UNCLE SAM'S LOAD.

The Grand Old Man Is Now Carrying Over Half a Million Pensioners.

Will This Tremendous Burden Break the Old Fellow's Back?

The Estimate for All Pensions for 1892 Is About $133,000,000.

Secretary Noble Gives the Newspapers a Slap and Praises Porter.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 30.—Secretary Noble has made his report to the president on the work of the interior department for the year. Of Indian affairs he says: A much larger area of land than is necessary is held for Indian occupancy. There are not more than 250,000 Indians within the borders of the United States (including Alaska). The greater part of these reside upon or have some interest in the existing reservations, the others living upon a portion of the public domain. The aggregate area of the Indian reservations was, at the last report, about 116,000,000 acres, or 181,250 square miles, which is, as calculated by the Indian commissioner, "greater than that of the New England and Middle States combined, greater than the aggregate area of the states of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois and Kentucky, and nearly equal to the combined area of the two Dakotas and Montana; or, to carry the comparison farther, it is larger by half than the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, larger than Sweden or Norway, and nearly as large as France or Spain." There has been a reduction during the fiscal year by cession of Indian title to reservations under ratified agreements to the extent of about 13,000,000 acres of lands heretofore held by them, leaving the

Aggregate Area

Of reserved land at this time over 103,080,000 acres. This is sufficient to give each of the occupying Indians, or those having rights thereon, over 760 acres. If all were given allotments as provided in existing laws and treaties, each Indian would receive not more than an average of eighty acres of agricultural land, or 160 acres of grazing land. The surplus held in reservation appears therefore to be unreasonably large. A large portion of it is lying idle, and is a bar to the Indians' progress and our country's development. To restore this to the public domain will work no hardship to the Indians, if the cessions are made upon terms as fair as have characterized the agreements recently negotiated. Those Indians especially who are supported by the government, not because of treaty obligations, but in order to save them from starvation, should not continue to hold these large tracts without actual occupancy or use. It would be better for each tribe to part with its claim for a money consideration that would create a fund to be securely held by the United States, and upon which it could depend for the support of its members until, by proper use of individual homesteads, they may support themselves.

Pensions.

At the close of the fiscal year 1890, there were 537,944 pensioners borne upon the rolls. Their classification is given by the commissioner as follows:

Army invalid pensioners	392,809
Army widows, minor children and dependent relatives	104,456
Navy invalid pensioners	5,274
Navy widows, minor children and dependent relatives	2,460
Survivors of the war of 1812	413
Widows of soldiers of the war of 1812	8,610
Survivors of the Mexican war	17,158
Widows of soldiers of the Mexican war	6,764
Total	537,944

At this writing (Oct. 18,1890) there are claims pending, 832,221. Of these there have been received under the act of June 27, 1890, 483,278.

Appropriations.

The appropriation for the last fiscal year was but $80,000,000. This, as was pointed out in the secretary's last annual report, was not only inadequate, but must have been known to be so when made; for the estimate of the year before was $80,000,000, and there had been then incurred a deficiency of at least $8,000,000, and, as the pension list was constantly increasing, it was apparent that this additional sum, if added, would not be enough to meet the obligations to accrue before the end of even that fiscal year. So it proved; the appropriations were as follows:

For the Fiscal Year 1889—	
Act of June 7, 1888	$80,473,000
Act of March 2, 1889	8,000,000
Total	$88,473,000
For the Fiscal Year 1890—	
Act of March 1, 1890	$80,473,000
Act of April 4, 1890	21,598,834
Act of June 18, 1890	3,708,732
Total	$105,780,732

At the close of the fiscal year there remained in the hands of pension agents the sum of $580,283.87 of the pension fund which had not been disbursed for want of time and which has been returned to the treasury; and there were 20,638 pensioners unpaid at the close of the fiscal year who were entitled to receive $4,357,347.30 which has since been paid from the appropriation for the fiscal year 1891. The appropriation for the present year is $77,090,761, but such has been the great number of pensioners added to the list by special acts of congress and the energetic work of the bureau that a deficiency appropriation will be required, the amount of which cannot yet be accurately stated.

Number of Soldiers.

The commissioner has considered the question as to the number of our old soldiers very carefully, and has expressed his judgment in the following table:

Number of soldiers enlisted during the war for the Union, excluding re-enlistments	2,213,365
Number killed in battle and by other casualties and who died of disease to July 1, 1865	364,116
Estimated number of deaths of soldiers discharged during the war to July 1, 1865	25,284
Number of desertions	121,896
Total	511,296
Number of survivors of the war July 1, 1865, less deaths and desertions	1,702,069
Number of survivors July 1, 1865, less deaths and desertions, who were subject to the usual laws of mortality	1,116,069
Number of survivors July 1, 1865, who, because of wounds and other disabilities were subject to a higher rate of mortality, equal to twelve years' shortening of the expectation of life	586,000
Number surviving July 1, 1890, who are probably subject to the ordinary life tables	831,089
Number surviving July 1, 1890, who are subject to a greater death rate	415,000
Total number of survivors July 1, 1890	1,246,089

Of the foregoing number of survivors about 106,000 are now sixty-two years of age and upwards.

The estimate for army and navy pensions for 1892 is about $133,000,000.

Census.

There have been some contests, and in some instances corrections have been made on applications for re-enumeration. But 80 per cent of all the complaints against the eleventh census, and there were only about the same number as against the tenth census, have, on careful investigation, been found groundless. It is a noteworthy fact that upon the promulgation of the questions to be answered for the purposes of the census, some relating to disease and other of the subjects above mentioned, a great number of editors throughout the country began a bitter attack upon the whole census system and used every means of argument and invective to array the people against replying to the inquiries of the enumerators, and even denounced the whole work in advance. But the people recognized the census as a national work, meant not only for the necessities of our own government, but for the benefit of all men, and the questions, including those relating to farms, homes and mortgages, were almost universally and promptly answered. This will, it is believed, be found to be reliable. To say that there are no errors in it would be so claim for it more than can be expected of any such work. But those who find the most fault with it are those who from the beginning have endeavored to defeat it. The great body of our people are content with it. The disputes that have arisen as to certain cities, and even one state, have been patiently heard where it was asked, and opinions given at length setting forth the reasons for the action taken. Time alone can now test the eleventh census, exposing errors, if any exist, and confirming its substantial accuracy. The work has certainly been most carefully prepared, and, as the result goes to the country, the secretary feels that the duty imposed upon the census office has been faithfully performed.

