which included the check. He said he had kept $10,000 as his fee for working in behalf of the subsidy. The $290,000 he had broken into checks of various amounts and at the direction of the officers of the Pacific Mail had delivered them to persons indicated, but he had not paid anything to any member of Congress. Mr. Schumaker was an ex-member of Congress. He was not a member of the Congress which passed the subsidy bill, but was a member of the next Congress after that. The second largest sum went to William S. King, who had been postmaster of the House at the time, and who was elected a member of the subsequent Congress. Mr. King stated under oath that he knew of no money being used in connection with this legislation. He was the man who collected the check for $115,000 and who handled $10,000 besides.

The other persons on Mr. Irwin's list absorbed sums ranging from $500 to $56,500, but no one on this list was a member of Congress. The names included about all of the prominent members of the lobby at that time. One of the beneficiaries was an ex-Postmaster-general. He handled $45,000. Another was an editor of national reputation. He owned a paper in Washington at the time, and was paid $25,000. Another editor got $5,000.

The persons on Mr. Irwin's list appeared one after another and admitted that they had received these munificent sums. Some had divided with others. But one and all swore vigorously that not a dollar had been paid by them to any member of Congress. As far as supposed bribery of Congressmen was concerned the inquiry was a dead failure. As a revelation of the ways and profits of the lobby it was a startling success.

SPENDING HE MONEY.

Irwin came to Washington in February took a house which he made the headquarters of the lobby, and in three months spent $40,000 in entertaining. This was his statement to the committee. He organized a lobby and spent $100,000 in maintaining it until the bill became law. Then he came into possession of the $750,000 which had been made contingent on success, and proceeded to redeem the promises he had made before the bill passed.

A man named Averill, who had been a collector of internal revenue in the interior of New York State, was in Washington at that time for the purpose of promoting several enterprises. He received a note at his hotel asking him to call upon Mr. Irwin at his headquarters. He did so.

"He told me" said Averill, "that he had received a letter from New York suggesting me as a good person to assist him in a certain work that he wanted done. He said that I was probably aware of the character of that work; that I had seen from the papers he was here for the purpose of procuring the passage of the Pacific Mail steamship subsidy bill. I told him I had seen it. Then he said:

"'I want you to take hold of this matter and assist me in what I want done here. I think you can do me a great deal of good here. Mr. Stockwell (the president of the company) and myself have both become convinced that there is a very extensive combination here to defeat the passage of this subsidy, and that money is being used for that purpose. I want to find out, if I can who the men are that are here for that purpose, and what they are doing; and, if possible, I want to check them in every direction. Therefore I want you to take hold of the case, and do all you can to assist me.'

"I said to him that if I did take hold of it I should have to neglect my other business.

"Said he, 'You are pretty well acquainted here and in New York, and you know exactly what I want.'

"I then said that if I did take hold of it at all I would do it upon certain conditions—that I should receive $10,000, $1,000 down, and the balance when the bill was passed. Mr. Irwin agreed to that proposition, and he paid me $1,000. I put myself, in the course of a day or two, in a position to know what was going on with reference to the adverse influences. I talked with parties about the hotels and at the Capitol, and learned in a quiet way everything that I could on the subject. As soon as I learned, as I did on almost every corner and at every turn, that there were men here opposing the bill, and that it was a question of who had the most money. I informed him of the fact. I felt my way along as well as I could, and whenever I heard any name of any importance I reported it to Governor Randall. I understood that Gov. Randall was prepared to deal with these parties and get them out of the way. The other money was paid to me in nine $1,000 bills. It is but just that I should say that I never spoke to a member or officer of the House on the subject, except in some general way, as, 'What do you think the prospects of the bill are?' or something of that kind."

Averill's story illustrates very well how the lobby was organized and how it worked. The Governor Randall to whom he reported was the ex-Postmaster-general. He had charge of that branch of the work which silenced the opposition sentiment to the bill. In carrying out his plan of campaign Gov. Randall distributed about $45,000.

A MYSTERIOUS TRANSACTION.

