

THE PLOWMAN.

With sturdy hands the plowman holds
The handle even as a plow
His trousers hand in baggy folds
And furrows mark his brow,

THE REVOLT OF MOTHER.

"Father!"
"What is it?"
"What are them men diggin' over there in the field for?"

There was a sudden dropping and enlarging of the lower part of the old man's face, as if some heavy weight had settled therein; he shut his mouth tight, and went on harnessing the great bay mare. He hustled the collar on to her neck with a jerk.

"The old man slapped the saddle upon the mare's back.
"Look here, father, I want to know what them men are diggin' over in the field for, an' I'm goin' to know."

"I wish you'd go into the house, mother, an' tend to your own affairs," the old man said then. He ran his word together, and his speech was almost as inarticulate as a growl.

"But the woman understood; it was her most native tongue. "I ain't goin' into the house till you tell me what them men are doin' over there in the field," said she.

"The old man glanced doggedly at his wife as he tightened the last buckles on the harness. She looked as immovable to him as one of the rocks in his pasture land, bound to the earth with generations of blackberry vines. He slapped the reins over the horse, and started forth from the barn.

"Father!" said she.
"Old man pulled up. "What is it?"
"I want to know what them men are diggin' over there in that field for?"

"They're diggin' a cellar, I s'pose, if you've got to know. "I ain't goin' into the cellar for what."
"A barn."
"A barn? You ain't goin' to build a barn over there where we was goin' to have a house, father?"

"The old man said not another word. He hurried the horse into the farm wagon, and clattered out of the yard, bounding as steadily on his seat as a boy.
The woman stood a moment looking after him, then she went out of the barn across a corner of the yard to the house.

"The house, standing at right angles with the great barn and a long reach of sheds and out buildings, was infinitesimal compared with them. It was scarcely as commodious for people as the little boxes under the barn served for doves.
A pretty girl's face, pink and delicate as a flower, was looking out of one of the house windows. She was watching three men who were digging over in the field which bounded the yard near the road line. She turned quietly when the woman entered.

"Sammy, I want you to tell me if he's goin' to buy more cows."
"Is s'pose he is."
"Four, I guess."

His mother said nothing more. She went into the pantry, and there was a clatter of dishes. The boy got his cap from a nail behind the door, took an old arithmetic from the shelf and started for school. He was lightly built, but clumsy. He went out of the yard with a curious spring in his hips, that made his loose, home made jackets tilt up in the back.

"The girl went to the sink, and began to wash the dishes that were piled up there. Her mother came promptly out of the pantry, and shoved her aside. "You wipe 'em," she said; "I'll wash. There's a wide many this morning."

"The mother plunged her hands vigorously into the water, and the girl wiped the pieces slowly and dreamily. "Mother," said she, "don't you think it's too bad father's goin' to build that new barn, much as we need a decent house to live in?"

"Her mother scrubbed a dish fiercely. "You ain't found out yet we're women-folks, Nanny Penn," said she. "You ain't seen enough of men folks yet. One of these days you'll find it out, an' then you'll know what we know only what men folks think we do, so far as any use of it goes, an' how we ought to reckon men folks in with Providence, an' not complain of what they do any more than we do of the weather."

"I don't care; I don't believe George is anything like that, anyhow," said Nanny. Her delicate face flushed pink, her lips pouted softly, as if she were going to cry. "You wait an' see," guessed George Eastman ain't no better than other men. You hadn't ought to judge father, though. He can't help it, 'cause he don't look at things jest the way we do. An' we've been pretty comfortable here after all. The roof don't leak—ain't never but once—that's one thing. Father kept it shingled right up."

"I do wish we had a parlor."
"I guess it won't hurt George Eastman any to come to see you in a nice clean kitchen. I guess a good many girls don't have as good a place as this. Nobody's ever heard me complainin'."

"I ain't complainin' either, mother."
"Wall, I don't think you'd better, a good father an' a good home as you've got. S'pose your father made you go out an' work for your livin'? Lots of girls have to that ain't no stronger an' better able to than you be."

