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PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, has removed his office and residence to the building on Pennington street, opposite Ben. Morgan's Law Office. Hours—10 to 12 a. m. and 2 to 5 and 7 to 9 p. m. Diseases peculiar to women and children a specialty.

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WM. A. SCOTT, JR.
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OFFICES THREE AND FOUR FARLEY & Pomroy's Block, on Pennington street opposite the Cosmopolitan Hotel, Tucson, Arizona.

SETTLE UP.

Being about to close our business in this town in a few weeks, we request all our creditors who may have balances against us to present them at once for settlement. We also request all persons who are indebted to us to come and settle their accounts without further notice.

P. ABADIE & CO.

Tucson, November 20, 1880.

The Old Mine—Caution.

ALL PARTIES ARE HEREBY NOTIfied that I claim one-fourth interest in the Old Mine, relocated under the name of the Commodore mine, Oro Blanco District, Arizona, and all parties are hereby cautioned not to enter into any negotiations for said interest.

J. C. HANDY.

Tucson, February 23, 1880.

KATIE'S ANSWER.

Och, Kate's a rogue, it is thrue,
But her eyes, like the sky, are so blue,
An' her dimples so swate,
An' her ankles so nate,
She daxed, an' she bothered me too—

Till one mornin' we went for a ride,
Whin, demure as a bride, by my side,
The darlint, she sat,
Wid the wickedest hat
'Neath purty girl's chin iver tied.

An' my heart, arrah, thin, how it bate!
For my Kate looked so temptin' an' swate,
Wid cheeks like the roses,
An' all the red posies
That grow in the garden so nate.

But I sat just as mute as the dead,
Till she said, wid a toss of her head,
"If I'd known that to-day
Ye'd have nothing to say,
I'd have gone wid my cousin, instead."

Thin I felt myself grow very bowld,
For I knew she'd not scold if I towld
Uv the love in my heart,
That would never depart,
Though I lived to be wrinkled and old.

An' I said, "If I dared to do so,
I'd lit go uv the baste an' i'd throw
Both arms round your waist,
An' be stalin' a taste
Uv them lips that are coaxin' me so."

Then she blushed a more litgant red,
As she said, without raisin' her head,
An' her eyes lookin' down
'Neath her lashes so brown,
"Would ye like me to drive, Misther Ted?"

For the first eight months of 1889, England imported wool to the amount of $111,710,000.

A WONDERFUL MINE.

The Red Cloud Smelter in Silver District Cleans Up $34,000 in Ten Days from the Lowest Grade Ore on the Dump—A Bonanza of Immense Proportions.

[Yuma Sentinel.]

After a ten days' run the Red Cloud Gold and Silver Mining Company at Silver District put out their fires to clean the furnace and take a general observation of its workings. Everything was found to be in excellent order and the furnace will be started again in a few days. There is no doubt but what it has proved to be a perfect success in all respects, and although running on the lowest grade ore that the mine produces, its productions during the time it was running will cause many a bitter wailing from several parties who have had that mine bonded at different times at from ten to fifty thousand dollars. The result of the trial run is nearly twenty tons of bullion, worth $1700 per ton; a total of $34,000. When we take into consideration that no ore has yet been smelted that has been taken only from above the surface of the mine, and of that only what was cast as being too poor to ship, as well as the fact that enough of this class of ore is in sight to run this furnace for nine years, at the lowest estimates, and also the fact that the mine has been prospected to the depth of 200 feet, and a solid ore vein 30 feet in width which assays from seven to fifteen times the amount which the ore that has been worked has shown. We say that when the vast magnitude of this amount of metal, taken into connection with the formation and its being a true fissure vein, is realized, the largest mining property in the known world is here in its infancy, and yet this is conceded not to be by far the best mine in the district. Our belief has never wavered in the slightest degree, and after a two years' acquaintance with this district that here is the "golden garden of the world."

The Roan Mine.

(Globe Silver Belt.)

