IN RAILWAY CIRCLES

The Owyhee Line is Now Nearly Completed.

COMPANY HAS RECEIVED SEVEN OFFERS FOR ITS BONDS.

Attorney-General Harmon Satisfied That One Satisfactory Bid Will Be Made if the Union Pacific is Put Up For Sale.

Mine Inspector Hastings of Idaho brings to the city the report that the end of January will see the Owyhee railroad in his state completed to Rabbit creek, 22 miles of rail, and carrying freight and passengers. A corps of surveyors is now ready to take the field for the purpose of running a line through the Willow Creek district to the Payette timber belt. The company has received seven offers for the bonds of the entire road, but consideration of these bids will not be entertained until the line is in operation to the Rabbit creek springs.

Track laying is progressing at the rate of one mile per day, the pile-driver, cement and other supplies for bridging being all at Nampa.

R. L. Ford has resigned the general agency of the Union Pacific at Boise and has been installed as general freight agent of the new line.

THE UNION PACIFIC.

Reorganization Committee is Prepared to Buy it In.

New York, Jan. 20.—A Herald special from Washington says: Pacific railway matters were again discussed in yesterday's meeting of the cabinet. Attorney General Harmon has been making a careful study of the situation and the information he gave satisfied the president and the cabinet that if the government should institute foreclosure proceedings in the case of the Union Pacific there would be at least one satisfactory bid if the road should be put up for sale.

This bid will come from the Union Pacific reorganization committee and the powerful syndicate back of it. This committee is prepared to bid $28,000,000 if the value of the sinking fund is desired by the government to be covered into the treasury the bid will be $45,000,000. It is understood that the syndicate is prepared to raise its figures if necessary, and it may be that Attorney General Harmon will be able to get a promise of a better bid before foreclosure proceedings are begun.

Preparations for commencing foreclosure proceedings have progressed so far that it is probable the attorney general will take action in a few days. In the meantime advocates of an extension of the indebtedness of the roads will make every effort to pass the bill for the settlement of the indebtedness by a commission of cabinet officers. Advocates of foreclosure will fight this bill and are hopeful of defeating it or so amending it as to make it improbable that the interests of the government will suffer in the hands of the commission.

A LONG SESSION.

Meeting of the Transcontinental Association at Chicago.

Chicago, Jan. 20.—The Transcontinental Passenger association has concluded a six-days' session, something unusual in its history, and agreed on a rate and conditions for the national convention of the Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor to be held in San Francisco next July. The protracted meeting was due to charges being made that certain roads had secured a large share of the Endeavor business by pledging a certain rate in advance of an association agreement. The debate became exceedingly warm and personal and the threat was made that San Francisco would not get the convention unless an equitable division of the business was agreed to. The trouble was smoothed over by an agreement to make an equitable division as far as it could be done, the proportions to be fixed by the chairman as arbitrator. The rate agreed on was $45 for the round trip; one-half of the regular summer tourist rate from the Missouri river, Duluth, St. Paul and New Orleans. The Western Passenger association was asked to make a $50 rate from the eastern terminals of its territory, but as that would only allow a $5 rate between Chicago and the Missouri river it is not likely to be adopted. A $55 rate from Chicago will probably be made. The association made no progress at the meeting in settling the troublesome question of the "Soo's" membership. Although the road filed notice of withdrawal several months ago, it has been governing itself by the agreement and as the association refused to entertain the Soo's proposition for a differential rate from St. Paul to the Pacific the matter rests in statu quo.

THE POULTRY SHOW.

FINEST LOT OF BIRDS EVER EXHIBITED HERE.

The Awards Completed Yesterday by Mr. Hitchcock, of Denver—This is Ladies' Day at the Show.

Five hundred fowls with lusty lungs chant a shrill advertisement for the Utah Poultry association show on Main street.

The exhibition is one worth attending, whether the visitor be a fancier or not. The officers of the association are boastful of the fact that their annual show of 1897 displays better stock than ever before congregated in the history of the society. The breeders of fine birds have taken an earnest interest in the fowl show which will continue until Saturday evening.

There are 25 different varieties of swell poultry in the collection, including chickens, ducks, pigeons and quails.

F. W. Hitchcock of Denver, known throughout the west as authority on poultry, completed his awards yesterday afternoon and the committee on record was enabled to furnish The Herald with a fairly complete list of the prize winners. For the benefit of visitors it may be stated that a blue ribbon indicates first honors, a red one, second; white, third and yellow, fourth. Public award of badges and medals will be made this evening at 8 o'clock. All of today will be signalized as ladies' day.

The officers in active charge of the affair are C. R. Howe, secretary; W. G. Margetts, assistant secretary; C. F. Druce, hall superintendent.

A list of the awards so far complete is appended:

Under the division of barred Plymouth rocks Harry Pinnock captures a first and second on pullets, second on cockrels; A. E. Short, first on cockrels and winner of the special prize, a silver medal; Day, Rowe & Co., first on cockrels, second on pullets and third on pen; C. S. Rigby, fourth on cockrels, second on pen and third on pullets, Mrs. D. McCloud first and second on hens and third on cocks.

