PROCEEDINGS OF CONGRESS.

THE VETOES OF PENSION BILLS DEFENDED IN THE SENATE.

Senator Ingalls Attacks the Hennepin Canal Job and the "Boodle" Items in the River and Harbor Bill—The House Strikes Out the Gratuities to Its Employees.

WASHINGTON, July 10.—In the Senate the message of the President vetoing the bill appropriating $150,000 for a public building at Dayton, Ohio, was referred to the Committee on Public Buildings and Grounds.

Mr. Blair (Rep., N. H.) from the Committee on Pensions, submitted a report on twenty-three Pension bills vetoed by the President, and recommending that the bills be passed notwithstanding the President's objection. Mr. Blair said that the veto messages had been, by an order of the committee, referred to the members who had originally reported the bills. In accordance with that order he made this report.

Mr. Camden read a paper signed by himself, Mr. Colquitt, Mr. Wilson of Maryland, and Mr. Whitthorne, Democratic members of the Committee on Pensions, denying any knowledge of Mr. Blair's report or of the order referred to. The report did not present the views of the committee on these vetoed bills, but only the views of Henry W. Blair. The reasons assigned by the President in vetoing each of these bills separately did not call for gross criticism or for the censure of the Senate. The paper concludes as follows:

> We do not find in any of the vetoes under review anything that indicates on the part of the President a want of justice or proper sympathy in the bestowment of honors or rewards on our soldiers. We believe he has desired to mete out justice in all cases of meritorious claims submitted to him, and we will not add to the censure of the so-called report by attempting to prove that the President is in sympathy with all proper means and measures which attest the appreciation felt by the country for its defenders. But we cannot perceive the merit of the reasoning that would discriminate in favor of a pension bill by any legal or moral requirement because the object of such a bill is to reward a soldier or provide for a member of his family. There can be no justification either for the President or a member of this committee in bestowing a benefaction when the law and the facts do not justify it. Next to the injustice and ingratitude of totally ignoring the patriot soldier who held his life as a willing sacrifice for his country, would be the heedless and indiscriminate lavishing of bounties which ranks the pretender and undeserving with the deserving here. The brave and devoted soldier must regard every reward bestowed upon the undeserving as an injustice and a disparagement to himself.

Mr. Kenna (Dem., W. Va.) moved that the report, the views of the minority, and all the papers be recommitted to the Committee on Pensions for consideration by that committee.

Mr. Teller (Rep., Col.) sustained the motion, and said that the action of the committee was certainly irregular. The vetoes of the President were entitled to the judgment of the entire committee, or of a quorum. If no quorum could be obtained the responsibility should rest with the committee.

Mr. Blair consented to the recommittal, and the matter was accordingly recommitted.

The Senate then resumed consideration of the calendar. Mr. Biddleberger's resolution in relation to the consideration of executive business in open session was objected to and went over, he making a passionate protest against that course and appealing against the decision of the Chair. After he had concluded his remarks he withdrew his appeal and his resolution went over.

The bill to prevent obstructive and injurious deposits within the harbor and adjacent waters of New York city was objected to by Mr. Riddleberger, and went over.

The Senate then resumed consideration of the River and Harbor bill, the pending question being on the amendment of the Committee on Pensions for consideration by that committee.

Mr. Miller (Rep., N. Y.) advocated the amendment, and read the resolutions of the New York Legislature in favor of the measure. He declared that the construction of the Hennepin Canal would save, year by year, to the grain producers of the West more than the entire cost, and that it would be a very important step in maintaining the ability of the United States to compete with India and Russia in the wheat markets of the world.

Mr. Platt (Rep., Conn.) opposed the amendment. He thought it a great mistake for the Senate to increase the bill beyond that fixed by the House.

Mr. Palmer (Rep., Mich.) said that if it had not been for River and Harbor bills in the past, corn to-day could be used as fuel in Kansas and Nebraska, and cattle could be sold for their hides and horns. The solving of the problem of the transporting of grain and coal to the seaboard was to come by rivalry between railroads and water communication, and it was absolutely essential that the Government should take hold of the water routes, and improve them so as to give the people a chance for fair competition.

Mr. Chace (Rep., R. I.) declared himself heartily in favor of the Hennepin Canal project. This matter of internal improvements, he said, had strongly grown in favor with the people in all parts of the country in the face of the persistent, unrelenting and unfair attacks upon it in the public press.