Sarah Penn washed the frying pan with a conclusive air. She scrubbed the outside of it as faithfully as the inside. She was a masterly keeper of her box of a house. Her one living room never seemed to have in it the dust which the friction of life with inanimate matter produces. She swept, and there seemed to be no dirt to go before the broom; she cleaned, and one could see no difference. She was like an artist so perfect that he has apparently no art. To-day she got out a mixing bowl and a board, and rolled some pies, and there was no more done, and her daughter who was doing finer work. Nanny was to be married in the fall, and she was sewing on some white cambric and embroidery. She sewed industriously while her mother cooked, her soft milk white hands and wrists showed whiter than her delicate work.

"We must have the stove moved out in the shed before long," said Mrs. Penn. "Talk about not havin' things! it's been a real blessin' to be able to put a stove up in that shed in hot weather. Father did one good thing when he fixed that stove pipe out there."

Sarah Penn's face as she rolled her pies had that expression of meek vigor which might have characterized one of the New Testament saints. She was making mince pies. Her husband, Adoniram Penn, liked them better than any other kind. She baked twice a week. Adoniram often liked a piece of pie between meals. She hurried this morning. It had been later than usual when she began, and she wanted to have a pie baked for dinner. However deep a resentment she might be forced to hold against her husband, she would never fail in sedulous attention to his wants.

"Nobility of character manifests itself at loop holes when it is not provided with large doors. Sarah Penn's showed itself today in flaky dishes of pastry. So she made the pies faithfully, while across the table she could see, when she glanced up from her work, the sight that rankled in her patient and steadfast soul—the digging of the cellar of the new barn in the place where Adoniram forty years ago had promised her their new house should stand.

"The pies were done for dinner. Adoniram and Sammy were home a few minutes after twelve o'clock. The dinner was eaten with serious faces. There was very much conversation at the table in the Penn family. Adoniram asked a blessing, and they ate promptly, then rose up and went about their work.

Sammy went back to school, taking softly loops out of the yard like a rabbit. He wanted a game of marbles before school, and feared his father would give him some, if he saw the sight that rankled in the door and called after him, but he was out of sight.
"I don't see what you let him go for, mother," he said. "I wanted him to help me unload that wood."
Adoniram went to work out in the yard unloading wood from the wagon. Sarah put away the dinner dishes, while Nanny took down her curl papers and changed her dress. She was going down to the store to buy some more embroidery and thread.

Now, father, look here!" Sarah Penn had not sat down; she stood before her husband in the humble fashion of a Scripture woman—"I'm goin' to talk real plain to you; I never have sense I married you, but I'm goin' to now. I ain't never complained, an' I ain't goin' to now, but I'm goin' to talk real plain. You see this room here, father; you look at it well. You see there ain't no carpet on the floor, an' you see the paper is all dirty an' droppin' off the walls. We ain't had no new paper on it for ten years, an' then I put it on myself, an' it didn't cost but nine pence a roll. You see this room, father; it's all the one I've had to work in an' eat in, an' it's sense we was married. There ain't another woman in the whole town whose husband ain't got half the means you have but what's got better. It's all the room Nanny's got to have her company in; an' there ain't one of her mates but what's got better, an' their fathers not so able as hers is. It's all the room she'll have to be married in. What would Nanny, you have thought, father, if she had had her weddin' in a room no better than this? I was married in my mother's parlor, with a carpet on the floor, an' stuffed furniture, an' a mahogany card table. An' this is all the room my daughter has to be married in. Look here, father!"

Sarah Penn went across the room as though it were a tragic scene. She flung open a door and disclosed a tiny bedroom, only large enough for a bed and bureau, with a path between. "There, father," she said—"there's all the room I've had to sleep in for forty years. All my children were born there—the two that died, an' the two that's livin'." I was sick with a fever there."

She stepped to another door and opened it, she led into a small, ill lighted pantry. "Here," she said, "is all the buttry, I've got—every place I've got for my dishes to set away my victuals in, an' to keep my milk pans in. Father, I've been takin' care of the milk of six cows in this place, an' now you're goin' to build a new barn, an' keep more cows, an' give me more to do it."

She threw open another door. A narrow crooked flight of stairs wound upward from it. "There, father," she said; "I want you to look at the stairs that go up to them two unfinished chambers that are all the places our son an' daughter have had to sleep in all their lives. There ain't a prettier girl in town nor a more ladylike one than Nanny, an' she's had to sleep in that place, it ain't so warm an' tight."