Nicaraguan Canal.

The first annual report of the Maritime Canal company, of Nicaragua, was submitted to the secretary of the interior in December, 1889, as required by the act of congress approved Feb. 20, 1889, incorporating the company. It appears therefrom that at a meeting of the incorporators held in the city of New York, March 7, 1889, the charter granted by congress was unanimously accepted. After due publication, books were opened for subscriptions to the capital stock, and 10,145 shares were subscribed for at par, amounting in the aggregate to $1,014,500, of which amount $601,450 were paid into the treasury of the company in cash. The other assets of the company consist, at the date of the report, of property rights, privileges and franchises owned by it in Nicaragua and New York. The plan of the work as outlined is:

The construction of a breakwater at or near Greytown, on the Caribbean sea, and dredging thence to the westward ten miles through alluvial ground to the place where a lock of thirty-one feet will be built. At two miles beyond will be constructed a second lock, or double lock, of the combined lift of seventy-five feet, and a dam across the small stream Deseado, above which will be a basin affording 4½ miles of free navigation; then a rock cut about 2¾ miles in length, followed by 12 miles of free navigation in the valleys of two small rivers, the San Francisco and the Machado. Here the waters will be raised by dams and embankments so as to form basins, which will connect directly with the San Juan river, above a large dam to be built across that river. Said dam will raise the waters in the river and lake and secure additional free navigation of 64 miles in the river and 56½ miles across the lake.

On the western side of the lake the canal will enter a cut of slight depth in the earth and rock of nine miles in length, issuing thence into the Tola basin, with five and a half miles of free navigation, which will be obtained by damming the Rio Grande. At this dam a series of locks will lower the level eighty-five feet, and the canal will proceed in excavation down the valley of the Rio Grande a distance of two miles to the last lock, a tidal lock of twenty to thirty feet lift, below which the canel will enter the upper portion of the harbor of Brito, one and a half miles from the Pacific.

On the 3d day of June, 1889, preliminary work of construction began at Greytown, and on the 8th of October the work of excavation was commenced. The government of the Republic of Nicaragua has officially recognized and declared by decree the commencement of construction of the canal in accordance with the terms of the concession. The company has established permanent headquarters at Greytown, erected storehouses, hospitals, dwellings and other buildings, constructed several miles of aqueduct, cleared parts of the San Juan and Deseado rivers, built several miles of broad-gauge railroad and thirty-five miles of telegraph line, and cleared the first part of the route of the canal. A large quantity of machinery, tools, lumber, piles and other material necessary for the establishment of the plant, to be used in construction, has been landed at Greytown. A complete hospital service and ambulance corps has been organized in Nicaragua and sanitary arrangements in and about camps and headquarters have been perfected.

INSOLVENT SINCE 1885.

The Peculiar Business Methods of R. Gardner Chase & Co.

BOSTON, Nov. 30.—In the statement which R. Gardner Chase & Co., the stock brokers, recently made of their affairs, the assets, which aggregated $856,707, included items of $695,988 in doubtful and bad accounts. An expert accountant has made a report which shows that of the amount which appears as doubtful and bad accounts in the statement, only about $39,000 are really doubtful and bad accounts and that the balance, some $657,000, represents losses in speculation on the part of Mr. Chase. Since the firm assigned, the banks have sold over $1,000,000 worth of the collateral which they held. The value of the equities in the collateral which the banks have not yet sold is about $43,500, and this is substantially all there is with which to pay a dividend on an unsecured indebtedness of over $800,000. Out of this comparatively small amount of assets, moreover, preferred debts of about $1,950, together with the assignee's charges, will have to be paid in full. The creditors who hold no security will have to content themselves with an exceedingly small dividend. Mr. Piper also reports that the firm was insolvent on Jan. 1, 1885. Since that time Mr. Chase has drawn out $202,200, and his partner, Mr. Legg, has drawn out $60,000.

Minneapolis Thieves Abroad.

The residence of Mrs. C. Dann, 19 North Eighth street, Minneapolis, was entered by thieves yesterday morning between 10 and 11 o'clock, while the family were at church. The house was entered through the kitchen door, which had been left open. The thieves secured $10 in money, the property of a domestic, a pair of bracelets and a diamond ring, the whole valyed at $100. Before leaving the premises the thieves set fire to a quantity of soiled linen in an upper hallway. The department was called out, and the flames extinguished. The damage was slight. No arrests.

Early yesterday morning sneak thieves entered the jewelry store of Phil Rasler, 28 First street north, and stole $28 worth of cheap silverine watches.

Without Recommendations.

CONCORD, N. H., Nov. 30.—Gov. Goodsell's message to the legislature has been written, and will be transmitted to the house on Tuesday. The document will be a sort of argumentative statement of the legislative situation, covering fully the points which he thinks make necessary an extra session. He will simply describe the troubles that exist without suggesting a remedy for them, leaving that matter in the hands of the legislature.

Hardware Company Fails.

MERIDIAN, Miss., Nov. 30.—The Melton Hardware company made an assignment late last night. Liabilities, $50,000; assets unknown. The indebtedness of the firm is mostly to New York, St. Louis and Louisville merchants.

Syrup of Figs,

Produced from the laxative and nutritious juice of California figs, combined with the medicinal virtues of plants known to be most beneficial to the human system, acts gently on the kidneys, liver and bowels, effectually cleansing the system, dispelling colds and headaches, and curing habitual constipation.

LADY SOPHIA'S SAPPHIRES.

An Over True Story of English Life. By Sir Gilbert E. Campbell, Bart.

