For a Woman; By a Woman.

Does the tired little mother know, asks the editor of the Bazar, when she feels as if she could not take another step, and it is almost a question when she closes her eyes at night if she cares to open them in the morning, or would be a question if it were not for those in whose behalf she is so weary, that there is really no occasion for such fatigue as hers? She smiles at the idea. "No occasion!" she says. "With my Janey needing this, and Harry wanting that, and Willy suffering for the other thing! With the baby to have his rights, with the house at sixes and sevens, and its dear master demanding and deserving the best and most—no occasion for my fatigue!"

But let her pause and reconsider. Does Janey really need this? It is not a fancied need merely? Would she not be as well off without it, after all? Is it indispensable to her health and good name and her soul's welfare? Is it finery, frills, and furbelows that make the extra stitches and steps which tire the back and eyes of her that takes them? Would she not be just as happy and wholesome in simpler garments? And if only the ambition to rival her mates causes the work, would it not be a good exercise in moral strength to let her know the trouble and approve and apply the remedy herself? For if she loves her mother she cannot wish her to tire herself out for her own little vanities or great ones; and if she does not love her enough for that, then she ought not to be considered to such an extent. And does Harry want what he wants sufficiently for him to pay the price of presently having no mother at all, or at best a stepmother, in order to give it to him now? There are some things too costly for her to give; and the price of Harry's gratified desire, added to all the rest, is the price of strength, and it may be of life. And for what can Willy be suffering that his suffering should outweigh hers? And the baby's rights! Ah, we verily believe that there's the rub!

The baby must be kept as the first baby was, when all was new and bright, and the strength was new and bright, too. His little gowns must be white; they must be changed daily, and sometimes twice a day, and they must be in number for that reason, and if there is no one else to iron the flutings and quillings and insertions and edgings, she must do it herself, or do something else to make things even while that is being done, in order that he shall always look as fresh as a field daisy, as sweet as a white rosebud. But whose is the baby? Does it give any but a passing pleasure to others than herself and her household; and will not she, will not they, love that baby just the same if he has not a ruffle on him and in a little gown as brown as the thrushes wear? Will he not be just as sweet, his kisses just as dear, his fair face all the fairer by comparison? And as for the house and its order, does any one expect a house full of children to be full of order too? When people waltz long, and wish to restore the equilibrium, they reverse; cannot the children who get things out of order put them back in order? And as for the master of the house—ah, there we will not be of the fools that rush in! Only let the wife and mother think that it is more to one and all of them to have her than to have these things she is pursuing to her ruin, and that she will do husband and children the more good the more she simplifies her life and work.

A WORD OR TWO ABOUT POTS AND PANS.

When you are furnishing your pantry, says the Bazar, bear in mind that it is sometimes poor economy to save money. Be a little lavish in pots and pans, bowls and spoons. Your strength is your capital. Do not squander it by doing without what you need in the way of utensils or wear yourself out washing them again and again in the course of one morning's work because you have an o'erscant supply of necessary vessels.

There are plenty of homes where the abundant food served on handsome china is prepared by the cook with the greatest difficulty because of insufficient utensils. A visit to such kitchens would reveal makeshifts that are usually associated with poverty. Cake and puddings mixed in a soup tureen or vegetable dish in default of regular mixing bowls, bread set to rise in a dishpan for lack of a bread bowl, left-overs set away in the handsome china dishes in which they came from the table because there are not kitchen plates and cups to hold them, worn-out chopping bowls, leaky measuring cups, dented and dingy tins, and a general "down-at-heel" condition of affairs.

This is not always the fault of the mistress. Often it happens that she has provided all the essentials, and the carelessness of her servants has brought about the dearth and disorder. Unless she goes into the kitchen regularly and looks well to the ways of her pantries, she must expect that loss and breakages will pass unreported. The woman who does more or less of her own cooking will be spared this annoyance, at least.

The best ware for pots and pans is usually of agate, although it is difficult to find a make that will not crack or scale. The blue porcelain-lined vessels are always pretty and clean looking. Of these or the agate should be the double boilers, the double-bottomed saucepans, the frying-kettle, the pudding dishes, and sundry other equally useful vessels. Have an omelet pan as well as a frying pan, a waffle-iron as well as a griddle, muffin tins as well as biscuit pans. And, above all, do not stint yourself in the matter of bowls. Have of big bowls one or two, of medium-sized bowls three or four, and of small bowls as many as your financial conscience will allow you to get. They are cheap, they take up little room, are easily kept clean, and are always useful, not only for mixing small quantities, for beating an egg or two, but for holding a spoonful of this or half a cupful of that remnant.

Be lavish also in spoons for mixing and for measuring, and in knives of various sizes for cutting meat and bread, for paring apples and potatoes. Have a split spoon for taking croquettes and fritters from the boiling fat, meat forks, cake turners, and a palette knife for lifting and turning an omelet. Provide yourself with a board to cut bread upon, with a paint brush to grease cake tins, with an iron-handled dishcloth for cleaning pots and pans, with a long-handled mop, a vegetable grater, a cheese grater, a vegetable press, a gravy strainer, a long-nosed pitcher for griddle cake batter, and more than one egg beater.