Mr. Ingalls (Rep., Kan.) said that the solicitude of those who represented the Atlantic seaboard and the manufacturing portions of the country for the interest and welfare of the grain growers of the West touched his tenderest sensibilities. Who got the benefit of a reduced cost of transportation? It was the consumer, not the producer. To say that the reduction of one cent a bushel on the transportation of corn increased the price of corn to the Kansas farmer was an absurd piece of nonsense, and everybody knew it. He declared that the West was not asking for any favors, was not asking in this or any other bill, appropriations for charity. Every dollar appropriated for an east and west water way was a dollar to be expended in violation of the laws of nature and against the best interests of the West. The Mississippi valley had its waterways. The reason for the opposition by the press (which had been referred to by Mr. Chace) was that these river and harbor bills had come to be regarded as illustrations of the most rapacious venality. In this bill there were appropriations to the amount of five millions, which could be characterized by no other term except that of "boodle"—five millions that would be filched from the Treasury for the purpose of making men "strong" in their districts. Out of the $2,800,000 increase in this bill, as reported by the Committee on Commerce, nearly $2,000,000 was for the States which had members on that committee. That, he said, could not be a coincidence. By fine and subtle purposes the bill has been built to its present proportions. Coming down to the pending amendments, he said that if the stories about the engineering difficulties on Hell Gate were true, and fictions like those of the "Arabian Nights," he did not wonder that the State of Illinois was willing for the Government to take it off its hand. The Government was asked to commit itself to the expenditure between $40,000,000 and $25,000,000 to lift the commerce of the Northwest step by step up a gigantic water stairway of 208 feet up to the Mississippi River, and then let it down again step by step, and up again 140 feet more to Chicago. It was one of the most marvellous schemes that had ever entered into the mind of man to conceive. The ascent of 208 feet was almost as perpendicular as the Washington monument. The locks, as shown in the profile, were as consecutive as stairs on a staircase.

Mr. Logan replied to Mr. Ingalls, and Mr. Mitchell of Oregon spoke in favor of the amendment. Without reaching a vote the Senate went into secret session and afterward adjourned.

In the House a message was received from the President announcing his disapproval of a bill granting a pension to Daniel B. Ross.

The House then resumed the consideration of the General Deficiency bill, the pending question being on the amendment refunding to certain railroad companies taxes illegally collected. Mr. Randall said it was stated in a New York newspaper that he was intentionally absent at the time that this matter came up in Committee of the Whole, and that a brother of his was interested in the claims as attorney. He knew nothing of the matter at that time, but he had since learned that his brother was not interested, directly or indirectly, in the claims. However, that would make no difference to him, as everybody knew. But he had a right to say that a committee he resisted these claims in every possible way and he would continue to do so.

The amendment was rejected—104 to 108.

The bill having been ordered engrossed and read the third time, Mr. Reagan (Dem., Texas) took the floor to emphasize his opposition to the amendment adopted yesterday granting a month's extra pay to the House and Senate employees. This amendment, he said, was calculated to take from the Treasury at least $20,000 extorted from the taxpayers, to be given as a pure gratuity to men who were already receiving high salaries.

Mr. McAdoo (Dem., N. J.) said that gentlemen who would not make a Christmas present to a servant who had been in employment forty years would come here and without consideration vote a month's extra pay to House employees. Congress was the trustee of the people's money and should expend that money as a private trustee would.

Mr. Hiscock called attention to the fact that every day's session of Congress cost the taxpayers $30,000, and said that the talk about economy cost the people five times the whole sum involved in the appropriation items which were the basis for the debate.

Mr. Burnes (Dem., Wis.) thought that the people of the country would stand any amount of expenditure, either of time or money, in striking from this or any other bill an appropriation such as the one under discussion. "You did it yesterday," he said.

If I would have to go to my constituents and say to them: I voted your money to gentlemen who had no more right to the money than the veriest beggar who walks Pennsylvania avenue.

Mr. Reagan moved to recommit the bill with instructions to the Committee on Appropriations to report it back with an amendment striking out the extra pay clause. Agreed to—yeas, 150; nays, 67. The bill was afterward reported back, amended in accordance with instructions, and was passed—yeas, 163; nays, 57.

Mr. Morrison (Dem., Ill.), from the Committee on Ways and Means, reported back adversely the Randall Tariff bill, and it was referred to the Committee of the Whole.

Mr. Breckenridge (Dem., Ky.), from the same committee, reported back adversely a bill repealing the tobacco tax, and it was referred to the Committee of the Whole.

Mr. Morrison, from the Committee on Rules, reported the following resolution:

> *Resolved*, That Tuesday, July 13, be set apart for the consideration of such business as may be presented by the Committee on Ways and Means, not to include any bill raising revenue, and if any bill shall be under consideration and not disposed of when the House adjourns on said day, the consideration of said bill shall be continued from day to day until disposed of.

Mr. Hewitt (Dem., N. Y.) made the point of order that it was not competent for the Committee on Rules to report in the nature of a rule a resolution to set apart a day for the consideration of the measures of a single committee. That was entirely contrary to every rule of order and to the practice of the House.

Mr. Randall favored the resolution, the object of which was to reach the consideration of the measure proposing to pay out of the Treasury the sum of about $70,000,000, and thus save $2,100,000 annually to the taxpayers.

The Speaker pro tempore (Mr. Crisp of Georgia) overruled the point of order, and the resolution was adopted—yeas, 184; nays, 34. The House then adjourned.

GAYETY AT NEWPORT.

Entertainments of the Week—Many New Arrivals.

