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The circulation of THE TIMES *for the week ended Saturday, July 24, 1897, was as follows:*

Tuesday, July 18	23,022
Monday, July 19	39,612
Tuesday, July 20	40,465
Wednesday, July 21	40,592
Thursday, July 22	40,488
Friday, July 23	40,560
Saturday, July 24	45,954
Total	271,593
Daily average (Sunday 23,922 excepted)	41,278

WASHINGTON, TUESDAY, JULY 27.

Before leaving Washington for the Summer subscribe for THE TIMES. The Morning and Sunday Editions will be mailed to you for thirty-five cents a month—the Morning, Evening and Sunday Editions for fifty. Address changed as often as desired.

The Monetary Commission Bill.

Bradstreet's review for the past week offers excellent food for study. Perhaps no publication ostensibly issued in the interests of industry or commerce better can be described as a high class journal. Bradstreet's is the journal of the highest class in this country; the class that holds, handles and lands what money there is.

On this account it does not surprise us to read in the current number of that credit sheet a full indorsement of the scheme proposed by the New York bankers at their Saratoga meeting. Bradstreet's tells us that, at the gathering referred to, "It was set forth that our government paper money offers a constant embarrassment to the Treasury, threatening from time to time the maintenance of a safe balance for gold redemption." Ergo, the government paper ought to be retired and destroyed and the currency of the country placed upon the safe and solid foundation of such loans in national banks and the credit money they are permitted to issue at the expense of the people, based on plenty of Government bonds.

Bradstreet's and its friends, Messrs. Pierpont Morgan, Henry Clews, the Belmonts and the rest of them, view with professional alarm any "embarrassment to the Treasury, threatening from time to time the maintenance of a safe gold redemption." That is their point and contention in pushing the scheme of the monetary commission. We almost forgot that there is a collateral point and object involved. The Hanna tariff bill carefully is designed to defeat revenue and create a necessity for more bonds. If the pawnbrokers can have their way, this will come in very handy in connection with a plan to substitute national bank currency, based on bonds, for the greenbacks. Treasury notes and silver certificates now outstanding and altogether amounting approximately to $900,000,000.

But the country does not want more bonds, and is not in the least interested in maintaining the Treasury in a position of "safe gold redemption." In all technical and financial respects the Treasury is perfectly safe, if only it will obey the laws of the Republic, and pay out the money of the Constitution according to national convenience and interest. The Secretary of the Treasury absolutely is master of the gold reserve if he so elects. Let him begin to pay out silver when a raid is started on gold! If the Bank of France can do it, he can! The difficulty is, that the Bank of France is conducted for the benefit of the French nation. The Treasury of the United States is run strictly in the interests of the financiers and bond jobbers who contributed to the Republican campaign fund in 1896, and who want a chance to invest in a huge issue of Government bonds by way of compensation.

The monetary commission bill sleeps in a pigeon hole of the Senate Committee on Finance. It will remain there, inert and innocuous, until the next meeting of the Congress. Then there will be some hot discussion of its contents and intents. They all are bad.

We Want More Monroe.

It may be assumed with some degree of safety that most of the foreign comments and criticisms on our apparent attitude with regard to the annexation of Hawaii simply are bosh. For some time this journal has been watching the utterances of official or semi-official newspapers published at London and the Continental capitals with careful interest. It is observable that these organs and telephones all sing the same lay. They, and the political influences inspiring them, advert to and criticise what they are pleased to say they regard as an ominous departure by the United States from its former policy of international hermitation and its inauguration of one of colonial acquisition and aggrandizement. Now, nothing could be further from the truth, and, if we only had a Government imbued with the spirit of Washington, Jefferson, Jackson, and Lincoln, the illusion involved in such an idea would be dispelled, and the truth of the matter would be advertised to the nations in any way necessary to make them appreciate and respect it.

The St. Petersburg Novoye-Vremya, in a carefuly inspired editorial, dicusses Hawaiian annexation and considers it a menace to European interests. It also regards the proposition as a stepping-stone to the acquisition of Cuba, which would be still less tolerable. The Novoye-Vremya, summing up the situation, says: "All this is very grave, very much more serious than it may appear at first blush. The European governments which have grounds for resisting the increase of America's political power will henceforth have to be constantly on their guard, and to prepare themselves to come to the aid of Spain, which is menaced with the loss of her richest and largest colony in the New World."

