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A CROP OF KISSES.

From her side I go singin' in the mornin' cool an' gray,
When the dew shines in the furrow, an' the hill climbs into day;
An' I kiss her at the partin'—she's the sweetest thing in life—
Like I use to kiss my sweetheart, 'fore my sweetheart was my wife.

It's a kind of goody kissin'—though it's kissin' mighty soon!
An' I say, "I'll make it last me 'till the shadders point to noon."
An' the keen larks sing: "He kissed her!" an' the winds sing: "So did we!"
When some wild rose comes a-clembin' an' jes' steals her kiss from me!

Then the plough stands in the furrow, an' I look where I left her, as I sing across the field;
'Here's the winds a-laughin' at me; here's the larks a-singin' this:
'He's kissed her, kissed her, kissed her—but the rose has stole the kiss.'

Then, with all the birds a-singin' an' a-sweetin' me so sweet,
I lose sight o' all the grasses roun' the corn blades at my feet,
An' my horse looks roun' a-wonderin' 'till he almost seems to say:
'Will you make a crop o' kisses or another crop o' hay?'

An' I don't know how to answer, for I'm thinkin' an' I seem
Like a feller jes' a-wakin' from the middle of a dream.
An' horse is out o' harness, with his mane a-flowin' free,
An' the rose that stole her kisses—well, she kisses it and me!

—[Southern Magazine.]

PROVING HIS THEORIES.

Wanted—Valet; must have good references. Apply A. D. Goodman, King's Road, Chelsea.

Such was the advertisement which appeared in several London dailies. At 10 o'clock the same morning, a short, thick-set man, with an extremely red nose, showing that he had been a high-liver in the servants' hall, knocked at the door of the house on King's Road. A neatly attired servant girl, with a muslin cap perched on her pretty features appeared on the threshold.

"Is Mr. Goodman in?" asked the caller.

"He is," responded the girl, with several critical glances at the man, who stood before her.

"I should like to see him on business."

"Step in."

The visitor was ushered into a bright front room.

"What name shall I say?"

"Mr. Smiler."

The girl disappeared. Then the man began to examine the apartment in a leisurely manner. Several handsome paintings and quite a collection of rare bric-a-brac bore ample testimony to the artistic propensities of the master of the house.

"Some swell, evidently," murmured the man with the red face.

The girl reappeared.

"Master wants to know what's your business."

"I called in reference to an advertisement for a valet."

"Oh!" she tossed her head and again vanished. About five minutes elapsed and then the girl entered the room.

"You can wait here," she said.

"Master isn't up yet."

"For forty minutes the visitor was left to his reflections.

"Must be some blooming sport," he commented. Then the door opened and a tall, pale gentleman entered the room in a languid fashion, picked up the morning paper and carelessly scanned the contents, as though oblivious to the presence of the visitor. He read the telegraphic news and then the local. The servant brought in a tray upon which reposed breakfast bacon, eggs, a cup of coffee and rolls. The gentleman put up his nose and said:

"Jane, take away these dishes. Leave the coffee."

The servant obeyed.

"His appetite isn't good to-day," commented the caller. The gentleman sipped the coffee with apparent relish, read again the cable article from Paris and finally lighted a cigar. All this time the visitor remained standing respectfully. At last he ventured to cough, and the gentleman, turning to him, remarked:

"Ah—you called about the advertisement?"

"Yes, sir."

"Where are your references?"

"Here, sir," and he took from his pocket a bulky package.

"Well, I don't care to see them."

"I served last the Duke of—"

"What the deuce do I care whom you served? Will you accept a guinea a week and expenses?"

"Yes, sir."

"Very well; we leave to-night for Paris. See that everything is ready."

With that the gentleman took up his hat and cane, and strolled out of the house in a leisurely, half-bored way.

"He is a rum un," commented the visitor.