There are many other no less useful articles that will readily suggest themselves, such as fish and meat broilers, toasters, croquette baskets, and the like. But this paper is not meant to give a complete list of kitchen furnishings, but rather as a plea to the housekeeper to supply herself with those aids which will lighten her labors. Of course she can branch out to any extent, but there is a clearly drawn line between the things she should have and those she can get along without.

DO WOMEN REALLY SMOKE?

Eminent Washington Ladies Express Opinions for Us.

Among the men who have been sent abroad to represent this country as ministers, says the New York Press, is one from the far West whose wife is a confirmed cigarette smoker. She took no pains to conceal the fact, and didn't hide herself in the seclusion of her chamber to indulge her fondness for the weed. It was well understood among the guests who went to the house that after dinner or during the evening she would smoke in the parlor with the gentlemen. The Press person looks into the general matter of smoking cigarettes.

Mme. Romero, wife of the Mexican minister, says:

"I have never seen ladies smoking in Washington, although I have heard they do sometimes. But I do know a charming woman who gave a large dinner shortly after coming to Washington to live. When the ladies reached the drawing-room after dinner she asked them if they would not have cigarettes. When they all declined, she looked surprised, and said:

"Oh, you needn't be afraid of me." The ladies still said "no," and then she explained her offer and astonishment with:

"Why, I had heard that all Washington women smoked, and I was afraid you might miss something you needed. I laid in a supply and all the outfit."

"Do you approve of smoking?" Mrs. Lamont asked; "and would you ever visit again at a house where the ladies did produce cigarettes?"

"You can't get me to answer that, for it happens that I visit houses where friends to whom I am quite attached do use them. I shouldn't want to say I couldn't go there simply because they happen to have different opinions on that subject. They are very nice and cultured people. When we were in Washington before I saw ladies smoking, but only in rare instances, and then the women had acquired the habit abroad."

Everybody who was in the capital at the time Mme. De Struve reigned refers to her habit, and the tone in which some of them describe the sang froid with which she calmly lit her cigarette in the houses of some very straight-laced people is strongly tinctured with admiration for her audacity.

Mrs. Olney looked vastly amused.

"I have heard of ladies who smoked, but you can be assured they wouldn't be apt to get cigarettes in my house."

Miss Herbert's smile was decidedly retrospective when the subject of cigarettes was broached to her. The smile seemed to be the result of the memory of some scene that rose before her fine blue eyes.

"Indeed, I've never seen it in Washington, but," with a long pause, "I've been where cigarettes were smoked summers."

The wife of Congressman Geary said in her jolly way:

"Object, and what should I object to it for? Just think of it from an artistic standpoint. Whatever else is said against it, nobody can deny that many women seen through a dim haze of smoke look all the better for it. Then," enthusiastically, "just picture a pretty girl with a prettily curved, firm white wrist and a well shaped hand holding a dainty cigarette holder while she puffs rings and little clouds of smoke that soften all the flaws in her beauty and lend a laclike charm to all the perfections."

This Woman a Physician's Subject.

In Vienna there are women whose business it is to be "physicians' subjects." One of them, Frau Geily, hires herself out to medical men as a subject on which they may illustrate laryngology and rhinology. She receives eighty cents an hour, furnishing her own instruments. Her throat has so little sensibility that the most vigorous manipulations produce no irritation.

FASHION'S DECREES.

Black, brown, dark green, and navy blue will be the colors in jackets. These will have full skirts and collarettes and very large sleeves.

Fabrics resembling in appearance tailor-made suitings are seen in granite grounds, with combination color effects of tan, mid-brown, myrtle, sage, ecru, reseda, cadet blue, mauve, old rose, coffee and light shades of green.

The butterfly back is the latest thing. The back of the skirt is made quite long and raised in the center, the fullness forming wing-like puffs just below the waist, simulating the outspread wings of a butterfly, hence the name.

The spring hosiery is much the same as it was last spring, with the exception that there are many light colors. Not just light colors with the black boot, but the entire hose is light. These light colors, and some of them are beautiful, are warranted fast.

Spangles of all kinds and colors seem to have hypnotized everybody, and the latest are fashioned in aluminum and are as light as feathers. They play an important part in the exquisite embroideries used on dresses, cloaks, and bonnets, and even on shoes, stockings, and fans.

Handkerchiefs show borders of tiny flowers, or wheels, stars, raised spots and delicate vines, all being in more or less bright thread on white. Scarlet is much liked or dark wine, color as an adornment for the edge of small handkerchiefs, and dark blue as well as amber color is also seen.

WORSE THAN THE RIPPER

Horrible Mutilation of a Child in New York City.

THROWN INTO BOILING WATER

In Order to Conceal Evidences of His Crime the Villain Dissevered the Body—Great Excitement in the Region of the Tragedy—No Clue Yet Found.