In the course of the Pacific Mail legislation there was a $50,000 transaction which had much of the queerness and mystery of the lobby about it. Lyman Elmore was a lawyer at that time, having offices in both New York city and Washington. Mr. Elmore had no connection with the Pacific Mail business. He was never employed in the interest of the subsidy, and never handled a dollar of the money. Yet he told this interesting and puzzling story:

"At my office in Washington there were from twenty to fifty people calling, and I met and was introduced to a great many people at saloons and elsewhere. In this way I was introduced to a gentleman by the name of General Smith. I met him probably three or four times during the spring. One day while I was passing from the Treasury down F street, he was talking with a group of gentlemen. He called me and came up to me in the middle of the street. He asked me if I knew the attorney for the Pacific Mail Steamship Company. I said that it was Mr. Irwin. I did not know him except by sight.

"'No,' he said, 'he is the agent. I mean the attorney in New York. You have a New York office, have you not?'

"I said that probably I knew most of the attorneys in New York. He said:

"'They are to send over their attorney to pay me some money. Have you any objection to identify me?'

"I told him certainly not. I went along down the street. Three or four days passed, when one morning John G. Schumaker came into my office and threw down a check for $50,000, saying:

"'I was instructed to give that check to you.'

"I did not even pick up the check. I saw it lie there. I said: 'Not for me; you are mistaken.'

"'No,' said he, 'the Pacific Mail Steamship Company told me to pay that to you or to somebody whom you were to identify.'

"I told him that I knew who the gentleman was and would see him during the day probably and would let him know.

"I remember making this remark: 'You are not going to pay in a check, are you?'

"It has got—even without any necessity existing for it probably—that men rather object here in Washington to receiving checks—even checks payable to bearer—especially if the checks are in connection with legislation, for fear of suspicion attaching to them. I allude to the uneasy timidity which exists for fear there might be a suspicion attached to the receipt of a check. It runs throughout almost all transactions, although it only refers to certain transactions which are illegitimate—those in which money goes to influence legislation. That was a large amount of money, $50,000, and I presumed it was to be distributed by General Smith. I did not suppose that he would want it traced back to a check. My remark was a natural remark of caution. He then said he would get it cashed. I made an appointment with him between 2 and 3 o'clock. I met this gentleman, Mr. Smith, and he came to my office about 2:30. My own desk being in the back room, he sat there reading papers and became very nervous. He kept suggesting that he thought Schumaker had made up his mind not to come around again. But some time after 3 o'clock Mr. Schumaker came in. The only remark I made to him was:

"'This is the General Smith who says he was to meet you here.'

"I was not going to assume the responsibility that he was the man to whom the money should be paid. After shaking hands, Mr. Schumaker stepped up to the dressing bureau back of my desk and pulled out a roll of bills and said, 'Count that.' After counting the money, General Smith said, 'That is all right.' After making some remarks about Brooklyn Mr. Schumaker left the office. I then made the jocular remark to General Smith that that was too much money for one man to carry. He said if it was for him he would be very glad to make a divide, but that he had nothing to do with it, except that he was receiving it for other parties. He left the office. A few days after that I left Washington and was not here for several months. It was a matter of surprise to me that such a trifling identification was all that was required to deliver over that sum of money. When Mr. Schumaker laid the check on the table and said that he was instructed to give me the money or check, for a moment I did not know what it was, and said that it was a mistake. But when he said that the Pacific Mail Steamship Company had sent him and told him to pay it to me, or to some one whom I would identify, I said:

"'Oh, I know who the money is for.'

"And then I told him of the circumstance of the gentleman having asked me to identify him to an attorney of the company. He said, 'That is the man,' and he requested me to see him, which I did. I had no more acquaintance with General Smith than I had with one-half of the people I knew in Washington. I had been introduced to him and had met him and known him socially probably three, four or five weeks."

General Smith was never identified. All that John G. Schumaker could tell was that as an attorney he had received this check for $50,000 from the president of the steamship company, with instructions to carry it to Washington and deliver it to an unnamed person, whom he would be able to locate through Mr. Elmore. The rest of Mr. Schumaker's story matched pretty well with Elmore's.

"I hesitated about the matter," Mr. Schumaker said. "I did not want to do it. I told them that if it was to pay it to any member of Congress I should have nothing to do with it. They assured me that there was no member of Congress who was to have anything to do with the money."