The news had spread all over town, and had been discussed in many a select coterie. It was discussed with much shrugging of shoulders and gesticulation in Parisian salons, and had even penetrated to Nice and Monaco, where for nearly the whole day it formed the staple of conversation. Lady Sophia Girleton's sapphires were missing. These matchless stones which had been the envy and admiration of society during many London seasons, and which were the most valued of the Girdleton heirlooms, had suddenly vanished and left no trace behind them. It was at Hillside hall, in Loamshire, the country seat of the Girdleton's, that the appalling discovery was first made. Sir Peregrine and Lady Sophia Girdleton had been preparing for a return to town and civilization, when the sapphires were missed, and, as may be imagined, a terrible amount of consternation at once ensued. A thorough search was at once set on foot. Hillside Hall was literally turned upside down, possible and impossible places were ransacked, servants' boxes were searched, and the domestics themselves subjected to a rigorous course of cross-examination, and every effort made to recover the missing jewels, but all efforts proved fruitless. Sir Peregrine Girdleton and wife superintended the search in person, and when that distinguished county magnate, wearied out with his wife's lamentations, pleaded fatigue and retired to his library, nominally to think over the best course to be pursued, but in reality to indulge in a clandestine cigar, Lady Sophia, under the escort of her faithful dog Lance, continued the investigation with unabated vigor. Lance was a large nondescript dog, of no particular breed, which Lady Sophia had purchased during a visit to Biarritz from a young man whose parents had for a long time carried on a contraband trade in tobacco betweenth French and Spanish frontiers. The lady had become devoutly attached to her four-footed favorite, and insisted on his accompanying her wherever she went. The result of the inquiry elicited the following facts: Lady Sophia had packed up the jewels in a brown paper parcel. When she left the room for a few moments the valuable packet was reposing in all security upon the table, but on her return what was her consternation when she found that it had vanished as completely as if the earth had opened and swallowed it up. Society, however, has its claims, and the Girdletons were due in town and had to yield to the inevitable law, sapphires or no sapphires; they had, in spite of their tribulation to return to the metropolis without daring to prolong their stay in Loamshire.

Immediately upon Sir Peregrine's arrival he hurried off to his club to consult an old friend, one Maj. Harbottle, to whom he was in the habit of applying for advice and assistance whenever he found himself placed in any position of difficulty. He was fortunate enough to find the ex-warrior in the smoking room and at once informed him of the terrible loss which he had sustained.

"And now, Harbottle," said he, when he had concluded his recital, "what am I to do? Apart from the value of the sapphires, and their being heirlooms and all that sort of thing, Lady Sophia is half distracted, and declares that people will never believe they have disappeared, but they will, with the usual censoriousness of the world, declare that we are getting hard up and had either sold them or received a temporary loan upon them."

The major sucked at his cigar in silence for a few minutes, and then said, solemnly: "The police."

"What, you mean that I ought to apply to Scotland Yard?" asked Sir Peregrine.

Maj. Harbottle, who was a man of few words, nodded his head, putting on at the same time an air of preternatural sagacity.

Thanking his friend for his valuable advice, Sir Peregrine took a cab and drove to the headquarters of the police, and in due time was placed in communication with Inspector McCann, to whom he detailed all the circumstances of the case as far as he could recollect them.

Inspector McCann was not a Leng or a Goudar, such as the novels of Gaboriau have made us familiar with, but a detective of the good old British school, with a stolid smile upon his face and an expression which might either be taken for intense stupidity or extreme intelligence. He wore rather a seedy black coat, buttoned up to the throat, a white hat with a black band and a pair of serviceable policeman's boots. The first result of this interview was not wholly satisfactory, for Inspector McCann at once went down to Hillside hall, and so tormented and harrassed the servants, examining each of them separately and then collectively, and with the usual diplomacy of the detective, leading each one to imagine that he or she was suspected of having committed the robbery, that the whole of the domestic establishment sent in their resignations in a body. After having created this disturbance Inspector McCann quitted the peasant woodlands and pastures of Loamshire, returned to town and busied himself in making all kinds of preparations and inquiries regarding the guests who had been recently staying at Hillside hall. He had several interviews with the body servant of that well-known kleptomanioc, the Duke of St. Pancras, and his grace's curious hiding places were carefully searched, but beyond a few coroneted forks and spoons, two or three cigar cases and some half dozen serviettes, nothing was discovered. The gorgeous chambers on the embankment occupied by the distinguished Italian who had lately contrived to push his way into society, claiming for himself titles of count and troubadour, were twice vainly ransacked by Inspector McCann and his subordinates, but the disappearance of Lady Sophia's sapphires remained as great a mystery as ever. The ladies' maids of two or three dames of the upper circle, addicted to cards and little bargains on the stock exchange, were likewise interviewed, but this, too, was without the slightest success, and both Sir Peregrine and Lady Sophia began to give way to despair. All at once, however, Inspector McCann's activity took a new direction. Neglecting all those upon whom his suspicions had previously rested, he attached himself exclusively to Lady Sophia. If that lady left her house for the purpose of doing a little shopping or visiting the theater or any other place of public amusement the detective's form could be noticed following her like her shadow. If she remained at home he made some pretext or other, took up his position in the hall and peered with the closest scrutiny into the faces of all her visitors, especially of those who belonged to the opposite sex. At length this new line of operations became so plainfully apparent that Lady Sophia began to feel seriously annoyed, and in the privacy of the nuptial chamber she spoke out her mind pretty freely.

"I really do wish, Sir Peregrine," said she, "that you would give that ridiculous detective of yours his conge. The man follows me about and dogs my footsteps as if he was under the impression that I had stolen my own sapphires."

"Upon my word, my dear," returned her husband, who, good easy man that he was, and not noticed the detective's strange pertinacity, "I really have not seen anything of the kind, but the matter shall be cleared up at once. You have had worry enough owing to your loss without being subject to any fresh annoyances."

The next morning, in accordance with his resolution, Sir Peregrine ensconced himself in the most comfortable chair in the library, and ringing the bell, ordered the footman to summon the detective into his presence.

"Mr. McCann," said he, assuming an air of as much sincerity as was compatible with the usual good-natured expression of his countenance, "what is the meaning of all this? Lady Sophia complains that you follow her about everywhere and this persecution is making her quite ill. Now, I cannot allow her to be annoyed in this manner, so please do not let me hear of your doing so any more."