The logic both of our position and the European objections to it is entirely simple, comprehensible and is privately recognized by all parties to the issue. It is this: The American people have regarded Hawaii and Cuba with a jealous eye for half a century or more. The first is necessary to us for the development of our Oriental commerce, which, in turn, is requisite to the growth and prosperity of our Pacific States. Also it is supremely necessary to the successful military defense of our whole Pacific Coast line. Consequently we mean to have it, and will get it unless we are sold out through the treason of the nation's representatives and agents, as has happened in some other cases.

When we contemplate the building of the Nicaragua Canal, an enterprise likely to be brought to a successful accomplishment before many years, national necessity for the control of the Hawaiian Islands becomes even more manifest. That canal largely will be in the power of the country holding those islands with a strong hand. If the same nation, as well, could occupy and dominate the Queen of the Antilles, the Gibraltar of the American Mediterranean, its power over the world's commerce would be complete, and its advancement to the headship of civilization and industrial and commercial peoples become inevitable and irresistible.

Such a prospect may not suit the views of Great Britain and Germany, or even of our former friend, Russia, but they will have to submit to it, unless they should succeed in buying up our public men sufficiently to prevent it for three years to come. Once the masses regain control of the machinery of government, and that will be in 1900, it will be too late for anybody to protest. If the American people can have their way, we shall own Hawaii and establish a friendly protectorate over the free Republic of Cuba. Later, the Cubans will join the Union, but that must be on their own motion and without coercion from us. But exactly what Europe does not like is the thing that is most likely to happen. We will have Hawaii, the Nicaragua Canal and, practically, Cuba. Our colonial ambition need not go beyond this. It will be enough. But thus much we are determined to secure. Lord Salisbury and the three emperors may as well understand, first as last, that it will not do to make trouble about it.

It is a question of necessary and vital national policy. It is worth a million lives, if need be, to enforce.

Mr. Hoshi on Annexation.

The most important part of Minister Hoshi's essay on "What I know about Annexation," is his courteous reference to the fact that "even the reputable section of the press" of this country seems to be under the impression that Japan has, or formerly had, designs on the Islands. We will venture to assume that in speaking of the "reputable section of the press," Mr. Hoshi has in mind newspapers not subsidized by foreign embassies or legations, and he is quite right. That class of journals, here and elsewhere, has been under the amused conviction that Japan had designs, exactly as they know that right in Washington there are many small boys who have registered with themselves blood-curdling oaths to go West and kill Indians, or become road agents of the most gory type.

Their intentions and oaths will not become productive of anything but a few dreams, and they will outgrow their foolishness. It is the same with Japan. Of course, there always is a possibility that, under European incitement, the little fellow might turn himself loose in Hawaii. In that event we will send "Fighting Bob" Evans over there with some more ships, and, immediately thereafter, there will be nothing but Japanese spoken in Nirvana for a week.

Howells the Martian.

Gingerly at first, more assuredly afterward, with mental reservations all the time, the literary critics of the country took hold of "The Martian." Now, however, nothing more need be said. The literary autocrat of Altruria, which is a country located somewhere near Mars, so far as can be known, has spoken, and the mind of the country is relieved.

Mr. Howells graduated from Italy to Boston, and from Boston to Altruria, and from Altruria he hopes some time to go to Mars. For this reason he took almost a personal interest in Mr. Du Maurier's remarks on that planet. When "The Martian" came out Mr. Howells flew to the bookstore and bought it, carried it home, gloating on its terra-cotta cover all the way, filled his pockets with spitzenberg apples, and prepared for a transcendental and transcontinental debauch. When he came out of the trance into which the book threw him he concluded that it was a very nice book, but not quite enough in it about the Martians, and he was sorry that he could not have had a sequel. The rest of the world is not feeling very badly over that, in fact, after we have finished the book, we are likely to feel as if we have had about all of Barty Josselin that we can stand for some time.