Two days later the gentleman and his servants were quartered in Paris. The former has rented a magnificent furnished house in a fashionable part of the city. Try as he would, Smiler could learn little of his new master. He came and went. He usually arrived about 2 in the morning and sometimes Smiler had to put him to bed. He got up anywhere between 10 o'clock and noon. Sometimes he breakfasted heartily; at other times he merely sipped his coffee, Smiler

was commissioned to buy tickets for every fashionable event from the opera to the races, and he always came and departed in a private carriage, quite an elegant equipage. About this time the Parisian newspapers were agitating the remarkable tests in spiritualism given before eminent gentlemen by a peasant woman in Milan. The psychological society was in session in the French capital and the comments on the feats performed in Italy were made more interesting by the presence of a reformed English mind reader. This gentleman showed great aptitude in ferreting out criminals, and his accuracy in this respect made him feared by the wrong doers. Mr. Smiler read of these wonders, but being of a skeptical disposition, took nothing of them. One morning when the gentleman was sipping his coffee, he looked up from his paper and said to Smiler:

"Markham, the mind reader, has run down another criminal, Smiler. What do you think of that?"

"If I might venture an opinion, sir, I should say it was all bosh."

"All bosh, eh? May I ask why, sir?"

"Well, sir, it stands to reason, sir, that no man can read what is going on in another man's mind. It is against nature, and what's against nature can't be done, sir. My idea is, sir, that this man, this fraud, I will call him, sir, is in collusion with these fellows and 'pays 'em. That's my impression, sir. Easiest thing to humbug these French savants, sir. A criminal, sir, can't be detected except by detectives, and they make an awful botch of it, sir."

"So you don't believe in it?"

The gentleman was now drinking his second cup of coffee.

"That I don't, sir."

"Well, now, suppose that I give you a little practical demonstration," Smiler started.

"You, sir?"

"Yes; I've studied a little in that line as an amateur. Suppose, for example, I were to read your mind, Smiler."

"You couldn't do it, sir."

"I should say you were a faithful, honest fellow, who always served his master's interests."

Smiler gave a deprecating gesture.

"It wouldn't take no mind reader to tell that, sir."

"But wouldn't it take a mind reader to tell, Smiler, what you've got in your pocketbook?"

Smiler turned pale.

"As an amateur, Smiler, mind I don't pretend to be accurate; I don't say that if any one should look at that pocketbook he would find my ruby scarf-pin and my emerald and diamond ring."

"Of course I have some many rings and pins that unless I was a mind-reader I would never have missed these. And let me see, Smiler, in your trunk you have three pairs of my trousers. Those would not be easily missed, either. Also about fifty neckties and collars and cuffs innumerable."

"By this time Smiler was as pale as a ghost.

"If I was to read your mind a little further as an amateur I would tell you that on the 20th of September you went to a pawnshop on the Rue di Rivoli and there disposed of two seal rings and a watch, for which you received 500 francs. They cheated you, Smiler. You should have got double that amount. From there you went to a bank, like the thrifty, honest, frugal fellow that you are, and opened up an account. On the 2d of September with commendable industry you added to your little hoard by disposing of my gold-mounted stick, the one presented me by the Baron Rothschild. You carefully obliterated the names. I commend your caution. Four days afterward you sold, or rather pawned, sundry articles in four different places which I won't take the time to enumerate. In all you have 1,500 francs in the bank and 20 francs in your pocket-book, together with other articles of mine which you were about to get rid of this morning. You have been quite thrifty, and inside of a month it was your intention to draw out your money and emigrate to America, where you are desirous of setting up in trade. This has been your dream, Smiler, the life of a prosperous and honest tradesman. Am I right, Smiler? If I have made any mistakes attribute it to the fact that I am but an amateur."

But Smiler was speechless.

"To continue, or rather to go back into the past, I read that you robbed all your masters before me, only they were not mind readers in an amateur way and attributed the loss of different things to natural shrinkage. When you first entered my apartments in King's Road your thoughts were regarding my worldly possessions. You saw much that made you sure I was a man of means. After I entered the room, I was seemingly busy reading the newspaper. Really, Smiler, I was reading you. I did not want to see your references. They were superfluous. The man himself stood before me. There was the reference. I determined to make a little study of you. You interested me at once, for I recognized in you a thief of many years' training, a thief who had pilfered for all his life and never been detected. Here, I thought, is a subject worthy of my attention; here is a case which will edify and amuse me. So I took you to my bosom, Smiler, and employed you on the spot. As you stood there waiting for me to address you the thoughts that flashed through your mind were: 'I can easily get away with one of those Dresden-ware vases. He has so many of them that he will never miss it. Then he must be a careless sort of a swell. One of those

spendthrifts. He will come home inebriated every night. If a pin, a ring, a watch or some other article disappears he will think he lost it somewhere the night before. Here's a swell that pays no attention to his personal effects. All he thinks of is having a jolly good time.' Am I right, Smiler?"