We announced a few weeks ago that an important strike had been made at Pinto Creek. This week we are enabled to give some particulars. Two years ago, it will be remembered by the "old settlers," quite a furore was created in Globe by the announcement made by a man named Dunn of a wonderful gold-float found at Pinto Creek, and he backed up his statement by the production of some of the float. The writer of this article made assays from it, one of which went $23,000 in gold and over $1600 in silver. The country was searched for the ledge from which it came, but it could not be found. And so two years passed away, with occasional hunts for the ledge by the best prospectors in the district, one of whom had actually cut through it and thrown out ore in which gold was visible. A few days ago John Reiss, the owner of the property, was sinking a shaft on a vein of galena that crops upon it, when his attention was called to some ore which was being taken from a cut ten feet distant. A close examination disclosed a perfect net-work of wire-gold covering the entire mass. A ton of ore was worked out in an arrastra, and yielded 58 oz. and 15dwt. An examination of the tailings by Fred. Medler showed $500, and at least $400 worth of specimens were given away. Longitudinally through the location runs a strong vein of carbonate ore. At the northeast end, numerous small veins are found, one of which is galena, and this runs exactly for the place from which the ore is taken. Altogether, it is a strange property and a valuable one.

The Last Survivor.

General Patterson, of Pennsylvania, says the New York Tribune, is now in this city for a few days, the guest of his friend, General Wilson. This remarkable man, now in his ninetieth year, is the only survivor among the officers of the United States Army who took part in the war of 1812. He also served in the Mexican war, and was among the first to offer his services to the government in 1861. General Patterson, the survivor of three wars, still enjoys vigorous health, and is still actively engaged in an extensive manufacturing business in Philadelphia, where he continues to take a prominent part in social affairs.

It is believed that the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad will, as soon as the iron can be procured, commence laying the third rail between Denver and Pueblo, with a view to running Atchison, Toneka and Santa Fe cars through to Denver without transfer. Rail, it is understood, can be laid on the present ties. in the meantime there will be erected hoisting machinery at Pueblo for the purpose of changing the Santa Fe cars to the Rio Grande track.

The Galveston boy is progressive. He was standing in a crowd of boys on the sidewalk, when his mother called out to him to go down town and bring her a demijohn of whisky. The boy was too busy to go, but he called out: "Send the old man; I've got considerable confidence in him."—[Galveston News.

THE INSANE MURDERER

Details of the Triple Tragedy—Killed While Kneeling in Prayer.