Mr. Schumaker declared his inability to identify General Smith. He had never seen him before, and thought at the same time the name was a fictitious one. Such is one of the unsolved mysteries of Washington legislation. The history of the lobby abounds in these strange tales.

ROOM FOR AMENDMENT.

Injustice Done to Naval Officers by Hasty Punishment.

New York Evening Post.

Admiral Stanton having been restored to his command, or to another "equally as good," after an interval of two months' disgrace or discredit, and, we presume, of diminished salary, with no other charge against him than "a grave error of judgment," we think it fair to ask once more whether Mr. Herbert does not think this practice of punishing officers of high rank before trial a most unfortunate one for the discipline and reputation of the navy? It has been the custom, both under him and his predecessor, whenever an officer at a distant post did something which looked badly, or which, if proved, would subject him to punishment, to deprive him of his command by telegram, and fill the newspapers with all sorts of disparaging reports about him, and then inquire into the matter later. This was done in the case of Commanders Whitehead, Reiter, Higginson and Admiral Stanton. Now it so happens that under the naval regulation this operates as a terrible punishment, for not only does it discredit the officer at home and abroad, but it also suddenly cuts down the salary on which, probably, his wife is living in a rented house and educating his children in some city of the Union. In other words, along with disgrace it inflicts a tremendous fine. That it is entirely unnecessary, as well as unjust, we need not say. In Admiral Stanton's case, for instance, it was the easiest thing in the world to disavow the salute of Mello's flag, and then ask Stanton for his explanation. It was very plain from the beginning that the revolt of a navy against its own government in its own harbor was so unusual that it created a situation which made a mistake in the matter of saluting very easy. Peixoto was not such a terrible fellow that we had to go down on our knees to him on the spot. Why not, then, disavow the salute and ask Admiral Stanton for his report, and wait till he was heard from before condemning him? Why not, in short, give commanding officers of our ships of war the treatment accorded to gentlemen all over the world—that is, ask for an explanation before slapping their faces? It has turned out that neither Reiter, nor Higginson, nor Stanton really did anything meriting punishment, and yet they were all punished. Is it not time to amend this system? Or, in other words, is it not time to make the discipline of the navy civilized and rational?

For the Fruit Grower.

M. S. Perrins, in the Independent.

There is no better time than fall and early winter in which to fertilize the orchards and small fruit plantations. Even the coarsest manure will prove beneficial if applied at once. The rains, snows, and frosts of winter will break up and disintegrate all lumps and wash the fertility through the entire surface soil. No tool or implement ever invented can equal the uniformity with which nature will distribute plant food where it will be within reach of the tiniest rootlet. Therefore let every fruit grower act at once, and not delay fertilization until spring, when little value will be obtained from applications of manure within the same year. If barnyard and stable manures are at hand, by all means apply them to all fruits; but if purchase of fertilizers must be made, rather select pure bone dust and unbleached hard wood ashes. The bone furnishes phosphoric acid, and the ashes potash. These are the elements that are needed to make fruit of the best quality. From now until spring tree pruning will be in order. Skillful pruning is a wise operation; but the "tree-butchering," that obtained with certain individuals, who are supposed to have knowledge of matters horticultural, cannot be too strongly condemned. No cutting or sawing should be permitted without a definite reason for the same; and one should think twice before removing a large limb of a tree. Any wounds that are made should be promptly painted to prevent decay. The growth of raspberries and blackberries should be thinned, allowing only a moderate number of the most vigorous and best developed canes to remain. After the ground freezes stiffly, strawberries should be given protection. Hay, straw or leaves may be used; but pine boughs are best. Do not cover so as to smother the plants.

This Isn't a Piece of Fiction, Either.

Chicago Record.

She had called at her husband's office and she told him that in case he got home first he would find the key where she had hidden it on the porch.

He did get home first, and he found this notice in his wife's handwriting in a conspicuous place on the front door:

"Dear Fred—I have hidden the key so that no one can find it but you. It is under the left lower corner of the door mat."

CHIKO'S BONNY BRIDE

"Johanna," a Brunettee Gorilla, Arrives from Lisbon.

She Is a Capricious Girl of Ten and Terrorized the Entire Ship During Her Passage to New York.

