

MIDSUMMER.

Why rail against the radiant summer sun Because it beats too harshly on some days, Because it brings not joy to every one, Nor peace, nor comfort to all human ways, Because with sudden potentia it beats Upon the city in death-burdened heats? What season of the year has not its sting? Winter is glorious, yet may freeze the heart; There is subtle poison in the breath of spring, And autumn harbors an envenomed dart; Each has its charm, each feels its own desire, As every soul its own imperious fire. These days of summer are so rich with bloom, So sweet with perfumes of the flowers and trees, So wonderful with starlights hazed in gloom, So full of mystery on melodious seas, So tender, dreamful, with bird-haunted noons, and songs of soft winds under yellow moons, That we who live them with love-lighted souls, Rather their sweetness to ourselves and grow Beyond the commonplace of common goals, Beyond the dull restraints that all men know, and we are thrilled with a divining sense Of love and its supreme omnipotence: Now earth seems like a garden where our thought Blossoms anew in fresh and tender guise, Where beauty has the power of life full wrought, And youth sees far with wide, enchanted eyes, And where the air is scented as it flows With fragrance of the jasmine and the rose. --George E. Montgomery, in Harper's Weekly.



BLACK BEARD. THE CURSE OF THE COAST. BY H. B. SCOTT.

CHAPTER I.—CONTINUED.

Squire Hill entered the house, and with his wife and daughter was seated at the supper table when Clarence came in. His hunting suit presented a very disorderly appearance, and his slouched hat was more slouched than usual. "Where in heaven's name have you been, son?" asked his mother. "At the bottom of Orton creek, mother, where old Uncle Jobe lies now—but I will change my clothes and tell you all about it." "Uncle Jobe in the bottom of Orton creek!" exclaimed Mrs. Hill and Clara. "Poor soul," and tears came to their eyes. "I'll never fish in Orton creek again," said Clara. "I'll have no one to take the fish from the hook: poor faithful Uncle Jobe." Clarence was soon seated at the table. "How did it happen, son?" "Well, we took a bateau from the mill, and I fished along up the creek. Uncle Jobe was sitting in the stern paddling—we kept moving further and further up, and I had some fine fish in the bottom of the boat, and was just thinking of turning back for home, when as we rounded a bend in the creek, I saw just ahead of me lying on the bank an alligator—a larger one I have never seen in the creek—and I was surprised to see him there in February, but having had no cold weather this winter, I guess they've stayed out of their holes; I raised my gun instanter and fired—the 'gator slumped off into the creek, and raised under the bow of the bateau, giving his powerful tail a swing, that splintered its side and overturned it. "I heard one yell from Uncle Jobe as we both fell into the creek; it is very deep just there, with a mud bottom; but gun in hand I managed to paddle to the bank, get hold of a cypress root, and pull myself out. I dropped my gun, and turned back to attempt to save Uncle Jobe. The cypress are very dense there, their limbs overhanging and meeting from the opposite banks of the stream, and they hanging festooned with moss; I could scarcely see across the stream. I called aloud several times—" 'Jobe! Jobe!' but there was no answer; I could neither hear nor see any sign of him, nor could I see anything of the bateau: I stood there waiting



Uncle Jobe was sitting in the stern, paddling.

wringing wet for some time, and then concluded that Uncle Jobe had found a watery grave—and through the Cypress swamp, stumbling over knees and fallen trees, for three miles, I struggled to reach home—minus fish, minus fishing tackle, minus poor old Uncle Jobe. When I got home my clothes were dry. "Poor Dinah," said his mother; "have you told her?" "Yes, I went there first of all, and when I told her, she said: 'I told that boy fer de pas' forty years.' Look out, Brer Jobe! gator git you,' an' now 'gator dun got him, suah nuff.' " "I will take men and dog drag for his body in the morning," I said. "No use, chile, no use. 'Gators dun got pore Brer Jobe now.'" "Poor old Jobe," said Mrs. Hill. "Aft-