White Plymouth rocks make a good showing, under which division, C. J. Trump has first on pen, first and second on cockrels and first and th.. on pullets; S. W. Walker, second on pen, second on cocks, first and third on hens and second on pullets; B. H. Hollingsworth, fourth on pullets.

Buff Plymouth Rocks—Howe & Druce, first on cockrels, first, second and third on pen, first, second, third and fourth on pullets and second on cocks; C. J. Trump, third and fourth on cockrels.

In Silver-laced Wyandottes, H. F. Burton captured everything.

Golden Wyandottes—Samuel Moore, first, second, third and fourth on pullets; C. J. Trump, second on pen and first on cockrels; John W. Bird, second on cockrels.

White Wyandottes—B. H. Hollingsworth, first, second, third and fourth on pen, first on cockrel, first, second and fourth on pullets; L. J. Starbuck, second on pen, second on cockrel, third on pens.

Light Brammers—H. M. Desky took evcrything.

Dark Brammers—John W. Bird captured all.

Black Leghorns—W. G. Margetts, first and third on pen, tie first on cockrels, first and second on pullets; B. H. Hollingsworth, second on pen, first tie on cockrels; J. T. Edwards, fourth on pen, third on pullets and third on cockrels.

Brown Leghorns—Walter Williams, first on pen, first and second on cockrels, first on hens and first, second, third and fourth on pullets; D. M. McCloud, second on cocks and second on pen.

White Leghorns—John L. Hancock, first on pen, first on cockrels, second tie and fourth on pullets; Mrs. D. M. McCloud, first and third and second tie on pullets and second on pen.

Buff Leghorns—Howe & Druce, first on pen, first, second and third on cockrels, first, second, third and fourth on pullets.

Black Monarchs—Howe & Druce, first on pen, first on cocks, second tie on hens; R. G. Winters, first and second on hens and second on pen; B. H. Hollingsworth, third on pen and second and third on cockrels; Mrs. D. M. McCloud, first on cockrels; L. J. Starbuck, first, second, third and fourth on pullets, and fourth on pen.

The association will hold its annual election of officers tomorrow evening.

IN THE SOCIAL REALM.

Mrs. J. D. Lundberg left on Tuesday for New York, where she joins her husband.

* * *

The adjourned meeting of the Euterpe society will be held on Saturday evening next at the residence of Mrs. Dr. Gemmill on Second East, between Second and Third South.

* * *

A number of business men prominent in commercial and professional circles are circulating several lists for the organization of a country club. If sufficient signatures are obtained to insure the pledging of $35,000, in stock, it is proposed to purchase the location known as Calder's park for a similar sum and convert the tract into a site. The park contains about 35 acres, five of which is lake surface. The membership must be limited to 300, each member owning one share of the par value of $100; total number of shares being 350. The monthly dues are placed at $3.

The idea is to operate the club for the personal benefit of the stockholders and a club house of the same general design as that of the Overland Country club at Denver is in the mind of the promoters. Connected with this institution will be a restaurant, dining room, reading rooms, golf links, tennis courts, croquette courts, driving and bicycle tracks and boating. Other outdoor sports will round out the main features of the intended spot for private recreation. Among the originators of the idea are Frank Wadleigh and J. P. Heintz of the Rio Grande Western. The plan is meeting with a great deal of encouragement.

* * *

At Christensen's hall there was a delightful gathering of dancers at the regular Wednesday evening social. Among those present were Colonel and Mrs. Clayton, Mr. and Mrs. John D. Spencer, Mr. and Mrs. Selden Clawson and several others of married folks, besides the usual complement of younger people.

The new arrangement under which the time from 8:30 to 9 is given to teaching the newer dances without extra charge, proved very popular, and nearly all present availed themselves of the opportunity offered.

* * *

The Saturday Night club will give another of their series of parties next Saturday night.

* * *

At Clift's hall there was a good turnout of the regular dancing school class. There will be a social party given by the Oquirrh club on Washington's birthday.

* * *

A select party will be given in the Eighteenth ward on Friday evening which promises to be a very fine affair.

AMUSEMENTS

Judging from the scenes around the theatre box office, the public is just waking up to the knowledge that Palmer Cox's "Brownies" is a big spectacular show, and not a children's entertainment at all. The demand for seats for tonight, and the Saturday matinee, especially, was very heavy all day.

* * *

A good old-fashioned melodrama, with plenty of sensation, pathos and comedy, with a wrongfully accused hero, a suffering heroine, a starving child, a black, dressy villain, an assistant character villain, not so dressy, and a good policeman, is found in "Master and Man," now running at the Grand. That the audiences like the departure is shown in the constantly increasing size of the audiences. Last night there was a very good turnout, any amount of applause and a double curtain call for Walter Edwards, who is the acting hit of the piece, albeit he is indistinct in some parts of his dialect. The good policeman is Mr. Edeson, who every night since it was announced that he was to leave is given a great round of applause on his entrance. Tuesday evening he had to make a speech, in which he said he deeply regretted having to leave Salt Lake.