Sarah Penn went back and stood before her husband. "Now, father," she said; "I want to know if you think you're doin' right an' accordin' to what you profess. Here, when we was married, forty years ago, you promised me faithful that for every year, you would build me a new house, but it's over in the field before the year was out. You said you had money enough, an' you wouldn't ask me to live in no such place as this. It is forty years now, an' you've been makin' more money, an' I've been savin' of it for you ever since, an' you ain't built no house yet. You've built sheds an' cow houses an' one new barn, an' now you're goin' to build another. Father, I want to know if you think it's right. You're lodgin' your dumb beasts better than your own flesh and blood. I want to know if you think it's right."

"I ain't got nothin' to say."
"You can't say nothin' without ownin' it ain't right, father. An' there's another thing—I ain't complainin'; we got along jest the way we do. I've always took the best of everything off her, an' she ain't fit to keep house an' do everything herself. She'll be all worn out inside of a year. Think of her doin' all the washin' an' ironin' an' bakin' with them soft white hands an' arms, an' sweepin'! I can't have it so noways, father."

Mrs. Penn's face was burning; her mild eyes gleamed to her. "I've always took the best of everything off her, an' she ain't fit to keep house an' do everything herself. She'll be all worn out inside of a year. Think of her doin' all the washin' an' ironin' an' bakin' with them soft white hands an' arms, an' sweepin'! I can't have it so noways, father."

"I ain't got nothin' to say."
"Father, ain't you got nothin' to say?"
"Yer goin' to go off after that load of gravel, I can't see what you're talkin' all day."

"Father, won't you think it over, an' have a house built there instead of a barn?"
"Yer goin' to go off after that load of gravel, I can't see what you're talkin' all day."

"I ain't got nothin' to say."
Adoniram shuffled out. Mrs. Penn went into her bedroom. When she came out her eyes were red. She had a roll of unbleached cotton cloth. She spread it out on the kitchen table, and began cutting out some shirts for her husband. The men over in the field had a team to help them this afternoon; she could hear their halloos. She had a scanty pattern for the shirts; she had to plan and piece the sleeves.

Nanny came home with her embroidery, and sat down with her needle work. She had taken down her curl papers, and there was a soft roll of fair hair like an arc over her forehead; her face was as delicately fine and clear as porcelain. Suddenly she looked up, and the tender red flamed all over her face and neck. "Mother," she said.

"What say?"
"Yer goin' to have any more cows?"
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"We might have the weddin' in the new barn," said Nanny, with gentle petishness. "Why, mother, what makes you look so?"
Mrs. Penn had started, and was staring at her with a curious expression. She turned again to her work, and spread out a pattern carefully on the cloth. "Nothin'," she said.

Presently Adoniram clattered out of the yard in his two wheeled dump cart, standing as proudly upright as a Roman chariot. Mrs. Penn opened the door and stood there a minute looking out; the halloos of the men sounded under.

for a boy; he had learned it from his father.
The barn was all completed ready for use by the third week in July. Adoniram had planned to move his stock in on Wednesday; on Tuesday he received a letter which changed his plans. He came in with it early in the morning. "Sammy's been to the post office," he said, "an' I've got a letter from Hiram." Hiram was Mrs. Penn's brother, who lived in Vermont.

"Well," said Mrs. Penn, "what does he say about the folks?"
"I guess they're all right. He says he thinks if I come up country right off there's a chance to buy jest the kind of a horse I want." He stared reflectively out of the window at the new barn.

Mrs. Penn was making pies. She went on clapping the rolling pin into the crust, although she was very pale, and her heart beat loudly.
"I dun'no' but what I'd better go," said Adoniram. "I hate to go off jest now, right in the midst of layin' it, but she ten sure lot's on it, an' I guess Rufus an' the others can get along without me three or four days. I can't get a horse around here to suit me, now, an' I've got to have another for all that wood haulin' in the fall. I told Hiram to watch out, an' if he got wind of a good horse to let me know. I guess I'd better go."

