

THE CONGRESS.

Saturday, January 20.

SENATE.—The senate finally disposed of the postoffice appropriation bill, making only two changes in the amounts appropriated by the house.

There were \$25,000 added for steamboat service, and \$75,000 for postoffice clerk hire throughout the country—a total increase of \$100,000, in which the concurrence of the house will be asked.

The 2-cent letter postage clause was adopted, to go into effect July 1, next. This is six months earlier than provided in the house bill.

The two houses will no doubt come together upon the time when the reduction shall go into effect, so that the country is practically assured of cheap letter postage at no distant day.

In the course of the debate, Messrs. Edmunds and Sherman came out squarely in favor of a postal telegraph system under the control of the government.

The tariff bill was considered until adjournment.

The following nominations were sent to the senate:

Calvin G. Shaw, postmaster at Vermillion, Dak.

Thomas Dawson, of Colorado, United States consul at Barranquilla; George D. Perkins, of Iowa, United States marshal for the northern district of Iowa; M. D. Connell, of Iowa, United States attorney of the northern district of Iowa; John B. Hoyt, associate justice of Washington Territory; Samuel McCook, postmaster of Keokuk, Iowa.

HOUSE.—Nearly the entire day was devoted to the naval appropriation bill, and several members criticised the weak and defenceless condition of the navy.

Mr. Knott made an extremely humorous speech, ridiculing naval officers, whom he declared possessed of too much rank and dignity to be of any use. He said: "If some indiscreet secretary of the navy should order a chief engineer, a pay director, or a medical inspector for duty on a ship, the vessel would inevitably sink. There was not a craft aboard that could sustain so much official dignity. He gave notice of amendments he would offer looking toward the duties of the marine corps officers being performed by line officers, toward the gradual abolishment of the pay corps, and reduction of the engineer's corps. He opposed various propositions of the bill.

Monday, January 22.

SENATE.—Mr. Plumb from the public lands committee reported a bill to prevent the unlawful occupation of public lands.

The tariff bill was debated and the question of the preservation of our forests was quite thoroughly canvassed.

An amendment was adopted putting sawed lumber, lath, shingles and other articles on the free list.

Senator McMillan very strenuously opposed the proposition which passed in the senate, putting lumber on the free list in the tariff bill.

Everybody in Washington who represents the interests of the lumbermen is very much aroused over this action, and will use every effort to prevent the final passage of the provision.

None of the senators from Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Michigan, Minnesota or Wisconsin could vote for a bill containing such a proposition.

As it stands, the measure has received a very decided black eye, and is very sick from the result of the day's punishment.

HOUSE.—A joint resolution passed appropriating \$200,000 for continuing the work of the census bureau.

The naval appropriation bill then came up, but the house adjourned before completing the first paragraph.

Tuesday, January 23.

SENATE.—The senators were every one absent to-day, except Butler of South Carolina, when Chaplain Bullock asked the divine blessing upon the deliberations of the body.

As soon as the amen had been said, Gen. Butler, seeming to feel the loneliness of his position, asked for a call of the senate, and the pages were sent out to look for absentees.

After a sufficient number arrived to proceed, the morning business was disposed of and it was agreed to go to work upon the tariff bill every day after the disposition of routine matters and continue in session until 6 o'clock.

The hour for adjournment arrived, with iron ore still under discussion. Senator Sherman made a significant speech, to-day, in which he carefully reviewed the schedules of the commissioner's report, and showed that the bill of the committee was not comparable to it as a wise and statesmanlike measure. Beck attacked both as frauds. The prospects for the bill grow darker daily.

The only interesting action taken was the rejection by a vote of 11 to 37 of an amendment increasing the duty on iron ore from 50 cents to \$1.

HOUSE.—A bill was introduced by Mr. Butterworth for the appointment of seven railroad investigating commissioners, and Mr. Young offered a resolution to retire Gen. Rufus Ingalls with the rank of major general. The day was principally consumed in the discussion of the naval bill, which was amended in several particulars.

Wednesday, January 24.

SENATE.—After some unimportant routine business, the consideration of the tariff bill was resumed.