* * *

Jay Rogers of the Grand management has received a letter from Rebecca Warren, stating that she would this week rejoin Sothern's company. He also received a letter from Will Ingersoll, who is with Nat Goodwin in Chicago, advising him that the Grand ought to secure the new play, "A Drop of Poison."

* * *

The Salt Lake Opera company rehearsed the first act of the "Mascot" on the stage for the first time last evening. Prof. Welhe is greatly encouraged at the progress made.

* * *

The Nordica sale opens at Calder's this morning. Prices range from 75 cents to $1.50.

Primitive Methods.

New York Commercial Advertiser: A recent visitor to Washington was asked the other day what had surprised her most in the wonders of the capital. "Do you know," she replied, "that of all the beautiful sights and instructive pleasures I have enjoyed here, nothing has impressed me so much as the way books are procured up at the congressional library. An applicant for literature came to the library the other day when I was there, and, in this age of electricity and light for all, what did the librarian do but take a smoky, dejected-looking little coal oil lamp, such as are seen in the most dilapidated roadside cabins, light it, and disapepar into a thicket of precious volumes, peering hither and thither by the light of this solitary flame. It is a wonder to me that there is any library at all, or even a half-dozen volumes to transport to the beautiful new building awaiting for them across the way."

To Test a Turkish Rug.

New York Evening Post: A test of the genuineness of an Oriental rug or carpet which a Constantinople gentleman says is sure is to examine carefully to see if each stitch is knotted, instead of trusting to these easily-put-on marks of size, patches, holes and crooked places. If the stitch is knotted and firm the rug is genuine Turkish, but if the stitch can be pulled out, it is imitation, no matter how closely the original rug may have been copied in pattern or color. An Oriental dealer's test is to drop a live coal on the rug and when it has burned a little to remove it quickly with the fingers. If the scroching entirely disappears, leaving the original colors unaltered, it is proof of the genuineness of the rug.

George Crocker in Wall Street.

New York World: George Crocker, the young California millionaire, a part of whose inheritance was a reward for keeping sober five years, has been an object of interest and curiosity in the street since New Year's day, when he became a special partner of the big stock exchange firm of Price, McCormick & Co. Mr. Crocker is a very modest, even diffident young man, though he wears colored shirts and a big diamond in his red necktie.

PRESS ASSOCIATION

Utah Newspaper Men Meet in Annual Session.

NEW OFFICERS ELECTED

PRESIDENT'S REPORT SHOWS ORGANIZATION FLOURISHING.

Thatcher the Choice of the Association For Senator—Needed Legislation Recommended—Committees on Legislation, Advertising and Soforth Appointed—Will Attend the Session of the Western Newspaper Federation at New Orleans.

The annual meeting of the Utah Press association was held at the Knutsford hotel yesterday. It was a well-attended affair, representatives of a large percentage of the papers in the state being present.

The session was among the most interesting ever held by the association. Officers for the ensuing year were elected and legislative enactments for the protection of newspaper rights were discussed.

The morning session was called to order at 10 o'clock and a roll call showed the following members present: M. L. Snow, Brigham City Bugler; D. P. Felt, Springville Independent; H. A. Moore, Inter-Mountain Newspaper Union; C. W. Jackson, Payson Globe; J. H. Weaver, Ogden Standard; Charles P. Diehl, Eureka Democrat; W. L. Webb, Lehi Banner; J. H. Sarvis, Inter-Mountain Newspaper Union; "Ray Raymond," Salt Lake Searchlight; E. A. Littlefield, Ogden Switch Journal; William M. White, Protectionist; Jesse Earl, Logan Journal; E. M. West, Ogden Standard; F. W. Metcalf, Ogden Deseret Eagle; J. Stohle, Davis County Clipper; Noble Warrum, Logan Journal; Warren Foster, Inter-Mountain Advocate; A. N. Rosenbaum, Ogden; N. B. Dresser, Mercur Miner.

Owing to the absence of President E. G. Rognon the vice-president of the association, Mr. E. A. Littlefield, presided.

THE PRESIDENT'S REPORT.

President Rognon's report was read and digested with much interest. It was a review of the year's work and revealed a gratifying condition of the organization's finances. The last excursion given netted the association $213.92. A round of applause followed the reading of the document, which was ordered spread upon the record.

The following were admitted to membership: Miss Maud Alexander, Ogden; Miss Elsie Reasoner, Salt Lake; J. B. Wright, "Our Goat," A. T. Moari, "Onyx Illustrated Saturday Night."

ELECTED THATCHER.

After taking an informal ballot on the choice for United States senator, in which Thatcher came out winner, the association in a body repaired to the joint city and county building, to witness the balloting for senator.

