

THE DARLINGTON HERALD.

VOL. IV.

DARLINGTON, S. C., FRIDAY, JUNE 29, 1894.

NO. 30.

TO-DAY.

Is not this day enough for all our powers? If its exactions were but fairly met— If not one unpaid debt, Were left to haunt the peace of future hours, And sting us with regret! Unbounded blessing lieth in To-day, If we but seek we find it hidden there; It is the golden feast, Leading, it may be, by an unknown way To all we hope or dare. From sun to sun let us this lesson learn: Upon To-day our fairest chances wait, And, whether soon or late, Our destiny upon its hinge may turn— To-day, sweet friends, is Fate. —(Annie L. Mussey in Youth's Companion.)

Tradegar's Mistake.

It was at Lady Horsham's regatta at Dippington that Gordon Melrose met Lady Sciva on his return from Japan after an absence of nearly two years. Lady Sciva was the youthful widow of a septagenarian peer, and Gordon Melrose, well, everybody knows Gordon Melrose. The two were old friends—but friends who had seen very little of one another for years. There was almost a spice of strangeness to season the friendship. Melrose secured a drape and begged that they might sit it out. "The terrace is beautifully cool," he said, "and this room is so terribly hot—and, truth to tell, I am no great dancer."

And Lady Sciva consented readily enough. And when the time came, the pair left the noise and riot of the ballroom for the fragrant silence and darkness of the terrace. "How very dark it is!" said the beautiful widow after awhile—and she peered out at the night and its thousand fets of fire. They were seated at the end of the terrace, which overlooked the bay, where innumerable flotilla of yachts lay smoothly at anchor under the midnight sky.

"I love darkness," replied Melrose. "It is like the enchanter's wand, which can invest with beauty and mystery even the most commonplace of things. I remember once, in the Tavandra Valley, some engineering person had run an iron bridge across. Commonplace people call this a triumph of something or other. But to me it was a mere modern abomination, clumsily shaped in iron, a nightmare of rivets and girders, destined to end in mechanical failure, by day. But at night—when the moonlight waded his wand—the clumsy brick towers stood out like giants on the heights, and they seemed to be swinging huge chains across the abyss for Titans to skip to. It was a wonderful sight. I never shall forget it."

He paused awhile, and then continued: "But there is one dark place on this earth which is not made beautiful by darkness—and that is the corner where they keep the reasons why women do unaccountable things."

She shot a glance at him, but his face seemed inscrutable in the darkness. "What do you mean?" she demanded. "I will tell you a story. If you have heard it before, or don't like it, stop me. Once upon a time—it is a fairy tale, only a fairy tale, you understand—there were a man and a girl—in Japan. The girl was the most beautiful thing that the world had ever seen—a fair, delicate flower grown in the very garden of Venus's own self. And the man was devoted to her."

The lover said, "For one touch of her hand I would give my kingdom." "So sweet she is!" The balmy song he sang, "I will give you my kingdom." "Is that the way you used to talk to the Japanese ladies?" "Not quite that way. In the first place, they would not be worthy. And the man—"

"Was he a beautiful thing, too?" "Struck in Lady Sciva with a sarcastic side-glance, she said, "I am a fairy-land."

"No. He was a real man. Not like me, you understand, who am not real, however attractive, but a real man, who did things and wished to do things—the kind of man I like, though I don't do things myself—and who fell in love like a raging madman—of six feet two, with a mustache—furious, unreasonably, wavering between breaking somebody else's head and blowing out his own brains on the slightest provocation—or none, for choice—quite regardless of the inconvenience to others. Does the story bore you?"

"No," replied Lady Sciva, in a faint voice. "For three months he was the devoted slave of the girl, now madly exulting in the belief that he was loved, and anon thrust down in the blackest gulf of despair, when he thought he was being played with. I know this because the man had one friend, whom he confided in and even consulted—though only with the view of rejecting advice—and this was an aged man, who lives on the slopes of the great mysterious mountain Fuji—in a hut—and he mentioned the story to me."