But Smiler never relapsed from his collapsed condition.

"You began to pilfer when you purchased the tickets to France. You made ten shillings on the tickets. You put aside for yourself five shillings from the purchases from the trunkmaker. Do not deny it, for it is written indelibly on your mind. I took you to right away. Here is a precocious rascal, I thought. 'Here's a servant worth having.' You will remember that I commended you for your faithfulness. And now, Smiler, do you believe in mind-reading? By the way, you have those pawn tickets, and kindly hand me your bank-book."

Smiler obeyed without a word.

"And now it wouldn't take a mind-reader to tell what is going to happen."

The languid gentleman went to the door and ushered in two officers.

Smiler fell upon his knees.

"Mercy, mercy," he said.

"You corroborate all I have said," remarked the gentleman, with mild interest.

"Yes, yes, I confess. Don't put me in jail."

"I am sorry, Smiler, but I have finished with my subject. I now turn him over to the law. Officers, do your duty."

Very well, Mr. Markham," replied one of the officers.

"Markham," groaned Smiler.

"The same," replied the anguished gentleman.

"The great English mind-reader?"

"I am he. I advertised not for a valet, but for a subject. I wanted to prove some of my theories to the society of savants here. You have proved a very good subject. I will write out the results of my investigations to-night, and then if you care to have the law deal leniently with you, you will sign it. I will then read the paper before the society. My enemies will have to concede that my work is incomparable. By the way, Smiler, have I converted you to a belief in mind-reading?"

"You have, sir," groaned Smiler.

"And now, officers, take him away, as I have a little work to do."

With that the languid gentleman turned and entered his study.

Smiler straightened himself up dismally.

"Well, I'm blowed," he said.—[Detroit Free Press.]

GOOD PLOT FOR A NOVEL.

Romantic Story of a Western Bank

The author who proposes to write the real and only American novel may find a very fair plot in the story I am about to relate, said Frank N. Harris of Chicago, at Willard's. "Several years ago the people of a small western city began to wonder how the cashier of the leading bank could afford to live as well as he appeared to be doing. His salary, it is true, was very liberal, but his expenditures far exceeded it. He built himself a splendid residence, had his horses and carriages, and together conducted himself like a man who owned rather than worked for a bank. He had the confidence of the bank directors, however, and the rumors and gossip that reached their ears apparently had no effect upon them. The cashier was suddenly taken sick with a lingering malady, and lay in a barely conscious condition for two or three months, when death finally claimed him. An examination of his accounts showed an apparent deficiency in his accounts of over \$400,000. His real friends were thunderstruck, and would not believe the dead man had been dishonest. His bondsmen, too, could not be convinced that he had made away with the funds of the bank but the books showed the shortage. While they were arranging to make the sum good the cashier's widow came forward and presented the bank president with a check for the entire amount, telling him that she knew her husband had never taken a cent of the money, and that while she could not understand the apparent proof of his dishonesty, she was sublimely confident that he died a good, upright man.

No one knew either, where the widow had gotten such a very large sum of ready money. She continued to occupy the family home, and there was no change whatever in her mode of life, and the town was therefore confronted with a second mystery, as inexplicable as the first. Four years after the death of the cashier the man who had been assistant cashier, and who had succeeded to the position when it was made vacant, also died. Before his death he confessed that when his predecessor was taken ill and had relapsed into a comatose condition, whence the doctors said he could never recover, he himself had manipulated the books of the bank so as to show that the dead cashier was a defaulter, and had taken the money for his own uses. He left his property to the widow of the money, and it then turned out that the former cashier had early in his career invested in western mining stock, and that the money he was spending so lavishly during his life, and from which his widow made good his apparent shortage after his death, was the result of his wise foresight when he was a mere bank clerk. Now, I think that's a pretty good plot for a novel."—[Washington Star.]

THE JOKERS' BUDGET.

JESTS AND YARNS BY FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

Taking No Chances—Time Enough
--Before Marriage Was Invented
--Why the Price Fell--Etc., Etc.

On a wedding trip.
In a railroad carriage. She—That man sitting opposite to us is a detestable fellow.
He—Why so, my darling?
She—Because he makes a point of lighting his cigar whenever we reach a tunnel.—[Fliegende Blätter.]