For a moment or two the astute inspector made no reply, though he winked more than once with an air of the most portentous solemnity; then, creeping softly across the room, he threw open the door as if he expected to discover some one on the rug outside, with his ear to the keyhole. Apparently disappointed at finding no one, he closed the door with the same stealthy caution, and on coming close up to Sir Peregrine's chair, and laying a great forefinger personally upon the baronet's coat sleeve whispered hoarsely:

"Lady Sophia is a good many years younger than you, Sir Peregrine?"

"And who on earth said she wasn't man," muttered Sir Peregrine hastily, for his age was rather a sore subject with him. "Everybody knows that; but what has my age or hers to do with the sapphires?" At the same time he withdrew his arm from the inspector's touch, glancing at the sleeve as he did so, as if he half-expected to find that the intruding forefinger had left a mark.

"Ahem," coughed the detective, and there was a sort of solemn invitation in the cough for the baronet to ask further questions, but, as Sir Peregrime remained obstinately silent, Inspector McCann was compelled to go on.

"Lady Sophia takes a good deal of notice of young gentlemen, Sir Peregrine," remarked he.

The shaft struck home, and Sir Peregrine could not refrain from making a slight movement expressive of annoyance, for he could not deny that Lady Sophia frequently manifested a strong penchant for a class which he was in the habit of contemptuously designating as "bits of boys," taking a kind of maternal solicitude in them, which the scandal-mongers of society were at times prone to animadvert on in rather an unkindly manner.

"Well, well, and suppose she does," returned he, a little impatiently, "what has that to do with you or any one else, except myself?"

"Lord Athelstane Fulham has been going it a bit lately, and I think I am not wrong in stating that his lordship is in Queer street," continued the inspector, placidly.

Sir Peregrine nodded an assent that Lord Athelstane's difficulties were not unknown to him in common with the rest of society, as, indeed, at that time, they formed a most interesting portion of the chronique scandaleuse of the day.

"He is going to Rotterdam," continued McCann, raising his finger impressively; "to Rotterdam by to-night's boat from Harwick."

"Well," returned Sir Peregrine, "I suppose getting out of the country for a time is the best thing that he can do."

"Rotterdam is not far from Amsterdam," answered the detective, sententiously; "and that is about the best place I know for getting rid of jewelry which has been come by in rather a queer sort of way. The Amsterdammers don't give too much money, but then they don't ask any impertinent questions, either."

"Hullo!" exclaimed Sir Peregrine, placing both his hands upon the arms of his chair, and half raising himself up, "and what the deuce do you mean with your Lord Athelstane, and Amsterdam, and jewels that have been come by in a queer way, eh?"

Once more the detective gazed cautiously round the room, and as if to make assurance doubly sure, stooped, peeped under the table, and then crossing the room thrust the poker a short distance up the chimney. Apparently satisfied with these precautions, he again took up his place in front of Sir Peregrine and continued.

"He have got," said the inspector, whose grammar was at times slightly erratic, "he have got a green velvet jewel casket, which he won't trust to no portmanteau, but carries it in his hand wrapped up in a piece of brown paper and tied with red tape."

"Why, confound it, man," exclaimed Sir Peregrine, angrily, "Lady Sophia's sapphires were in a green velvet case."

"Yes, my inquiries told me that, Sir Peregrine," returned the detective, with an air of triumph; "things arn't long hid from Sandy McCann. Now if you will say the word, I'll have a warrant out against him, and nab him before he sets his foot on board the steamer Boomplies, which starts to-night."

Sir Peregrine paused for a moment and turned over the matter in his mind. "No," said he at length, "I won't have my wife's name connected with any scandal. Bless my soul, we should be having an article in the Universe or else a paragraph in Verity, with perhaps a portrait of her and a view of Hillside hall in some of the other papers. On my word, I believe society journals are worse than financial ones for blackmailing. I tell you what I will do, however, we will cross to Rotterdam in the same boat as he does and make him give them up without any exposure."

"Just as you like, of course, Sir Peregrine," returned the detective, "but it strikes me that we shall have a nasty passage; not that I care, for I have been too often across the herring pond in pursuit of runaway cashiers or absconding bankrupts to care for wind or weather, but if you are a bad sailor—" and he glanced inquiringly at the baronet as he ventured on this surmise.

Sir Peregrine winced a little, and moved uneasily towards the library window, against which the blast was driving the rain in one continuous sheet. For an instant he hesitated, and then putting on an expression of almost Roman fortitude, observed:

"Never mind whether I am a good sailor or not, McCann, the course I have marked out for myself is evidently the proper one, and I intend to follow it. The passage is not a very long one, so I'll risk it. You had better go and get what you want and meet me at the station."

"An old sailor like myself," returned McCann, "don't want to make a heap of preparations like a mere land lubber. I daresay you have a spare waterproof to lend me, and I will take a snack in the servants' hall before starting, as we have an hour and a half yet to spare."

Sir Peregrine nodded his assent, and as soon as he was left alone sat down to think matters over. He had a sort of vague idea that he was going to make a fool of himself, and yet he could not see why he was not taking the proper action. All he had to do was to tell Lady Sophia that the detective had hit upon a fresh clue, and that to follow it up his (Sir Peregrine's) presence was required, and she must not be surprised if he was absent for fully twenty-four hours. He embodied all this in a letter, which he determined to post himself, and then after seeing that he had sufficient money for the trip wrapped himself up and rang the bell for the detective, who very shortly made his appearance in one of Sir Peregrine's waterproofs, which fitted him like a sentry box, and was in addition so long that he was in momentary peril of being tripped up.

Cautiously the two conspirators crept out of the house, and after Sir Peregrine had posted the letter to his wife, they took a cab, and in about half an hour's time found themselves in the train rolling rapidly along in the direction of Harwich.

Ensconcing themselves behind a crane which stood upon the quay, Sir Peregrine and the detective carefully surveyed all the passengers as they passed down to the Rotterdam boat. In a very brief space of time their perseverance was rewarded by the sight of Lord Athelstane Fulham, muffled up in a great coat with a silk muffler almost concealing the lower portion of his face, and carrying a leather bag, concerning the safety of which he appeared to be extremely solicitous. The young lord, after a glance or two about him, crossed the gangway, and as if desirous of avoiding observation, dived down in the depths of the saloon.