"I'll get out your clean shirt an' collar," said Mrs. Penn, calmly.
She laid out Adoniram's Sunday suit and his clean clothes on the bed in the little bedroom. She got his shaving water and razor ready. At last she buttoned on his collar and fastened his black cravat.

Adoniram never wore his collar and cravat, except on extra occasions. He held his head high, with unspiced dignity. When he was all ready, with his coat and hat brushed, and a lunch of pie and cheese in a paper bag, he hesitated on the threshold of the door. He looked at his wife, and his manner was defiantly apologetic. "If them oows come today, Sammy can drive 'em in to the new barn," he said; "an' when they bridle 'em may they can pitch it in there."

"Well," replied Mrs. Penn.
Adoniram set his shaven face ahead and started. When he had cleared the door step, he turned and looked back with a kind of nervous solemnity. "I shall be back by Saturday if nothin' happens," he said.

"Do be careful, father," returned his wife.
She stood in the door with Nanny at her elbow and watched him out of sight. Her eyes had a strange doubtful expression in them; her peaceful forehead was contracted. She went in, and about her baking again. Nanny sat sewing. Her wedding day was drawing nearer, and she was getting pale and thin with her steady sewing. Her mother kept glancing at her.

"Have you got that pain in your side this mornin'?"
"A little."
Mrs. Penn's face, as she worked, changed, her perplexed forehead smoothed, her eyes were steady, her lips firmly set. She formed a maxim for herself, although incoherently with her unlettered thoughts. "I'll hold my tongue, an' I'll be as good as the Lord to the new roads of life," she repeated in effect, and she made up her mind to her course of action.

"S'posin' I had wrote to Hiram," she muttered once, when she was in the pantry—"s'posin' I had wrote, an' asked him if he knew of any horse? But I didn't an' father's goin' to buy none of my own." It looked like a Providence. Her voice rang out quite loud at the last.

"What you talkin' about, mother?" called Nanny.
"Nothin'."
Mrs. Penn hurried her baking; at eleven o'clock it was all done. The load of hay from the west field came slowly down the cart track, and drew up at the new barn. "Peep out," said Mrs. Penn, she screamed—"stop!"

The men stopped and looked; Sammy appeared from the top of the load, and stared at his mother.
"Stop!" she cried out again. "Don't you put the hay in that barn; put it in the old one."
"Room enough," returned the hired man, in his thick, rustic tones. "Didn't need the new barn, now, 'cause as room's concerned, well, I s'pose he changed his mind." He took hold of the horses' bridles.

Mrs. Penn went back to the house. Soon the kitchen windows were darkened, and a fragrance like warm honey came into the room.
Nanny laid down her work. "I thought father wanted them to put the hay into the new barn?" she said, wonderingly.
"Yer goin' to put the hay in the new barn; there's room enough in the old one, ain't there?" said Mrs. Penn.

"Room enough," returned the hired man, in his thick, rustic tones. "Didn't need the new barn, now, 'cause as room's concerned, well, I s'pose he changed his mind." He took hold of the horses' bridles.

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went back and fourth with her light loads, and Sammy tugged with sober energy.
At five o'clock in the afternoon the little house in which the Penns had lived for forty years had emptied itself into the new barn.

Every builder builds somewhat for unknown purposes, and is in a measure a prophet. The architect of Adoniram Penn's barn, while he designed it for the comfort of four-footed animals, had planned better than he knew for the comfort of humans. Sarah Penn saw at a glance its possibilities. Those great boxstalls, with quilts hung before them, would make better bedrooms than the one she had occupied for forty years, and there was a tight carriage-room. The harness-room, with its chimney and shelves, would make a kitchen of her dreams. The great middle space would make a parlor, by-and-by, fit for a palace. Up stairs there was as much room as down. With partitions and windows, what a house would there be!

Sarah looked at the row of stanchions before the allotted space for cows, and reflected that she would have her front entry there.
At six o'clock the stove was up in the harness-room, the kettle was boiling, and the table set for tea. It looked almost as home-like as the abandoned house across the yard had ever done. The young hired man milked, and Sarah directed him calmly to bring the milk to the new barn. He came gazing, dropping little blots of foam from the brimming pails on the grass. Before the next morning he had spread the story of Adoniram Penn's wife moving into the new barn all over the little village.