NEWPORT, July 10.—The departure of the Twenty-third Regiment has left Newport somewhat dull, although on the avenue this afternoon there was an unusually fine lot of equipages. A great many cottagers arrived last evening, and this morning arrangements are being made for a grand hop at the Casino on Monday evening.

The Massachusetts Press Association arrived here to-day, about 150 strong. On Monday they will go to Block Island.

Mr. Frank M. Ball of New York is a guest of Mr. P. J. Galvin. Mr. R. G. Hone is at Weeholm. Miss Smith of New York is at the Fiske cottage on Ochre Point. Mrs. C. B. Hoffman of New York has been visiting Mr. and Mrs. T. F. Cushing. Miss Wier of New York is a guest of Mrs. Thomas Sturgis at the Cliff Cottages. Mrs. Prof. Postlewaithe of West Point is visiting Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Ellis. Dr. and Mrs. James D. V. Stewart of Baltimore have arrived at Bateman's for the summer. Ex-Attorney-General Colt and Mrs. L. De Wolf Colt of Bristol, R. I., are at the Ocean House. Mr. Richard Jarvis, President of the Colt's Arms Company at Hartford, is the guest of Mr. C. Nichols Beach.

Mr. and Mrs. J. N. A. Griswold and Mrs. A. J. Leith gave dinner parties to-night. Mr. F. Lawrence Lee of New York has arrived for the summer. Mrs. J. Gunner is visiting Mrs. C. A. Munn at Cliff Cottage No. 7. Mr. John T. Denny of New York has arrived at the Adams cottage. Mr. J. Lewis of New York is at Weeholm. Mr. S. W. Millbank of New York is at West Island. Prof. R. Pumpelly has gone to Dublin, N. H. Mrs. J. A. Stevens has gone to Narragansett Pier. Mr. G. L. Rives is at the Stevens cottage, Rhode Island avenue. Gen. and Mrs. Elisha Dicker, Jr., have been guests of Gov. and Mrs. Wetmore for a week. Mrs. K.E. Fisher of New York is visiting her brother, Mr. H. R. Conklin, on Broadway. Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Brown of New York have arrived at the Peckham cottage.

Among the cottagers who entertained on last Monday evening were Mr. W. H. Osgood, Mr. J. N. A. Griswold, and Col. Bonaparte.

Mrs. Schuyler Hamilton gave the first large social event of the season on Monday afternoon. A large number of guests were present and there was dancing.

Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Merritt, née Van Schaick of New York, are visiting Mr. and Mrs. H. Ruhlen Pratt of New York. B. H. Bristow and Mr. E. Randolph Robinson of New York are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. C. Baldwin at Chateau Rouge. Mr. and Mrs. Morris K. Jesup and Mr. Chester Griswold of New York are at the Winthrop Cottage, the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Alex. J. Leith. Mr. and Mrs. Walter C. Witherbee, née Gautier of New York, will spend a portion of the season with Mr. and Mrs. S. H. Witherbee. Mrs. B. R. Seymour, Mr. J. K. Olyphant, and Mr. W. B. Vernon of New York are at the Aquidneck. Mr. and Mrs. E. D. Bolt of Boston have returned from Europe, and are at Lonsacre on Beach street. Prof. and Mrs. Fairman Rogers of Philadelphia have arrived at their cottage at Ochre Point.

The Rev. Dr. W. F. Morgan and family of New York have arrived at the Seymour cottage, on Kay street. Mr. and Mrs. Thomas O. Richardson of Boston are the guests of Mr. R. J. Baker, on Ledge road. Mr. Grafton Cushing of Boston has arrived at the Ledges. Mr. J. Van D. Reed of New York has arrived at the Sergent cottage. Miss Amy Townsend of New York has arrived at 2 Pinard Cottage. Mr. Alexander Biddle and family of Philadelphia are at the Ocean House. Mr. George Singer and family of Pittsburgh are at the Ocean House. Mr. Arthur Leary of New York has arrived at the Lawrence cottage, on Mill street. Mr. Iwolsky, Secretary of the Russian Legation at Washington, Mr. R. K. Richards and Mr. Francis W. Jencks of New York have taken apartments at the White Hall for the season.

Mr. E. S. Willing's cottage has been leased to Mr. Alexander Brown of Baltimore. Mr. J. B. Dash of New York is at Ochre Point, the guest of Mr. W. H. Lewis.

Naval Cadet Henry E. Parmenter of this city has been ordered to coast survey duty. Mr. Smith Cleft gave a luncheon yesterday. Mr. G. G. Haven of New York is at Wayside. The Rev. Dr. Newlin of Rome is a guest at Miss C. L. Wolfe's. Col. Bonaparte entertained friends at dinner last night. Mr. E. G. Angell and family of Providence have arrived at their cottage on Washington street. Mr. J. V. Ouativa and Mr. E. D. Bolt, Jr., are registered at the Casino. Mr. J. J. Van Alen has appeared on the avenue with his new four-in-hand.