"Continue," said Lady Sciva, in hushed tones. "This man Tradegar came to me—my aged friend one day, and said, with a ghastly face and eyes that glittered like points of ice, and a voice like the spectre of a dead voice, 'It is all over. She has sent me to the right about. Led me on, encouraged me in every way, told me that she loved

me in everything but actual words, and now she tells me that she cannot marry me, and is going to marry old Lord—' that is, a great Daimio, who was potent in wealth and venerable in years. It was a terrible scene. Tradegar was nearly mad. His friend watched him closely, took him home, and remained with him hours till the fit had worn itself out by its own efforts. There was the awful dread of suicide."

"Ah!" gasped Lady Sciva. "Yes. Tradegar himself suspected at last, and he swore solemnly by all he held sacred that he would never lay a finger on himself. 'I am tired of life,' he said; 'I have bid adieu to the world, but I promise you that. Still look on me as dead.' Two days after that he left England, and the next heard of him was a paragraph in the papers telling of the slaughter of a handful of English by the Khan-du Khor."

"His name was in the list of dead. It seemed, too, that he might have escaped, for his horse was better than the rest and unharmed; but he stayed behind to pick up a wounded comrade, and he was the first to be speared by the savages. If he had lived he would have had the Victoria Cross, but he died—and then I understood."

"What?" "That he meant to be killed. He would not take his own life, but he threw himself in the way of death—and that is all."

Lady Sciva had pulled at the lace of her fan until it was torn in several places, but she seemed not to be aware of this ruin. When Melrose had finished—and it was strange to note how all the levity had vanished from his voice and manner—she turned to him abruptly. "Why did you tell me this horrible thing?" she demanded with fierce intensity. "Do you mean to fix the guilt of his death on—"

"On no one. Believe me. The guilt, if there is any, lies with the dead—may he rest in peace now! For I hold that no one human being has a right to hang his life on the favor of another, and blame the other when the support gives way—by time, or natural change, or—"

"How little you know!" she interrupted passionately. "The support did not give way."

"Indeed!" replied Melrose, with slow deliberation. "The aged man did not tell me all, it would seem."

"He told you all he knew, perhaps, but the girl told me."

"A curious proof of telepathic power," murmured Melrose, "for the girl, of course, was in Japan."

"The man was a very singular man," continued Lady Sciva, "passionate, capricious, excitable, in some respects almost like a woman, in others almost a perfect man—so the girl said. She was young, you understand, and knew little about men. She fell in love with him at first sight, and from that moment she was entirely swayed by his influence—lived only in the thought of him. I have said that he was capricious."

"One evening he would dance half the night with her, and the next morning would pass her in the street with an expressionless face and a distant movement of the hat. He would be with her several times in the day for awhile, and then would not be seen for a fortnight, perhaps. He would ask her if she would be at home at such an hour, and when he came would talk to her mother, or sister, or friend—any one rather than her. Oh, the tortures she went through! For she was in love with him, you must remember."

"If she had not been so much in love, she might have managed him better, but she was like the foam on the wave which is tossed and buffeted between the sea and the storm, until at last it is dashed on the rocks. Then the old man—what did you call him?"

"The Daimio—which means 'Lord.'"

"The Daimio!" echoed Lady Sciva, with quivering lips. "The Daimio was kind to her—always kind; and when Jack—I mean the man—was unkind, she went to the Daimio, because she could trust him, and she thought that no one could say a word, as he was so old."

"What I cannot understand," replied Gordon Melrose, with a judicial air, "is, why, if she loved him, didn't she accept him—the man I mean?"

"Why! because he never asked her!"

"Never asked her? But he said she had refused him."

"He never said a word to which she could give either refusal or consent. He had told her again and again, in voice and manner, and above all with his eyes, that he loved her; but never said so, and he never said a word that could be construed into a proposal of marriage. Could she accept him before he had asked her? That would have been rash, wouldn't it?" and the beautiful lips curved in a wam smile.

"But what happened at that last interview, then?" cried Melrose, whose face betokened bewilderment. "There was no regular interview. He came to her suddenly at a ball. She had not seen anything of him for days before, and she was indignant with him. He asked her for that dance. She told him, trying to speak coolly, that she was engaged. He said, 'Are you engaged to the Daimio?' Now it happened that the Daimio was the Daimio's dance, and so she said 'Yes.'"

"He was then very strange, made some very rude remarks, and finally ordered her to throw Daimio over. She was very angry with him by this time, especially at the way in which he spoke of her dear old friend, and she told him decidedly, 'No.' He

flung away without a word, and she never saw him again. That was all."