CHICAGO, December 10.—Full details have been received of the triple tragedy in Chester, Illinois. The Times has the following account from that place: Last Friday Louis Tockstein, a man 26 years old, a farmer living about a mile east of this city, showed signs of insanity and was brought to town and placed in jail for safe keeping. Sunday his brother took him home. In the afternoon, when left unguarded, he forced his sisters out into the yard, making them kneel down and pray, but was surprised by the return of his brother. After getting into the house he became violent and had to be tied down. Monday he was delivered to the Sheriff, tried by the court, and ordered committed to the insane asylum at Anna. He had to be held until Tuesday noon for transportation. The Sheriff placed him in charge of James Waters and his brother in the St. Charles Hotel, on the ground floor. The prisoner was very quiet throughout the night and was awakened to wash for breakfast. He got up pleasantly and started to wash, when suddenly he threw the water into Gerlach's face and jumped for the window. Waters caught hold of his coat, but did not succeed in holding him. He and Gerlach pursued him, but the maniac bounded over fences and ditches like a deer and was soon out of sight. He ran west, down a long, sloping hill. At the foot of the hill, on a little plat of ground, stood the house of Thomas Ryan, a small, one-story, whitewashed house, about one hundred yards from any neighbors. The occupants on Tuesday morning were Thomas Ryan, an old man, weak and feeble, between 70 and 80 years of age; his daughter, Mrs. Smith, about 35 years of age; Mrs. Smith's daughter Sarah, aged 12, and Arthur Bardoff, 10 years old. The maniac stopped on the hillside and took off his boots. Then he jumped a rail fence and plunged bodily through the window, smashing the glass and sash. Overturning the table, he rushed into the bed room of old man Ryan and commenced to pull him out of bed. The boy, who slept with his grandfather, woke up and crawled over the foot of the bed, and ran out-doors and passed his aunt and cousin at the corner of the house, his aunt holding an axe in her hand. He kept running and gave the alarm to the neighbors, who hastened to the scene, but too late. Ryan, the woman and the little girl were weltering in their blood, great streams flowing from their heads and throats. The head of the little girl was cut entirely off, leaving the chin attached to the body, the head being carried away by the murderer. The neighbors were horrified and stood stunned upon viewing the remains while the maniac bounded over the hills, swinging the bleeding head in defiance. Gaining the woods, he disappeared from view, tearing the clothing from his body and scattering the pieces as he ran. He cleared the woods and came out at the back part of Dr. Gordon's premises. Leaping the fence he rushed into the kitchen stark naked, the child's head still in his hands. The hired girl, Mary Hightcome, had just built the fire, when Tockstein struck her with the head, knocking her down. He then rushed into the bed room of Mrs. Edward Gordon, pulled her out of bed, and would have murdered her, but the screams of both women brought the hired man, Louis Hornbeck, to their assistance, who, after a desperate struggle, succeeded in downing Tockstein. Dr. Gorden and Hornbeck tied him securely with ropes. The madman struggled desperately to get the head of little Sarah, saying it was his sister's head and he wanted it. He was again remanded to the care of the Sheriff. The facts of the case have shown great neglect on the part of all the officials connected with it in not confining this madman in the jail. The Times reporter visited the scene soon after the murder and viewed the bodies and the premises. Ryan's body lay about ten feet from the corner of the house. To the right lay the body of Mrs Smith. About five feet on the other side of her lay little Sarah Smith, the head having been returned to the body. The sight was horrible. Great pools of blood saturated the ground in heaps of human gore. The gory axe, on which the hairs of the old, gray-headed man were still sticking, was there between the bodies, and the gold dental plate knocked from the mouth of Mrs. Smith, with her two teeth still attached. The axe showed of the yellow clay on the outside of the house. There were no signs of any struggle. They were killed on the spot where they undoubtedly knelt to pray. The maniac, standing there with drawn axe, told them to make their peace with Almighty God and waited with bated breath for them to say amen, striking the man, woman and child almost simultaneously. The blows of the axe were heard by the neighbors, like the dull thud of one hammering leather.

An Inconsistent River.

The Missouri River is the nightmare of railroad men—a mysterious, shifting, slimy nightmare. It is the most inconsistent, incomprehensible and uncertain stream in the world. It cuts out channels for itself which one would be willing to swear was the very best which the country affords. It jogs along apparently contented and satisfied, and seems to have the air of remarking: "Now, I have got a good thing. This is what I have been looking for for the past thousand years." Then, all of a sudden, it takes a fancy to investigate the entomological qualities of a curious sort of a bug it discovers roaming off in the prairie a mile or two away, and starts for it, cutting and slashing out a path in the soft soil. The next morning it lies settled down in its new bed with an air of satisfaction that compels the conviction that it caught the bug and that it will be quiet until it sees another one.

"LITTLE baby is very ill, Charlie; I am afraid he will die." "Well, if he does die, mamma, he won't go to the bad place." "Why, how do you know that, Charlie?" "Oh, I know he can't, mamma; he's got no teeth to gnash."

THE venerable parson stands up in church and decries the follies of this world; but if he is bald-headed, it is generally noticed that he scrapes the fringe of his hair above his ears up over the bald spot just as carefully as other men.

TERRITORIAL NEWS NOTES.

Scissored and Penciled from the Columns of the Citizen's Contemporaries.

"Change cars for Tombstone!"