A motion by Mr. Sherman to increase the duty on pig-iron, scrap-iron and scrap-steel from \$3 to \$6.72 per ton was lost—16 to 37.

Mr. Voorhees presented a memorial of Gen. Herman Sturm of Indiana, setting forth his claim against Mexico for aiding in the expulsion of the French forces from Mexico and the re-establishment of the republic.

HOUSE.—The day was spent in committee of the whole on the naval appropriation bill. The provision for the completion of the unfinished monitors was adopted.

Thursday, January 25.

SENATE.—Nothing was done except the deliberation of eulogies upon the late Senator Hill of Georgia.

HOUSE.—The naval bill passed. The house then took up the ways and means tariff bill, after refusing to take up various revenue bills. Among the latter was the bill to reduce the tobacco tax, the vote being 100 to 147 against the consideration of that measure.

The tariff bill was read by its title, and at 1:30 o'clock Mr. Kelly rose to open the debate. His views have already been given in these dispatches, but in his opening he declared that although there were many items in the present bill that he did not

approve, nevertheless he would support it in all its details as he considered it the best tariff scheme ever submitted to the American congress.

Not more than a half hour had been consumed in the opening, when a message was received from the senate announcing the death of Senator Hill of Georgia, and the house proceeded to eulogize the deceased senator and then adjourned.

Friday, January 26.

SENATE.—There was a long and earnest debate on the tariff. The first thing taken up was iron bars, flats and rods. Senator Beck proposed to make a sweeping reduction, which was not agreed to; but Brown, Georgia, was more successful. Sherman came to his support. The Ohio senator's action caused some surprise at first, because he had been up to this time resisting every effort at reduction. Mr. Brown's motion was to make the tariff on bar iron \$15 per ton, on flats \$20, and rods \$22 per ton. The rate fixed by the committee's bill was per pound, but was equal to \$19.60 on bars, \$22.40 on flats, and \$24.84 on rods. When the eyes and noses were called, the strength of the proposition was for the first time developed, and the solid democrat vote was reinforced by that of Sherman and Van Wyck on the republican side, which carried it, 39 to 27. The debate continued through the day.

The president sent to the senate, the following nominations: Lieut. Col. James C. Duane, corps of engineers, to be colonel; Maj. Henry M. Robert, corps of engineers, to be lieutenant colonel. Postmasters: M. W. Blair, Eldora, Iowa; C. A. Lisle, Fort Madison, Iowa; James M. Emery, Lenora, Iowa; Sophia M. Miller Alexandria, Minn.; Alfred H. Lewis, Milbank, Dak.

HOUSE.—The debate on the tariff occupied the whole day, and one which only giants in tariff could discuss, and the small fry wisely refrained from interrupting. The old quinine story was told over and over again.

Queen Bess.

How She Made Love to One of Her Persistent Suitors.
Gentleman's Magazine.

The Duke of Alencon was lodged at Whitehall, but afterward had apartments assigned to him at Greenwich, where the Queen then was. The closest intimacy again ensued between the two; the warmest of love-letters passed between them, though the couple saw each other daily, and every morning Elizabeth came into the young man's room to give him with her own fair hands a basin of soup. On the day of the anniversary of her coronation she was walking with the Duke arm-in-arm along the corridors of the palace. The French Ambassador was announced, and craved an audience. As soon as he appeared Elizabeth stepped forward and said with a smile to him: "You can write to your husband that the duke will be my husband." Then, taking a ring from her finger, she placed it on the hand of the duke, and turning to her maids of honor, said, "I have a husband; you of you can follow my example if like." After this declaration it seemed impossible that the marriage ceremony could be longer deferred. Elizabeth had given excuse after excuse for not fixing the day when the duke was to be made the happiest of men; now it was her health, then it was the state of Europe, then it was the opposition of her subjects, until there seemed good ground for the sea entertained by Simier. "Je ne croirai un mariage," he said, "que lorsque les draps se rent levez, les flambeaux eteints en mon maitre dans le lit." But after this open acknowledgment of the man who was to be her husband, further excuse and hesitation seemed impossible. Yet the very morning after this announcement this hysterical spinster came into the Duke's room and declared that it could not be; she had passed the night in tears; three more nights of such misery, she said, and she would be a dead woman—indeed, she could not marry. The Duke threw the ring on the floor, cursing the fickleness of the whole sex, and vowed that he would at once take his departure. But Elizabeth, who would not marry him, did not think it beneath herself to put her arms around his neck, to kiss him and caress him, and to implore him not to go. The duke, thus petitioned, consented to remain for a time. And for a time Alencon passed his days now in the hope and then the despair common to the lover who is not accepted and yet not dismissed. The queen flirted with him, smiled upon him, and presents still continued to be exchanged between the two. One morning, while sitting with the duke hand-in-hand, Elizabeth, in her softest tones said she could never marry a Papist. Hereupon Alencon, with the most charming impartiality, offered to turn Protestant. Alas! sighed the queen, she did not feel toward him as she had once felt. The duke now lost his temper, and reminded her of all he had gone through, what anguish of mind he had suffered, how he had lost the good opinion of the Catholic world, how deeply he loved her, and how he would rather die with her than quit England—indeed he swore he would not quit England. "I am very ill of you," said the queen, "to threaten an old woman in her own kingdom; you are mad, and talk like a madman. The duke wept, and Elizabeth sat by his side alternately wiping his tears away with her handkerchief and caressing him as of old.