er toiling faithfully all his life, to be eaten by alligators. 'Tis too much." "Yes," said the squire, "I guess there would be rather too much of him for one, unless it was a very large 'gator, as Clarence says this was; but there's plenty of 'gators Jobe wouldn't make a mouthful each for them." "Ain't you ashamed of yourself, Abner?" "Yes, wife, I am; but I couldn't help it. I would be willing to give a thousand dollars to undo his drowning and bring him back, but it's too late; now as to Jobe's life of toil, you forget that he was my father's body servant when I was a boy. He has always had an easy time with me. Why, look at his age, and he was scarcely bent, but stood erect at seventy—something unusual for a negro." That evening Clara Hill and her mother took a walk over to Aunt Dinah's cabin; as they neared the open door they saw many dusky figures seated about on benches in the cabin and heard Luke, the negro preacher of the plantation, say: "Sis' Dinah, you no 'cushin fer mourn, 'case Brer' Jobe is gone right inter Heaven. I tell yer, chile, he's gone right inter Heaven." "I speek he is, Brer' Luke; but I've skereed he gone inter a 'gator as well, Boo hoo! to tink dat my onles bruder go dat way."

CHAPTER II.

"HONEY, DA AIN'T CATCH YOU." Early the next morning Clarence, Moses and Solomon, in one bateau, and Uncle Bob, a famous boatman, with Luke, in another, started from the landing. As they rounded the point near the scene of the recent fatality, the first object that met their gaze was the old bateau, splintered and bottom up, drifting slowly down the stream, and the next object was that identical alligator lying in exactly the same place on the bank. Clarence raised his rifle, threw its muzzle within ten feet of the 'gator's head and fired. The bullet passed through the saurian's eye and entered his brain. He gave a spasmodic struggle, his tail swept half a circle and he was dead. They hastily scrambled ashore, and Bob and Moses turned him over, and straightened him out; he was nearly 12 feet long. "For God," said Moses, suddenly; "dar Brer' Jobe now." "Where! Where!" said Clarence. "Why, dar, master, dar—see how him lie! just like a man," and Moses pointed to a ridge that seemed to extend down the 'gator's stomach. "Yes, dar Brer' Jobe, suah nuff," said Bob, "pore Brer' Jobe." Solomon and Luke with knife and ax cut into that capacious maw to uncomb him; presently something black and woolly protruded—"Dar him," said Moses, "pore Brer' Jobe." "Da's a fak," said Bob, "dar's his hair." They cut wider and pulled, and pulled again, and finally from out that gloomy sepulchre appeared the remains of a big black sow. "Fore de Lord," exclaimed Bob, "if dat ain't Sis Dinah's sow—dat 'gator gwine fer de whole fambly suah nuff." "He is dat," said Solomon, "Brer' Jobe wanst nuff fer her?" Just then a voice was heard from the other side of the creek: "Say, is you got dat 'gator fer suah?" All glanced across the creek, and there, sticking from behind a cypress, was the white and woolly head of Uncle Jobe. Clarence fired off both barrels of his shotgun in rejoicing, and sent a boat across for him. He said, and he always stuck to it, that when the boat capsized he struck on the 'gator's back, and from there scrambled ashore. "But didn't you hear me call, Uncle Jobe?" said Clarence. "Yes, chile, I hear you, but I skeread to speak, fear dat 'gator get me, so I jus crawled off and laid down, and bress de Lord, you gun woke me, an' you got dat 'gator."