Phenix got .51 of an inch of rain on the 15th.

Phenix has a lodge of the Independent Order of Red Men.

Tombstone is to have a law-suit over a dog—the departed Billy Potuskey's handsome greyhound.

It rained a whole day at Yuma last week, the first, the Sentinel declares, that has fallen for four years.

F. M. Carroll, an old man from San Diego, died very suddenly at Tombstone on the night of the 16th.

The Nellie Boyd Troupe opened at Phenix on the 17th, in a short engagement, prior to going to Prescott.

Tombstone will soon be connected with Benson and the balance of the outside world by rail. This time "for sho."

The Prescott Democrat is so crowded with advertisements that a daily supplement is necessary. A good sign of prosperity.

Another man has been carelessly handling a revolver in Tombstone. This time, however, he won forgiveness by shooting himself in the leg.

The Prescott Miner comes to this office with a startling regularity—about once in three weeks. Come, now, that is hardly fair.

A call has been published for a meeting of the stockmen of Yavapai county to decide on the terms of a law regulating a time of the year for marking and branding stock.

Billy Dearing has brought into Prescott three of the largest and fattest bears we have seen in the country. They were killed in the hills west of Thumb Butte. Bears are plentiful in that section the present season.

Fifteen miles north of Phenix, during a storm last week, the lightning struck the telegraph line and ran along it about a mile, reducing it to a cinder which can be crumbled in the hand. At the same time the lightning arrester at the office in town was very badly burned.

Wm. Souffrian, foreman of the Mountain Maid mine at Tombstone, met with a severe and painful accident this morning. Being in the bottom of the shaft, on Allen street, a heavy rock fell from the bucket, hitting him on the back opposite the heart. He was attended to by Dr. Greer, and was for a time insensible, but is now getting along all right.

Tombstone is getting a touch of the tramp nuisance. Hon. Harry Woods, of the Nugget intimates that has been "struck" half a dozen times for a half while going a single block. There is one of two things absolutely certain: Either Tombstone newspaper men are bloated capitalists, or the tramp has sadly degenerated since he left Tucson. An editor with a half dollar, forsooth!

Mr. McCafferty's Views on a Division of the County.

On Friday, the 25th day of August, 1880, the Democrats of Pima county met in this city in convention, and among others nominated John McCafferty, of Arivaca, for member of the House. Among other resolutions passed by the aforesaid Democratic party, by the delegates there assembled, was the following:

"Resolved, That our Legislative delegation are hereby instructed, in the event of their election, to pass a law dividing the county, establishing the line of the new county somewhere west of the San Pedro River."

In due time Mr. McCafferty was elected, but it would seem from the following, which appeared in the Star of Sunday, over Mr. McCafferty's signature, that he has no respect for the platform, and does not mtend to live up to the text laid down by his party:

"As the question of the division of Pima county, like a speck from out our southern horizon in mid summer, rises from out a repugnant reservoi, of idiotic aspirations, our tax-payersr like residents of our adobe-roofed habitations, are now preparing against this whirlwind of unnecessary taxation.

"That there is territory enough within the present boundary lines of our country for the creation of another county, is generally conceded, but that there is a resident population sufficient for the maintenance of two county seats, without an increase of taxation to the people of both such counties, is not conceded. In fact, the tax-payers of the county, and more especially those residing in and along the San Pedro Valley, claim the present rate of taxation is more than it should be; therefore, it seems to me, no member of the next Legislature could be regarded as a friend of our people who would raise his voice or cast his vote in favor of an act which must necessarily increase the taxation of every producer in the county."

"The question," says Mr. McCafferty, "like a speck from out our southern horizon in mid summer rises from out a repugnant reservoir of idiotic asperations."