Perfect Manhood.

Many young and middle-aged men suffer from an exhaustive drain that weakens every organic function, and is hurtful to both mind and body, ending often in extreme nervous debility. To counteract this evil influence and to strengthen the organs affected, use Dr. Guyssot's Yellow Dock and Sarsaparilla. It has cured thousands.

The Insurance Chronicle reports 404 deaths by suicide in three autumn months of 1882. The occupation furnishing by far the greatest number was by farming, fifty-four; next comes merchants, twenty-eight; clerks, twelve; courtisans, ten.

Harvey M. Watterson, father of the editor, is passing the winter in Washington.

A DANGEROUS LOVER.

A pretty, inexperienced girl was Clotilda Fry, daughter of one of the richest farmers in Clarke County. Her pink cheeks, bright eyes and brown locks, with a very attractive expression of face, gave her a certain right to be called the little beauty of Lake Farm.

Tilda knew she was pretty. Added to this, her novel-reading had excited her imagination, and her ideas of life and of her own future were full of romantic notions, that only an inexperienced young girl could have. She tossed her head at the farmers' boys who sought to make her acquaintance, and felt that she should like to be sought by some elegant suitor, who, if need be, would carry her off by force, as her novels had pictured.

Of course, the child—for being but sixteen she was looked upon by her parents as hardly more than a child—never gave voice to her thoughts. If she had, she would have been soundly lectured by her blunt father.

It happened about this time that two men, who offered sweet-scented soaps for sale, had been in town and had called at many of the farmers' houses. Their appearance was such that some of the farmers had suspected them of being something worse than small peddlers. At this time, too, a house in the village was entered and several articles of value taken from it. This had caused great excitement in the quiet country town, and everybody was more careful that doors should be locked, and that the houses should not be left without some one to guard them.

One Sunday, Farmer Fry, after a family consultation, decided that Clotilda should remain at home from church in charge of the house, and that a new boy he had just hired should stay on the premises, so that the house should not be left unguarded. Clotilda's heart gave a bound—so did Joseph's. She would have such a "splendid chance" to read a book she had secretly borrowed, "The Robber of the Rhine," while he decided that he would go down to the end of the meadow and spend the forenoon in fishing.

Farmer Fry and his wife stepped into the new carryall, while James, the son, mounted his horse, to which Clotilda had given the sonorous name of Thunder.

"If any stranger comes to the door, you must call Joe," said her father, the reins in his hand.

"And you'd better take the key out of the silver-closet," added her mother.

"Don't let any one run away with you, sis," laughed her brother. "There's a loaded pistol in my drawer."

Down sat Clotilda on the porch, the coveted novel in her hands, a frightfully-illustrated, paper-covered volume, dirty and thumbed, the prospect of revealing in its pages giving her a pleasure of which any sensible girl would have been ashamed. Tilda knew that this was unwholesome reading, and that it was also forbidden; but she had become infatuated by it, and was rapidly losing her pleasure in the ordinary concerns of life, declaring to herself that they were very dull and insipid.