"I begin to see," said Melrose. "He must have heard or imagined that the girl was going to marry the Daimio. This drove him half mad, and when he found that she could not give him that dance he asked her point blank if she were engaged to the Daimio, meaning to marry him, and she replied, 'Yes,' meaning for the dance. They were at cross-purposes all through, and that little mistake killed poor Tradegar."

"And nearly killed the poor girl," cried Lady Sciva, with passionate intensity. "When he went off in that sudden and heartless fashion, people said the cruellest possible things about her. Oh, it was a sin and a shame! Because the poor girl had no husband or father to protect her, and a man had treated her badly, and every one seemed to think they might do the same. Oh, the agonies she suffered! And that was why she married—literally to get a protector, one who could really take her part, and hold her head up again to the world."

"It seems to me terrible," said Melrose. "This happiness of two lives wrecked by one little mistake—and that mistake due, no doubt, to some envious woman's tongue."

"At that moment the opening bars of a brilliant waltz came pealing through the tall windows. "Perhaps so," replied Lady Sciva hastily, and she rose to her feet. "And now you must take me back to the ballroom quick. I am engaged for the next dance."

Gordon Melrose gazed at her in astonishment. There was a joyous note in her voice which confounded him. Silence he was prepared for—the silence of sorrow which is too deep for words, or the passionate complaint of a deeply injured woman. But not this.

"Come, Mr. Melrose. I can't go back to the ballroom alone!" she cried impatiently, and she moved toward the open windows. Melrose sprang to his feet at once and escorted her back to the ballroom. At the window a tall, handsome man claimed her.

"I am sorry," Melrose heard her say, as she went off on the stranger's arm. "I got up on the moment the music began, but my partner dived and I couldn't fly in alone."

As they whirled off in the crowd of dancers Melrose caught a momentary glimpse of her face. It was radiant as if transfused. The man was bending over her, whispering in her ear, and his lips approached hers.

"Who is that dancing with Lady Sciva?" inquired Melrose of another man. "Oh, that's Jack Harkness, of the Rifles. He's a lucky dog! When old Lord Sciva died he left his widow all his property absolutely. She must be worth some twenty thousand a year at least, and has a house in Grosvenor place and a fine place in Derbyshire."

"But what has Lord Sciva's will to do with this Mr. Harkness?" "What! Don't you know? Why, they are to be married at the end of the month." —[London World.]

Trees Close to Buildings.

While it is very desirable to have both fruit and ornamental trees about the house and farm buildings, yet their too close proximity is positively detrimental, as with trees that extend their branches against a building or overhang the roof. In the latter case, if of shingles, the shade from leaves and branches prevents rapid evaporation, the portion thus affected will need replacing year by year, and the gutter, rendering the cistern water filthy. Thick foliage also renders the rooms under its influence dark and damp. Of course no one plants trees with the above detrimental objects in view, yet it is always best to look a generation or more ahead in selecting trees in any locality, and imagine how a well-developed specimen of the same species would look in both height and expanse, for if the little sapling now being planted should live, it may develop wonderfully. Near set trees about a building expecting to remove a certain number of them in ten or fifteen years, for you will not do so, or will remove them very reluctantly. You may crowd some trees on the lawn, but give the buildings a wide space for air and sunlight. —[American Agriculturist.]

Proposed Ship Canals.

Surveys are to be made for a ship canal from the lakes to the Ohio river, probably by way of the Erie and Pittsburgh; the agitation in favor of the Chesapeake and Delaware ship canal is growing, and the revival of the project of the Philadelphia and New York canal has revived interest in the Cape Cod canal project, which would greatly shorten the waterway between New York and Boston. There are no physical difficulties in the way that could not be surmounted by engineering skill; the question as to each canal turns mainly on the cost and possible revenue. It is conceded that such a chain of canals would be of great advantage to the Government in case of war, and that the canals would repay in value, directly or indirectly, all that might be expended upon them, provided they should be carried to completion. —[Philadelphia Ledger.]

Since 1719 there have been, according to Hirsch, 546 epidemics of dysentery.

THE JOKER'S BUDGET.

JESTS AND YARNS BY FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

In the Anarchist Club—Net for Publication—When Skillfully Done—The Right Man, Etc., Etc.

IN THE ANARCHIST CLUB. Inner Guard (to Head Center)—You ordered beer for every man in the room? Head Center—Yes. Inner Guard—Well, there's a little red-headed man who says he never drinks beer.