That is rather "ruff" on the party which nominated Mr. McCafferty and from whom he accepted the nomination—as they supposed—in good faith. But Mr. McCafferty sets himself up above the party and in substance tells it that he has no respect for the platform, and that he will, now that he is elected, do as he pleases. Had he have said this before the election, as it was his duty to have done under the circumstances, he would without doubt have been elected—to stay at home. However, as we are not responsible for Mr. McCafferty's election, we leave him to fight it out with his own party.

After Long Years.

San Diego has been living on expectation for a long time. She has been bamboozled by Tom Scott and others for years. Fair promises have been made time and again, and as often broken. She aspired to be a terminus of a great overland road, and for a long time would have nothing to do with the Southern Pacific folks. But her "guiding star" has been growing dimmer year after year, and finally she is glad to accept a branch road from the Southern Pacific. We should have been glad to have had a direct route East from San Diego to Yuma. It would have been a good thing, not only for that unfortunate town, but would have been worth much to Arizona. But for the present San Diego will have to content herself with a branch road, but in time she may get a direct outlet to Yuma and the East.

MILL-STONES MUST GO.

Hungarian Rollers to Take their Place.

[Minneapolis Correspondence Cincinnati Commercial.]

The old mill-stones are all being taken out and new steel rollers are substituted in their places. Wheat, by the new process of flour-making, is not ground; it is cracked. It passes through five sets of rollers, each roller set closer than the former. These rollers are thirty inches long and ten inches in diameter. After passing between each set of rollers it is "bolted," or sifted, through cloth. The last rollers have hardly anything but wheat hulls and the waxy germs which do not crack up, but smash together. So flour is now cracked and disintegrated without grinding. The first rollers crack the kernels of wheat into say six pieces. The starchy substance which rattles out drops through the cloth sieves or bolting-cloths. These six pieces are broken between the next rollers into thirty-six pieces. Then the white starch-crumbs are sifted out again, and the thirty-six pieces are passed between still tighter rollers, which crack them into 216 pieces; another set of rollers multiply each of these particles into six more, making them aggregate 1,296. Another set of rollers screwed together with immense pressure makes 7,776 pieces. The scientific miller says a grain of wheat is finally cracked into 7,776 pieces without being round at all. This is the Hungarian process. The germ of a kernel of wheat is a waxy substance not fit to eat. Between stones this germ grinds into the flour and damages it. By the new process of the Hungarian rollers this germ is flattened out and it is bolted out. However, it is finally ground up with the debris on stones to make low-grade flour, which we sell in Rotterdam at $2 50 per barrel.

How He Was Laid.

[Wall Street News.]

It was in a smoking car on the Hudson River Road. A New Yorker was exhibiting an invention to several gentlemen, when an old farmer with a settled look of sadness on his face heaved a sigh, and said:

"I never see any such thing without wanting to weep."

"Nothing about this invention to weep over that I can see," replied the inventor.

"Wall, it sort o' calls up old recollections. Twenty years ago this month I thought I had a fortune in my grasp. Yes, sir. I believed I had struck the biggest thing since steam was brought into use."

"What was it?"

"One day when the old woman was flat down with her lame leg I had to cook my own dinner. After I'd got the pancake batter all fixed up I couldn't find the greased rag the old woman used to rub over the spider. Sort o' absent minded like I picked up a piece of raw turnip from the table and used it instead. It worked to a charm—no smell—no smoke—no stick."

He paused here to wipe away a tear, and then continued:

"There was the fortune. I figured that 9,000,000 greased rags in use in this country five months in the year. Fifty thousand barrels of grease were used up greasing spiders. Over a hundred thousand dollars wasted and gone. One turnip would make six greasers; one thousand bushels would make enough to supply the country. All that was needed was to cut them out in fancy style, affix a handle, and go to supplying the demand at ten cents each."

"There was money in it."

"No, there wasn't. I bought a hundred bushels of turnips, $56 worth of wire, and hired two men to go to work, and then I took a greaser and went over into Vermont to see how it would take. They wouldn't have it. They had something more simple and much cheaper."

"What could it have been?"