New York Recorder.

If Chiko was as bad as another gorilla that has just been heard from there wouldn't be much safety in Central Park, nor anywhere else hereabouts, in fact. The new gorilla in town is Johanna. She arrived yesterday, after some thrilling experiences—thrilling to those who were on the ship with her, thrilling and very harrowing, but all quite jolly to Johanna. She has come all the way from Lisbon to become the wife of Chiko.

"She's a terror. Chiko'll have to toe the mark now," say those who have become acquainted with Johanna, even for just a short time.

Johanna came to town on the big steamer Dona Maria. She was all very meek and kittenish enough when a Recorder reporter called on her aboard ship yesterday afternoon, just a few minutes after the Dona Maria had made her dock at the south central pier in Atlantic dock, Brooklyn. She smiled, or smirked, rather, for Johanna hasn't been in polite society enough yet to know how to smile in the pretty way that she will after she has been in Central Park a few weeks, and has had all those pretty girls looking at her and saying queer things about her, just as all pretty girls will gossip sometimes—perhaps because they're jealous, who knows? But Johanna has a much finer face than that of Chiko, and he can't help being proud of her and falling in love as soon as he sets eyes on her. Indeed, Johanna is so pretty—that is, for a gorilla—that this marriage is likely to turn out far more happily than those of a similar kind among human folk, where other people have done all of the match making, and the planning, and the wooing, and all that before the two ever see one another.

Johanna first met polite society in the Zoological Gardens of Lisbon. It was not of her own accord, for the brunette beauty,—that's what she's regarded as among her kind—has always been a bit of a coquette, and she much preferred to stay in Africa, where she had things her own way with all the man gorillas. But a bold Portuguese traveler and hunter came across her one day—she was quite young then, for she began her career as a coquette at a very tender age—and thought that she would be a fortune to him in herself. So he captured her with the aid of a dozen companions, and took her back with him to Lisbon, where she was installed in state in the Zoological Gardens, the envy of all the other gorillas and monkeys and apes and chimpanzees there.

Johanna is only in her tenth year now, yet it was because of her gay escapades in Lisbon that the Barnum & Bailey people got after her. Johanna was becoming such a celebrity that the Greatest Show on Earth could not get along without her. So Johanna was done up securely in a great cage and trundled aboard the Dona Maria on Nov. 27 last. She did not know what to make of it at first, and refrained from anything in the way of comment, wrapping herself up into a round ball in her red and blue and gray blanket to await developments. Two days afterward the Dona Maria sailed. Then Johanna seemed to realize what was happening and she threw off her blanket in great rage. When her keeper came near and jabbered at her in Portuguese she was beside herself, and stretched her long, bony hands out through the gratings and made up awful faces at him and gave him many invitations to come within reach. But that black-visaged keeper knew Johanna too well. He knew that if she got hold of him with those hands of hers she would twist him and wring him and tear him all to pieces, if she had room enough. So the keeper began to lie low till Johanna could get over her tantrums.

FEMININE DECEPTION.

The smug-faced Johanna soon understood him. She saw that she must play a deeper game. So, instead of scolding and fretting and making a fool of herself, she began to smile and whinney and say nice, soft things to that dark-eyed keeper every time he came around. She is such a little diplomat that the keeper was thrown off his guard completely. One day he gave her just the tip of his finger, and she kissed it and fondled it so prettily that he was sure she had decided to be a good girl again. That was on the evening of Dec. 2. And all the people on the Dona Maria—there were nineteen cabin passengers and 104 steerage, besides the large crew—went to bed with light hearts, for they knew that Johanna would be a very sociable companion passenger after that.

But Johanna didn't go to sleep feeling that way. She knew full well, by that time, that she was being taken away, far away from all the scenes of her triumphs in Lisbon, and she was determined to be free. So she kept awake all that night working at her cage. It was big enough and strong enough to keep a couple of lions or tigers in all right; but Johanna could twist any tiger's tail, and those great lion bars bent like strips of wire in her powerful hands, when she chose to exert her strength. It did not take her long to snap off two of these thick bars, half an inch in diameter or more; but then there was another great obstacle. The cage had been wound around with a dense network of chains, some of the strongest chains to be found aboard the Dona Maria. They were harder than the bars of the cage to break. But Johanna did it.