NEW YORK, March 20.—Headless and minus legs or arms the shriveled trunk of a little child's body was found in a coal bin in the cellar of one of the most dilapidated rookeries in that unsavory loality known as "Hell's Kitchen," Thirty-ninth street, between Tenth and One hundred and eighteenth avenue, last night. Wrapped around it were several articles of clothing such as a girl in her teens wears, and this led to the identification of the body as that of twelve-year-old Susie Martin, daughter of John Martin, who lives at 656 Eleventh avenue.

That a murder more horrible and revolting in its details than any which has confronted the police of this city for many a day has been committed there can be no doubt. Not only a fearful mystery, but a wanton butchery, blood curdling in its mode of execution, now awaits the solution of the officials. What may have preceded the death of this child may only be imagined. It may never be known positively, but every circumstance points to the conclusion that the murder and the mutilation of the little body was intended to hide forever another crime far more revolting.

The trunk shows that the arms were sawed off four inches below the shoulder joints; the fleshy part of the body had first been cut just below the diaphragm in front obliquely to the middle of the lumbar region behind, and then the vertebræ had been sawed through and the head had also been sawed from the trunk.

What of the dissevered members of the body? That is a question which may never be solved, but they were more easily disposed of than was the trunk. "Jack the Ripper" in the wildest deeds, prompted by his powerful imagination, never descended to the slaughter of babes A street of tumble-down barns, of alley ways which lead no one knows whither, of low groggeries, and of crime-hardened, drunken men and women, whose hatred for a policeman is such that one never dares to enter there without a blue-coated companion. Of the little victim no one who will tell knows anything since the day she washed her pretty face and went out on the street to play, but that she was kidnapped is certain beyond a doubt. That she may have been kept alive in one of the neighboring rookeries, suffering tortures worse than death, is probable, and that she was killed only a short time before what remained of her body was found is believed by all who viewed it.

Mrs. James Farrell, the housekeeper of the building in which the body was found, gave a graphic account of how the body was discovered:

"I was down in the cellar with Miss Mulhearn and Miss Fleming," she said, "watching them get the old wood out of the way. They were clearing a lot of stuff out of the wood closet before putting in their own kindling wood. They had come to the last pieces, when something rolled out, a kind of bundle wrapped up in rags. One of them, I don't remember which, began to unroll the rags.

"'My God,' said the other, 'suppose it should be a child.' I shook like a leaf.

"'Don't say anything so horrible,' I said. I backed up against the wall. They unrolled the bundle a little more, and then we all saw there was a part of a body in it. Then Mr. Fleming came in and told them not to do any more until the police came. I sent my little girl out for a policeman.

"Whoever put that body there," she added, "knew the house and knew the neighborhood. Although I am the housekeeper, I don't know half the people who go in and out of the place. We live here in the rear of the second floor, and I have no chance to see much. I know that tramps have slept in the hallway, for my husband has driven them out. One morning I found an old stocking and some rags in the hallway on the ground floor. They belonged to tramps, I think. That was four or five months ago.

"Tramps or any one else could easily get down into the cellar. Very few of the tenants in the house used the cellar to keep wood in, because it was so damp that the wood turned moldy."

Detectives who were put to work on the case have as yet failed to find a clue.

ANOTHER FRIGHTFUL ASSAULT.

Adelaide Waters, an Actress, Rescued from a Band of Villains.

NEW YORK, March 20.—Another murderous assault on a young woman occurred here last night. The victim is a young actress and the police vary the usual story by capturing the offenders. At an early hour to-day word was sent to the police station in Jersey City that a woman was being murdered in a lot at the corner of York and Hudson streets. Officers were dispatched to the place. Standing on the stoop of an unoccupied house they saw a woman struggling to free herself from the grasp of a number of men. She was screaming and crying for help. Three men succeeded in making their escape over a side fence, but four others were captured.

The woman was Adelaide Waters, an actress, playing with the McKee Rankin company. Her clothing was torn almost from her back, and she showed signs of having been frightfully abused. The men were arraigned before Justice O'Donnell, who held them for trial. The prisoners gave the names of Henry Fagan, John Connelly, Michael Klugenstiel, and William Gurr.

Miss Waters is in a critical state from the shock. The physicians at the hospital fear she cannot recover. When the McKee Rankin combination was plying here a week ago she was taken sick in the railroad station and had to be removed to Taylor's Hotel, where she has since been under the care of Dr. J. Niven. She had been taking morphine to allay her pains, and it is supposed that while delirious last night she left the hotel without the knowledge of the doctor, wandered away, and fell into the hands of the men who assaulted her.

DEPEW DECLINED IT.

He was Offered the Position of Secretary of State by Mr. Harrison.