She was just reading in the novel, "Isabel, startled by the clash of bayonets, darted frantically upon the companion-way," when suddenly it seemed to her that some one was walking in the room overhead.

"Perhaps it's Joe," she thought; and going to the foot of the stairs, she called him.

No answer followed.

"Any one up there?"

All was still as the grave.

"It was only my fancy," she said to herself, and for ten or fifteen minutes became once more absorbed in the volume, when she heard footsteps. This time a well-dressed young man came from the vines around the corner of the porch. Tilda let the book fall with a cry of alarm.

"Pray don't be afraid," said the newcomer, in a pleasant voice. "I am a friend of your father's, and have come to ask a favor."

"Papa is at church," said the girl, reassured. The man looked to her like a gentleman. He had black eyes and hair, and the "daintiest smile!"

"Indeed! I am sorry, I was stopping at the hotel at the Center, and was robbed of my money and watch last night. This morning I received a despatch that my mother is ill, and I want to get home on this account, for I fear it is a dangerous illness. If I had the money I could hire a horse and buggy to take me to Dash, where the express train for New York is due this afternoon. I am entirely without money, and I hoped I could borrow twenty-five dollars from your father. He knows me, and if he has it with him, I am sure he would loan it to me. Now I must wait, I suppose, till he returns from church, and then it will be too late to catch the afternoon express. Though if I could only get to Dash, possibly I might find some acquaintance there who would help me out of my difficulty."

"How sorry I am that the horses are all gone! I could drive you there myself if Thunder was only here," said Tilda.

"Thunder! What a fine name for a horse! I wish he was here. And to be driven by so beautiful a young lady!" and he stared at her pretty face.

"I named him after the colt driven to death by the mad Duke of Argyll," said Tilda, growing insensibly more and more confidential.

"Ah! I might have known you were something superior to the farmers' daughters in this region—that is, judging from those I have seen."

"And I seem to forget that you are a stranger," said Tilda, blushing with pleasure. "If you were not a friend of my father—"

"Certainly, one in whom he has the utmost confidence; and talking of strangers, I knew a rich young fellow who fell in love only last summer with a pretty girl in a log-cabin. He was hunting. The father would not allow his daughter to say much to him. But upon my word, if you'll believe me, they were married in three days after he first saw her. He took her off on a fast horse, and the old man chased them with a yoke of oxen."

Fact. Did you ever hear anything more ridiculous? Now they are living in fine style in Paris."

"Splendid! just like a story!" said Tilda. "But then I would go to the ends of the earth with one I loved."

"Ah, then, my sweet girl, go with me—I am rich and well-connected, and—but come to think of it—my money and my watch are gone, and my mother is sick waiting for me."

"Of course I would not go with you under any circumstances," said Tilda, mildly.

"But if I come again to woe, perhaps to win you in the regular orthodox style—perhaps you would not object?"

Tilda with averted face, blushing replied that she could not tell.

"And will you accept this diamond ring—one that belonged to my mother, and is a family heirloom—to remind you of me while I am gone?"

Tilda's eyes opened wider; she thought she had never in her life seen anything so splendid as this pure, white stone encircled by emeralds, which she allowed him to place on her finger.

It certainly was no harm, she thought, to allow this, as he suggested that she might let him have only enough money to carry him home, it seemed to her that her father could not object when he learned his name, if she should let him have the twenty dollars in the old money-box, that he had not aside for taxes, particularly as the young man promised to return it in the first mail after he reached home, with five dollars for interest.

So she went to the bureau, opened the box and gave him the money. He took it with a profusion of thanks, and gave his name as Edgar Montague. As he left the door, he stooped and kissed her, declaring that he should return as soon as the illness of his mother would allow him, and gain her father's consent to make her his bride.

It seems almost incredible that any girl could be deceived by such disgustingly abrupt lovemaking and gross compliments. But Tilda knew nothing of the world, and her bookheroes and heroines were of this character.

No sooner had Mr. "Montague" gone than came Patty, one of the neighbors' daughters. "Mother had a spell," she said, "and could she borrow some camphire?"