One of the points which Mr. Howells makes in his admiring criticism is that the European world is so different, with its variety of tongues, classes and religions, from our plain American world. It is possible that Mr. Howells here falls into a reverie over what he himself might have done if he had had European population on which to work. If so, Mr. Howells is under misapprehension. American life is not all Boston, nor Italy, nor Altruria. In Boston itself may be found a polyglot population of all sorts, and as for New York, you can find almost anything there, Mr. Howells, if you go to the right place. We have not only the whole population of Europe pouring itself into Castle Garden hundreds at a time, but we have Chinese and Japanese and Kanaka natives walking in at our back door, and French Canadians dropping down from Canada and all shades of color in the Southern States, grown on the soil. There is no lack of variety in our population and if Du Maurier had been an American he would have needed to fill half his pages with footnotes, for there would have been remarks in French, and German, and songs in Italian, and undertones in Chinese, and pastorals in Swedish and Norwegian, and war-whoops in Comanche, and cowboy talk in Spanish, and swear-words in Russian, and slang in plain United States, to an extent that would shatter the walls of the very Tower of Babel. Mr. Howells hints that he envies Du Maurier his wealth of material. Let all the people pray that Mr. Howells never tries to imitate him with the wealth of material we have in Chicago. Boston would simply have to die.

Theodore Roosevelt may have faults, but he is a sterling, sturdy American, and that covers a multitude of sins. In a recent speech to the Ohio naval reserves he told the volunteer "Jackies" that this country could and would take Hawaii or anything else it was entitled to without asking permission of any potentate or nation whatsoever. "So say we all of us!"

There will be temporary joy among the gentlemen who were nominated for various good things, but whose cases were not acted upon by the Senate. The most popular of them will be reappointed. It is predicted that the Hon. William Woodville Rockhill, the Cleveland holdover, identified with the Spanish alliance, will be one of these. His friends at the Capitol appear to have been strong enough to keep his nomination from being considered. Therefore, the country will not lose his services for some months longer.

A woman horse tamer has been interviewed and she says that horses are very like men. Some veterans of the turf are fond of declaring that a horse is just like a woman, so this is interesting. The woman, however, gives a somewhat different description of her methods from those which the average sport gives of his. He is apt to say serenely that you have got to let a horse know you are his master and that he is to do what you choose. He is apt also to declare that a woman likes to be bossed. Perhaps she does, but just listen to this. The woman horse tamer says, "Sometimes horses must be humored and made to think they are having their own way, when in reality they are doing what you will they shall do. For instance, when I am handling a horse of high courage that is not thoroughly broken, and he insists on going one way and I want him to go another, I turn him around several times and distract his attention, and the chances are that he will go as I wish without a controversy. If he persists I compromise by starting him his way and gradually turning him mine." There is food for thought in this.

Mr. McKinley's holiday is in sight. He is clearing off arrears, and packing lots of personal prosperity in trunks and things for the soft, summer season. His mouth fairly waters for the Champlain "frappee" in which he will begin to indulge without stint about next Thursday.

Mrs. Dominis also has protested. Her lord chamberlain and another distinguished native—not, however, in the sense of being a domestic—Mr. Hallelujah by name, presented themselves and a paper envelope to Mr. McKinley yesterday. He took the papers and his leave of the bearers. They wished a happy new ear with which to listen to their tale of woe; and they were much delighted. The late and chocolate native monarchy seems much to have improved its standing at the White House. A little while ago it could not get into the ante-room. Perhaps it has succeeded in making its ante at the Glover Building; then things will be pleasanter.

The Senate chamber looked badly deserted yesterday, but the House was about in the condition that it has been any time these three months. The Autocrat was not on his throne. Otherwise things were much as usual.

The junior Senator from Ohio is preparing to make this year's election in that State a great Hannaversary. He constantly consults his typewriter and the President, and, if the coal strike only can be squelched or smoothed over in time, he is confident that a check-book will do the rest. Campaign expenses come high, but we must have them!

MIRACLES IN NEW YORK.

Work Done by the Wrist Bone of the Mother of Mary.

New York, July 26.—The feast of St. Anne was observed at the Church of St. Jean Baptiste today as the conclusion of the annual novena, in which the little relic of bone, believed to be from the right wrist of the mother of the Virgin Mary, which is exhibited, was prayed over, and the glass case inclosing it was kissed by thousands of people. The crowds that have visited the shrine during the nine days the relic was exhibited have been very large.

A large number of cures are reported. The stack of crutches placed in a corner near the relic has steadily increased.

Mrs. M. F. Dunn claims to have been cured of cancer. She visited the shrine every day, and at the end of a week the cancer began to disappear.

She said today that she was well, and had come to Novena to render thanks for her cure.

Got a Small Price for His Life.