CONSTANCY IS IMMENSE.
The constant drip of water
Wears away the hardest stone
The constant gnaw of Towser
Masticates the toughest bone.
The constant cooling lover
Carries off the blushing maid;
And the constant advertiser
Is the one who gets the trade.

IN A TIN TUBE.
"Did you give the horse the powder?"
"I tried to. I put the powder in the tin tube, forced open the horse's mouth, put the tube in between its teeth and"—
"Did you blow the powder down his throat?"
"No; I was going to, but the horse blew it first."—[Denver Field and Farm.]

A WEEK HAS ELAPSED.
Somebody's arm all puffed and pained.
With the varied tints
Of the rainbow stained;
Somebody's arm, once white, now green,
Brought to this pitiful state by vaccine.
Somebody's arm.
—[Detroit Free Press.]

AT MRS. GOGITT'S MUSICAL.
Mr. Van Dooday—I'm so glad it is over. I begin to feel an aching void—
Miss Soothsayer—That is too bad. Take my vinaigrette. It is good for a headache, you know.—[Harper's Bazar.]

A GREAT DISAPPOINTMENT.
"Spudkins is disappointed in marriage."
"How can that be, when he married for money, and not for love?"
"That's just it. He married for money, and his wife won't give him any."—[Philadelphia Life.]

AT THE INTERCOLLEGIATE RACE.
Papa—What did you think of the great bicycle race?
Little Son—Didn't think much of it.
"Everybody said it was wonderful."
"I didn't see nothin' wonderful 'bout it. The one that wined couldn't help winning. He leaned over so far forward that he had to go like lightning to keep from fallin' on his nose."—[Philadelphia Life.]

INDEFINITELY INSTANTANEOUS.
The young man dropped some white powder into a glass filled with water, and swallowed it.
"What's that?" inquired the boss.
"I've got a headache, and that is 'instantaneous headache cure' I'm taking."
"What's the dose?"
"A teaspoonful in a glass of water every twenty minutes until relieved."
"Ah?"
"That's what; and I've been taking it since early this morning."—[Detroit Free Press.]

HE FOOTED THE RIGHT THING.
"You had a high old time at college, I understand."
"Yes, I gave a blow out that went up into the hundreds."
"Did your father foot the bill?"
"No, he footed me."

ALL IT MEANS.
Miss Romance—When an opal, a present from one we dearly love, loses its lustre, what is it a sign of?
Miss Hardhead (in the jewelry line)—It is a sign that the opal has split.—[N. Y. Weekly.]

CAREFUL LAWYER.
Incensed Wife—It is impossible to live with him, the way he goes on. Why, the other night he came home and smashed my piano. What do you think of that?
Polite Lawyer—You will have to excuse me, madam, but it is impossible for me to give an opinion. You must remember that I have never heard you play.—[Boston Transcript.]

WHEN MONEY IS SCARCE.
"Has your employer ever mentioned the question of raising your salary?"
"Oh, yes, there is never a payday comes but what it's a question as to whether he can get it up or not."

How Far It Was.
"When the Ninth Maine was in camp at Morris Island in Charleston Harbor," says Mr. D. W. McCallister, of Dexter, "I had occasion to go across the island to a place called 'the lookout.' On the way I met a tall, thin specimen of the island inhabitants and asked him how far away the place was. 'Wa'al, stranger,' he drawled, turning around and stretching out a long arm in the direction I was going, 'it's that-a-way, the Lookout is, and I reckon it's 'bout two child's cries and a horn-blow afore ye get thar.' I heard any quantity of funny answers to such inquiries, while in the South, but for pure oddity the above specimen easily takes the premium. I found the distance it represented to be about a mile and a half Yankee measure."—[Liveston (Me.) Journal.]

FARM AND GARDEN.

A BUSH-RESISTING VARIETY.
A new rust-resisting variety of wheat is reported by the South Australian Register. It was discovered by a farmer, several years ago, while reaping a badly rusted field of wheat, that among it were some heads wholly unaffected. He picked and carefully saved them, sowing the grain the next year. It yielded well and showed no sign of rust. From that beginning the stock has increased until twenty acres were raised last year, the crop of which was taken at a good price.—[American Agriculturist.]