The afternoon session opened at 2 o'clock. First came the election of officers, which resulted as follows:

President—D. P. Felt.
First Vice-President—E. G. Rognon.
Second Vice-President—Jesse Earl.
Third Vice-President—William M. White.
Recording Secretary—M. L. Snow.
Corresponding Secretary—Charles P. Diehl.
Treasurer—S. L. Paradise.
Historian—Warren Foster.

A spirited contest developed over the choice for president. D. P. Felt and Noble Warrum received ten votes each on the first ballot, while Warren Foster got one vote. After a great deal of lobbying Felt came in winner on the second ballot and his election was made unanimous.

The following committees were then selected, the first named members being chairmen:

Transportation—Ray Raymond, E. G. Rognon and Major Littlefield.

Legislative—N. B. Dresser, Noble Warrum and William M. White.

Advertising—John Meteer, Walter Webb and C. W. Jackson.

Paper Supplies—Warren Foster, John Stable and Charles P. Diehl.

WANT LEGISLATION.

Legislative matters were then discussed at some length, after which the following resolution was passed:

"Resolved, by the Utah Press association, That the present legislature be memorialized to pass legislation requiring the publication of the several classes of legal notices, taking them from the fences, barns and telephone poles, where they are now taking the place of paint and whitewash, and putting them in the columns of the newspapers of the state, where they properly belong."

What is commonly known as the Loud bill next came up for consideration and finally resulted in the adoption of the following resolution:

"Be it resolved by the members of the Utah Press association in convention assembled that we petition the Hon. Senators Cannon and Brown to use every means in their power to defeat what is known as the Loud bill, relating to proposed changes in second-class mail matter."

Representative Dresser was also instructed to draft a similar resolution for presentation to the Utah legislature.

TO NEW ORLEANS.

The association as a body resolved to attend the meeting of the Western Federation of Newspaper Men, to be held in New Orleans next October, and to do all in its power to advertise Utah on the trip. It is intended to work up a large excursion in connection and thus demonstrate the wide-awakeness of Utahnians, and affording excellent opportunity to do much needed work for the new state, as well as enjoying a splendid trip.

A strong desire was expressed to more thoroughly fraternize with the great daily press of the state, to the end that matters of import to the press as a whole may be taken up and acted upon in unity. The association now numbers about 100 in its membership, and with united action a great deal of good can be accomplished for the common welfare of our state.

It was 6 o'clock when the body was ready to adjourn. A vote of thanks was given the retiring president, Mr. Rognon, and the hotel managers, who so kindly granted use of the parlors for the meeting, were likewise remembered.

The next session of the association will be held July 4.

WILL CELEBRATE.

Englishmen Overjoyed Because of the Treaty.

London, Jan. 20.—A meeting was held in Birmingham today to perfect arrangements for a suitable celebration of the signing of the general arbitration treaty between the United States and Great Britain. Among the speakers were G. F. Parker, United States consul at Birmingham, who said that the treaty would undoubtedly be ratified by the United States senate, and that the people of both countries in the meantime must be patient. Mr. Parker said that he had recently made a tour of 13 of the American states and had not in the course of his travels

IN SABLE.

seen a single trace of anti-British feeling.

They Listen to Olney.

Washington, Jan. 20.—The senate committee on foreign relations listened to Secretary Olney for more than an hour this morning. The secretary, who drew the general treaty of arbitration between this government and Great Britain, made an elaborate address in favor of the ratification of the treaty.

Much of the talk about the committee table was of interlocutory character and several senators, notably Messrs. Morgan and Davis, asked numerous questions of the secretary, intended to gather from that official his idea of the scope of the treaty. The questions propounded indicated quite plainly an antagonism to the text of the convention, and the intention of the senators to insist upon the amendment before reporting the instrument to the senate. No action was taken, and it is intimated that action cannot be possibly had for some weeks to come.

Lord Salisbury said in his reply to this proposition: "Her majesty's government is not prepared for this complete surrender of their freedom of action until further experience has been acquired."

Lord Salisbury adds that it appears under the circumstances that "it will be wise, until our experience in international arbitration is greater, for nations to retain in their own hands some control of the ultimate results of any claim that may be advanced against their territorial rights....

The concluding note in this correspondence is that of Mr. Olney, under date of June 22, to Sir Julian Pauncefote. In this note Mr. Olney pointedly calls attention to the difference between the proposals of the two governments.

"Under the British proposal," he writes, "the parties enter into an arbitration and determine when they result, whether they will be bound or not. Under the proposals of the United States the parties enter into an arbitration, having determined beforehand that they will be bound. The latter is a genuine arbitration; the former is a mere invitation, which may have its uses, but like all other imitations, cannot compare in value with the real article."

In conclusion, Mr. Olney says: "It is respectfully submitted that a proceeding of that sort (such as Lord Salisbury suggested) must have a tendency to bring all arbitration into contempt; that each party to the dispute should decide to abide by an award before entering into arbitration, or should decide not to enter into it at all, but once entering it, should be irretrievably bound."