Chicago, July 26.—Two young men in bicycle attire held up the saloon of Dennis C. Donohue, of Fifty-first street, last night, shot the proprietor fatally, and escaped on their wheels with $20 from the cash drawer. Donohue showed fight and stabbed one of the crooks.

Early this morning one of the robbers was found in a ditch near Donohue's saloon. He had a stab wound in the abdomen that will prove fatal. The man refuses to disclose his identity.

POLITICAL GOSSIP.

One of the most interesting of all the good-bys in the Senate chamber on Saturday night was that which took place in front of Senator Allen's desk. Mr. Foraker, although relentless in political warfare, does not believe in war when the war is over, and besides, he is one of the most kindly-hearted gentlemen in the whole nation. He thought that perhaps the acrimonies of the recent debate between himself and Mr. Allen might have rankled in the latter's mind, but no sooner had the subject been mentioned than the sturdy Nebraskan, who was born in Ohio, grasped Mr. Foraker's hand, and it did not take long to bury the subject forever.

There was one very important moment in the debate, on Saturday afternoon, on Mr. Morgan's resolution to refer the House resolution to adjourn which escaped general attention. Mr. Aldrich was actually whipping and spurring up the Vice President to make rulings as Mr. Aldrich indicated, and the Vice President carried out the suggestions manfully until Mr. Aldrich wanted to take Mr. White off the floor, and again wanted to take Senator Lindsay off the floor. Mr. Lindsay was ripping mad, and said that he would not sit down, and that the opposition must hear what he had to say.

The Vice President ruled only once in favor of the Democrats in this struggle, but that was to much for Mr. Aldrich. He said he wanted to have the sense of the Senate on the ruling of the Vice President allowing debate on the question under discussion. The Vice President was already red in the face, but he grew scarlet when Mr. Aldrich practically appealed from his decision. It was the Democrats who came to the rescue of the Vice President. They cried out "No, no," when Mr. Aldrich wanted the sense of the Senate taken. It is quite likely that there will be a long coolness between the Vice President and Mr. Aldrich.

Never has greater care been taken in the enrollment of a tariff bill than with that which became a law Saturday. It is the duty of the enrolling clerk of the House to do this work, but this year it was done by the enrolling clerks of both Houses. After the bill had been carefully compared in the House it was sent over to Mr. Platt, the enrolling clerk of the Senate, for final revision and the detection of any possible errors that may have crept in. This was probably due to the fact that Mr. Platt is an experienced proof reader. While there were no errors that would have, probably, affected the bill materially, it was found that upwards of twenty mistakes had been made in not following the literal reading of the original bill. These errors were chiefly the failure to compound words that had been compounded in the original. One comma was omitted in a paragraph that might have led to dispute, but it was in an insignificant item relating to merchandise of a character imported only in small amount and the monetary loss, if any, would have been small.

According to custom the new tariff bill will go down in history bearing the name of the chairman of the Committee on Ways and Means, for under the Constitution bills for the raising of revenue must originate in the popular house. It is no more the Dingley bill, however, than was the Wilson bill the structure framed by the gentleman from West Virginia. That measure was entirely reconstructed in the Senate by Senators Gorman, Brice, and Jones. So with the Dingley bill. Messrs. Aldrich, Allison, and Jones, of Nevada, made it a new thing entirely, but Mr. Dingley will receive the praise or the opprobrium that comes from the enactment of the law. There were 874 amendments to the bill when it went to conference. Of this total the Senate yielded in but 118, while the House receded and gave in to the Senate on 511. The remainder, aggregating 145, were compromised. Still, this wonderful piece of legislation is known as the Dingley bill.

Mrs. Virginia Thompson, formerly postmistress at Louisville, Ky., is to be appointed to a responsible position in the Congressional Library. Mrs. Thompson is a woman of remarkable executive ability and filled the office of postmistress for many years. She was finally superseded by a man during the Harrison administration. She was one of the applicants for the position of register of copyrights, and had the indorsements of a great many public men. Whatever place may be assigned her, it is said by those who know her she will fill it well, for she is equipped to fill any position of responsibility.

The old organization of the House Committee on Appropriations has been continued by the unanimous vote of that committee. This means that Mr. James C. Courts, who has for years been its efficient clerk; Mr. J. D. Cremer, assistant clerk, and Mr. K. F. Rea, messenger, will be retained. For twenty years Mr. Courts has been the clerk of this committee, and what he and Mr. Cleaves, clerk of the Senate Committee, do not know about appropriations is not worth knowing. Parties may come and parties may go, but these two men will probably go on forever.