In his new volumes of speeches Chauncey M. Depew definitely settles the question as to his having been offered the position of Secretary of State after Mr. Blaine's resignation by the publication of a letter to President Harrison. In an introductory to the letter he states the terms of Mr. Harrison's offer of the portfolio. In his refusal he sets forth the following reasons:

"First and above all other things, I am anxious for your success in the coming election. That, in my judgment, is of the greatest moment for the best interests of the country and for the future of the Republican party. Our canvass is extraordinarily free from either defensive or explanatory matters, and presents unusually aggressive strength. One prominently identified with railway management coming into the Cabinet at this late hour and in the heat of the campaign might lead to an effort to raise new issues in the few states where such questions are as yet unsettled. If the question did in any way create a diversion or embarrassment, it would destroy all the pleasure and pride which would otherwise attach to this great office. I can do much more effective work in the ranks, as I have been accustomed to, than in office.

"Thanking you with all my heart for your generous confidence and valued friendship, I am fully convinced that it is my duty at this juncture to decline your very kind invitation to become Secretary of State. Faithfully, yours,

"CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW.

"To his Excellency Benjamin Harrison, President of the United States."

His Grudge Against the Road.

[From the Detroit Free Press.]

On a Michigan avenue car the other day a woman had a baby about a year old on her lap, and next on her right sat an oldish man, who was evidently fond of babies. The baby looked at him, and he smiled and clucked in return. He was getting along finely, when all of a sudden the kid puckered his lips and began to howl.

"There! there! Don't cry, my precious lamb!" said the mother in soothing tones.

"Seems to be afraid of me?" observed the man.

"Yes, sir, he do, and I can't make it out. I had him out in the country last week and he saw hogs and horses and cows right along, and never seemed to care about 'em."

A giddy young woman across the aisle began to giggle, and a man standing up and hanging to a strap uttered a gruff "haw! haw!" and slapped his leg. The old man flushed up and looked hurt in his feelings, and seeing another giggle and another haw! haw! on the way he rose up and went out on the platform and said to the conductor:

"This is about the tenth time I've been insulted on this road this year, and the next hyena who does it is going to get both eyes knocked into one."

An Actor's Wig.

[From the London Daily News.]

Mr. Irving and his company are said to travel with 2,000 wigs; but that only shows how far we have progressed since the good old times of the veteran actor at Sadlers Wells, who is described in the new number of the Strand Magazine. This relic of the "palmy" days used to boast that he had played several hundreds of parts during "the last fifteen years" and had made one wig do for every character. He would flour it, tie it with a ribbon bow, and lo! he had a George III. He would red-ochre it for a carroty cranium of a comic countryman, and he admitted once to black-leading it. His make-up was equally in keeping with his headgear. He burnt a cork for making mustaches and eyebrows, he utilized the whitewashed walls for powder, and scraped the red brick flooring with his pocket knife to gain a little color for his cheeks. And even then he used to wonder how it was he could never get his face clean.

The Care of Carpenters' Tools.

An eminent English authority gives the following advice on the care of plane irons: "When a set of plane irons is French-polished the irons look very fine for a time, but this does not add to their durability or usefulness, and does not, I think, give them a workmanlike appearance. My plan is to knock the irons out, weigh them, then drop them into the linseed oil barrel and let them stay there a week. I then take them out and weigh them, and am often surprised at the amount of oil they have absorbed. The oil penetrates the metal, and, as it sets, it makes the irons hard, and they may be depended on to keep their shape. A bit of rubbing every day will soon impart a fine luster, and they will not show scratches or dents, as they would if French-polished.

To Make a Blazer of Oysters.

Take one quart of solid oysters, pick each one with a fork into a colander, and let them drain as dry as possible. Then get your chafing dish as hot as possible and put in it a large piece of butter (about two ounces); let it melt until it begins to sizzle; then turn in your oysters, stirring them in the hot, melted butter until the edges curl. Have ready mixed salt, pepper, and cayenne, and season to suit the taste. While the oysters are sizzling in the butter add half a pint of thick cream and the liquor of the oysters (be sure to strain it first), thicken the whole with a tablespoonful of flour smoothly blended with milk or water, and serve with toasted soda biscuits. This makes a royal supper after an evening's entertainment.

NATAL DAY OF NEAL DOW

Celebrated by Local Societies at Convention Hall Last Night.

ABLE AND ELOQUENT SPEECHES

A Short Sketch of the Work Accomplished by One of Maine's Most Illustrious Sons—The Venerable Temperance Advocate Has Reached the Age of Four Score and Ten.

The 90th birthday of Neal Dow, the venerable temperance reformer, was celebrated in this city at Convention Hall last night by the temperance organizations of the District of Columbia. An immense audience of enthusiastic listeners was present and burst into prolonged applause as mention was made of that illustrious character in the cause of total abstinence. A number of eloquent and able speakers paid high tributes of praise to the veteran temperance agitator, and gave out a number of solid opinions on the existence of the saloons.