IN MAKING A CABINET.

Difficulties That Confront the President—Uncoveted Honors.

Boston Transcript: It is strange that a set of offices so important, and with the presidential succession falling to them, should go a-begging to the extent that is usual with places in the president's cabinet. Few men nowadays will leave the senate to accept a cabinet post. Senator Allison has at least twice before been offered a secretaryship, and has declined. Secretary Proctor left the cabinet of Harrison to become a senator from Vermont. Nathan Goff of West Virginia is said to desire a cabinet position so that he may act into line for the senate to take the place of Faulkner, whose term expires in two years. Illustrations might be multiplied indefinitely to show that a place in the senate is more coveted than in the cabinet. Besides the danger of getting out of the succession, which a senator risks in going into a cabinet, he must also bury the individuality of his political ambition. So long as the president is a candidate for re-election, his cabinet ministers must stand by him and with him, while no such responsibility is entailed upon his supporters at the other end of the avenue. If an administration proves a failure, it carries down with it the reputation of all who have been a part of it. Then the duties of a cabinet officer are arduous and continuous, instead of six months in the year at Washington, he must reside there eleven months, and have constantly in mind the work of a great business establishment. For the first six months of an administration, it is all that a cabinet minister can do to pick out his subordinates and explain to the 99 disappointed applicants for each position filled how it happened that their names were passed over. Cabinet officers must maintain a social establishment of considerable dignity, and altogether the position is not one of ranks in attractiveness with a snug place in the senate or a six-year term.

This relative undesirability of the position adds to the difficulties of a president-elect in making suitable selections. Then, the president must pick out eight men who are not only congenial to him, but congenial to one another. They must be capable as administrators, as well as students of the affairs of their departments, and altogether, the task of making up a cabinet is no small one.

Geographical considerations always constitute a troublesome factor. When Major McKinley started out on the task of cabinet building, he probably realized that one of the eight places must go to New England, another to New York, one to the new tier of Republican states on the southern border, one to the northwest, two to the Ohio valley and middle west region, and that perhaps the Pacific coast should be remembered, the middle Atlantic states and also the extreme south. New England almost always gets a cabinet position.

The peculiarity of Mr. Cleveland's cabinets has been the drafting of men almost wholly from private life. In the present cabinet, as originally formed, Carlisle and Herbert were the only members who had been honored with any considerable elective office. Mr. Gresham had received judicial appointments and had held two cabinet posts, but had never been elected to any place of prominence. The remaining five members were comparatively untried men in a public way, although all men of very successful experience in business or professional life.

A NEW INTOXICANT.

Drunkenness Caused by Constant Inhalation of Smelling Salts.

The very latest sort of drunkenness is that which, it has been discovered, comes from the constant inhalation of smelling salts.

So great a hold has the smelling salts habit gained upon the modern woman, says the New York Journal, that when she is deprived of them she experiences all the cravings that afflict the person who dearly loves liquor, and finds himself deprived of it. Some of the salts are of excessive strength, and produce a sort of stupor most gratifying to the victim. More than one woman has been suspected of drinking when really her inebriety has resulted from a too liberal use of the smelling bottle.

Not long ago a titled lady was carried from the cloakroom at a grand reception in London in a state of helplessness. A bottle was found in the folds of her gown containing matter of a strength sufficient to take away the breath of an ordinary person. The rumor spread with wonderful precision that the lady was a confirmed drunkard—the smelling salts theory being derided by the majority—and the victim found it necessary to withdraw from the social circle she had long graced.

Indulgence in this habit may become expensive, for the seasoned subject soon exhausts the strength of the salts. As stimulation of the olfactory nerves is not alone the reason of this practice, it becomes necessary to renew the supply, and once enchained the slave will accept nothing that does not yield full virtues. The story is told of an elderly lady who calls upon a chemist every two or three days and requests the replenishing of no fewer than eight smelling bottles, some of which are not of a diminutive size.

ALL BEANS.

Diet of a Boston Frenchman While Confined in a Prison Cell.

New York Journal: Sixty-two days. Three meals a day. Beans for every meal.

That was the record of Pierre Richelieu's imprisonment by the Spanish authorities at Santiago de Cuba.

If Pierre was a native Bostonese, he would probably have liked nothing better, but he was born in France, and is a man of the sea withal, and that protracted period of subsistence upon beans has left rancor in his heart and utter demoralization in his interior economy.

Pierre had taken out naturalization papers in Boston previous to risking his life, liberty and digestive machinery in Spanish territory. He hoped fondly, but vainly, that this ceremony would render him bean-proof. In his travels about the world he had heard of the vast use the Spaniards made of beans.

He is now "standing off and on" about the corridors of the United States district court in Boston, waiting for the authorities to look up his "citizen papers," and with them as a basis to file a $20,000 claim against the government of the dons for the destruction of his intestinal equipment.