Senator Teller is now accused of causing the loss of one day of the Government's grip on imports. The day was Friday, one of general ill omen. Mr. Teller filibustered while the ships of the other worlds were coming in and unloading at New York and other harbors under the Wilson tariff law, losing to the Government as much as $70,000. The indictment in detail against Mr. Teller is as follows:

PORT OF NEW YORK.	Loss in duties.
Ship and port of departure.	
Normannia, Hamburg	$25,000
PHILADELPHIA.	
Shawmut, Trinidad	$500
Trinidad, Trinidad	500
BOSTON.	
Virginian, London	$10,000
Honiton, Progreso	3,000
BALTIMORE.	
La Campine, Antwerp	$18,000
Strona, Santiago de Cuba	3,000
Abiel Abbot, Trinidad	300
NEWPORT NEWS.	
Kanawha, Liverpool	$12,000

Recessional.

God of our father, known of old—
Lord of our far-flung battle-line—
Beneath Whose awful Hand we hold
Dominion over palm and pine—
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

The tumult and the shouting dies—
The captains and the kings depart;
Still stands Thine ancient Sacrifice,
An humble and a contrite heart,
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

Far-called our navies melt away—
On dune and headland sinks the fire—
Lo, all our pomp of yesterday
Is one with Nineveh and Tyre!
Judge of the Nations, spare us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

If drunk with sight of power, we loose
Wild tongues that have not Thee in awe—
Such boasting as the Gentiles use,
Or lesser breeds without the Law—
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

For heathen heart that puts her trust
In reeking tube and iron shard—
All valiant dust that builds on dust,
And guarding, calls not Thee to guard—
For frantic boast and foolish word,
Thy Mercy on Thy People, Lord!
Amen.

Rudyard Kipling.

AUGUST MAGAZINES.

Harper's Magazine for August comes out with a colored frontispiece, by Frederic Remington, who follows it up by an illustrated story called "The Sergeant of the Orphan Troop." The story is told in Remington's usual clear-cut style, and illustrated with the unmistakable Remington horse. The second article in the magazine is a calm and dispassionate view of "The Inauguration," by that exquisite statuette of American special reporting, Richard Harding Davis. Mr. Davis, after careful reflection, has picked out several fresh and original features of the inauguration, which he thinks ought to be noticed. One of these is that the President of the United States does not have himself entirely surrounded by armed guards when he rides down the Avenue, and another is that we cannot compete with the stately celebrations of the Queen's jubilee, and ought not to be expected to do so. But Mr. Davis' crowning display of acumen comes in quite unexpectedly. He says that the people not only march in the parade, but accomplish the somewhat difficult feat of standing on the sidewalks and seeing themselves as they do it.

Were it not for this astonishing discovery Mr. Davis' report of the inauguration might be deemed deficient from a journalistic point of view. But in this statement he has scored a "scoop" so brilliant that he could hardly have exceeded it had he declared that he saw a live sea serpent parading down the Avenue alongside the marines. If the American nation is bright enough to stand on the sidewalk and see itself go by—if even one person in the entire American nation could do this, not to say a few hundreds or thousands of people—there is no earthly reason why we should bow before the crowned heads of Europe. Mr. Davis' report is a gay success.

Among the articles of fiction, Owen Wister describes in a subdued, yet feeling manner, the trials of a judge at a children's "prize speaking," and calls the story "Sharon's Choice." Mary M. Mears writes of "The Marrying of Esther," and Mary Hartwell Catherwood contributes a fine piece of work in "The Cobbler in the Devil's Kitchen." Poultney Bigelow's African sketches continue, this time dealing with the Jamestown raid; and F. Hopkinson Smith writes in his usual amusing style of "The Hungarian Millenium."

Without doubt the unique feature of the August "Atlantic" is a very short article on "The Strivings of the Negro People," by Burghardt Du Bois. The author, who is a negro, treats the subject with a combination of quaint and delicate humor, and practical common sense, and true pathos, which is somewhat rare. It is an inside view of the race problem, and without an inside view that problem cannot be solved.