"De 'gator's all right, Brer' Jobe," said Moses, "but whar Sis' Dinah's Sukey, what she gwine do now?" "She gib me de dibble, I speek," said Jobe. The boats returned, the negroes singing their plantation melodies as they glided down the stream, and Uncle Jobe joining in the choruses like anything but a dead dork. Arrived at the landing, with Clarence in the lead, they marched up the lane, nor halted till they reached the cabin of Dinah; she was at the Manor house, washing. As they rounded the corner of the house, there she stood on the back piazza, half bent over a wash tub, her red bandana tied around her head, her sleeves well above the elbows, scrubbing away on the washboard, and big tears chasing each other down her black face. Mrs. Hill stepped out on the piazza, and said: "Dinah, I told you you need not work to-day, poor soul! I am sorry for you." "I know you is, mistis; I know you is, but I blegged to work—it help me forget 'bout Brer' Jobe. I can't stay home, and he ain't dar." "No, but here he! honey, here he!" "Jobe! Brer' Jobe!" It was a frantic cry; her sudden leap overturned the wash tub; three steps at a time she flew down the piazza, and her bare black arms were around the neck of her elder brother. "Honey, da ain't catch you, tank God, de 'gators ain't catch you, is da?" "No, Sis Dinah, not 'zackly, but da catch you Sukey." "Pick out the finest pig on Orton, Dinah, in place of Sukey, whenever you're ready." Tears had gathered in the eyes of both Mrs. Hill and Clara, while Dinah was welcoming back the brother who, though lost, had been found. "Mistis," said Dinah, "I jus rinse dese clogs out, and clean up dis yere piazza, an' if you please, marn, I won't work

no more to-day—I jus is ober joyous, sides I've weak as a calf." "That's right, Dinah, have a day of rejoicing." "Uncle Jobe," said Clara, "I am very glad the alligators didn't get you. I feared I had lost my fishing companion." "Bress you soul, honey, Unc' Jobe yere yet; but I can't tell how long, chile, I can't tell." "Marster, Marsa Clarence say, you gwine gibe a 'ousand dollars fer bring old Jobe back; dese old bones ain't wort dat, marster, but I tanks yer, deed I does, an my 'baccer mos out, marster, an if I wort a little ob dat—" "Tell Corbett to give you a pound, Jobe, and a quart of apple jack, you rascal. You fooled us all."

CHAPTER III.

"YOUR MOTHER, CHILD, HAS ROMANTIC NOTIONS." When the ensuing Sunday arrived, it brought with it on the Sunshine, at ten o'clock, John Loyd and his daughter and nephew. Clarence met them at the landing with the family carriage, and they were soon ascending the steps of the piazza, where they were met by the planter and his daughter. "Welcome to Orton, John Loyd! welcome, Herbert, and my fair Fannie. I like to have had my hair pulled for not bringing you the other day, and I have not much to spare." There was a general hand-shaking, and Herbert Lathrop seemed to try and retain in his grasp the hand of Clara



"Yes, dar brer Jobe, suah nuff."

a little longer than was necessary. She withdrew it, and there was something like a flush on her face—it was a flush of indignation. Herbert Lathrop took it for a flush of confusion, and thought to himself as he saw the rich blood mount to Clara's face: "I have but to ask her hand, and it is mine." He little knew Clara Hill. She knew him intuitively for what he was. Clara turned and gave her hand to Mr. Loyd, after which the two girls disappeared into the house, and Squire Hill and Mr. Loyd started for a ramble over the grounds, leaving the young men to kill time as best suited themselves, until dinner. They lighted their cigars, and strolled over to the stables to inspect the horses. As they were passing down a space between two rows of stalls, Herbert, pointing to a magnificent bay, exclaimed: "What a beauty!" "My father's saddle horse," said Clarence. "And that black?" "That one is my hunter, and the chestnut Tom's, when he's at home; the pied pony there is Clara's; ain't he a beauty?" "Yes, he has beauty; but the beauty of his mistress is beyond compare." "Why, Herbert, do you think Clara beautiful?" "Indeed I do; I have long thought so; I love your sister, Clarence. Do you think that I could win her?" "I can't tell, Herbert, you can surely try; you have known her long enough. As for me, I intend to know my fate before you go back to town. I shall muster up courage and ask Fannie to be my wife." "I don't think, Clarence, that she will say nay." While Clarence and Herbert were exchanging confidences Squire Hill and Banker Loyd were seated on a lumber pile over at the sawmill. "You should be a very happy man, squire," said Loyd, "with the finest plantation in the state, a hundred negroes, a charming wife, two manly sons and a lovely daughter." "Why so I am, John, so I am;—and so would you be, with all your wealth, had you but a bride to help enjoy it. You should marry again, John." "So I would, squire, but who shall be the bride—that is the question? I am but forty-eight, still rather old to be attractive to a lady young in years, and to marry some old maid or widow that would pester my life out of me, and sour the disposition of my happy child, is not to be thought of. Now, if I could find one who would be a comfort to me, and a companion to my daughter, and would wed a man of my years, not alone for wealth, I would gladly make her my wife. I know of but one, squire, and I fear that no love for me could find its way into her heart; indeed, she may have given her heart elsewhere—I knew of one who seeks her for a wife." "Do I know the lady, John?" "I judge you do, squire, as it is your daughter Clara." "My Clara! Is it possible, John; would you seek my Clara for your bride?" "With your approval only, squire, and if her heart be free." "Her heart is free, John, free as the air of heaven;—and as for my approval, who would I as soon see wedded to my daughter as the friend of my youth, sterling John Loyd?" "I wish you well, John, on my soul I do, but sound her not yet. When you re-