"They spit on the spider!" replied the old man, as a tear made a break down his nose and was swallowed up in the dust on the floor.

Curry's Brass Mine.

[Homer Mining Index.]

Our readers will remember that some months ago Bob Cameron and John J. Curry came into camp from a prospecting trip, looking very owlish and exhibiting samples of rock from a tremendous vein they had discovered. Assays subsequently showed a value of several cents a ton. From the appearance of the samples it was suspected at the time that the boys had located the levee at the north end of Oneida Lake; but we know now that they actually found something, and are not surprised that they should wear a puzzled a mystified look. Other parties have since jumped the claim and extracted a large amount of ore, which, if it be anything at all, is nearly pure brass. The metal has been tested in various ways, both here and in Bodie, and the result is the same—brass. It is proposed to form a company to work this metallurgical monstrosity, and to manufacture its product into merchantable articles. One of the parties concerned remarked to the Index man: "We've stuff enough in sight to fence the whole d——d country with brass candlesticks ten feet high." The original discoverers have no doubt missed a good thing. We asked Bob why he didn't stay and try to do something with his discovery. Then his nose twinkled and his eyes got green. Said he: "You do not know what I suffered on that trip. Every night after we'd got tucked away under the blankets, Curry'd begin, 'When I was State Printer in Oregon—,' and I'd have to climb a tree to escape his infernal ding-dong about what a big man he used to be in Oregon. You know he had a way of nudging a fellow of every word or two. Well, one day I was leaning against a big tamarack, and he came up and started on his rigmarole. I just slipped down and crawled away, and left him to bore that tree as much as he liked. When I got back to camp, six or eight hours afterward, dern my skin if he hadn't nudged that tamarack clean off and started in on an oak stump. Oh, I couldn't stand it, and had to come home.

THE Denver and Rio Grande Railroad has concluded a contract with Philadelphia parties for thirty-two locomotives to meet the growing demand for transportation, and also to stock the extensions. This order makes 124 locomotives that have been bought for this road since the 1st of November, 1879, 92 of which have been delivered.

TELEGRAPHIC.

A Disgraceful and Serious Altercation in the House of Represenaatives.

Sparks, of Illinois, and General Weaver Call One Another Pet Names,

And Strip Off Their Coats for a Stand-Up-and-Knock-Down Fight.

Both Participants to Be Compelled to Make Public Apology and Be Reprimanded.

Delicate Compliments.

WASHINGTON, December 21.—The disgraceful scene in the House this afternoon is the absorbing topic of the town talk to-night, and conjecture is rife as to what will be its consequence to-morrow. It is agreed on all hands that the principals in this most unseemly affair must be subjected to the severe disipline of public reprimand by the Speaker of the House, and compelled to apologize for their grossly unparliamentary language and conduct, on penalty of expulsion in case of refusal. The excitement in the Hall during the progress of the altercation, and for some minutes after its termination, was intense—almost beyond description. When Sparks roared out "You are a scoundrel and a villain!" in response to Weaver's epithet of "Liar!" Weaver rapidly walked towards him, stripping off his coat as he proceeded; and Sparks, after clutching a chair for a moment as if to raise it for a weapon, commenced to take off his coat and moved towards his approaching adversary. Numbers of their respective friends hastened to seize and hold them back, but Jones, of Texas, a Greenback sympathizer with Weaver, had meanwhile jumped over his desk, exclaiming, "If there's going to be a fight, I'm in it!" Mills, of Texas, was observed to plunge his hand into a hip pocket, as if to draw a pistol. The members gathered hastily to the point from all points of the House, and amid cries of "order!" "order!" "Sergeant-at-Arms!" and all sorts of undistinguishable utterances, the confusion momentarily increased until it actually looked as if a free-fight were imminent. Speaker Randall, very properly disregarding the fact that the House was in Committee of the Whole, and that no motion to rise had been made, hastily took the Chair, displacing the mild-mannered Chairman, who was ineffectually trying to quell the tumult, and strongly pounding with the gravel, commanded order, and directed the Sergeant-at-Arms to enforce it. This command proved effective and the parliamentary forms of coming out of Committee of the Whole were then promptly gone through with and the House immediately adjourned until noon to-morrow. It is proper to add that the sympathy of the House and the current of popular feeling are mainly with Weaver, as against Sparks, for the latter manifestly provoked the violent issue, and egged Weaver into an outburst very unnecessarily.