Rowland E. Robinson's sketch of ante-bellum and abolitionist days, called "Out of Bondage," is a good story, and an artistic contrast to the Du Bois article. Alvan F. Sanborn gives us the best paper he has yet written in his article on "A Massachusetts Shoe Town"—Brompton, Mass.—in which he makes a strong picture of the conditions of twenty-five years ago and of the present day. Close beside this is William Allen White's article on "A Typical Kansas Community," full of the push and go of the Middle West and of State pride as well. The Western man has believed in this town, as a rule, ever since he made her acquaintance; he has built her up in this faith, and when he lets go of the faith it will be time for him to die or to move.

Among the purely literary features are "Some Unpublished Letters of Dean Swift" and an article by Enrico Ferri on "The Delinquent in Art and Literature."

St. Nicholas, as is appropriate for midsummer, the fairies' especial season, seems given over to fairy lore. We have "A Four-Leaved Clover," "The Fairies' Frolic," "Priscilla's Fairy Godmother," and three or four other semi-magical songs and stories. The practical articles which balance the thistle-down lightness of fairy lore are "Some Common Bees and How They Live," "On the Grand Banks and Elsewhere," and "Peter Spots, Fireman."

The novelette in Lippincott's is "Two Daughters of One Race," by Edgar Fawcett, a well-told, interesting, and not too intense story of modern American life. For some reason or other nearly every writer in Lippincott's for August has chosen a commonplace subject. There are half a dozen articles entitled "Are You Going to College?" "Bird Artists," "The Book Which Has Most Benefited Me?" (heaven save the mark! Will that topic ever wear out?) "The Charm of the Inexact," and "Singing: Its Past and Possibilities." Still there is doubtless something new to be said on these subjects, and some one to whom each one of them will prove of absorbing interest.

The August number of the Cosmopolitan contains an impassioned description of "Indian Starving," by Julian Hawthorne. His view of the English officials and of the native government is intensely discouraging, and the only bright spot which he finds is in the work of the missionaries. Perhaps the most unusual feature of the magazine is "Japan's Stage and Greatest Actor," illustrated. The illustrations look rather like huge and magnificent beetles, but it is easy to see, nevertheless, how an actor of real dramatic power might be impressive in Japanese stage imagery.

A poem by Bret Harte, "Hasta Manana," recalls the earlier Californian days of his work in its lazy rhythm and Mexican flavor. Perhaps the prettiest thing, however, in the whole number, are half a dozen studies of home life taken from artistic photographs. Every picture tells a story—a story of quiet, refined, graceful American motherhood and childhood. There is nothing peasant-like about these pictures, but they are unmistakably American and unique.

NO MERCY FOR MRS. MAYBRICK.

The British Government Declines to Mitigate Her Sentence.

A cablegram was received at the State Department yesterday morning from Ambassador Hay stating that the British government declines to mitigate in any way the sentence of Mrs. Maybrick. They say her physical condition is good.

The department recently instructed the ambassador to use the good offices of the United States to induce the British government to do something to ameliorate her condition.

A Young Woman Naturalized.

Trenton, N. J., July 26.—In the United States district court today, Judge Kirkpatrick granted naturalization papers to Miss Hannah K. Lund, of Plainfield, a native of Sweden. Miss Lund intends to engage in missionary work in Mongolia, China, and will sail in a few days. She desired the protection of the Stars and Stripes, and Judge Kirkpatrick told her she had chosen wisely, and that the right to vote was not the only advantage of American citizenship.

IN THE HOTEL LOBBIES.

"I see that our consul at Saltillo, Mex.," said Mr. J. H. Lewis, formerly an attache of the United States legation at Mexico, now located in Washington, "reports that the graves near Saltillo, Mex., of American soldiers killed at the battle of Buena Vista in 1847 are in serious want of attention. When I was visiting Saltillo in 1889 I noticed that they were then in very bad shape. In fact, no one would ever believe the field to be a cemetery. It is a plot of ground of about two and one-half acres, with a mud or adobe brick wall inclosing it. This wall in several places had been washed away by the rains and there was nothing to indicate that anyone was buried there—not even a wooden or stone slab, nothing to show that the remains of over 700 brave American soldiers found their last resting place there, and I am glad to see that the Senate of the United States has ordered an investigation of the existing condition of affairs. I understand that the governor of that district, Miguel Cardenas, has consented to cooperate with our consul in securing the necessary data as to the present condition of the cemetery."