turn to-night leave the young folks here for a day or two. I'll send them up by Angus Bruce on Wednesday or Thursday—meanwhile I'll sound the girl, and send her back with Fannie, then you can ascertain her mind." "That's well, but I fear that Herbert is the one that seeks her." "Then give yourself no uneasiness, for I assure you that under no conditions would Clara ever wed him, she dislikes him much." "I am not sorry, Abner, for, though he is my nephew, he is not one to whom I would see your daughter wedded—he is extremely selfish, and every way unworthy of her, and even can she not wed me that marriage would not be desirable. Lathrop sought the hand of Fannie, but I told him that could never be, and had I not, Fannie shares in Clara's dislike for him.

"His father was a speculator who, when my sister Agnes was but a child, persuaded her to elope with him, for which my father disinherited her; Lathrop led Agnes a wretched life, and though my sister and father were reconciled before my father's death, he never would allow her husband beneath his roof. He was a trickster, a gamester and dishonest, and I sometimes fear the boy will travel in his path. But on her death-bed I promised my sister to look after him, and I have tried to do so, nor as yet have I found him dishonest or regretted it. But somehow there is a constant fear that I yet will—a fear that I cannot explain. His father was killed on a river steamer over a game of cards." "I think, John, that Clarence is in love with Fannie. What would you say to him as a son-in-law?" "The match would please me well, Abner, and, if I mistake not, Fannie could be won by him." "Well, there is the dinner bell," and with two prospective weddings in his family, the squire joined arms with John Loyd, and they proceeded to the house.

NEEDED, THEREFORE GOOD.

English Diplomats Have Borrowed "Thalweg" from the German. A great deal of discussion has been excited by the recent use of the German word "thalweg," and objection has been taken to its introduction into diplomatic phraseology. But it is by no means a new-comer in international agreement, although its exact meaning does not appear to be very clearly realized. It has been translated as "river valley," and generally an impression seems to have gained ground that it signifies the drainage area of a river. What it does, in fact, signify is the middle line of a river, and as water tends naturally to the lowest available level, a river flowing through a valley may be taken as the dividing line of the valley. An imaginary line drawn down the center of the river is, therefore, supposed to mark the boundary between two states, each owning one side of the valley, and this imaginary line is known as the "thalweg." As an example of its previous use in international agreements, the case may be quoted of the protocol signed in Brussels in April, 1887, defining the boundaries between the French Congo colony and the Congo Free State. By that instrument it was provided that the Congo Free State was not to exercise any political influence on the right bank of the Oubanghi river, nor France on the left bank, "the thalweg forming in both cases the separation." This imaginary line exactly corresponds to what in English law is known as "the middle thread of the stream," the rights of an owner of property situate on the banks of a river extending, in the old Latin phrase, "ad medium fluminaeque;" but we have, unfortunately, no single word which expresses this idea, and since the Germans have, there is no apparent reason why it should not be employed.—Edinburg Scotsman.

A MISCALCULATION.