"Oh my, what a splendid ring!" she cried.

"It's my engagement-ring," said Tilda, proudly; "or just as good. The gentleman who gave it to me lives in New York, and I never saw him before, but he fell in love with me at first sight, and I shall probably marry him right away."

Away went Patty with her budget of news. In a few hours, every neighbor within half a mile knew that Clotilda had a "diamond ring," and was going to be married to a New York gentleman.

Tilda was awakened from her dream of magnificence by the arrival of her parents and her brother. Mrs. Fry went up stairs to remove her bonnet, and then gave a shriek and terrified shriek. An earthquake and cyclone combined would hardly have created more confusion.

Her husband and Tilda and Jim rushed up stairs. A scene of confusion met their eyes which will not soon be forgotten. Every drawer and closet had been sacked and their contents thrown about the floors. Somebody had dressed himself in Jim's best broadcloth and left in their place threadbare, dirt-crushed clothes and a shocking bad hat. The old gold watch, an heirloom, all Tilda's little trinkets, valuables of every kind were gone.

Tilda remembered the noise she had heard up stairs, and resolved not to mention her "diamond," or more of the conversation of the young man—her father's friend—than she could help. But she forgot that simple Patty knew all about it, and that Patty was the gossip of the neighborhood. In forty-eight hours, everybody in the country was talking of the robbery, and laughing at the silly girl who had confided in a smooth-spoken rogue, dressed up in her own brother's clothes, and had even lent him money out of her father's desk.

As for the ring, that proved to be utterly worthless. Poor Tilda! Never was a girl more thoroughly mortified. In the confusion the book she had been reading was taken up by her father. He laid it aside, and the next day, after showing her its character, he took it between the tongs and threw it in the fire, declaring that if he ever saw any more such trash in the house, he would shut Tilda in her room and keep her on bread and water for a month.

The upshot of the whole affair was that the tramp, an accomplished villain, who had already served his time in States Prison, was soon arrested, and poor Clotilda suffered the severe mortification of being obliged to identify him in court. Even he when he saw her, burst into a coarse laugh, while the long-faced judge and the lawyers had all they could do as she told her story, to suppress their smiles.

But the cruel lesson sufficed, romance had lost its attractions for her, and sensational novels and strangers are just now both alike repugnant.—Youth's Companion.

A Fatal Choice.
From the Louisville Journal.

With the drifting clouds of smoke and steam that rise from the ruins of the ill-fated Newhall house at Milwaukee, there comes also a sadly romantic story, in which a gentleman of this city is one of the actors. Only a few months ago Mr. Porteous of this city, went to Canada to marry Miss Sutton, to whom he had been engaged for some time. He remained there some time. His friends waited, with no long wonder at the delay, to hear that the ceremony had been performed. No word came, however, and to the surprise of all, when at last the groom-elect did return he brought with him the sister of the lady to whom he had been engaged and for whose hand he had gone to the dominion.

It seemed that when Mr. Porteous reached the home of his fiancée another had come between them. She had met and learned to love an actor, and promised to become his wife. This Mr. Porteous learned when she had refused him her hand and given him his liberty. He then found out that his affections had

transferred itself to Miss Sutton's sister, and forth with wooed and won her, returning home in triumph with a bride. The young lady to whom Mr. Porteous first intrusted his heart, no longer fettered with a betrothal, then gave her heart to Mr. John Gilbert, of the Minnie Palmer company, and with him went on the boards. This fact was not known to the wife of Mr. Porteous, however, and for several weeks she has been expecting a visit from her sister. When two days ago the news of the terrible calamity at Milwaukee was flashed over the wires, Mrs. Porteous was struck by the name of Mrs. John Gilbert among the victims, and an investigation proved the sad fact too true. Her only sister, the bride of one night, was burned in that fearful death-trap.

Miscellaneous Matters.

The purchase of the main exhibition building at Philadelphia by Mr. B. C. Mitchell for \$97,000 was a successful speculation. The cost of removing the huge structure and other expenses amounted to about \$100,000, and the materials of which it was built have been sold for about \$500,000, leaving a profit of \$300,000 to be divided among Mr. Mitchell and the five other gentlemen whom he associated with himself in the enterprise.