In another moment Sir Peregrine and his sleuth hound stepped on the good ship Boomplies, and in a few minutes were steaming away towards the land of the dykes and windmills. By some extraordinary underhand means, for which he took great credit to himself, Inspector McCann had secured for his client and himself the use of the captain's cabin, and to this snug retreat they betook themselves to await the termination of their voyage; and now it was that the unhappy Sir Peregrine's tribulations really commenced.

At length the morning broke, cold, foggy and with a drizzling rain, which seemed to pierce the very marrow. Slowly the steamer came alongside of the quay, and the unhappy visitors began to believe that the hand of death was not yet upon them and that there was some possibility of their existing for a few years longer. By a powerful exercise of will power the detective crawled out of his berth and with staggering steps made his way across the deck to see how Lord Athelstane had progressed and to watch where he proceeded to on landing. The task was not a very long one, and in a comparatively brief space of time he returned to the cabin with a sickly smile of triumph upon his features.

"Have you seen him?" said Sir Peregrine.

"What do you take me for?" returned the detective. "Seen him? Of course I have. He has gone off to the New Bath hotel, as bold as brass, hugging that leather bag as if he didn't mean to part with it in a hurry. I think we had better make tracks after him without any further delay."

"Come along, then," retorted the baronet, with a faint groan, and the two "toilers of the sea" gained the shore in the best manner that their faltering limbs would permit of. As soon as they reached the New Bath hotel the baronet told the detective to keep a sharp eye upon the movements of Lord Athelstane Fulham.

During the progress of his toilet Sir Peregrine reflected, and for a moment almost came to the conclusion that he had much better have left things as they were. "Suppose," thought he, "that young Fulham positively refuses to give up the sapphires—a nice mess I shall be in then. I could'nt give him into custody, the scandal would be too awful; besides my wife's name would be mixed up in the business. 'No fool like an old fool,' they say, and I am sure I am a perfect exemplification of the proverb. Well. I always was a creature of impulse, and suppose I shall remain so." With these thoughts passing through his brain Sir Peregrine descended the stairs, and was about to enter the public room when Mr. McCann darted out upon him from some coign of vantage in which he had ensconced himself.

"He is walking up and down in front of the hotel," he hissed in the baronet's ear. "For heaven's sake, do not let him see you!"

"Pshaw," returned Sir Peregrine, pushing the detective angrily on one side. "How on earth am I to ask him for the sapphires if I do not see him? Am I to hide behind a corner and shout at him through a speaking trumpet? What nonsense you talk, man."

Deeply chagrined at the manner in which his suggestions had been received, Inspector McCann drew back, assuming at the same time as majestic a pose as his figure was capable of, while Sir Peregrine proceeded towards the principal door. Just as he reached it another figure came hurriedly in, and collided with Sir Peregrine with some little degree of violence.

Both men recoiled, when the one who was entering the hotel exclaimed in a voice of the utmost surprise. "Sir Peregrine Griddleton, you here!" but though his astonishment was extreme, there was no look of guilt upon his boyish features. "Sir Peregrine," he repeated, "by all that is lucky, why there is no one in the world I could have more strongly desired to meet."

It was now Sir Peregrine's turn to start, as he for his own part thought that Lord Fulham would sooner have seen any one else than himself at such a juncture.

"I should like a word or two with you," remarked Lord Athelstane Fulham, drawing Sir Peregrine on one side; "but, I say, who the deuce is that shady-looking party with you?"

"Oh," stammered Sir Peregrine, a little taken aback, "that—what that is—is—why yes, of course, he is a dealer in Dutch cattle; you know Holland is famous for cows; I have come over with him on a matter of business about restocking the dairy farm at Hillside, you know."

"A cattle dealer, eh," returned Lord Athelstane, a little dubiously. "He looks a precious deal more like a policeman; but never mind, you'll do me a turn, won't you?"

Sir Peregrine stared at the young nobleman in greater surprise than ever, wondering what was coming next.

"The fact is," continued Lord Athelstane, "I have a lot of precious stones to get rid of—"

"Precious stones to dispose of," returned Sir Peregrine, with a slightly sarcastic accent. "May I ask if there are any sapphires among them?"

A flush rose to the young man's cheek.

"How on earth did you hear about them?" asked he. "I thought that she and I were the only ones in the secret, and when I met you I said to myself, 'Well, I am in luck, for Sir Peregrine will be the best reference I could possibly have in case of any untoward inquiries.'"

This was almost more than the baronet could bear, and for a moment or so he remained silent, perfectly aghast at the cool effrontery of the young nobleman.

"You and she," said he, at length; "you and she."

"Yes," continued Lord Athelstane, who had by this time somewhat recovered from the surprise which Sir Peregrine's knowledge of his precious charge had caused him. "You see I came a most awful mucker and Geraldine, my sister—"

"What! Admiral Stanepart's widow?" gasped Sir Peregrine.

"Exactly," answered Lord Athelstane, "the best and dearest girl in the world, I may say, gave me some of her beautiful sapphires to dispose of to start me fresh in the States."

The revelation afforded Sir Peregrine a strange mixture of pain and pleasure—pain that he had permitted Inspector McCann to make such an utter fool of him, and pleasure in finding that, after all, Lady Sophia's sapphires were not in the possession of Lord Athelstane Fulham.

"Very sorry," stammered he, "but I can't help you; I have to be off to-night—important business in town. Good-bye—I haven't a moment—wish you well, and all that sort of thing, I am sure;" and casting a glance of the utmost contempt upon the crestfallen detective, he gave the young man's hand a hearty shake and walked up stairs to his own room, not deigning to take any further notice of his fellow traveler.

That night the discomfited baronet recrossed the sea, but this time he and Mr. McCann did not occupy the same cabin, for, immediately upon his arrival on board, the shame-faced detective sought some maritime hiding-place which his former passages had made familiar to him.

There was now no clue to the missing jewels, and as Sir Peregrine was disgusted with the impotency of the assistance he had obtained from Scotland Yard, he had made up his mind to bear his loss with patience, and, after much trouble and the present of a magnificent set of diamonds, he persuaded Lady Sophia to adopt the same course.