The Fortune Teller Did Not Know That She Was Married. "Did you ever have your fortune told?" inquired a Dallas woman of one of her most intimate female friends. "No; did you?" "Yes; I was down at a clairvoyant's yesterday evening. Did you know there was one in town?" "No." "Well, there is, and she just spread out her enchee deck, and told my fortune as slick as a whistle." "What did the clairvoyant say was going to happen to you?" "She said I was going to marry a nobleman and become a maid of honor." "Become a maid of honor! Why, you must forget yourself. You know you are a married woman." "That's so," answered the woman dejectedly. "I forgot all about that, and got the old harpian to lay the cards out for a widow. It is funny how such little things will slip out of a person's memory. I shall have to go down and get the clairvoyant woman to do it all over again."—Texas Sifter.

Encouraging.

Curate (who wishes to encourage local industry)—Well, Adams, how are you getting on with my watch? Adams—Why, it be nigh finished now zur, an' 'e do seem to go mortal well, but dang me if there hain't a weel as I can't find a place for sommo!—Punch.

Partly Identified.

Tommy—Paw, who was it said that an Irishman never died until there is an angel needed in Heaven? Mr. Figg—I don't know his name. All that I know is that he was an Irishman.—Indianapolis Journal.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND

Celebrates Washington's Birthday By Establishing Thirteen Additional Forest Reservations.

HAVANA, Cuba, Feb. 23.—Consul General Lee has resigned. He determined some days ago to take such a step if he were not upheld in his efforts to protect all American citizens in Cuba. The consul general asked the state department that he be authorized to demand the release of the citizens of the United States confined in Cuban prisons under the same ill-fated circumstances as was the ill-fated Ruiz. Such authorization has not been granted him.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 23.—President Cleveland celebrated the 165th anniversary of the birth of the first president of the republic by issuing 13 executive proclamations establishing 13 additional forest reservations, containing an aggregate area of 21,479,840 acres.

The location of area of the reservations are given as follows:

- No. 1—The Black Hills reservation embracing the central portion of the Black Hills of South Dakota and has an estimated area of 967,630 acres. No. 2—The Big Horn reserve situated in Northern Central Wyoming and embraces both slopes of the Big Horn mountain. Its area is 1,198,080 acres. No. 3—The Teton reserve, adjacent to the Yellowstone National park timberland reserve, being south thereof, and contains 829,440 acres. No. 4—The Flathead reserve in both slopes of the main Rocky mountain range or continental divide, the northern Montana from near the lid of the Great Northern railroad northward to the international boundary. It contains an estimated area of 1,382,400 acres. No. 5.—The Lewis and Clarke forest reserve, embracing both slopes of the continental divide in Montana and extends from near the line of the Great Northern railroad southward nearly to the 47th degree of north latitude and has an estimated area of 2,436,080 acres.

No. 6—The Priest forest reserve, which occupies the basin of Priest lake, in the extreme northern part of Idaho and in Northeastern Washington. Its area is estimated at 552,960 acres in Idaho and 92,160 acres in Washington, a total of 645,120.

No. 7—The Bitter Root forest reserve lies on both sides of the boundary between Montana and Idaho. The total estimated area is 4,147,200 acres.

No. 8—The Washington forest reserve located in the southern part of Washington and contains an estimated area of 3,504,240 acres.

No. 9—The Olympic forest reserve in Northwest Washington contains an estimated area of 2,188,800.

No. 10.—The Mount Ranier forest reserve in Washington has a total of 2,234,880 acres.

No. 11.—The Stanislaus forest reserve, extending north along the slope of the Sierra Nevada mountains in California, embraces 691,200 acres.

No. 12.—The San Jacinto forest reserve in southern California. Estimated area 737,280 acres.

No. 13.—The Uintah forest reserve, embracing both slopes of the eastern part of the Uintah mountain range in northern Utah and the eastern slope only of the western part of this range, the southern slope being part of the Uintah Indian reservation.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 23.—The Indian appropriation bill was taken up in the senate Monday afternoon. The pending question was the committee's amendment making temporary provision for contract schools for Indian children—the vote having been ordered for one o'clock Monday. The amendment was agreed to—yeas, 41; nays, 8.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 22.—The president has approved the diplomatic and consular service appropriation act; also acts to recognize the judicial districts of Arkansas; to increase the pension of Clara L. Nichols, widow of Brevet Maj. Gen. W. A. Nichols; to increase the pension of Mary S. Higgins; granting a pension to Merriam V. Kenney, and to execute the findings of the court of claims in the matter of Wm. B. Isaacs & Co.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 23.—Although the house was in session Monday the members were not allowed to forget its historical significance. Flags floated from the dome of the capital and Chaplain Couden, in an eloquent prayer, made patriotic reference to the father of his country.