Mr. A. P. Baker has rented the Palmer cottage on Belevue avenue to Mr. George W. Pratice of Providence. Mr. August Belmont and Mr. Augustus Whiting were on the avenue with their four-in-hands yesterday afternoon. Mr. J. C. Hutchins and Mrs. Richard Eswell of St. Louis are at the Ocean House. They arrived in the schooner yacht Vixen.

Mrs. F. O. French and the Misses French sailed from Liverpool in the Etruria for New York on Saturday. They will come direct to Newport.

The sloop yacht Vixen arrived this morning from New York, bound to Bar Harbor.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Amory Codman and family have arrived at the Ocean House for the summer. Mr. S. E. Huntington, Mrs. Whitney Warren, and Mrs. Neilson are registered at the Casino for the season. Mr. Charles Child of New York and Mr. Charles Perkins of Boston are among the late arrivals. Mrs. G. Griswold Gray of New York has arrived at the Jay cottage. Mrs. Delancy Kane and family of New York have arrived at the Tilton cottage.

Mr. Charles Stone and Mr. Henry Blair of New York are the guests of ex-Mayor Bedlow. Mr. B. Percy Clarke has returned from his sheep ranch in Montana, and is at the Knight cottage, Bellevue avenue. Mrs. Gordon Prince and Mrs. Wilcox of Boston are the guests of Mrs. Thomas F. Chickering at Willow Bank. Mr. G. M. Hutton and family of Baltimore have arrived at the Winans cottage on Ocean avenue. Prof. J. P. Cooke is at his home on Gibbs avenue. Dr. Allan McLane of New York is at the Ocean House. Mr. Pierre Lorillard and family of New York have arrived at the Carey villa.

Bishop Oberly and the Doctor.

Bishop Oberly and the Doctor.

WASHINGTON, July 9.—There is a good deal of appositeness in the soubriquet of "Bishop" conferred upon Civil Service Commissioner Oberly by his Illinois friends. His genial, smoothly shaven face, together with a style of dress rather clerical than otherwise, would readily lead one to believe that his vocation was that of a minister of the Gospel. While Oberly was on his way to the Capitol in a street car the other day, a well-dressed man somewhat under the influence of liquor dropped into the vacant seat beside him.

"I'm from Detroit," the man said, by way of introduction, and then he began making inquiries regarding the public buildings en route. Mr. Oberly chatted pleasantly with the stranger until the Capitol was reached. At that point each alighted. Shaking Oberly by the hand, the Detroit man said:

"I am a member of the medical profession, while it is easy to see that you are a clergyman. But we each make our living out of the same material. I try to save the body and you try to save the soul, and you get your life paid, between us both—right on the dead square, you know—we manage to get about all they have," and then he walked off with a self-satisfied air that caused Oberly to join the spectators heartily in the laughter that followed.

Wiggins will Turn the Elements Loose.

OTTAWA, July 10.—Prof. E. Stone Wiggins, the weather prophet, insists that the great storm he predicted for this fall will be on hand. He says he does not anticipate any further great change in the weather until fall. "September," he says, "will open, cold, and stormy, premonitory to my great storm, commencing on the afternoon of Sept. 29, and the great war of the elements will come as sure as the sun is in the heavens. It will be a storm of unparalleled violence, and, after sweeping across the Atlantic and traversing the country will exhaust its energies upon the rugged front offered by the Rocky Mountains. Fishermen in the maritime provinces and in Newfoundland have not been slow to appreciate my predictions, and I have already received intelligence from many that they have made arrangements to be in port on the date of the destructive storm."

The Delaware Peach Crop.

WILMINGTON, July 10.—The following is an estimate made up by the Superintendent of the Delaware Railroad of the prospective peach shipments over the Peninsular Railroad lines during the season just opened:

Delaware Railroad, 873,415 baskets; Queen Anne and Kent Railroad, 118,000; Delaware and Chesapeake Railroad, 125,525; Delaware, Maryland and Virginia Railroad, 61,025; Cambridge and Seaford Railroad, 57,525; Baltimore and Delaware Bay Railroad, 1,108,250; New York, Philadelphia and Norfolk Railroad, 84,830, making a total of 2,318,670 baskets. The Baltimore and Delaware Bay Railroad is the railroad outlet for Kent county, Md., where the best bearing orchards are this year.

NICE GIRLS OF THE CAPITAL.

WASHINGTON DOORSTEPS ARE LOVELY THESE SUMMER EVENINGS.

The River is Gay with Boating Parties and the Summer Opera Blooms, but the Front Doorstep is the Temple of Beauty.

WASHINGTON, July 10.—It is generally conceded that there is only one place hotter than Washington is usually in July, and some people even go so far as to deny the existence of that place. But perhaps there are more alleviations to the Washington hot weather than are dreamed of in the philosophy of those who do not know the town. This is a city of shade and gardens. One does not have to walk over an unbroken stretch of bare sidewalk, whose commonplaceness is only relieved by an occasional ash barrel. There is hardly a house which has not a little green before it, and a great many of the handsome houses of the west end have beautiful broad-terraced gardens, with soft green turf and masses of gay blossoms and foliage plants. Everywhere on the streets of pretty residences the houses are bright with flowers on the terraces and in window boxes, and the air is sweet with the odor of clematis, honeysuckle, and jessamine.