A marriage ceremony came to an abrupt and ludicrous termination the other day in Atlanta, Ga. A prominent clergyman, of that city having consented to unite a colored couple, had just asked the solemn question, "Wilt thou take this woman?" etc., when an old flame of the bridegroom poked her head into the room and said: "Henry, I jess dar you to say yes." Henry sank into the nearest chair without a word, and the company thoughtfully withdrew.

The report of the Boston Board of health shows that the death rate in Boston in 1882 was 21.91 as against 55.67 in 1881. The population is estimated at 410,476, as an increase of 16,500 during the year. The total number of deaths was 8,955, of which 2,276 or 25.3 per cent were from zymotic diseases. Diphtheria was the cause of 453 cases, cancer in 253, Bright's disease in 183, pneumonia in 681, heart disease in 569, diarrhoea diseases 950, typhoid fever 212. Old age carried off 250 persons, and 1,945 decedents were less than a year old. There were eight deaths from small-pox, 117 from croup, 25 from measles, and 92 from whooping cough.

Rev. R. E. Donahoe, pastor of the Eighth Presbyterian church of Pittsburgh, one of the most prominent orthodox pastors of Western Pennsylvania, delivered a sermon on Sunday condemning the New York code and rigid Sabatarian rules of conduct. He argued with a great deal of force and effect that the conditions of our modern civilization are adverse to the spirit of the puritanical ideas which prevailed in this country when such laws accorded with the popular idea of the fitness of things. His theory was what was needed in a modification of our Sunday laws so as to bring them in accord with the enlightened sentiment of the present age. The sermon very naturally created a profound sensation in orthodox circles.

Prof. Francis Bowen, of Harvard, brings to notice an almost forgotten translation of the Bible by Charles Tomson, who was secretary of the continental congress, and published his work in 1808. Tomson was a distinguished teacher of Latin and Greek in Philadelphia, and he spent the better part of twenty-eight years on his version of the scriptures. Prof. Bowen has been examining the book, and it is his deliberate judgment that in many respects it is better than the revision of 1881. Tomson anticipated some of the changes recently made. He printed the texts in paragraphs, and the songs and political citations as poetry in lines of unequal length. He also omits the passage in the first epistle of John concerning the "three that bear record in heaven," and he prints in brackets the doxology at the close of the Lord's prayer, mentioning in a foot note that in "many ancient manuscripts" it is not found.

Singular Will of a King Killer.
Guglielmo Oberdan, who has just been hanged in Rome amid great popular agitation, for his attempt to murder the Emperor of Austria at Trieste last autumn, appears to have left a sort of political will. It was written by him just before crossing the Austrian frontier on his regimental errand, and sent to his friends, sealed with seven seals, to be opened only after his death. It reads as follows: "I go to accomplish a solemn and important act—solemn because I set about to sacrifice myself; important because it will bear fruit. Such acts are wanted to rouse from their shameful tor, or the minds of the young, who are free, yet not free. Too long ready have generous sentiments slumbered; too long have cowardly foreheads bent to every kind of foreign insult. The sons forget the fathers. The Italian name threatens to become synonymous with cowardice or indifference. No! generous instincts cannot thus die! They slumber, but shall awaken. At the first alarm cry the youths of Italy will run with the names of their great men on their lips to drive forever from Trieste and Trent the hated stranger who has so long threatened and oppressed us. Oh, that this act of mine might lead Italy to war on the enemy! To war, the only safety, the only dyke which can stem the ever-growing moral dissolution of our youth! To war, ye young men, what yet we are in time to blot out the shame of the present generation, fighting like lions! Out with the foreigner! And victors, and strong, we shall prepare to fight other battles and to conquer for the true idea, for that which has ever urged strong souls on to bloody initiatives, the republican idea. First independent, then free. Brethren of Italy! Avenge Trieste, and avenge yourselves."

The new process of making iron direct from the ore, called the Adam's process, is in full operation at Pittsburg. The experiment, which has been watched with much interest, is considered to be successful in all respects. It is stated that while it costs \$33 to produce a ton of ore by the old process, the cost of the new is only \$17.70.