THE WARSHIPS

In the Harbor at Charleston, S. C., Observe Washington's Birthday.

CHARLESTON, S. C., Feb. 23.—The warships in the harbor here Monday, the monitors Puritan, Terror and Amphitrite, the cruiser Vesuvius and the dispatch boats Dolphin, Fern, participated in the celebration of Washington's birthday. All the ships were handsomely decorated and at sunrise a salute of 21 guns from each. The ships were drawn up in line off the eastern water front and the tribute which they paid to the father of his country was heard and witnessed by 10,000 people, who lined every pier head and wharf.

Monday night banquets were in progress at every armory in the city, attended by the officers of the warships. The Vesuvius left port Monday afternoon for Florida.

A Fatal Thunderbolt.

LANCASTER, Ky., Feb. 23.—News has just reached here that the young son of H. C. Arnold, Jr., a wealthy farmer living about four miles from town, while riding with his dog on the farm, was struck with lightning about 11 o'clock and he, together with both horse and dog, was instantly killed.

Red River's Rampage.

STANTON, Ky., Feb. 23.—Red river is out of its banks, and the Louisville & Nashville train for Jackson could go no further than this place Monday night, the water completely submerging the tracks.

International Bank.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 23.—The house committee on banking and currency Wednesday, by a vote of seven to five, ordered favorably reported the bill introduced by Mr. Hitt, of Illinois, authorizing the establishment of an international bank. Those voting for the bill were: Messrs. Brosius (Pa.), Van Voorhis (O.), Hill (Cl.), Cook (Ill.) and Walker (Mass.).

Tommy Ryan Defeats Tom Tracey.

SYRACUSE, N. Y., Feb. 23.—In the welter weight contest here Wednesday night for the championship of the world, Tommy Ryan easily defeated Tom Tracey in the ninth round.

FIFTY-FOURTH CONGRESS

Second Session.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 19.—SENATE—The bill to extend the use of the mails was passed Thursday. The senate also passed without amendment house bill for the admission of needlework imported by the New York Association of Sewing Schools for exhibition purposes. The senate had spent only 20 minutes in executive session when on motion of Senator Sherman (rep. O.) the galleries were cleared, the door closed and the consideration of executive business entered upon. At 6:35 p. m. the senate adjourned until Friday.

HOUSE—In the contested case of Hopkins, rep. vs. Kendall, dem., from the Nineteenth Kentucky district, the house Thursday for the first time this session, on a direct issue of fact, reversed the decision of its committee on elections and seated a contestant whom the committee had declared not elected. In the contest, a fiscal year of Rinaker and Downing from the first Illinois district Rinaker was seated. The rest of the session was given up to the passage of bills by consent which led the leader to consent to a speedy adjournment and at 4:30 the house adjourned.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 20.—SENATE—When the senate adjourned at 8 o'clock Friday night after a secret session of seven and a half hours, it was apparent to the most sanguine friends of the general treaty of arbitration with Great Britain that not only could be secured at this session of the senate. The fact that a motion to postpone until March had been defeated by a vote of 30 to 20 afforded no satisfaction. On the contrary it emphasized the fact that their fighting the treaty intended there should be affirmative action of no kind.