"Now for a lark," fairly squealed Johanna as the morning of Dec. 3 came and she found herself free.

That Johanna said this is vouched for by her keeper, who was awakened by her loud cries of triumph. That was about 9 o'clock, and the keeper had barely leaped out of bed, just the other side of the partition, when a cry of terror ran through the Dona Maria.

"Look out! Look out! The gorilla has escaped," was caught up from mouth to mouth.

No sooner had the cry run over the ship than Johanna herself was on deck. Her cage was just down under the hatches aft, and she bobbed up as if she thought it a huge joke. All the crew were on deck, too, by that time, and so were most of the passengers. There was a wild scampering to get out of the way. But Johanna just stood up there on the roof of the companionway and laughed. She chuckled and chuckled, and when the keeper tripped out in a timid way to see whether she really meant it or not, she gave one wild scream of merriment and then a huge growl of rage, and rushed at him.

"Help! Help!" he yelled, and a score of the sailors ran forward brandishing clubs and all sorts of missiles and weapons of defense and offense.

Johanna was awed for the moment by the fierce array and retreated. So did the keeper, and very fast, too. Johanna didn't know one thing, however, and that probably saved the lives of a great many of those people, for had she been aware that they had been instructed at great length not to hurt her or to do her any damage at all, Johanna would have rushed in and done all the harm she could, she was so angry.

It was a furious battle of two hours before Johanna was overcome. It was fought on the deck aft, on the main deck forward, on the bridge over the top of the captain's cabin, in and out of the kitchen and mess room, almost overboard, says Captain Jose Marreiros, who took charge in person of the army against which Johanna was fighting. Finally the 150 men with clubs got Johanna surrounded. It was on top of the companionway again. Her keeper, thinking that the battle had been won, approached and addressed Johanna with gentle speech. He did not know Johanna, however. Although he had a big club in his hand, she sprang upon him, and there was a desperate struggle for about a quarter of a second, during which the keeper had the forefinger of his left hand bitten clean off. Johanna perched in triumph on top of the keeper for another second, and looked around as if to ask if there was any one else who wanted to try conclusions with her. The ship's boy—quite a big boy, too, with his six feet of height or more—made a lunge at her with his club; but Johanna disdained to enter into a conflict with him, and simply cuffed him beside the right ear, which sent him spinning across the deck in a double somersault. She turned again to see to her keeper, when the ship's dog, a big Newfoundland, came barking across the deck. Johanna took one look at him, and the dog, Sanchisa they called him, bounded toward her.

SCARED BY A BIG DOG.

And Johanna—that great big, strong gorilla, who had held those 150 men at bay for two hours, who stood there, six feet eight inches tall—Johanna got just one glimpse of Sanchisa leaping toward her, and dropped off out of sight down the companion way so quick that some of the crowd watching her didn't know for a moment where she had gone.

The first mate clapped the doors to with a bang. The keeper, listening on his hands and knees, heard the clanking of the chains which formed the network around Johanna's cage.

"She's gone in," he whispered.

With all of the 150 following close after him with their clubs, the keeper crept stealthily down the companion-way. Johanna was nowhere to be seen in the dim light. The keeper peered around the corner of her cage, and there she was, way in the darkest inside, wrapped all up in her blue and red, and gray blanket, not even her sleek head, with its blinkering eyes and glossy brown hair, to be seen. Quicker than it takes to tell the keeper clapped the chains over the holes that Johanna had made when she got out, and more chains were strung around, so that it would be impossible for her to get out again.

Since that momentous time Johanna has been a very good girl. She shakes hands with her keeper every time he comes near, and murmurs to him with as much fervor as she will to Chiko when she gets acquainted with him. She had an awful fit of seasickness not long after her thrilling escape. She wouldn't touch food, and shrank back in her cage and made the most forlorn of faces when any was offered to her. It lasted from the time the Dona Maria touched at St. George, on Dec. 4, till after the ship left Flares, on Dec. 7. When she got into a colder climate she kept to her blanket, and it was only to show how profoundly she appreciated the honor of having a reporter from the Recorder call upon her that she consented to throw off her blanket yesterday and let the reporter see what a fine figure she has. Captain Marreiros says that he himself will go up to Central Park to-day and introduce Johanna to Chiko. Johanna wants it done in proper style and so does the captain. They have become the finest of friends since the captain led those 150 men into battle against her, and the captain has promised that there shall be no halfway work about her introduction into New York society.