Mr. Jerome Sickles, of Boston, is one of the best known of the rising generation of Bay State politicians. He is temporarily in Washington, looking after the interests of a friend who is an aspirant for United States consulate honors abroad.

"Though approaching three score and ten," he said last evening, "ex-Mayor Samuel A. Green, of Boston, is still a factor in the daily life of the elder set of Bostonians. Dr. Green is one of those quaint New England characters that time nor tide seem to change. As the librarian of the Massachusetts Historical Society for nearly thirty years, he is known far and wide as an authority on matters dealing with the early settlement of New England. Like most elderly scholarly gentlemen, Dr. Green adores historical things and dislikes to put on the new for the old; and this accounts for his retention of his residence in the heart of the city, which has been robbed of many of its original charms and attractions by the encroachments of the foreign population of the city. But Dr. Green still lives there, notwithstanding that he is almost completely hemmed in by Boston's Chinatown. Dr. Green received his degree from Harvard in the early fifties, and after a tour of the continent settled in Boston as a practicing physician. He was in the Burnside expedition in charge of the hospital ship and was the chief medical officer at Morris Island during the siege of Fort Wagner. Since the war Dr. Green has held many important offices in Boston."

"Recruiting for the Navy is conducted under difficulties at this season of the year," said a captain in the Navy at the Ebbitt last night. "Landsmen and coal heavers are plentiful enough—so much so that enlistments in these two classes are made only in exceptional cases—but seamen are scarce, because they can get good berths in yachts and passenger steamers for the summer. In order to reach the deep water sailormen on the great lakes, the Navy Department has decided to establish recruiting stations in several of the large cities, and Lieut. Commander J. M. Hawley will leave Washington for Duluth, Minn., where an office will be opened if the outlook there is satisfactory. He will then make a tour of the chief lake ports on the same errand. Although coal heavers and landsmen are not now needed in the Navy, the Bureau of Navigation has just issued an order notifying recruiting officers that they may ship a man in either of these ratings, when by reason of his fine physique and intelligence he is unusually well qualified to do good work, and native born Americans will be regarded with especial favor."

RESENTING MIXED MARRIAGES.

Church Disorder West Because of a Miscegenating Wedding.

Milwaukee, Wis., July 26.—Rev. Dr. Hertz, of Trinity Evangelical Church, married a negro and a white woman in the sacred edifice a few days ago, and the result is the desertion of nearly half the members, who last Sunday held services in a hall.

When the negro and his white bride drove up to the church there was an ugly demonstration. The bridal party was treated to a storm of hisses and epithets and a few minutes' resistance was offered to their entry. Mr. Hertz appeared and by a short speech quelled the disturbance. The ceremony had no sooner been performed, however, than a storm broke loose among the large congregation.

SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

Mr. Andree is a living illustration of the fact that you cannot keep a good man down.

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"Jedediah," said the proprietor of the summer resort, "have the folks all gone?"

"Every last one of 'em," replied the son.

"Then go to work an' clear up the rubbish. Get that trunk on the wagon and see what you can sell it for; here's some tennis flannels that you can wear this winter and save buyin'; there's a shrunk bathin' suit that'll do for bub, and a Japanese umbrell that you can save to scare the crows. I don't know nothing that you can do with these smashed up hearts that they've left around. Better put 'em on the rubbish heap."

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"Scotland," said the tragedian, majestically, "had one Macbeth. New Jersey has multitudes."

"Don't be scared," said the soubrette. "He means the mosquitoes."

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The crowd was tumbling over itself in the vain effort to see over the shoulders of three big policemen, and offer advice to the horse who had sunstroke.

"That," said Jimsby, reflectively, "is what might be called a neck-and-neck race—and rubber-neck, at that."

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The time was when all that a romantic swain expected of his inamorita was to listen to his poetry. Now he puts his poetry into the chafing dish and expects her to eat the result.

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"No," said the boarding-house mistress gravely, "I do not approve of people playing such a frivolous game as cards. We will go into the parlor and renew our youth by a game of hunt-the-slipper."

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"Is marriage a failure, Yawcob?" inquired his wife.

"My dearest Rebecca," replied Jacob, "some people might compare it to that, but I can only say for myself it has been more like a mammoth fire sale."

And Rebecca was in bliss.

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One should have a place for everything, and young Slipperkin says that when he is in college that place is under the bed.