FATTENING EWES.
Ewes may be fattened for early market at the same time they are rearing the lambs, and the lambs will be improved at the same time. Ground oats, buckwheat and corn, mixed in equal parts, will make an excellent feed for the sheep, and two quarts a day may be given. To prevent the sheep from gorging themselves and running their heads along the feed troughs to gather big mouthfuls, and so choke themselves and spoil the good of the food (and they are very apt to do this), give the feed in flat troughs, with divisions made at every foot, placing the meal equally in each division. The troughs should be kept in a separate part of the yard or lot, so that the feed may be distributed without crowding.—[New York Times.]

ABOUT DRIVING HORSES.
The driver who thinks that because his horse is fresh he can stand it to be driven fast at the start for several miles, and then given a chance to rest by going slow, or who drives fast for a while and then slows down to a walk in order to rest up for another spur, will not get the best speed out of a horse with the least waste of vitality, especially in going long distances. It is a steady gait that counts most and wears the horse least. Give him a chance to get warmed up first and then let the gait be a steady one. Another item is not to feel too heavily before driving. A light feed of oats will be far better than a heavier feed of a more bulky grain. Exercise or action too soon after eating retards digestion, and the animal that must travel at a good gait with a loaded stomach cannot but show the effects, and if driven rapidly for even a short distance after eating a hearty meal there is considerable risk of the colic. Watering properly is fully as important as feeding. When a horse is being driven on the road he should not at any time be allowed to overload his stomach with a large quantity of water. So far as possible, the rule should be to give water frequently, and while he should have all that he will drink, it should be given in small doses. The good driver can tell by the way his horse goes the amount of work he should have.—[Indiana Farmer.]

GROWING WHEAT MOST CHEAPLY.
A correspondent of the Michigan Farmer, H. Voorhees, of Grand Traverse County, writes that he makes more money by extending his acreage as much as possible, and working the land with least labor, instead of a few acres. He claims that he can put in wheat for fifty cents an acre, sowing it among growing corn, harvest it for \$1.25 an acre, threshing \$1. marketable fifty cents, making, with \$3 for interest and taxes, a total cost of \$3.25 per acre of wheat. His crop of twelve bushels per acre was sold for sixty cents a bushel, from which deducting expenses leaves him a profit of about \$2 per acre, or to be exact, \$1.95. We think there are some mistakes about the low cost of growing wheat. He has allowed nothing for cost of seed, and fifty cents an acre will not pay the cost of cultivating it in among the growing corn. The most serious mistake is in allowing nothing for depreciation of the soil. There comes an end to growing wheat or other grain unless the ground is fertilized, though the method of skinning the farm yields apparent profits for a time. The more practical way to grow wheat at a profit is that given by Frederick P. Root, of Western New York, who grew a crop of nearly forty bushels per acre, and made something from it despite low prices. Mr. Root keeps up his farm and can grow such crops so long as he lives. Mr. Voorhees must come to a time when he cannot grow even twelve bushels of wheat per acre.—[Boston Cultivator.]

LET THE BEES SCRATCH.
The natural food of fowls consists mostly of seeds, insects and grass. It is not a natural condition when the birds have but one kind of food. The birds that build in trees and feed their young would be unable to supply them if only seeds could be provided. As the concentrated foods must be given, the variety is also to be considered. Such substances as grass and the shoots of tender herbage are intended as much for dilution of the concentrated foods as for the nutrition to be obtained therefrom. The work of feeding the young is not incumbent on the hen by bringing the food to them, but she is intended to lead them, guide them and scratch for them. The feet of the hen perform the same duties as the wings of a flying bird, and her feet are well adapted for providing food for her young. Hence we may rightly conclude that scratching is a natural function of the domestic hen. The hen, however, performs greater work than the birds on the wing. Birds seldom lay more than two or three eggs before beginning incubation, but the hen may lay from fifteen to fifty, or even more. She must produce these eggs, as well as maintain herself. In the natural state she lays fewer eggs, but has greater difficulty

IN PROOFING FOOD AND RESISTING ENEMIES.

An egg is a composite substance and cannot be produced from a single article of food. The hen requires a variety of food in order to fulfill her duties as a regular and persistent layer. It is not, therefore, conducive to egg production when the hen is deprived of her natural advantage of scratching. She does best when she is compelled to scratch and work for her food, and she will always select the kind most suitable for her purpose. When hens are confined in enclosures they may be fed too much while in a condition of idleness. A hopper that is kept full of food where the hen can always reach it induces her to desist from the work of scratching, because the necessity for so doing then ceases and she becomes too fat. Nature teaches, therefore, that hens should be so fed as to compel them to scratch and work for their food, which keeps them in health and leads to greater egg production.—[Mirror and Farmer.]