Pierre's complete name is Pierre Gustave Laxment Richelieu. In February of 1895 he found himself in Port au Prince, Hayti. One day he started out in a little boat called the Yankee Doodle, and with a companion named August Bolton, went fishing along the coast for turtles.

A storm drove them out of their reckoning, and on a dark night they went ashore upon the coast of Cuba. No sooner had they set foot on the soil than a lot of vigilant senors thrust them into prison as insurgent sympathizers. There they remained 62 days.

Now, Spain feeds her army and navy principally upon beans, and the Spanish captors reasoned that what was good enough for the warriors of Castile was certainly good enough for rebel suspects. So beans they got, and nothing more. The weary weeks of confinement and bean diet were punctuated with cheering announcements from time to time, that they might expect to be shot within a day or two. "Well," says Richelieu, "they didn't do that, but it's about the only thing they didn't do. We had nothing to eat but beans."

Whether it was really the beans or the fear of death that did it, within a few days both the men were so ill they could scarcely stand. They managed at last to gain the notice of the American consul and were released. There was no evidence against them. They came back to New York, victims of beans and Andalusian perversity, and demanded that the United States government obtain redress for them.

Bolton's status as a citizen was all right, and the American minister at Madrid has been ordered to present his claim for bean damage. But poor Pierre was in no such luck. His papers—the first set taken at Portland, Ore., in 1872, and the second at Boston in 1878—were all made out in the name of Gustav Laymet. His statements about them have all been verified. His tale is unquestionably true, but he says the papers which he had with him when he was seized in Cuba, were taken from him and kept by the Spaniards.

Not having them in his possession, and the fact that he took them out in a false name, have sadly blocked his claim to damages for the bean treatment. But he lives in indigestion, and hopes that the whole muddle about the papers will be straightened out very soon, and that then he will get money enough from Spain to live on "plum duff for the remainder of his days.

Tree Peonies.

Meehan's Monthly: Amateurs usually have a number of plants which grow to some little size, and which are known as tub plants, that are easily transferred during the winter, and yet from striking beds when placed in judicious situations on the lawns in the summer. Oranges, lemons, hydrangeas, oleanders, yuccas, pomegranates and other similar plants will readily come to the mind. One of the most desirable of this class of tub plants is the tree peony. As usually seen in gardens, they do not make much of a show, because it takes many years before they can grow to large specimens. Each shoot only makes two or three buds a year, and each of these buds will make a flower the year following, but, in five or ten years, a bush in flower presents a striking appearance. A large tree peony is usually considered of great value. A 10 or 12 year old plant would be worth nearly as many dollars as it had been years growing. It is a never-ceasing object of growing interest.

A Savory Hash.

American Kitchen Magazine: Chop equal parts of cold, lean corned beef and boiled potatoes together until very fine. Put one large tablespoonful of butter in the chafing dish over the hot water, add one saltspoonful of paprika and a few drops of onion juice. Turn in the minced mixture and stir it well as it heats. Moisten it with water or stock. When nearly ready stir in another tablespoonful of butter, cover and let it simmer a few minutes longer, then dish it as needed.

Duke of Marlborough in an Accident.

New York Journal: The Duke of Marlborough met with a slight accident Saturday. He was driving from his hunting box at Melton Mowbray to a meet of the Quorn hounds at Yetham in a four-horse carriage. When the animals bolted down the steep incline leading to Gaggrave park the driver lost control of the horses and the carriage was overturned in a ditch by the side of the road. Fortunately the duke escaped without injury and was able to hunt.

One Man's Lettuce Crop.

Chicago Tribune: Mr. John E. Garrell, residing near Wilmington, N. C., is reputed to be the most extensive single grower of lettuce in the south. He expects to ship north this season from 8,000 to 10,000 barrels of lettuce.

THE JUNIOR LAMP-LIGHTER

AS TOLD BY THE STICK.

A Mid-Winter Story For Boys and Girls.

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A very hot-headed little stick, long and slender, that is I. This applies to the evening only, however, for all day long I am as cool as a can of kerosene. And I've very good reason to be hot in the head when the sun is set, for I am the fellow who pokes his way inside the glass apartments of the city lamp-post, night after night, to give the spark to the gas.

Perhaps you've seen me, or one of the family. We are carried on high, very proudly. And let me say that a very trim and snug little lamp of special construction is just beneath my cap of tin over the end of the stick, and a lot of holes are cut in the cap through which I can wink with my flame

I stand in the corner of a nice little house of two fine rooms, that is way out somewhere on the western side of great New York above umpty umph street—I was never good at three fine figures in procession. Of course the house isn't new; and it's all along on a lot; and the sidewalks all around are raised way up, as high as the roof, which leaves down in a hole, so to speak; but we've not got a splendid vine—just a trifle dry at present, I admit—with some very heroic gourds hanging hard and ready to swing in the wind at the moment.