Men assembled in the store and talked it over, women with shawls over their heads scuttled into each other's houses before their work was done. Any deviation from the ordinary course of life in this quiet town was enough to stop all progress in it. Everybody paused to look at the staid, independent figure on the side track. There was a difference of opinion with regard to her. Some held her to be insane; some, of a lawless and rebellious spirit.

Friday the minister went to see her. It was in the afternoon, and she was at the barn door shelling peas for dinner. She looked up and returned his salutation with dignity, then she went on with her work. She did not invite him in. The saintly expression of her face remained fixed, but there was an angry flush over it.

The minister stood awkwardly before her, and talked. She handed the peas as if they were bullets. At last she looked up, and her eyes showed the spirit that her meek front had covered for a lifetime.
"There ain't no use talkin', Mr. Hersey," said she. "I've thought it all over an' over, an' I believe I'm doin' what's right. I've made it the subject of prayer, an' it's bewixt me an' the Lord, an' I'm goin' to do it. There ain't no call for nobody else to worry about it."

"Well, of course if you have brought it to the Lord in prayer, and feel satisfied that you are doing right, Mrs. Penn," said the minister, helplessly. His thin gray-bearded face was pathetic. He was a sickly man; his youthful confidence had cooled; he had to encourage himself up to some of his pastoral duties as relentlessly as a Catholic ascetic, and then he was prostrated by the smart.

"I think it's right jest as much as I think it is right for our forefathers to come over from the old country 'cause they didn't have what belonged to 'em," said Mrs. Penn. She arose. The barn threshold might have been Plymouth Rock from her bearing. "I don't doubt you mean well, Mr. Hersey," said she, "but there are things people hadn't ought to interfere with. I've been a member of the church for over forty years. I've got my own mind an' my own feet, an' I'm goin' to think my own thoughts, an' go my own way, an' I'll be as good as the Lord to decide to me unless I've a mind to have him. Won't you come in an' set down? How is Mis' Hersey?"

"She is well, I thank you," replied the minister. He added some more perplexed apologetic remarks; then he retreated.
He could expound the intricacies of every character study in the Scriptures, but he was incompetent to grasp the "Pillar of Faith" and all historical innovators, but Sarah Penn was beyond him. He could deal with principal cases, but parallel ones worsted him. But, after all, although it was aside from his province, he wondered more how Adoniram Penn would deal with his wife than how the Lord would. Everybody shared the wonder. When Adoniram's four new cows arrived, Sarah ordered three to be put in the old barn, the other in the house shed where the cooking-stove had stood. That added to the excitement. It was whispered that all four cows were domiciled in the house.

Toward sunset on Saturday, when Adoniram was expected home, there was a knot of men in the road near the new barn. The hired man had milked, but he still hung around the premises. Sarah Penn had supper all ready. There were brown bread and baked beans and custard pie; it was the supper that Adoniram loved on a Saturday night. She had on a clean calico, and she wore herself imperturbably. Nanny and Sammy kept close at her heels. Their eyes were large, and Nanny was full of nervous tremors. Still there was to them more pleasant excitement than anything else. An inborn confidence in their mother over their father asserted itself.

Sammy looked out of the harness-room window. "There he is," he announced, in an awed whisper. He and Nanny kept around the casing. Mrs. Penn kept about her work. The children washed Adoniram leave the new horse standing in the drive while he went to the house door. She was fastened. Then he went around to the shed. That door was seldom looked, even when the family was away. The thought how her father would be confronted by the cow flashed upon Nanny. There was a hysterical sob in her throat. Adoniram emerged from the shed and stood looking about in a dazed fashion. His lips moved; he was saying something, but they could not hear what it was. The hired man was peeping around a corner of the old barn, but nobody saw him.

Adoniram took the new horse by the bridle and led him across the yard to the new barn. Nanny and Sammy slunk close to their mother. The barn doors rolled back, and there stood Adoniram, with the long mild face of the great Canadian farm horse looking over his shoulder.
Nanny kept behind her mother, but Sammy stepped suddenly forward, and stood in front of her.