The exercises were formally opened with the congregational singing of "My Country, 'Tis of Thee," following which the Rev. Dr. Sunderland, of the First Presbyterian church, offered prayer. Rev. Luther B. Wilson, of the Foundry Methodist Episcopal church, introduced the Hon. Nelson Dingley, of Maine, who outlined the life of Mr. Dow. He said that Gen. Dow was born in 1804, and soon began an incessant work, in season and out of season, to promote the interests of the people by abolishing the sale of liquor. He started a crusade in the schoolhouses, going from district to district, telling the pathetic story of drunkards, woe and temptation, and succeeded in having a law passed prohibiting the sale of liquor in Maine. He has kept at his work untiringly until to-day he has reached his ninetieth year, beloved by all and honored by the celebrations of a great mass of temperance workers in this country and in Europe. At the conclusion of Mr. Dingley's address Mr. Edward Tracy very effectively played a cornet solo, "Hear Us, Ch Father."

"Our hero," said Mrs. Dr. M. McClellan Brown, "has grown younger as the years rolled by. He seems to perceive the relation between man and man and possesses a pleading power that persuades weaker men to protect themselves against the appetite for drink. A petition in the name of every man and woman in Washington," said Mrs. Brown, "should be presented to Congress to abolish the sale of liquor in the city of Washington."

After the singing of a hymn by the Moody choir, which did such magnificent work at the recent revivals, the Hon. Luther Benson, of Indiana, said that Gen. Dow was so grand, great and majestically tall that we have to bend back and shade our eyes to see him. He has given his whole life to a principle and cause for the advancement of humanity. Liquor is a foe to the welfare of the United States. Mr. Dow was the first man in America to attack it, and under his ever steady and never ceasing blows the foe will forever flee from this land.

Following the taking of a collection to defray the expenses of this large meeting, Mr. Percy Foster sang "Somebody's Boy," and then Mr. Elijah A. Morse, of Massachusetts, spoke. He believes that the time is coming when men who sell rum will be scorned, and that the victory of this conquest will be greater than any military victory yet won. A suitable motto to be adopted on the birthday of Gen. Dow is "Christianity and total abstinence now and forever."

Dr. A. J. Foutz, of the Father Matthew's Temperance Society, addressed the audience. "The appeal from every center is the appeal to stop the liquor traffic," he said. "Archbishop Ireland, of St. Paul, has influenced Irishmen of that city to such an extent that only two of that race are now proprietors of saloons in that city." Letters were read from Mr. C. A. Boutelle and Mr. Seth L. Milliken regretting their inability to participate in the exercises.

"There are now," said Hon. J. A. Pickler, of South Dakota, "561 barroom licenses in the city of Washington, and that is 561 more than is needed, and 107 wholesale houses, and that is 107 more than is any honor to the people. The people in Washington are to blame for it, and to remedy this evil they should petition Congress, and a law would quickly be passed. The state of Maine sang the first stanza of the Prohibition song, and it will not be long before all forty-four states will take it up and the curse will be swept from our land."

Rev. Walter H. Brooks, of the Nineteenth Street Baptist church, represented the colored man, and his address was both eloquent and loudly applauded. "When there is a great curse to be fought we need great men to fight it," he said. "We must have Dows over the entire land. This is the most magnificent scene on which it has been my privilege to gaze. Nowhere have I seen temperance people of all creeds and colors, standing shoulder to shoulder with the one idea that the saloon must go. What we must have is a law, as the law is all right and the law triumphs."

Resolutions were read and adopted, which will be sent to Gen. Neal Dow, in honor of his 90th birthday, and to Miss Francis E. Willard. A petition was read by Mrs. Mary E. Griffith, of the W. C. T. U. of this city, which will be sent to Congress, requesting the passage of a law forbidding the sale of liquors in the District of Columbia. The services closed by a benediction from Rev. Dr. George H. Corey.

Remembered in London.

LONDON, March 20.—The meeting called for this evening in Exeter Hall to celebrate the 90th birthday of Neal Dow was an immense success. The hall was packed to its utmost capacity and the greatest enthusiasm was manifested by the audience. On the walls were hung extracts from the writings of Mr. Dow, while over the organ the British and American flags were displayed. Speeches were made by Lady Somerset, Miss Frances Willard, Sir Wilfred Lawson and Louise Ormiston-Chant, all of whom highly eulogized Gen. Dow.

Celebration in Baltimore.

BALTIMORE, Md., March 20.—Neal Dow's ninetieth birthday was marked in this city by meetings commemorative of the occasion at Exeter Street M. E. church and Harlem Avenue Christian church, held respectively under the auspices of the Prohibition party, Sons of Temperence, and W. C. T. U. William Daniel, candidate for vice-president on the ticket with St. John, in 1884, made an address, and a congratulatory telegram was sent to the venerable author of the Maine liquor law.

SENATORS TALK ON TARIFF.

Interviews With Leading Democrats and Republicans on Probable Party Action.

Senator Morrill, one of the leading Republican members of the Finance Committee, said yesterday, when questioned as to the attitude of the Republican members to the tariff bill as reported, said: "We were not allowed to vote on the bill, and it remains, therefore, a measure which has not gone through the usual process of majority and minority report. The bill is not a committee measure."