There are four in the family, myself, Papa Morgan, lamplighter No. 47, Myrtle, who is 12, or perhaps 14, and Walter, who is just my size. Walter and I are chums. I used to go with Mr. Morgan entirely, but later, when his health began to fail, he let me go with Walter now and then. When the older days came and he had to go to bed, I was sorry; he was very nice, but not so cheerful as I might have liked, and he never talked. Now Walter was a talker; he and I have the most confidential of chats, and I warm up amazingly as soon as he strikes a subject—I mean an object, for a match is an object, of course.

Well, as I was sputtering, in the summer, or rather in the autumn, we had fine old times, Walter and I. He was full of vigor and full of conversation, so we moved along briskly and the cool delicious wind came in to make me bright—and I always like to be as bright as possible when Walter lights the lamps.

"Yo ho, my bonny wand," he used to say—and 'wand' is pretty as a name—"there's another fraction of a cent to our credit," as the jet flared up and we hastened away to the next of the lamps. Now, the company pays its lighters 24 cents a month for every lamp—lighting in the evening and turning out in the morning, and a lighter has, on an average, 180 lamps on his route. These must be all lighted at 5:30, when the days are short, and must all be out in the morning at 7:10.

Walter was as prompt as the cock. "That's 70 done," he used to say, when we reached a certain corner, and then he'd whistle and skip along to a lonesome row of posts that stood by a road where houses were nearly as scarce as flies in my hot tin cap. "Father's not so well again," he used to say to me, "and now that he has given up the carpenter job, it's a hard old pinch. But never we'll mind while the bonny wand can save us from actual want!" I would nod at this and blush a rosy red and tip the rest of the jets with light most merrily.

IN THE STORM.

Then the winter came on, and out we'd go, we chums, and jump around faster than ever. One day it got so dark in my corner that I feared we were late. Down I came with a bang, as a warning; but Myrtle put me back again, to wait for an hour. It was 4 when we left. Whew! what a night! The snow had piled six inches deep and was drifting like sand. A furious wind blew it hard in our faces, till I had to catch my breath to keep my light from jumping out through a hole. Walter didn't care; he held his hand around me close and plodded sturdily ahead.

At the best we could do it was 4:30 when we came to the street where the route commenced. "Rough old walking," said Walter, as he forced his way. The lamps were hard to light, for the wind would toss the gas about in the frames, and my own little flame was afraid of the snow. When the lamps did finally get to business, they complained in purring tones and flickered down to tiny pencils of blue, which were nearly drowned in the darkness that seemed to fly in flakes with the snow and a good deal thicker.

Such a long, long time before we got to the end of the 70. Why, all of the route should have been ablaze for half an hour, for, bless me! it was 6 by the bell in the steeple. But I happen to know that Walter was fighting for every single inch against a dreadful wind, and kicking his way through the snow and the drifts, that swirled and tried to trip his feet, with as brave and manly a pair of legs as ever I saw.

Now we plunged ahead, through darkness that was blacker than the end of my wick. "Stay hot, little wand," said Walter, with all the possible cheer in his voice, "only 110 of 'em left," and he puckered his lips to try for a whistle, though he was all in a tremble from his efforts and the taxing of his muscles. I fear I sputtered but a faint encouragement.

He floundered down repeatedly; the wind drove so hard as to hold him blocked; the blast of snow made him turn his back to save us both, and he sometimes missed the lamp, and had to go back in the darkness, but he cheered us both with his words of valor as he struggled on to lamp after lamp. At times he would lean against the cold, chilling iron. "I feel as if I couldn't go on to another blessed one," he would say, "but I must, for somebody else may be out in the storm and the blackness."

THE GROWLER.

Seven o'clock had boomed from the bell some time before and 40 lamps on the road back home were still to be lighted. Suddenly a smothered sound came out of the darkness and a pair of horses, tangled in a tree beside the road, appeared as the gas flared up at our touch.

"What do you mean," called a voice, gruff and scolding, "by leaving these lamps until nearly 8 o'clock?" Then, as he saw that Walter wasn't large, "What are you doing here anyway? What do the gas people mean by intrusting this business to a boy? I'll report at once; it's an outrage."

"If you please," said Walter, as he clutched me hard and leaned to keep from falling, "my father"——

"What do I care for your father," interrupted the man, "you skip ahead there lively and get the rest of the lamps to shining. We'll see about you and your father in the morning. The idea of a man paying taxes for lights and then getting out in such a scrape as this. Hurry your boots and don't crawl along there like a snail."

Forward we drove, made the greatest possible effort, got the lamps ignited at last—and down on his face, in a drift, went my chum, exhausted and sick at heart. And I, that he had held so nobly up in spite of all his previous falls, was stabbed in the snow, head first, for half my length. When he arose at length and attempted to light me anew, I'm ashamed to say I drowned the only match that lived in the gale, and so went home, a cold and cheerless weight in his weary hands.

Myrtle was waiting as we stumbled through the door, and concerned no little, bless her heart. "Oh, Walter," she cried as she placed me quickly in my corner, "you are nearly——"

"Sh-sh-sh," he whispered, "don't let father know. I'm—I'm all right—in a minute."