All this bravery of summer blossoming and luxuriance of green form an effective background for the "summer girl," as the newspapers disrespectfully call her, who is, perhaps, nowhere more picturesquely in evidence than here. At Bar Harbor and the Adirondacks she may be a little more daring in her combinations of color, in gay plaids and stripes for her mountain suit, and a trifle more audacious in the matter of hats, for even in independent Washington she would hardly appear in a big shady sun hat of scarlet felt. But then in Maine or the Adirondacks she has not the alternative of transparent lace and airy muslin which only half hides her soft, pink arms and throat, and is at once clean, cool, and pretty. When she goes down town in the morning she abandons the transparent gown for a satine or a seersucker or something else equally cool, but not quite so pretty; but in the evening she soars above conventionality, and each one wears what seems right in her own eyes.

At any one of a score of courts in and around the city she may be seen disporting her self in white flannel and comfortable little toque at tennis. Or she arrays herself in nautical attire and takes to the water. Half Washington is on the river these warm summer afternoons. Crowds go down on the six-mile run on steamers to Mt. Vernon, to Alexandria, to Norfolk, to Colonial Beach, and in a dozen other resorts extending down to salt water on Chesapeake Bay. But on the river, where it is narrow and deep and steamboats do not penetrate, the boat clubs have their headquarters, picturesque quarters and the rowing and canoeing goes on. All the young men in town belong to the "Potomacs," the "Columbias," or the "Analostans," and rowing parties, little and big, go out in swarms from their houses every evening. The river is man's amusement by day, but there it is lower down. The broken outlines of the hills on the Virginia shore, green in daylight, or purple and shadowy in twylight, are lovely, while on the District side the irregular gray stone buildings of Georgetown College, rising clear cut against a sunset sky, have quite a picturesque effect, and look almost mediæval.

All the clubs have anchorages up in the woods, where some happy combination of rocks and sparkling waterfalls makes an attractive picnic spot, and there is hardly a night when there is not a large party at one of the landings, and the lively squeak of the fiddle floats down as they dance on the deck to the music. Moored there are all sorts of craft—canoes, with gay little awnings; tiny sails that just hold the regulation two, who have to conduct themselves with the greatest circumspection if they don't want to be capsized; racing shells with a four or an eight oar practicing, the men never so white as when the cox swains stern order, "Eyes in the boat!" as the bare-armed rowers are diverted by the laughter of some passing boatload of girls they know. The long, slim barges are very like those of Venice, and when you look down at them from the bridge they carry quite a number of passengers in effective boating dresses, most of which get pretty well splashed under the pouring Niagaras of the aqueduct bridge.

Up the river it seems as if every girl in Washington was on the water; but when you go down to the summer opera you think they must all be there in that gay flutter of soft pinks and creams which is very effective against the dull terra cotta background of Albaugh's. But if you choose a pleasant, warm evening, when the moon is full and shines very bright, you go neither to the opera nor to any other place of resort, but simply stroll along the streets, you will decide that all the girls, without exception, are sitting on their own or their neighbors' doorsteps. For the doorstep sense has fairly done out every square in the city. The gallery of a theatre, and if you pass by daylight you are the object of a marked and embarrassing attention quite out of proportion, you are obliged to own, to the brilliancy of your appearance or the distinction of your manners. From every doorstep you hear voices in light laughter, and behind every vine you see the glimmer of a white dress.

Some of the luxurious ones have low easy chairs or light rattan ones, with bright ribbons in them, by night out from the house. Many have made quite a nest of cushions to lend a fetching appearance of softness to the stone steps. But one and all they come out. Fancy work and novels are abandoned. Through the wide open windows one can see the dimly lighted drawing rooms, and perhaps if one is more than one door off in the house, a dim vista of back porch, with a fluttering glimpse of white frock in the distance. The piano is closed, the back parlor sofa deserted. Gay groups of young girls in airy summer tints stroll arm in arm up and down the street, or they perch shadowy of the trees or perch momentarily on each other's terrace steps. Every night in the evening there is much visiting back and forth from one doorstep to another. All the family come out, and the conversation is general. But as the evening wears on, one by one the family drift into the house, the conversation becomes less and less audible, and the moon comes up late to look inquisitively through the trees at a small but select doorstep party of two, perhaps a pair of twos, one on the top step and one on the lower one.