Head Center—Confusion, we are discovered! —[Pearson's Weekly.]

NOT FOR PUBLICATION. Suspicious Mamma—Ethel, what detained you so long at the door just now when Mr. Spoonamore went away? Ethel (smoothing her rumpled hair)—Nothing to speak of, mamma. —[Chicago Tribune.]

WHEN SKILLFULLY DONE. Sympathizing Friend—It must give one a queer feeling to have one's pocket picked. Victim—You don't feel it at all. That's the misery of it. —[Chicago Tribune.]

THE RIGHT MAN. Clara—I wish I knew of a good dentist. Maude—I can recommend you to one, dear. They say he makes splendid false teeth.

PROFESSIONAL INSTINCT. She was engaged in conducting a department for a magazine, and her mind was very much with her work. "Did you receive my letter?" he asked. "Yes." "The one asking you to be mine?" "Yes." "Then," he said almost fiercely, "why did you not answer it?"

"Why, William!" and there was both surprise and reproach in her voice. "You know you forgot to send stamps for reply." —[Washington Star.]

SCARCITY OF SILVER. Guest (facetiously)—There are two signs of my teacup. What is that a sign of? Hostess's Little Son—That's a sign that somebody else hasn't got any spoon. —[Good News.]

A GRIEVANCE. "I'd like to know what all these spectacles!" grumbled Mr. Skinniphint. "I've always taken the very best care of them, but they've begun to fall me. I can't see through them well any more."

"Why don't you take them back to the man you bought them of?" asked Mrs. Skinniphint. "I would if I could," he rejoined savagely, "but he died fourteen years ago." —[Chicago Tribune.]

TRIALS OF GRADUATING. Uncle George (sympathetically)—So you are getting ready to graduate, Hettie, and I suppose you are full of wit. Hettie—Indeed I am. The dress-maker is here every day, and it really seems as though it were nothing but trying on from morning till night. —[Boston Transcript.]

AN OLD ONE. Talk of killing that elephant in Central Park reminds me of a baby that was fed on elephant's milk and gained twenty pounds in a week. "Goodness gracious! Whose baby was it?" "The elephant's." —[Hullo.]

APPARENTLY ALL HUMP. The cyclist with an ambition to be mistaken for a racing man rode up to a wayside watering trough, steadied himself by putting one foot on it and called out to the farmer on the other side of the fence: "Can you tell me how far it is to the next town?"

"I can't tell which way you're traveling," replied the farmer, "unless you raise your head so I can see where it's fastened on. I'm a little near sighted." —[Chicago Tribune.]

PRICELESS. Her eyes, like purest diamonds, sparkle full of light; Like rubies were her lips; her teeth like pearl. I think you'll all admit that I am in the right. When I contend she was a jewel of a girl. —[New York World.]

ONE OF THE EXCEPTIONS. Hungry Higgins—See this here sign in the window? Wary Watkins—Of course, "Bathing suits." Hungry Higgins—I jist wish to remark, comrade, that it don't suit me. —[Indianapolis Journal.]

STRICTLY FORBIDDEN. Cholly—Have a stick of chewing gum, old chappie? Fweddle—Now, thanks. My physician says I have got to quit my blasted dissipating. —[Chicago Tribune.]

HE LOOKED SO. "Dobson claims to be a self-made man." "He looks like an amateur job."

A MODERN MATCH. Employer—Want to marry my daughter, eh? And next, I suppose, you'll want your salary raised so that you can support her! Employee—Oh, no, sir! I shall expect you to support us both. —[Kate Field's Washington.]

VERY TIGHT.

"Money's awfully tight, isn't it?" "Yes; I haven't even any loose change."

THE SUBSTANCE OF IT. Judge Guffey—What passed between yourself and the complainant? O'Brien—I think, sor, a half-dozen bricks and a piece of pavin' stone. —[Raymond's Monthly.]

THE WAY GIRLS DO. Harry—Has Mabel's engagement been announced yet? Ethel—No; but she blushes frequently every time his name is mentioned and says she just hates him. —[New York World.]

EVEN WITH HER. "Is this the smoking car?" she asked in choice Bostonese, as she peered through her girlish spectacles into the uncultured conductor's face. "No, miss," he answered, with a glad, joyous feeling that for once he was getting even with a woman; "it is not."