"Myrtle, is that Walter?" called the father faintly.

"Yes, oh yes," she replied, going at once to the door of the room; "he's back; he's getting off his things."

"Is he all right? It's a terrible storm."

"All right, father," said the lad, with the steadiest voice he could muster, "not so bad outside as you would suppose."

"I'm glad. I was worried," said the father; and I heard him turn and sigh very heavily.

Soon I was trying to dress myself in the silent darkness, for Walter sleepily ate the meal that Myrtle had kept, and then he staggered to bed. He had to be up at an early hour to get the lamps put out on time in the morning.

DISMISSED.

Now it nearly makes me hot in the head without any flame to tell what happened next. A man came along at noon to say that complaints had been made, and that they couldn't leave the work in the hands of a boy; that a man would take the route that very evening. Then he fetched me away to the company's office, and left all them staring and stunned.

Of course I wasn't there, so I don't know how it happened, but when I had stood, ashamed and indignant, in the corner of the office for a time I beheld the door open and appear Myrtle and a jolly Dutch shoemaker, who lived around the corner. He led her right straight up to a desk where a man was sitting.

"Wie gehts," said he, removing his hat in a funny fashion. "Leedle Myrdle like to speak mit der gompany."

"No beggars today," said the man, and I know I got furious.

"I am not a beggar," said Myrtle. "My father's name is Edward Morgan, lamplighter number 47, and——"

"You'll have to see the—here, Stanton, is some one to see you." I felt like applying my lamp to the nose of this person.

Mr. Stanton now came forward and listened more kindly to all that Myrtle had to say.

"I am very sorry, my child," he said, at the end of her story, to which I was aching to add what I knew, but the superintendent's rules are very strict. "I don't see what we can do now to help you. Good day."

A FRIEND IN NEED.

The door had opened again as he spoke, to admit a pale little creature, who seemed to be a child herself, so short was the humped little body, the painfully crooked back of which was quite apparent, beneath the rich and heavy fur hat that bundled her softly up to the ears.

"Good day, sir," whispered Myrtle, as the tears welled up in her eyes and she turned to go. "Hans, Hans, help me," she faintly called, while her white trembling hand reached out with a helpless little motion to the anxious shoemaker.

He had started, but the child who had come was ahead. "What is it?—what is it, little girl?" she cried, and she pressed the cold outstretched fingers to the fur on her neck.

"I am blind," said Myrtle. I believe I forgot to tell you that she was blind. "Hans, Hans, will take me home." The sobs in her voice and the tears in her dear sightless eyes could be held no longer.

"Oh, you dear little heart!" said the pale little maiden of the furs, in a tone just beautifully low and sweet; and then to the man at the desk, "Tell me what has happened. What is the trouble?" She was clasping Myrtle close and was patting her back with a very white and tiny hand.

"I dell you all dem dings," said Hans, who was standing near and twirling his hat. And I almost jumped with joy to hear his wholesome voice. "Her fadder vas noomber vorty-seex lamplighder und he meets mit vun seekness, yah, und hees leedle Valter lighds mit der lamps to keep him alife und subbord heem, yah, und last night he go mit to lighd um und nearly keel heemself, yah, und vun cowart rebord he lade und der gomp'ny—vat you call heem—fire heem; dat prave leedle boy, yah, und leefe heem und hees fadder und hees leedle sister to starve mit death, und vun man dake avay hees steek, yah, und dere ees heem!" Hans came madly over to the corner where I stood, grabbed me up in his German fist and banged my end down hard on the floor, where I made a splendid noise, for my heart was warm if my head was not.

All in the office were silently laughing, though some of the smiles had tears for their jewels.

"The poor boy—out last night—in such a storm—how brave and splendid!" said the lovely little comforter. "There, there, dearie, it shall be all right." She turned her head. "Oh, you're there, are you papa. How dare you stand there smiling, sir. We want the sleigh at once!"

"Well, it's here, little tyrant," answered a tall, handsome man, whose eyes were beaming with affection and fun. "What does your Tippe-boh royalty demand?"

Myrtle had dried her eyes and was standing in wonder. The dwarfed little maiden ran to her father, climbed up to his face—with his assistance, I am bound to admit—and whispered a lively explanation.

"Why, of bourse," said he with a chuckle, and taking the hand of Myrtle in his own, he spoke a kind assuring word and nodded to Hans.

"I veel pring him?" asked the German and he raised me up into view.

"Yes," said the man, "my daughter says yes, and she is the superintendent of the company." And so I rode in the jolly, jingling sleigh, back to my home and my own particular corner.

So many sweet and wonderful days and evenings have passed in the house since then, with Papa Morgan and the little superintendent helping out on the fun, that my poor tiny head is quite unable to keep an account. But I think I shall never forget the evenings that Myrtle came home from a place where the little superintendent had taken her for a long examination of the eyes.

"Oh, you dearest of brothers!" she cried when Walter and I came home from the route and she thre