This summer the long, cool spring has interfered considerably with the flourishing of the doorstep season. Prudent mammas suggest that a damp stone is not just the thing to be sitting on these chilly evenings, and that chills and fevers are not the thing to be cultivated. They see no reason why conversation cannot be conducted just as profitably inside. They themselves find it perfectly comfortable with a nove and an easy chair in the back parlor. But their indomitable daughter is not so easily diverted from that communion with nature which she finds at once so enjoyable and so elevating. When once the doorstep has laid its spell upon her, whether she be young or old, the odor of the honeysuckle and magnolia, and seen the moonlight shimmer white through the trees, she is as helpless as the lady who looked down to Camelot. The most luxurious drawing room has become stale, flat, and unprofitable. Well she knows that the moon never looks so white as when the moon shines on it, that dark eyes look very deep and shadowy in that uncertain light, and that the wisdom of Solomon is not more effective than a few slow phrases uttered softly after dark. So she decides that if it isn't warm it ought to be, and that she will go by the calendar instead of the thermometer, and cling to her doorstep.

ARIEL BARNEY'S BORROWED DOG.

It Follows Him to Sunday School in the Backwoods and Makes a Sensation.

MILFORD, Pa., July 8.—Ariel N. Barney, the buoyant manager of the Rosina Vokes company, stopped in Milford a week or so ago on his way with some friends to the heart of Pike county to spend the summer. He stopped at the Crissman House, and got stuck on Frank Crissman's dog Vic. Vic reciprocated Barney's tender feeling, and the persuasive manager actually induced Frank to let Vic accompany him back into the mountains to keep him company for the season. Barney and his friends went to Mose Westbrook's, twenty-one miles from here. Vic gleefully followed him. The dog has a sensitive ear, and the playing of a piano or any musical instrument in his hearing strikes a responsive chord in his breast, and he manifests it by dismal, ear-piercing, and far-sounding howls.

Last Sunday, as the news comes direct from Westbrook's, Barney burst on his friends arrayed in his best black coat, light trousers, white vest, white tie, tan-colored gloves, and one of New York's latest tiles. He was simply gorgeous. After his friends caught their breath he informed them, with much solemnity, that, as was his invariable custom at home, he intended to go to Sunday school. There is no church at Westbrook's, and they have no preaching, but the scattered neighbors recently got together and organized a Sunday school. Services are held in the district school house in the woods, a mile from Westbrook's. Farmer John Young is the Superintendent. Barney created a sensation as he entered the school house, where a score or so of rosy-cheeked backwoods maidens, lusty bucolic swains, and solid veterans of the wilderness were assembled to participate in the exercises of the newly organized school. The magnificent representative of the great English comedienne seated himself with much dignity apart from the regular attendants, and became a respectful "looker-on in Vienna," so to speak.

The native attendants soon recovered from the overpowering influence of his first appearance among them, and the exercises went on smoothly and instructively. Finally a hymn was to be sung. The pretty district school mistress seated herself at the small cabinet organ. Every hymn book was open. Superintendent Young, by virtue of his office, acted as director. The organist began, and the choir of usual singers tuned their voices and sang. The music did not proceed far. In the midst of it there arose a sound which was a cross between the melancholy baying of a hound at the moon and the agonized yell of a wounded panther. The sound started in low, but culminated in a burst that made the window shutters clatter. The organ and the choir came to a sudden stop. If the sound had been the final toot of Gabriel's terrible trumpet the audience could not have gazed around at one another with more genuine astonishment and alarm than they did when this unexpected accompaniment to their notes of praise arose.

The surprise was but momentary with Superintendent Young. Quick as a flash he arose from his chair, turned his open hymn book over on its face in the chair to keep his place, and strode with loud and emphatic steps to the organ. He reached down in under it, and when he appeared again he drew forth a shaggy black dog by the "scruff" of the neck. His grasp on the dog was so firm that the dog's tongue hung out so far that you could have tied a double bow knot in it, and his eyes bulged out on his chops like glass marbles.

The gorge rose Barney, sitting dignified and unruffled in his corner, recognized in the musifluous-voiced cupid his borrowed dog Vic. He heard the Superintendent say to the dog from the vise-like clutch of the sturdy Superintendent, his head told him that prudence was the better part of valor. So he gave no sign of recognition, and sat as disinterested and unconcerned as a sphinx while the proceedings went on. Superintendent Young placed the dog on the floor. He projected his boot once in Vic's direction, and the dog came down on the threshold of the sanctuary. Another projection landed the dog across the road and ten feet off in the woods.

The Superintendent then glared at Barney. The rosy-cheeked maidens glared at Barney. The lusty swains glared at Barney. The solid veterans glared at Barney. They evidently connected him in some way with the dog. It was a moment of pleasant suspense for the young manager. Barney thought of the hour his clothes much when they tossed him out in the wilderness along with the dog. But just retribution went no further than the glare, and then the Superintendent picked up his hymn book, and the voice of praise was once more lifted and kept there for six verses.

It may be that I will go to Sunday school again next Sunday and join the Bible class," said Barney to his friends after returning home, "but the chances are that it will make a great deal more difference to the dog than it will to me. I shall simply have to slip out back of the knob instead and fetch in a bear."

As Barney has packed away his good clothes in camphor, the inference is that he favors the idea of fetching in the bear.