She disappeared into the interior of the car, but in a few moments came out livid with rage. "You—told—me," she said in icy tones, "that it was not a smoking car." "It is not, miss. None of our cars smoke. It is the smoker's car." —[Detroit Free Press.]

KNOW THYSELF. Teacher—You have named all domestic animals save one. It has bristly hair, is filthy, likes dirt, and is fond of mud. Well, Tom? Tom (shamefacedly)—That's me!

HE TALKED TOO MUCH. Mrs. Meekers (during the spat)—And why don't you explain what kept you so late last night? Mr. Meekers—I will, but— Mrs. Meekers (sobbing)—You won't, oh, you know you won't. You're cruel.

Mr. Meekers—Now, Emily— Mrs. Meekers—And sobbing you treat me terribly, and I wish we'd never been married— Mr. Meekers—Emily, I want— Mrs. Meekers—There you go again, evading my question, as though I had no rights at— Mr. Meekers—I want to say— Mrs. Meekers—And talking so I can never get a word (sob) in edge-wise. [Dissolves into a flood of tears.] —[Chicago Record.]

MAKING SURE. Waiter—I expect you to pay in advance. Guest—What do you mean, sir? Waiter—No offense, sir, whatever; but the last gentleman who ate mackerel here got a bone in his throat and died without paying, and the gov'nor took it out of my wages. —[Spare Moments.]

A MODERN IKE. Now doth the would-be fisherman Begin his yearly wishing: While night and day we hear him say He'd like to go a-fishing. At night he looks his tackle o'er, Carresses reel and rod, Then lays them by, and with a sigh Goes out and buys a cod. —[Boston Courier.]

'T IS SAD, BUT TRUE. Johnny—I tell y', my mother is just lightning when she gets after you with a slipper. Tommy—Now, you're off! Lightning never strikes twice in the same place. —[Puck.]

ALREADY THAT WAY. Tom—I believe I'm becoming dull. Fred (who means to be comforting)—Nonsense. It's positively absurd to speak of your becoming so. —[Chicago Record.]

SMALL CHANGE. Conductor (to lady passenger)—Haven't you anything smaller than this dollar? The lady—Why, of course. How stupid of me! Here is a five-dollar gold piece. —[Truth.]

SHORT METRE. Say, Swoller—Why is one o' your arms so much shorter than the other—Hu? Swoller—I uster be a short-hand writer. —[Puck.]

AN ANALOGY. "Doesn't it seem a pity to cut these roses from their stems just to decorate a room? They only wither and die." "Well, they'll wither and die anyhow; and for my part, I hope that when I wither and die it will be after having been plucked from the parent to decorate a household." —[Harper's Magazine.]

A PRESENT FROM PAPA. "What did your pa give you for your birthday, Johnny?" "He had me hair cut." —[Hullo.]

FROM EXPERIENCE. Bingham—There goes a man who has a strong pull? Wilber—What is he? A politician? Bingham—No. A barber. —[Inter-Ocean.]

A Keystone Boy's Romance. Twenty years ago Joseph Brown, then a lad of twelve years, ran away from his home in Larimer, near Greensburg, and stowed himself away in the hold of a sailing vessel. The ship was wrecked, and he was sold in Africa as a slave. He escaped two years ago, and on Monday returned to Greensburg, where he made himself known to his parents, who are still living. —[Oil City Derrick.]

FARM AND GARDEN.

REMEDY FOR ONION MAGGOT.

Half a pint of kerosene is well mixed with a pint of some dry material, preferably wood ashes, but sand, sawdust, or even dry soil will do fairly well, and after the plants are well up and the trouble is at hand a sprinkling of this mixture along the rows about twice a week during the time the fly does its work will be found a sure preventive. —Scientific American.

FOOD THAT DRIES THE MILK.

A good cow will not be hurt in her milking by any of the ordinary foods in use, if given in moderation. But there are cows that will rather turn their food into fat than into milk, and such cows may be dried by overfeeding such strong food as cornmeal or other grain. Bran will not be apt to dry a cow under any circumstances, and thus it is a safer food for a cow for such cows as are too apt to fatten when well fed. Every owner of cows should carefully test each one to discover her character in this direction, for it is very true that a large proportion of cows do not pay for their feeding, and of course such cows are not profitable. More cows of this inferior kind for milk and butter will be found among the shorthorns and other breeds commonly fed for beef, than among the special dairy breeds, as the Ayrshire, the Jersey and the Holstein. —New York Times.