WEIGHT OF A TON.

Attorney Thomas, of Washington, Enlightens the District.

Washington Star.

In the last District appropriation bill there appeared an item allowing 50 cents per ton for the removal of garbage in steel tanks. Shortly after the law went into operation a question arose as to what number of pounds constituted a ton. The contractors claimed that 2,000 pounds was the legal ton, and made returns on that basis. The First Auditor, however, was not disposed to pass the account until the commissioners explained the definition of the word "ton."

Attorney Thomas was called upon to give his opinion of the matter, and to-day returned the papers with the following opinion:

"The act does not specify the number of pounds which shall compose a ton, and hence we must go outside for a definition. Among other definitions of the word 'ton' given by Webster is the following: 'The weight of twenty hundred gross or 2,240 pounds. In the United States the ton is commonly estimated at 2,000 pounds; this is sometimes called the 'short ton.' The law in relation to the collection of duties on imports prescribes that whenever the word 'ton' is used in reference to weighing bulky articles in custom houses it shall be construed to mean twenty hundred weight, each hundred weight being 112 pounds avoirdupois, but this section throws no light on the question, since but for the statute 2,000 pounds might have been considered by custom house officials as a ton. Nor would there seem to be any practice in the District amounting to usage, since by an ordinance of the late corporation of Washington in regard to the sale of coal 2,240 pounds is fixed as a ton, while Section 1199 of the District Revised Statutes makes 2,000 pounds of hay and straw a ton. In the absence of a definition of the word 'ton' in the act of March 3, 1893, no special importance is to be attached to Section 2951 of the Revised Statutes in regard to the collection of duties making 2,240 pounds a ton, as showing what Congress intended by the use of that word in the act of March 3, 1893. For these reasons my opinion is that 2,000 pounds is to be taken as a ton in weighing garbage under the act of 1893."

Raising Potatoes.

Philadelphia Inquirer.

Taking one year with another, potatoes are a profitable crop if one has good land upon which to grow them. Even if the land is not quite what might be desired, a little effort expended in bringing up its condition will be repaid, and it will not take long to get it in good shape for potatoes. Underdraining and clovering are the two methods by which this may be accomplished. If the land is underdrained it will never be so thoroughly saturated with water as to prevent deep freezing. This will open the subsoil, and the clover roots will reach down for it in the dry time, which always comes in the second year of clover growth. After the second year, if the clover is allowed to grow until the middle of May, there will be some green growth to plow under, and if the ground is kept well tilled this will provide moisture enough to keep potatoes growing through a pretty severe drought. The rotting of the green clover and of the succulent clover roots increases the supply of water, and the lower roots below the furrows are a channel through which water in the subsoil rises to the surface. Take care to prepare your land so as to conserve moisture and give good cultivation, and a profitable potato crop is as easy to produce as anything you can try.

New York Live Stock Market.

NEW YORK, Dec. 25.—Beeves—Receipts for two days, 3,266; on sale, 29 cars. Market fairly active and a shade stronger; native steers, good to fairly prime, $4.40@4.80; common to ordinary, $3.75@4.35.

Calves—Receipts for two days, 267. Market slow and weak; no inquiry for grassers and Westerns; veals, poor to choice, 5@8.

Sheep and Lambs—Receipts for two days, 6,102; on sale, all told, 37 cars. Very little doing; market almost nominal; sheep, poor to prime, $2@4.25; lambs, common to choice, $3.75@4.87½.

Hogs—Receipts for two days, 15,192; no sales. Market nominally dull at $5.30@5.90.

The Christmas Sunday-School Scholar

Detroit Free Press.

The small boy hadn't been to Sunday school since last Christmas, and the teacher didn't recognize him.

"Who was it," she inquired, after a number of questions had been unanswered, "who said, 'Suffer little children to come unto me?'"

"Santa Claus," he replied with vehemence.

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