Senator Manderson declared that the action of the committee on the bill was unprecedented. He had never known of any tariff measure which had not been regularly submitted with a majority and minority report. It was a measure now that could be and would be vigorously opposed all along the line, as the Republican members intended to have thorough debate on every line in the bill, not getting it in the committee.

He thought it was not at all certain that a tariff measure would pass. "If after several months' debate, say until midsummer, the Senate should reject the bill, it is quite likely that the whole question would go over until next session," declared the Senator, and then added in a sarcastic tone: "I don't believe President Cleveland, after his experience last Summer, will care to have another extra session on his hands."

So far as Senator McPherson's attitude was concerned, Senator Manderson thought his remarks were a declaration of dependence and not of independence. The New Jersey Senator did not seem to have the courage of his convictions.

When asked whether the Republican members were likely to obstruct the income tax, Senator Manderson expressed the belief that they would not go to extremes. The steering committee might outline a course of action, or it might be left to a Republican caucus. Either of these might act within a short time.

The Nebraska Senator seemed to think that McPherson's declaration regarding the income tax would strengthen the enemies of that measure, and therefore that the chances of defeating it were very fair.

Senator Higgins, of Delaware, said it was too early to predict now just what the Republican Senators would do, but he asserted that it was their business to get all they could and that they proposed to get it. He was not confident of Democratic defection, but declared that would be just so much help if it came.

Senator Ransom, of South Carolina, held to the view that the measure would receive pretty solid Democratic support. "If," said he "I find any sections in the bill which I do not approve, most certainly I shall oppose them, but I think all Senators on the Democratic side will endeavor to settle these little differences, rather than hold out against the bill."

A southern Senator, who holds somewhat protectionist views but does not air them, said pretty plainly that he for one intended to get for his state just as much as was obtained for any other southern state, and named two articles which he said were the leading products of his state, and on which the removal of the tax would be a very serious matter. Another southern Democratic Senator echoed similar views rather more mildly, but in a way to suggest that all might not be lovely at the finish.

Senator Turpie thought the bill would be passed with but little delay.

Riot at Altoona.

ALTOONA, Pa., March 20.—A mob of 300 men and boys went out to the edge of the city today, where seventy-five Italian laborers were at work, and with sticks, stones, and pistols drove them into the woods. One of the victims was severely wounded in the neck by a pistol bullet, another was so badly beaten that he may die, and several others were seriously hurt. The men who were attacked were brought here yesterday by a Philadelphia contractor and put to work on a new electric railway to be built from this city to Bellwood.

Race Track Bill Recommitted.

Senator Gibson yesterday had the race track bill recommitted to the Senate District Committee, in order to have a formal vote taken on the amendment reducing the limit of prohibition for book-making in the District. The junior Maryland Senator recently obtained a majority report on the amendment to let in the Ivy City track, but, as he simply polled the members, it was thought better to send the bill back to the committee for formal action.

Senator Colquitt Very Low.

The condition of Senator Colquitt, who is ill at his residence, 220 A street southeast, was worse last evening. The trouble is with his throat, and the attack is considered very serious on account of the Senator's feeble condition. Dr. Walsh is the attending physician, and Dr. Rosse has also been summoned in consultation.

New Jersey Railroad War.

The New Jersey railroad war is settled The West Jersey yesterday served an injunction upon the South Jersey, restraining them from constructing further any tracks. The injunction was honored.

HUNGARY'S PATRIOT DEAD

Louis Kossuth Passes Away Yesterday at Turin.

A LONG AND EVENTFUL CAREER

Outlawed for His Championship of His People He Continues to Plead Their Cause Abroad—His Visit to America in 1851—His Literary and Other Labors.

TURIN, March 20.—Louis Kossuth died at 10.55 o'clock this evening.

Lajos, or Louis Kossuth, ex-governor of Hungary, was born April 21, 1802, at Monok Zemplin, Hungary. His father was a small land-owner and belonged to the nobility. When Kossuth was 27 years of age he took his seat in the national diet of Presburg as representative of a magnate, being the agent of the Countess Szapary. His action in publishing reports of the proceedings of this assembly led to their suppression and eventually to his prosecution for high treason, the government being determined not to allow reports of parliamentary debates to be circulated in Hungary. He was sentenced in 1839 to four years' imprisonment. He was liberated, however, after having been in prison about a year and a half, under an act of amnesty.

In 1841 he became editor of the Hirlap, a newspaper published at Pesth. In March, 1848, Kossuth entered Vienna with a deputation to urge the claims of his country upon the Austrian government and returned to Presburg as minister of finance

Eventually the Hungary diet was dissolved and a new diet was summoned for July 2, and by this diet Kossuth was created Governor of Hungary. He held that post during the civil war of 1848-'49, and after the Hungarians had been crushed by the aid of the Russians, Kossuth was compelled to retire to Turkey and reached Schumla with 5,000 men.

Austria and Russia wanted Turkey to give up Kossuth and the rest of the refugees, but through the intervention of England and France the demand was refused and the late Sultan removed the refugees to Kutahia in Asia-Minor, where they remained prisoners until August 22, 1851, being treated with great humanity.