SUMMER CARE OF THE CALLA.
How to care for the calla during the summer, in the most satisfactory way, seems to be a question on which many growers of it differ, writes Eben B. Rexford, in the American Agriculturist. Some keep it growing all through the year, and because it does comparatively well with this treatment, they argue that the proper way is to keep it growing. I do not agree with them, however, because I do not believe any plant ought to be kept growing actively all the time. There should be a period of rest. My plan is to put the pots containing the plants out of doors in June, turn them on their sides under a tree, or in some partially sheltered place, and there I leave them until September, without any attention whatever. After a short time, the foliage turns yellow, and very soon it drops off, because the soil in the pot is becoming dry. In two weeks after putting the pot out, you will not suspect there was a live root in the soil it contains. But the live root is there, all prepared. Of course the soil absorbs more or less moisture from the air, but not enough, in an ordinary season, to keep it from getting as dry as dust. One would naturally think the root would wither away, but it does not. Although the soil about it seems robbed of all moisture, the root holds enough to retain plumpness. In September I prepare a fresh compost of mucky earth, some sharp sand, and a little loam. If the roots are strong, good-sized ones, I use an eight-inch pot to plant them in. Good drainage must be provided, for, while the plant likes a great deal of moisture at its roots while growing, it does not take kindly to stagnant water about them. Keep the soil moist, or wet, by frequent applications of water, rather than by confining it to the pot by imperfect drainage. An imperfectly drained soil soon becomes sour and heavy, and this induces disease; and an unhealthy calla seldom gives flowers. Plant the roots so that the crown will be two or three inches under the soil, water well, and in a short time young leaves will appear. Then give more water, but do not keep the soil very moist until strong growth has begun. If there are two or three good, strong roots, do not separate them, but give a larger pot, if necessary. I prefer to grow two or three roots of blooming size in the same pot, because the quantity of foliage will be much greater than when but one root is used to a pot, and there will be many again flowers. If given proper care, a pot containing two strong roots ought to have at least one flower open, and a bud showing nearly all of the time from January to April.

Hardest Sneeze on Record.
Sneezing is all right in its way, but should not be indulged in too ardently or painful consequences may ensue, as illustrated in the case of a young man of Paterson, N. J., who sneezed his shoulder out of joint. This is the hardest sneeze on record.—[Detroit Free Press.]

FIFTY-THIRD CONGRESS.
The Senate.
143d Day.—Consideration of the Tariff bill in Committee of the Whole was finished and the measure reported to the Senate. The joint resolution, passed in the House, continuing for thirty days after the close of the fiscal year the current appropriations passed the Senate.
144th Day.—The Tariff bill was under consideration all day, several important votes on the sugar schedule being taken. The proposition to cut out a tenth of a cent differential was lost. Mr. Quay casting the deciding vote. The Finance Committee was the beneficiary of the passage of the act. The tax will therefore go into effect forthwith. Mr. Kyle's amendment making the sugar schedule operative at once was agreed to and then the whole schedule was passed.
145th Day.—After a discussion lasting all day the Tariff bill was passed by a majority of five. A conference committee was appointed.
The House.
143d Day.—The election contest in the Tenth Georgia District was decided in favor of Mr. Black, the sitting member.
144th Day.—The bill to readjust the salaries and allowances of the postmasters at Guthrie and Kingfisher, Oklahoma, was taken up, but the morning hour expired and the bill was withdrawn.—Twenty-nine pension and desertion bills which had been favorably reported were passed.
145th Day.—The resolution of Mr. McGowan, directing the Commission of Labor to investigate and report upon the conditions attending the employment of women and children, their wages, sanitary arrangements and cost of living, was passed.—The bill providing for the erection of a Hall of Records in Washington was called up, and two unsuccessful attempts were made to dispose of an amendment reducing the appropriation for the site from \$300,000 to \$175,000.
146th Day.—The Gorman compromise Tariff bill was submitted.—Fourth of July celebrations from Brazil were laid before the House.—The House passed a resolution looking to the resumption of work on warships.—The bill to tax greenbacks was then taken up.—The Nicaragua Canal bill was reported.