Six months had passed away since the baronet's futile journey to Rotterdam, and nothing more had been heard of the sapphires so strangely absent without leave. Time had assuaged the pangs of Lady Sophia's grief, and society had ceased to whisper and shrug its shoulders over the strange disappearance of the gems.

Sir Peregrine and his lady had returned to Hillside Hall, in order to entertain a select party of visitors who would arrive in a few days. Lady Sophia was of course accompanied by her favorite, Lance, to whom she had become more than ever attached. Just before leaving town, Sir Peregrine purchased a book of flies from those eminent fish tackle manufacturers, Bant & Nibble, and having no time to pack, he brought it down with him made into a neat brown paper parcel. This, on arrival, he placed upon the hall table, and was turning to give some orders to a servant, when to his extreme surprise, he saw Lance rise upon his hind legs, seize the packet in his mouth, and dash through the open door like a flash of lightning. A hot pursuit was at once commenced. Sir Peregrine, in spite of his obesity, leading the way, and in a small plantation of Scotch firs, a few hundred yards from the house, the faithful animal was discovered in the act of depositing his booty in a disused rabbit burrow. A search at once brought the missing sapphires to light, together with several other small parcels which had been missed at different periods, the disappearance of which caused no little unpleasantness, and for which certain invisible tramps had been blamed. The mystery, however, was now cleared up, for it was remembered that in his earlier and unregenerate days Lance had been in the possession of a family addicted to the contraband trade, and had been trained to carry small parcels of lace and tobacco across the frontier and to conceal them in certain spots, so as to escape the sharp eyes of the custom house officials. These early habits had no doubt impelled him to carry off and conceal small parcels whenever he came across them, and had thus produced the unpleasant complication which has been narrated. Lady Sophia wore the sapphires at the next drawing room after her return to town, but there were not wanting a few malicious tongues to connect their reappearance with the marriage of Lord Athelstane to the daughter of a millionaire contractor at Chicago, and the report went round that after all Fulham was not such a bad sort of fellow, though others contended that it was very soft of him to return the jewels which this proud, ill-natured Lady Sophia had given him to make a fresh start with.

[THE END.]

CROKE'S TELEGRAM.

He Urges Home Rulers to Stand by Gladstone.

LONDON, Nov. 30.—Rev. Hugh Price Hughes in to-day's sermon alluded glowingly to the action of Mr. Gladstone in regard to Parnell, and expressed a hope that Ireland would listen to the voice of that "true and noble Irishman, Michael Davitt." Timothy Harrington has sent to the Dublin branch of the National league a dispatch denying that he is opposed to Parnell. Archbishop Croke, in his telegram to Mr. McCarthy, says: "All are sorry for Parnell, but in God's name let him retire quietly and with good grace from the leadership. If he does so, the party will remain united in an honorable alliance with the Gladstonians, success at the general election will be assured and home rule certain. If he does not, the alliance will be dissolved, the elections lost, the party damaged and perhaps broken up, home rule indefinitely postponed, coercion perpetuated, the evicted tenants hopeless and public confidence outraged." Parnell's manifesto, the archbishop adds, is flat and otherwise discreditable.

OPPOSED BY WALSH.

The Archbishop Attacks Parnell on Moral Grounds.

DUBLIN, Nov. 30.—In an interview Archbishop Walsh, referring to his recent letter on the Parnell difficulty, says: "The letter was guarded because Mr. Parnell had not then spoken. But now his manifesto enables me to speak more plainly. Unless Mr. Parnell clears himself of the charge of adultery, the party taking or retaining him as their leader will not find the support, co-operation or confidence of the Irish bishops. Mr. Parnell's breach of Mr. Gladstone's confidence is blamable." Archbishop Walsh speaks only of the moral aspect of the manifesto, saying that he leaves its political bearings to the Irish members.

Disappointed by Parnell.

CORK, Nov. 30.—It was expected that Mr. Parnell would arrive in this city at 2 o'clock this morning, and a large crowd gathered to await his coming. The mayor and a committee of the National league were in waiting to present him with an address of welcome and confidence, and a thousand persons bearing torches and accompanied by several bands of music were in line. When the hour for his arrival had parsed and it was found that he had not come, great disappointment was expressed by his waiting supporters. After giving hearty cheers for Parnell the crowd dispersed.

Asked to Retire.

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 30.—The Parnell branch of the Irish National league to-day adopted a resolution calling upon Mr. Parnell to retire from the leadership of the Irish parliamentary party, and the secretary was directed to telegraph the resolution to Messrs. Dillon and O'Brien, who are in Chicago, and to the Irish leaders in London. This branch is one of the oldest in this country, and has been regarded as one of the most important. It reached its decision today after a discussion lasting for more than an hour.

The Only Fit Leader.

DUBLIN, Nov. 30.—John O'Leary, the Fenian, in an interview, thus refers to Mr. Parnell: "Though I never was Parnell's follower, I say Parnell is the only fit leader of the Nationalists. It is stupid to abandon him because Gladstone screeches. Gladstone's revised scheme can satisfy no possible party in Ireland."

Mrs. O'Shea at Brighton.

LONDON, Nov. 30.—Mrs. O'Shea is at Brighton with her four daughters, and Mr. Parnell was with her there during the parliamentary recess. Mr. Parnell returned to Brighton after the trial of the O'Shea divorce suit. He left there on Friday and expected to go to Cork to-day.

The Threat Ignored.

LONDON, Dec. 1.—The Daily Telegraph says: "Mr. Parnell sent his ultimatum to Mr. Gladstone with the threat that unless he receives in twenty-four hours a reply favorable to his interests he will reveal everything—past, present and future—concerning the relations of the English Radical party and himself. Mr. Gladstone ignores the threat."

Must Wait Till Monday.

DUBLIN, Nov. 30.—National league meetings held yesterday at Limerick, Kilkenny, Monaghan and elsewhere voted to support Mr. Parnell, but it will be impossible to test public opinion until the result of Monday's meeting in London and the decision of the clergy are known.

Movements of Steamships.

NEW YORK, Nov. 30.—Arrived: City of Chicago, Liverpool; La Champagne, Havre; Suevia, Hamburg.