CUTTING OATS.

Oats should be cut for fodder at about the same stage of growth that other grasses are cut, which is when in bloom or very soon after, writes a correspondent. If cut too early the fodder will be hard to cure, and if cut after the kernels have attained much size the fodder will be poorer, beside being liable to much injury from ants and mice in the mow in winter. This rule holds good for time of cutting oats, barley, millet and wheat for fodder. Rye should be cut before it blooms, as it becomes tough and unpalatable very rapidly after it reaches the blooming stage. When the weather is favorable I have found it well to let the coarse, heavy fodders lie a day or so to wither after cutting before putting in the tedder. It hardly pays to handle green stuff of this kind full part of the water has had time to dry out. Never cut when the dew is on. —New England Farmer.

MAKING AN ASPARAGUS BED.

Of all the crops for the market garden, especially if conveniently situated to a large city, asparagus is one of the most satisfactory, because it is easy to cultivate, easy to gather and easy to sell. The land should be heavily manured and worked up to a depth of at least ten inches. Trenches are then opened up to a depth of nine inches with a plow. The plants should be set about three feet apart in these trenches, and enough earth packed about the roots to cover them well, and the harrow will complete the job, throwing in a little additional earth upon them as it is drawn lengthwise over the rows. This work may be done in the fall or spring. At the end of the season the trenches will be partially covered in and during the next year may be cultivated level, giving the roots eight or nine inches below the surface of the ground. Every spring the whole surface should receive thorough cultivation with the plow and harrow, and be well manured. Mr. Garfield, of Michigan, who has had eminent success in growing asparagus, states that he applies stable manure and refuse salt alternate years, the former at the rate of thirty-two tons per acre. —Canadian Horticulturist.

PREVENTION OF POTATO DISEASE.

Experiments in the prevention of potato disease were made at the Albert Farm, Glasnevin, and at Garryhill, County Carlow, Ireland, in 1892. According to the recently published report of the Agricultural Department, the Flounder, a variety extremely liable to disease, was selected, and the experiments were made with a view to ascertain whether the mycelium of the fungus reached the tubers through the tissues of the plant or by means of the spores falling upon the earth and then washed down to the surface of the tubers in the soil. The ground was covered early in June beneath the plants with cotton wool, carefully placed around the stems, with the object of filtering out the spores that might fall upon the ground. The disease appeared in July and the leaves of the plants were badly affected. When the potatoes were lifted in October it was found that there were no diseased tubers beneath the cotton wool, but a considerable amount of disease in the unprotected ground. Hence, it is provisionally inferred by those in charge of the experiments that disease spores reach the tubers by passing through the soil, but further experiments are necessary before stating definite conclusions. If this point be established, the advantage of high manuring, as advocated by Mr. Jensen, in providing a layer of earth of sufficient thickness to filter the rain water as it descends through the earth, and thereby arrest the spores before they could reach the tubers, will receive further proof. The potato crops in County Dublin are generally more free from disease than those grown in other parts of Ireland. This comparative immunity is attributed to the earlier planting of the crop, keeping the land free from weeds, and the general system of changing, the seed from which the crop is grown year by year.

China has 400,000,000 inhabitants and forty miles of railroad.

PRESIDENT CARNOT KILLED.

An Assassin Murders the Head of the French Republic. President Carnot of France was assassinated in Lyons Sunday. He was stabbed to death by an Italian anarchist named Santoro and died at 12.45 p. m. He had gone to Lyons to attend the Exposition, and was riding in a carriage to a theatre when Santoro leaped into the carriage and stabbed him in the abdomen.

How to Smell the Rose.

It takes half a lifetime to learn how to do anything perfectly. Few know how to inhale the perfume of a flower. The idea should be to capture "the fine fugitive first of all" atoms by the slightest and most delicate possible inhalation. If you jam your nose down into the flower you miss the essential aster and get a rank smell of the petals or leaves, a very different thing from the fragrance secreted by the glands at the base of the stamens and pistils. —Boston Transcript.

Blue-Eyed Men.