MACOMBER AND THE BEAR.

A Bark Peeler, a Cub, and the Cub's Mother All in a Hollow Stump Together.

From the Albany Times.

SCRANTON, July 8.—Early one morning last week Richard Macomber, a Gouldsboro bark peeler, who was on his way to the bark woods about four miles south of his home, sat down to rest in a barren knoll overlooking a swamp. As he was about to resume his journey he saw a bear come out of a tall hollow stump and waddle into the swamp. Macomber concluded that the old bear had a cub or two in the stump, and, as he has long desired to raise and tame a young bear, he hurried down to the stump as soon as he thought the old bear had got a good distance away. When he reached the stump he found it much taller than it looked to be from his position on the knoll. Years ago the wind had twisted the tree off about fifteen feet from the ground, and Macomber, in order to get to the top of the stump, cut down a small tree, got a long pole from its trunk, and then jammed the small end of the pole to the top of the stump, and, using it as a prop and against the ground. Then he climbed up the pole and looked into the hole in the stump.

His suspicions had been correct, for at the bottom of the hole, where the stump was at least four feet in diameter, a cub bear was poking his nose against the sides of the stump, and moving around in a state of apparent uneasiness. Macomber made up his mind to get possession of the cub right away, and so he let himself down into the hole by bracing his arms and knees against the sides of the young bear's circular prison. When he got to the bottom the cub began to whimper and whine, but Macomber seized him quick p, and at once attempted to climb out of the stump. One of his arms had to be used to hold the trembling cub, and he soon found that getting out of the stump was far more difficult than getting in. After Macomber had several times under aken to ascend with the cub in one arm, he put the little fellow down, for the purpose of considering whether he would be able to climb out with the aid of both arms. He found that he could, and then he took some strong pieces of cords from his pocket, and was getting ready to fasten the cub to his waist when he heard a scratching on the outside of the stump. He listened, and the next moment something darkened the entrance to the hole.

He immediately loosened his hold on the whimpering cub and looked up. As he did so something began to sniff and snort and growl. It was the mother bear, and she was peering down into the hole in great haste. Macomber yelled at her to go back and leave him alone with the cub, but she paid no attention to his command until he grabbed both of her hind feet, when she uttered a roar and started toward the entrance with Macomber hanging to her feet. He relinquished his grasp just as she stuck her head out of the hole, and braced himself for further developments. The bear appeared to be greatly frightened, and, without attempting to turn upon the invader of her home, she clumsily moved over the edge of the stump and backed down the outside. Then Macomber hurried out and slid down the pole with alacrity.

The mother bear met him at the foot, her apparent fright having been turned into furious anger. She rushed at him with a growl of rage, and tumbled him into a heap before he had a chance to flee, sticking him down two or three times as he was endeavoring to get up. Macomber finally got on his feet, and, in his efforts to reach his axe at the side of the stump, the bear forced him into another lively defence. One of her big paws struck him a terrific thump on the back as he struck her out his arm to grab the axe, making him fully realize the fact that the bear would soon kill him unless he could disable her. Macomber recovered himself and grasped the axe brave, and then he dodged to the opposite side of the stump and dealt the bear a killing blow with the sharp blade as she made for him. The blow cut one side of her head open, and she fell at his feet, bleeding and groaning. Another blow finished her, and then Macomber, after having rested a little, climbed into the stump again, fastened the cub to his body, and got it safely out. He reached his home a little before noon, and was so highly elated over the result of his exploit that he didn't peel any bark until the following day.

Congressman Beach Ill.

NEWBURGH, July 10.—Lewis Beach, a member of Congress from this district, was brought to his home in Cornwall from Washington last night seriously ill with fever. He had been ill in Washington for a week.

A Candidate for Mr. Goode's Place.

WASHINGTON, July 10.—The Alabama delegation in Congress have determined to press the claims of Capt. Walker L. Bragg, a lawyer of Montgomery, Ala., for the place of Solicitor-General.

Secretary Manning in Albany.

ALBANY, July 10.—Secretary Manning arrived here this afternoon. He will remain here about a week. He is feeling well and hearty.

A VERDICT FOR $240,000.

OBSTINATE JURORS IN THE TWO MILLION TELEGRAPH SUIT.

Thought they Could Not Agree, but Found Out that they Could Rather than Sit Another Night—Western Union Will Appeal.

The jury which heard the trial of the suit against the Western Union Telegraph Company for $2,000,000 damages for cutting the wires of the Bankers' and Merchants' Telegraph Company on July 9, 1885, were still locked up at 1 o'clock yesterday morning. They sat in their coatsleeves near the windows and tried to keep cool. Some took naps in the hard chairs. Every now and then they took a vote instead of a nap, but they came to no verdict. Mr. J. J. Sutton, the venerable sixth juror, was ill with a bilious headache. At 7 o'clock breakfast was brought to the jury. They were refreshed, and argued for hours.