Kossuth, who was warmly received in America, made a tour of the United States in 1851, agitating in favor of Hungary. He then returned to England, where he resided some years, occupying himself with writing for newspapers and in delivering lectures against the house of Hapsburg. In November, 1861, he published in an Italian newspaper a long letter setting forth the situation in Hungary and urging the Italians to commence war against Austria, with the view of enabling the Hungarians to assert themselves against that power. In 1866, after the close of the war of that year, he issued an inflammatory address to the Hungarians, advising them to reject the concessions offered by Emperor Francis Joseph. Since April, 1875, he has been living in an unpretending dwelling near Turin, and in November, 1879, he lost his rights as a Hungarian citizen.

For a number of years past Kossuth has been in straightened circumstances, persistently refusing pecuniary assistance, and depending almost entirely upon the proceeds of his pen. It was feared that if the patriot died before a reconciliation was effected with the house of Hapsburg that serious disturbance would take place in Hungary.

Kossuth's end was extremely painful. He showed signs of consciousness until the last. He expired in the arms of his son, and died pressing the hand of the Hungarian deputy Karoly. The members of his family and a few of his intimate friends stood around the bedside of the expiring patriot.

Nothing has been settled in regard to the details of the funeral. The municipal authorities of this city have offered the family to allow the remains to be buried in the Pantheon here.

The Money the Morrises Made.

The Morrises, of Baltimore, says a Times exchange, are more important to northern eyes, thanks to the indefatigable newspaper paragraphers, than they are in the South, where they are usually identified as the "Louisiana Lottery Morrises"—the family wealth having been accumulated through the designated channel. The history of the bridegroom for several years past has also been notably of the sort that kept him more or less prominent in the columns of the journals of the fin de siecle type. Mrs. Morris was a Van Dyke, and something of a "swell." Among her family possessions are the flounces and draperies of old point lace with which the wedding frock was trimmed the other day. The gown was of lustrous white satin and moire, with a stomacher of pearls. The honeymoon will be passed at Mr. Gebhard's place in New Jersey, after which he will take his bride to Italy and France to meet his titled relatives there. The Countess Maggioloni is his cousin, and among his aunts are the Duchess di Lanti and Marchioness Gavotti Verospi.

Fish Sandwiches.

These are fish days, and a few swimmers make very nice sandwiches. Salmon, bass, halibut, flounders and fresh cod are of this class. Either boil or make cutlets of the meaty food, shred with a fork to remove the bones, have nicely buttered and salted bread ready and spread the slice as thickly as it will hold, on top sprinkle white pepper or paprika and salt, celery tips or water-cress leaves, cover with a plain slice of bread and butter, and any worker with an appetite will enjoy it at noon. Fish is a delicate food and needs to be delicately handled. Cold fish is not as nice for sandwiches as the freshly-cooked articles.

"I Am Afraid."

[Translated from the Spanish by Almont Barnes specially for THE TIMES.]

The two were of the same hamlet.

They had been born in the same street, had been brought up together, and there had never passed twenty-four hours without their seeing each other twenty-four times.

They were called Pepa and Pepe.

And, nevertheless, they could not see each other, as they say commonly.

And more, they almost hated each other.

They sought each other frequently to insult each other, to quarrel, and were not really happy except when they had played, the one upon the other, some annoying trick.

And this had continued since their most tender infancy, since they crept about together, since they walked among the uplifted hills around their huddled native village.

In time they were two young people.

Pepa was fifteen years old.

Pepe seventeen.

As children they scratched and tore each other's hair.

Grown older, they bit.

The fight was nearly always equal. What Pepe had of advantage over Pepa in strength, resolution, Pepa equalized by dexterity and malice.

In short, they were two bedeviled youths, who seemed born exclusively to torment each other.

And thus they had grown up, giving each other cuffs and blows and pinches all over to that age in which human beings appear born more to caress each other than to quarrel.

Especially when they are of different sex.

Pepe was a great boy, tall, plump, strong, robust, could work for two and eat for four, of good appearance and red cheeks, and retained some remains in his agreeable features of the feminine traces of adolescence.

As for her, she was an adorable girl, a brunette, lively, nervy, slight, with eyes and hair like ebony, very small feet, compact waist, and irreproachable hands. She was appetizing as forbidden fruit, with her little encarnadine mouth always smiling and her little eyes always animated by the fire of life and youth.

Without speaking of her freshness, the beauty of her form, she emitted from her whole petite person something of the inciting, the provocative, the malicious, the winning, that made desirable to an unusual degree the friendly concessions of Pepita.

Clothed in the simple and short skirt of a village girl, she was seen to go and come constantly from the field to the house and from the house to the field, contented, happy, always singing, and full of enchantment and seductive promises that would surely have made foolish with love and with desire any one less stupid and senseless than her neighbor and companion, Pepe.

One would say that those two beings had come in the world sworn to torment one another during life.