Blue-eyed men are the most sentimental of the species. At least, this is what an eminent physiognomist says. They are peculiarly susceptible to the influence of the opposite sex, melt under the warmth of one ardent glance, have emotional, mercurial affections and are found by the coquettes to be easier game to bag than hold. —San Francisco Chronicle.

NEW YORK CITY.—Fifteen people were drowned by the capsizing of steam launch in the Hudson river Sunday.

FIFTY-THIRD CONGRESS.

The Senate. 152D DAY.—The Senate disposed of the 152d day's business and nearly all of the bills of the Tariff bill. 153D DAY.—The last two schedules of the Tariff bill proper were passed. During the discussion Mr. Hill, of New York, moved a vote on the floor of two amendments, only seven votes being cast for it. 154TH DAY.—Rapid progress was made with the free list of the Finance Committee being disposed of. The Finance Committee sustained its first defeat. It came at the close of the day's session, when there were more absentees than members of the chamber than was consistent with assured victory on that side. The subject of the amendment to the committee was placed on the free list. On motion of Mr. Perkins, it was placed on the dutiable list at seven cents a pound. 155TH DAY.—Mr. Jones moved that twenty-six paragraphs of the Tariff measure as reported from the Finance Committee be eliminated, and in the absence of objections this was agreed to. These twenty-six paragraphs comprise these so-called administrative features of the Gorman compromise. Consideration of the free list was made. The Senate introduced a joint resolution requesting the President to negotiate a treaty with the Government of Great Britain providing that for a period of two years all differences or disputes between the Governments of the two countries shall be referred to arbitration. 156TH DAY.—The income tax section of the Tariff bill was taken up, and Messrs. Hill, Higgins and Hoar spoke against it. The vote was 15 to 14 in favor of the tax to the first day of January, 1900. A graduated income tax was rejected. Just before adjournment the Finance Committee reported a bill to amend the act of March 3, 1879, relating to the bonded debt and losses. The measure was then discussed by Messrs. Hill, Sherman, Aldrich and Hale.

The House.

152D DAY.—The provision of the Indian Supply bill, removing the Indian supply warehouse from New York to Chicago was defeated. The bill was then passed. 153D DAY.—Reconsideration of the Hatch Anti-Option bill was begun. The House passed the joint resolution to extend the appropriations of the year ending June 30 until the appropriation bills for the coming year are passed. 154TH DAY.—The Secretary of the Interior was directed to sell at public auction 100,000 acres of pine land in the Cherokee Reservation, Minn., and to surrender to the city of Newport, Ky., for park purposes, the old site of the Newport Barracks. This was chiefly spent in general debate on the Hatch Anti-Option bill, speeches against it being delivered by Messrs. Coombs and Aldrich, and a speech in its favor by Mr. Bliley. 155TH DAY.—The debate on the Hatch Anti-Option bill was continued all day. 156TH DAY.—An amendment was passed at close debate on the Anti-Options bill at once. Discussion of the measure lasted all day. 157TH DAY.—Speaker Orsbury was still unable to come up to the Capitol, and when the House met Representative Bailey again took the Chair. Favorable reports were made on bills to establish a National park on the battlefield of Shiloh, and to increase the penalty of survivors of the Mexican and Indian wars and their widows. The House then went into Committee of the Whole on the Hatch Anti-Option bill, two hours being reserved for amendments and discussion until the five o'clock rule, and the hour for the author of the bill in which to close debate. An amendment offered by Mr. Aldrich to include four hundred articles that may not be dealt in under the bill was agreed to—38 to 33. An amendment offered by Mr. Cox was agreed to—107 to 91—excepting from the operations of the bill sales for future delivery by the owner of the property, or by an agent of the owners, with a proviso added, on motion of Mr. Leamy, that where the delivery of goods sold was prevented by failure of transportation or other fault of the carrier the penalty of the bill shall not apply. The vote was then taken on the passage of the bill. It was announced as passed, 130 yeas, 87 nays and not voting, 1. Mr. Bayers moved that the House resolve itself into Committee of the Whole to consider the General Deficiency Appropriation bill. Agreed to, and Mr. Hyrum took the Chair. After a brief session of the bill by Mr. Sayers, the committee rose, and at 5 o'clock the House took a recess until 8 o'clock. At the night session the House, in Committee of the Whole, considered fifteen private pension bills and, at 10.30, adjourned.