HOUSE—Another appropriation bill was taken up, but little progress made. The measure was that carrying appropriations to supply deficiencies for the current fiscal year and prior years, it encountered its first snag when Mr. Grow, (rep. Pa.) insisted that he had a right to speak as long as he wanted to on it. This proposition was discussed for some time, and resulted in a victory for the venerable Pennsylvania member who devoted some extended remarks, not to the appropriation bill, but to the Oklahoma free homestead measure. Thus a long discussion was started by Mr. Richardson (dem. Tex.) over an appropriation for attorneys for defending suits against the United States. Mr. Richardson wanted to know the use of paying attorneys to defend such cases when the judgments given against the United States, particularly classed under the Bowman act, were never paid. Many members spoke with regard to the propriety of paying the Bowman claims, but when the afternoon was nearly over the discussion was dropped. The bill was not passed at 5 o'clock when the house took a recess for the day, Friday night it discussed private pension bills.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 22.—SENATE—Saturday Mr. Quay sought to bring forward the bill for a commission to look into labor problems, but it was soon dropped by a vote of 34 to 28. To take up the Indian appropriation bill, the latter measure led to two animated discussions, first on silver and then on sectarian schools. The debate on this item and on the bill was not concluded when the senate adjourned.

HOUSE—The house spent the day in a discussion of the general deficiency bill which was not finished. There was a warm debate over an amendment by Mr. Hopkins (rep. Ill.) to take out the item of \$17,500 to pay the members of the Fifty-third congress for amounts withheld from their salaries for absences in accordance with a rule adopted by that congress.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 23.—SENATE—The annual senatorial observance of Washington's birthday by having his farewell address read by one of the leading eloquistists of the senate took place Monday in the presence of a large audience, Mr. Daniel (dem. Va.) being the reader chosen for the occasion. The remainder of the day was occupied in the consideration of the Indian appropriation bill, which was not concluded at the time of adjournment.

HOUSE—Mr. Boutelle, the chairman of the naval committee, succeeded in getting up the naval appropriation bill before adjournment, and after he had explained its principal provisions, considerable progress in its reading was made before the end of the day's session, which came at 5:20 o'clock. No exercises in celebration of Washington's birthday took place in the house.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 24.—SENATE—In the senate Tuesday, a resolution was offered by Mr. Mills (dem. Tex.) and was agreed to requesting the president to furnish a statement of the facts concerning the arrest, imprisonment and death of Dr. E. C. Casper, a Cuban jail. Practically the entire day was consumed in the discussion of an amendment in the Indian appropriation bill for the opening to settlement of the Uncompahgre Indian reservation in Utah, containing over 2,000,000 acres.

HOUSE—Senate bills were passed granting a pension to the widow of the late Gen. Thos. L. Casey, corps of engineers, with an amendment reducing the amount from \$75 to \$80 per month; also authorizing the Montgomery, Highville and Camden railroads to be built to build a bridge across the Alabama river, between Lower Peach Tree and Mary Bluff. The house late Tuesday afternoon ran unexpectedly into an interesting and possibly significant discussion of the civil service law. It came up on the consideration of a bill to amend the revised statutes so as to give the governors of territories the power to remove as well as to appoint certain territorial officers.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 25.—SENATE—The proceedings in the senate Wednesday were full of interest from the opening to the close. No less than three propositions were made in relation to Cuba—one by Senator Allen (pop. Neb.), one by Senator Hill and one by Senator Morgan, as the usual reports of the committee on foreign relations. It is in the form of a joint resolution demanding immediate and unconditional release of Julio Sangulilly, and compensation from Spain for his imprisonment and sufferings. Mr. Morgan gave notice, and was backed by the chairman of the committee on foreign relations, Mr. Sherman, that action on the relations would be asked Thursday. The Indian appropriation bill was taken up and two or three of the committee amendments to it provoked long and rather angry discussion.

HOUSE—The appearance of William Jennings Bryan, the democratic candidate for president last fall, upon the floor of the house was the most noticeable event of Wednesday's session. He has the entire of the floor as an ex-member and came into the hall at 4:30 o'clock, about an hour after his arrival in the city. His appearance evoked applause from many members, a few of whom gave vocal expression to their pleasure. From his old seat he responded to the greetings of his friends and acquaintances, his face beaming with smiles. The most of the day was spent in consideration and disposition of business relating to the District of Columbia. The most important measure passed was the senate bill making the Potomac park out of the Potomac flats, land reclaimed from the water in the Potomac river.

Tommy Ryan Defeats Tom Tracey.

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