For some time, it is true, they had not stirred up each other, but the state of war between them always continued, implacable and unreasoning.

They had substituted for slaps of cheek and pinching provoking words and cruel laughter.

Peace and harmony between Pepa and Pepe, then, was an impossible thing.

It was not to be dreamed of.

At evenfall of a hot day in the month of August Pepe returned from the country, perspiring and fatigued, carrying on his shoulder an immense bundle of straw recently cut, and breathing in with all the strength of his robust lungs the light breeze that began to arise, and meanwhile viewing, far away in the horizon, a magnificent sunset, the last ardent rays of which dyed with gold and crimson the broad firmament.

In passing near a field of wheat he paused a moment and inspected it with scrutinizing glance, for he thought he perceived among the golden stalks the black waist of his enemy.

"What is Pepa doing in that field?" he asked himself.

And, consumed by curiosity, he approached on tiptoe the place where he thought he had seen her in passing.

"Hist!" he exclaimed quickly; "but if she isn't sleeping!"

In fact, with arms crossed under her head for a pillow, stretched out in complete abandon, with closed eyes and smiling mouth, Pepa appeared to breathe with delight the perfumed air.

A gleam of malicious joy spread over the face of Pepe, who, smiling with satisfaction, threw himself also upon the ground, and very softly, without breathing scarcely, and crawling, little by little, on his knees and hands, approached thus the handsome and unsuspecting sleeper.

"What a splendid chance!" muttered the youth to himself.

What perverse intention had occurred to him at that moment?

But it is not to be supposed that any sweet thought, whether of tenderness or admiration, could occur to that barbarian.

And in effect this was true. Pepe gathered quickly a handful of nettles, and with these cautiously approached the girl, with intention undoubtedly of slipping them into the neck and breast of the sleeper.

"How she is going to scratch!" he said to himself, enjoying in advance the torture he was preparing for the maid.

And approaching closely to her he proceeded with great caution to undo the hooks of her waist, until he uncovered to view the finest modeled throat that ever unfolded to the inimitable chisel of a Phidias.

Pepa had not awakened.

The young man smiled, opened the waist a little farther, extended his hands, full of the stinging nettles, and just as he was going to stuff them in the bosom of the girl he stopped as if paralyzed, his hand fell inert, little by little, down by his side, and an indefinable expression of astonishment, of pleasure and surprise, spread over his picturesque countenance.

What was passing through that boy's soul?

Why did he hesitate then to disturb his blood enemy?

Did he finally have pity on her who had so often mocked at him and whom he had maltreated and persecuted with his mockery?

Were all the tricks of which he had been the victim and at which the village boys had constantly laughed forgotten?

Why did he remain there with his eyes and mouth so wide open, an image of stupidity, on his knees beside Pepa, adoring her as if he was worshiping?

Nothing could be more natural.

Until that moment Pepe had considered the girl only as an evil chick, revolting, worthy always of a kick, never of a caress.

And now for the first time he noted that that revolting creature and intractable was a conjunction of rare perfections.

A new clearness illuminated his spirit, and in ecstatic contemplation he admired, without well understanding it, the masterwork which he had the good fortune to look upon.

Weakened and disquieted by the sweet science which he had learned so quickly in that moment, he studied with avidity of sight and curiosity all the enchantments of Pepita.

By virtue of contemplating all that he understood that Pepa was adorable.

An unknown sensation throbbed vigorously in his heart and heated the blood in his veins.

He felt that there throbbed in his lips a hundred years of kisses, and the wild desire caressed him to unload them on the smiling mouth of the sleeper.

But at the same time, and unaccountably, he was invaded by a respecting fear, palpitant, and he began with trembling fingers to fasten, one by one, all the hooks which he had loosened a little before with such sinister intentions.

Scarcely had that operation terminated when the maiden awoke, a placid smile illuminating her face, and commenced to rub her eyes with the graceful gesture of a lazy child.

Then, seeing her enemy near her, she arose at a bound, and asked, gazing with suspicion:

"Was you here? You have done some evil to me! What is it?"

"I have done nothing to you, Pepa?" he answered, with grave and at the same time tender accents.

Pepa contemplated in surprise this youth who spoke with sweet and caressing voice that she had never heard before.

Nevertheless, doubtless from custom, she replied with harshness:

"Then what are you doing here on your knees? Do you imagine you are in church? Go and leave me!" and saying this she began to lift upon her head a great basket of vegetables which she had beside her, which Pepe had not noticed.

"Do you wish me to help you?" asked he, timidly.

"You!"

"You shall see, now!" and he took hold of the basket to lift it.

Surprised at this unexpected gallantry Pepa pulled back with anger and sought to lift to her shapely head the heavy basket, without uttering a word.

Pepe stepped back a little, his face showing an indefinable sadness.

In the meantime the girl made vain efforts to accommodate well to herself the heavy burden, went on a few paces, and at last, vanquished by its weight, staggered and with head down uttered a little cry.

Pepe approached, solicitous to aid her.

And the astonishment of the maid incre