LONDON, Nov. 30.—Sighted: Belgenland and Lord Gough, from Philadelphia; Egyptian Monarch, from New York.

MINNEAPOLIS.

HELL AND HEAVEN.

Rev. W. J. Lhamon Enters Into the Punishment Question.

At the Church of Christ yesterday morning Rev. W. J. Lhamon took up the question of punishment after death. He argued also that both heaven and hell begin upon earth, his text being: "Judas fell that he might go to his own peace."—Acts i., xxvi. Said he:

Why should there not be a hell for those who prefer it? Why should there not be a heaven for those who prefer it? Why should not Judas go to his own place? Why should not every one go to his own place? Would a kind deity compel a bad man to go to heaven? Is man not free? Does character count? Do environments differ? What does eternal mean? Does it apply to the good, but not to the bad? Is God righteous? Can we play fast and loose with Scripture texts, yet professing to honor them? Is there no danger, and did Jesus die for naught? Is eternity to be trifled with? Is it wise and Scriptural to teach men that they may safely live and die in their sins? Those who spurn repentance this side of the grave—are we sure they would repent if they could on the other side? May not choice be final? Does not character tend to performance?

Questions like these come in troops when we propose to ourselves such a theme. Judas went to his own place. So did James and John and Jesus. So will all the myriads of men. This fitness of things, and an implicit trust in God, should be sufficient for us. Otherwise the question would crush us; but in view of it, I, for one, cannot say with our tender-hearted Whittier,

"For the innumerable dead
Is my soul disquieted."

For the "innumerable dead" God cares properly. For the innumerable not dead, for our careless children, and our prayerless friends, and our indifferent neighbors, for the innumerable unsaved that pass and repass under the shadows of our churches should we be disquieted.

Hell is character and environment. Heaven is nothing more, but other. Salvation is escape from the former and the winning of the latter. Ill nature seeks ill surroundings. The persistent liar finds his level, and the fact that he is a liar is his incipient hell, the beginning of his punishment. If he should continue to lie in the next world he would find his level there, and that, and the fact that he was an eternal liar, would be his eternal punishment. Of all sin it is the same. It seeks its place; its place helps it. Between the two misery is begotten and inflicted.

From this definition of hell some conclusions follow. First: If hell consists in sinful character and sinful environment co-working, then it begins in this life. No man will ever go to hell who does not take hell with him. Morning there will begin where evening here ends. There is but one way for a bad man to get rid of his present hell, and that is by repentence and reformation. There is no way to get rid of the future hell but by getting rid of the present one. If the people who are so anxious to rid the Bible of the doctrine of hell would rid themselves and others of the fact of hell, and sinners of the fatherhood of Satan, there would be some in it all. Milton was truer to our human nature when he made his fallen angel say:

"Me miserable! Which way shall I fly,
Infinite wrath, and infinite despair?
Which way I fly is hell; myself am hell;
And in the lowest deep, a lower deep
Still threatens to devour me open wide,
To which the hell I suffer seems a heaven."

"Again, our definition suggests the everlastingness of hell. Sin for an hour may be sin forever. Jesus teaches this. Again, if our definition is correct our conclusions are not affected by jugglery with words. The word eternal has an ethical content, as every reverent student should know. But that its ethical meaning is exclusive, that it has no reference to duration, no reverent scholar will affirm. Age-lasting is its original meaning.

"Considering heaven, we have the same principles, only they are working God-ward. Heaven is character and environment co-adjusted. The study of moral concords and discords may yet teach us that God is good in sending sinners to their own places. Whatever, wherever heaven may be, there is no sort of heaven anywhere for any but heavenly people. No being was ever in heaven, or ever will be there, who has not heaven in him. Christian people should not be content to wait for their heaven till death introduces them to it. Why not make little heavens of our homes, of our offices, of our shops, of our leisure hours, of our social gatherings, and seasons of worship, even of our trials, knowing that they are intended to work the will of God in us?

COMMON SENSE TO RELIGION.

Dr. Burrell Says That Philosophy Prevails Not Against It.

At Westminster church last evening Dr. Burrell talked of common sense in religion, speaking from John, iii., 9, "How can these things be?" He handled the question in a comparative way. After repeating his text, he said:

"The man who uttered these words was a philosopher, skilled in the wisdom of the rabbinical schools; a member of the sanhedrim and a teacher in Israel. Yet when Jesus, the carpenter, suggested a truth which ought never to need defense or elucidation, because it occurs within the observation of all, the philosopher found himself beyound his depth, and exclaimed, 'How can this be?' The trouble here was an infirmity often met with among the educated classes; Nicodemus knew too much. His philosophy had carried him quite boyond the ordinary methods of reasoning which commend truth at a glance to simple souls. The thing he lacked was common sense; less ratiocination and more common sense." The speaker, after this introduction, undertook to apply the principles of common sense to the fundamental spiritual truths as follows:

"First, God. Let us dismiss the methods of the schools—the ontological, teleological, cosmological, and all others—and grasp God as we apprehend other verities. An Arab, when asked how he knew that a camel had passed his tent in the night, pointed to footprints in the sand. Napoleon, when asked on the deck of a Mediterranean steamer, on a summer night, why he believed in God, pointed to the stars and said, "Who made those?" These are the methods that tell in theology. If we were to see a gamester throw double-sixes a hundred times in succession we would inevitably conclude that somebody had loaded the dice. Why not pursue the same course of reasoning with reference to the uniform adjustments in nature? If a ship were to sail once a month for ten years, never wandering a rood from her course, the simplest lad would say: "There's a skipper aboard, and he has a chart." But how about the innumerable millions of worlds that sail through infinite space for countless æons without deviation from their orbits? Common sense, says God, and all the processes of theology cannot improve upon it."

The second truth to which the speaker applied this method was that of the soul; after which followed the doctrines of sin, retribution, revelation, atonement and justification by faith. It is often asked, how can faith save? How can an iron coupler draw a freight train across the continent? By linking the train to the engine. Faith is the coupler that links the soul to omnipotence. It is the appropriating grace or faculty which, like an extended hand, takes the proffered gift of everlasting life.

One on Dr. Burrell.