By 10 o'clock quite a crowd had gathered in the court room. All of the counsel were there except Roscoe Conkling.

Judge Lawrence arrived at 10:30, rapped for order, and directed Col. Buchanan to bring in the jury. Twelve jaded men filed into the jury box and sat down heavily.

Clerk Louis Lyons called their names, and asked Foreman Frederick Mead, Jr., if they had agreed on a verdict.

"Do you mean me?" asked Mr. Mead, wearily.

"Certainly; you are the foreman," said Judge Lawrence.

"I have nothing to say," replied Mr. Mead.

"It is impossible for us to agree," broke in sick juror Sutton, who was hardly able to hold his head up.

"I have heard that before," returned the Judge sharply. "Take the jury back."

"We have eleven stubborn jurors," continued Mr. Sutton. "We have voted and voted and voted time and again to no advantage. There has not been enough change in any ballot to make any impression on any one, and for the last eight ballots there has been no change whatever and there seems to be no prospect of any change."

"Gentlemen," said Judge Lawrence, "this case has taken two months' time of the court, jury, counsel, and public. It has been fairly tried and thoroughly presented. It is certainly a case in which the jury should agree. I don't think that one night's deliberation is sufficient to determine whether or not you can agree, and therefore I must direct you to go back."

The jury went back disconsolately. At 12:40 they sent word that they had agreed, and Judge Lawrence again took his seat on the bench.

The jury looked more cheerful, except Mr. Sutton, who seemed sullen, as they walked in.

Clerk George F. Lyon was now in charge. He polled the jury, and asked if they had agreed on a verdict.

"We have," replied Foreman Mead solemnly. "We find for the plaintiff $240,000 damages."

A number of men rushed from their seats to carry the news down town. The faces of Joseph H. Choate and Aaron J. Vanderpoel, counsel for the defendant, were entirely impassive.

Attorney Schenck, for the plaintiffs, moved for an extra allowance and got $2,000. He then said:

"I ask for treble damages."

"It is denied," replied the Judge.

"I move for a new trial," said Mr. Choate, rising.

"It is denied and exception noted," said Judge Lawrence. "I will grant you 120 days after entry of judgment to make a case for appeal or to file a bill of exceptions."

Turning to the jury, the Judge said:

"Gentlemen of the jury, you are discharged for the term with the thanks of the Court for the patience and attention you have paid to this case. Under the power vested in me by the Code, I have issued an order allowing you extra compensation."

The extra compensation is $150 for each juror.

Messrs. Choate and Vanderpoel said they were dissatisfied with the verdict and would appeal.

Mr. Schenck said that, while he would have liked a good deal more damages, it was well enough, and the plaintiffs would not appeal.

The suit of Marshall Sloan, Walter S. Dunham, Telegraph Company, in July, 1883, mortgaged its property in New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, and Delaware for $300,000. The Farmers' Loan and Trust Company, trustees of the mortgage, brought a suit over a year ago for its foreclosure. During the pendency of the action the United Lines Company, which purchased the Bankers' and Merchants' property under foreclosure of the second mortgage, and Gen. Farnsworth, the receiver under the foreclosure proceedings, put in various technical defences. Judge Lawrence, sitting in the Supreme Court term, has now rendered judgment for the plaintiff, holding that the defences interposed have no legal validity.

ECCENTRIC MARTIN WAITE.

After All his Worry he Had to Leave his Money Behind Him.

From the Albany Times.

Martin B. Waite, an eccentric character, recently died at Centre Cambridge, Washington county. He was born near that hamlet, but went West when a young man. He married a Western woman, but procured a divorce when he came back and took up his old home years ago. Waite returned to his native place about thirty years ago. A few years since, finding himself old and feeble, he began to make preparations to will to his two nephews securities worth $13,000 and his residence, if they would provide him with a home. The offer was accepted, but a disagreement soon occurred. He returned to his residence in Centre Cambridge, which was then occupied by a young man named Davenport and his wife. To them he made the same proposition that he made to his nephews, which was also accepted. One of his greatest fears was that of being robbed. His wealth was scattered—some in banks and some in bonds and gold in his possession. Last fall he settled down with Mr. Davenport to spend the remainder of his days. The bedroom assigned to him and in which he died was remodeled into a burglar-proof apartment. A door leading from it into the kitchen was made of heavy oak timber three inches thick, with nurses and bolts. The only window was a network of iron bars, with a two-inch shutter and a protective through which he might defend himself from an attack by burglars. These bars were so arranged that no one but himself and Mrs. Davenport could remove them except by prying them out from the outside. In his room were constantly kept a brace of pistols and a rifle, and he never ventured out of his house without a couple of seven-shooters. It was not uncommon to see a loaded revolver drop out of his pocket as he climbed a fence.

A short time ago Mr. Waite, while in White Creek, invited one of his nephews to come home with him, remarking that perhaps he could make "a raise." They drove to this village, and, entering his wagon house, with the assistance of his nephew, the old man began digging in the dirt. Reaching a depth of four feet, an iron kett