More of It.

WASHINGTON, December 22.—In the House—After prayer by the Chaplain, the Speaker, as usual, directed the Clerk to read the journal of yesterday, whereupon Bowman rose to a question of privilege relative to the disgraceful proceedings which had occurred in the House yesterday.

The Speaker said the Chair would prefer the gentleman wait until the journals should have been read.

Bowman (Rep.) said it was on that point he wished the Speaker to rule. A vote of the House stated that members should be held to answer—not be subject to the censure of the House—for anything laid in debate, if further debate or business had intervened. He desired to know whether the reading of the journal could be construed as such intervening business as would shut off further proceedings by the House for the gross violation of its dignity.

The Speaker said the reading of the journal would take from the House none of its privileges.

Immediately after the reading of the Journal, McLane, as a question effecting the dignity of the House, called attention to the scene of disorder which took place on the floor yesterday, and which he characterized as offensive, derogatory and discreditable to the House as a parliamentary body. He called upon both offending members, before any other business was entered, to relieve themselves of that offense by ample apology.

No response having been made by either member immediately concerned, Bowman rose to present what he called a substantive proposition. He spoke of the scene of yesterday as a crime and as an insult offered to the House, to Congress and to the country. There was not, he said, a man present who did not yesterday hang his head in shame, and did not regard that scene as personally disgraceful, and all over the country and world men were reading this morning of "Pot-house brawl," "gambling house quarrel," and the fight with fists (only prevented by force) that took place yesterday.

Harris, of Virginia, suggested that perhaps both offending members were now willing to make an apology, and if so, they ought to have an opportunity at once.

Haskell suggested that other members had been guilty of conduct equally worthy of censure.

McLane insisted on his question of privilege, and offered a resolution requiring the two offending members to apologize to the House.

In the course of McLane's remarks, he recognized that most of the members present yesterday were partly responsible for the scene of yesterday.

Bowman took the floor and quoted a remark of Fernando Wood as to the character of yesterday's incident, adding that if the two offending members had been two boys fighting on the sidewalk they would have spent the night in the Toombs and be brought before the Police Court in the morning. He felt that the House should now take action that would be a warning. He would, therefore, offer a resolution of expulsion, a punishment which would only be commensurate with the offense.

After further discussion in the same vein, and after reading an extract from the Congressional Record covering the question of the offense, Bowman's resolution was read, declaring that for gross breach of the privileges of the rules and decorum of the House, the two members be expelled.

Bowman moved as a substitute that a committee of three be appointed to report without delay what proceedings should be taken by the House.

Same Herald Statements.

NEW YORK, December 20.—The Herald, quoting the statement of Sir Rutherford Alcock, that in 1872, 5174 vessels entered Chinese waters under the American flag, with a tonnage of 3,471,293, and in '79 only 818 vessels entered and cleared, with a tonnage of 2,996,532, says: "Surely the most prejudiced and opaque minds in and out of Congress may gather from this data the urgent necessity for some immediate effort to relieve American shipping from the restrictions now crushing it down, as well as legislation that will encourage its revival and enable the country to share in the vast volume of the Pacific trade which will inevitably spring up when the Isthmus canal is cut.

The same paper says: "General McDowell is a close personal friend of Garfield, and if Ohio is to be the choice of the next President, McDowell may be Secretary of War.

Suicides.

STOCKTON, December 20.—Antonio Parasigma suicided by shooting himself yesterday.