Just after Dr. D. J. Burrell returned from his trip abroad, the St. Paul Eye published a tale about the pastor of Westminster which is good enough to be reprinted. Here it is:

"It was in order that he might lay aside the turtle's shell of the pulpit and become a layman, that Rev. David James Burrell on his recent tour of England traveled in cog. He sailed under the name of James Powell, and he took in all the sights which he thought wouldn't harm him, and from which there was to his mind any possibility of his drawing inspiration for future discourses to the people of his great metropolitan church. I shall watch with especially anxious eye the announcement of the discourse he will deliver upon his visit to the hippodrome in Paris. There he sat, perched upon a seat alongside a Frenchman, and he seemed to enjoy it. There sat the doctor enjoying a cigar, too. He likes a cigar, but eschews it at home—not because he thinks it wrong—because if he did he wouldn't use it at all. But simply, I suppose, becuse of the fear that his conduct may be referred to by the ungodly in an unchristian way which may do harm to the church. But on shipboard, in the gay scenes of the French capital, and in smoky London, this great little man was puffing away at a cigar like an old motor engine, and the two boxes which he took from Minneapolis were exhausted long before he again saw America.

"At the hippodrome, as I said, he was seated along side a Frenchman to the manner born. The Westminster stoga had gone out—like a man between the acts at a theater—and the dominie wanted to relight it. But, alas, he had no match. He accordingly mustered up enough of the French language to make the Gaul understand that he wanted a match, and the desired Lucifer was forthcoming. But the Frenchman didn't know who the gentleman was to whom he had extended such a favor, and thought reciprocity should enter into the dealings of the two. Accordingly he suggested to Rev. David James Burrell James Powell that when a Frenchman extended the favor of a match, he expected a brand new cigar in return. But the dominie's stock was getting low, and the hipprodrome wasn't half over, and the Frenchman was obliged to go without the reciprocal favor. This is the version of my Parisian correspondent. It is in order to hear the doctor's story of it, that I am watching the announcements in the afternoon papers of each Saturday. I say afternoon, for the doctor doesn't believe in the Sunday paper, and doesn't give them his notices, but they do just what the morning papers do so often—help themselves from the columns of what they are pleased to term the 'teatime twinklers.'"

THE CLEARANCES.

Condition of Business as Shown by Bank Exchanges.

BOSTON, Nov. 30.—Following is the clearance house statement for the week ending Nov. 29:

	Amount.	Inc.	Dec.
New York	$623,259,628	.....	0.5
Boston	80,655,384	.....	1.8
Chicago	71,992,000	19.9	.....
Philadelphia	61,341,815	.....	9.2
St. Louis	18,079,300	10.6	.....
Pittsburg	14,858,160	25.1	.....
San Francisco	15,723,785	.....	5.6
Baltimore	12,097,989	4.2	.....
Cincinnati	11,117,000	8.1	.....
New Orleans	13,594,839	6.2	.....
Kansas City	7,492,562	4.7	.....
Milwaukee	8,048,000	53.6	.....
Buffalo	6,999,594	160.0	.....
Galveston	8,945,075	403.3	.....
Minneapolis	5,767,374	.....	5.8
Providence	5,696,000	3.1	.....
Louisville	5,441,505	.....	5.3
Detroit	6,066,549	31.4	.....
Omaha	4,243,039	7.6	.....
Denver	4,309,562	13.9	.....
St. Paul	4,524,764	2.4	.....
Columbus	2,690,500	0.6	.....
Memphis	3,628,074	20.8	.....
Dallas	2,686,985	96.0	.....
Duluth	1,864,573	21.8	.....
Portland, Or	1,807,165	18.7	.....
Indianapolis	3,494,892	86.0	.....
Washington	1,346,437	24.1	.....
Fort Worth	1,244,481	...	29.2
Peoria	1,162,369	27.7	.....
St. Joseph	1,168,559	13.1	.....
Portland, Me	1,115,085	1.3	.....
Norfolk	1,102,167	34.7	.....
Worcester	1,131,238	13.3	.....
New Haven	1,131,166	6.4	.....
Springfield	1,012,005	0.6	.....
Tacoma	1,250,864	106.7	.....
Sioux City	1,049,234	26.2	.....
Seattle	1,079,883	34.3	.....
Wichita	546,60	4.6	.....
Lowell	683,940	21.1	.....
Wilmington	749,857	13.1	.....
Birmingham	700,665	17.4	.....
Grand Rapids	590,741	12.4	.....
Los Angeles	518,364	8.5	.....
Chattanooga	442,000	25.5	.....
Des Moines	548,137	.....	10.3
New Bedford	298,696	.....	18.0
Topeka	467,528	17.6	.....
Lexington	375,410	4.2	.....
Montreal	9,707,422	21.0	.....
*Salt Lake City	1,322,564	....	.....
*Houston	4,156,424	....	.....
Total	1,036,152,267	3.1	.....
Outside N. York	412,892,639	9.0	.....

*Not included in totals; no clearing house at this time last year.

An Untrustworthy Party.

Louisville Courier-Journal.

The economic theories of the Republican party have been fully discredited. That party can no more be trusted to deal with the question of reciprocity than with the tariff. It has demonstrated its determination to manipulate the tariff in the interest of monopoly, and, if permitted, it will deal with reciprocity in the same spirit. The talk about reciprocity is another of the false pretences behind which it seeks to hide purposes that it knows to be indefensible. It cannot advocate genuine reciprocity without stultifying itself.

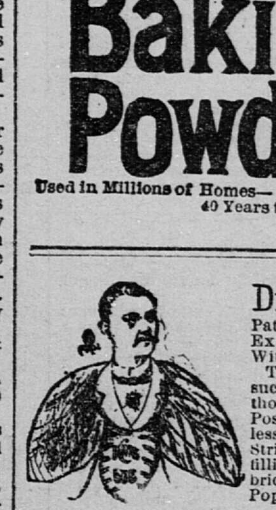
Not the American Youth.

Mamma—Johnny, you should try to win prizes in school, like Tommy White. He has a dozen already.

Johnny—Oh shucks! His are all good "conduc'" prizes, and who wants that kind?

Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder.

Used in Millions of Homes—
40 Years the Standard.



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