ALVARADO, December 20.—The body of a well-dressed man has been washed out by the Alameda Creek, with a bullet hole in the temple.

SACRAMENTO, December 20.—Balz Sutter suicided Saturday night by hanging himself to the bedpost in his room at the hotel.

A New Feminine Artifice.

OAKLAND, December 20.—Yesterday a man named Pearson, and his wife, from Sacramento, arrived at the Bartlett House. Shortly afterwards both took poison. The man is dead, but the woman is recovering.

Drowned.

SAN FRANCISCO, December 20.—J. C. Calhoun, an inmate of the Insane Asylum at Stockton, recently committed from Esmeralda county, Nevada, was drowned near the city yesterday. He had recovered his reason and would have been discharged in a few days. He was a nephew of the late Senator Calhoun.

Ireland's Revolution.

DUBLIN, December 20.—The country is drifting nearer to the rocks and nothing is done to save it. The wave of agitation sweeps with greater force through the provinces, and although it is met with a check in Ulster, nobody can tell how long the barriers which the loyal feeling in Ulster imposes will be able to stand the repeated shocks at Parnell's hands. Coercion has triumphed, while the Government shrinks from any attempt to counteract it.

The Rowers.

LONDON, December 20.—Boyd, of Middlesburgh, repeats his offer to row Hanlan over the Tyne course for £500 a side, ten weeks after signing the articles of agreement.

The Irish Problem.

LONDON, December 20.—David R. Plunket, member of the House of Commons for Dublin University, speaking of the Conservative meeting at Chelmsford yesterday, said the Government was bound to fall. While deploring the outrages in Ireland, he asked his hearers to take into account the influences which are brought to bear on his countrymen by the agitators, seeking to serve their own purposes.

James Stansfield, Radical member for Halifax, speaking at Somerby Bridge, said that as a member of the Commission on Agriculture he had spent some time in Ireland studying the Irish question. They had now, he said, to face a great crisis, and he believed a remedy for the present state of things would be found.

In Business for Themselves.

LONDON, December 21.—The Boors of Transvaal, South Africa, have rebelled against British rule, and set up a Republic for themselves, electing Paul Kruger President. There was no violence.

Glad to Hear It.

SAN FRANCISCO, December 21.—The Southern Pacific Railroad is now open for business to within 45 miles of El Paso.

Another Tramp Outrage.

TRIPULO, Miss., December 21.—Two tramps were given lodging at the house of one Bowen. During last night Bowen, his wife and a two-year-old daughter were murdered by the tramps, who afterwards set fire to the house. The bodies were found next morning. A posse of citizens pursued the men and caught one, whom they burned at a stake.

Murder in San Francisco.

SAN FRANCISCO, December 21.—Between 9 and 10 o'clock this morning Miss Frederika Drell, single, a native of Germany, was found dead at her residence, 702 California street. One of the roomers in the house entered the old lady's sleeping apartment and discovered her lying on a sofa, partly dressed. She had been choked with a part of a towel. Some valuable jewelry is missing, and the object of the murder was evidently robbery. There is no clue to the perpetrators.

The Heavy Rain in California.

SAN FRANCISCO, December 20.—Reports from the interior indicate a general and heavy rain.

The Atlantic and Pacific.

It is estimated that on the opening of the Atlantic and Pacific Railway from Albuquerque, New Mexico, to the Great Colorado River, a distance of six hundred miles, the total tonnage will be per annum not less than 50,000 tons. This is from the present population and business now on the line. The rapid increase in population and permanent growth of the mining industry incident to the construction will more than double the tonnage after the first year.

THE trees are beginning to get their trunks in order, and they'll keep them so all winter, so they can leave early in the spring.—[Eastern Exchange.

"WHAT I wants ter know," said an Arkansas school board official, "is how a river's mouf is gwine ter be bigger dan its head."

A HACKMAN'S idea of hire education—knowledge how to charge.

P. R. TULLY, President. R. M. JACOBS, Cashier.

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