Adoniram stared at the group. "What on airth you all down here for?" said he. "What's the matter over to the house?"
"We've come here to live, father," said Sammy. His shrill voice quavered out bravely.
"Yer goin' to live here, father," said Sarah.

She led the way into the harness-room and shut the door. "Now, father," said she, "you needn't be scared. I ain't crazy. There ain't nothin' to be upset over. But we've come here to live, an' we're going to live here. We've got jest as good a right here as new horses an' ows. The house wa'n't fit for us to live in any longer, an' I made up my mind I wa'n't goin' to stay there. I've done my duty by you forty year, an' I'm goin' to do it now; but I'm goin' to live here. You've got to put in some windows and partitions; an' you'll have to buy some furniture."

"Why, mother!" the old man gasped.
"You'd better take your coat off an' get washed—there's the wash-basin—an' then we'll have supper."

"Why, mother!"
Sammy went past the window, leading the new horse to the old barn. The old man saw him, and shook his head speechlessly. He tried to take off his coat, but his arms seemed to lack the power. His wife helped him. She poured some water into the tin basin, and put in a piece of soap. She got the comb and brush, and smoothed his thin gray hair after he had washed. Then she put the beans, hot bread, and tea on the table. Sammy came in, and the family drew up. Adoniram sat looking dazedly at his plate, and they waited.

"Ain't you goin' to ask a blessin', father?" said Sarah.
And the old man bent his head and mumbled.
All through the meal he stopped eating at intervals, and stared furtively at his wife; but he ate well. The home food tasted good to him, and his old frame was so stoutly healthy to be affected by his mother's care. After supper he went out, and sat down on the step of the smaller door at the right of the barn, through which he had meant his Jerseys to pass in stately file, but which Sarah designed for her front house door, and he leaned his head on his hands.

After the supper dishes were cleared away and the milk pans washed, Sarah came out on the porch, and looked up at the evening. There was a clear green glow in the sky. Before them stretched the smooth level of field; in the distance was a cluster of hay stacks like the huts of a village; the air was very cool and calm and sweet. The landscape might have been an ideal one of peace.

Sarah bent over and touched her shoulders on one of his thin, sinewy shoulders. "Father!"
The old man's shoulders heaved; he was weeping.
"Yer goin' to live here, father," said Sarah. "I'll—put up the partitions, an'—everything you want, mother."

Sarah put her apron up to her face; she was overcome by her own triumph.
Adoniram was like a fortress whose walls had no active resistance, and went down the instant the right besieging tools were used. "Why mother," he said, hoarsely, "I hadn't no idee you was so set on it as all this comes to."—By Mary E. Wilkins in Harper's Magazine.

Congress Made 11,316 New Offices.
Compensation for New Places Provided for Amounts to \$7,927,639 Annually.
The volume relating to appropriations made and new offices created during the session of the Fifty seventh Congress has been completed. A summary of the appropriations shows a grand total of \$73,058,506.

In addition to the specific appropriations made, contracts are authorized to be entered into for certain public works requiring future appropriations by Congress, in the aggregate of \$36,989,859, the principal item of which is \$20,426,000 for additions to the navy.

The new offices and employments specifically authorized are 11,316 in number, at an annual compensation of \$7,927,639; those abolished or omitted are 1,315 in number, at an annual compensation of \$941,481, a net increase of 9,501 in number and \$6,986,158 in amount.

The largest increases are 5,616 for the naval establishment, including 3,000 seamen and 1,458 midshipmen and 3,354 for the postal service, including 143 assistant postmasters, 2,289 clerks in postoffices and 896 railway postal clerks.

The number of salaries increased is 341, at an annual cost of \$205,202, and the number reduced is sixty, in the sum of \$600. A comparison of the total appropriations of the second session of the Fifty-seventh Congress for 1903, shows a reduction of \$47,565,980. The principal items of decrease are: For river and harbor improvements, \$12,307,049; for the isthmian canal, \$50,130,000; for the military establishment, \$13,841,383. Among the increases are: For the naval establishment, \$3,020,428; for the postal service, \$15,094,951; for legislative, executive and judicial expenses, \$2,200,000, including \$500,000 for the enforcement of the anti-trust laws, and for the agricultural department, \$770,000.

The total appropriations made by the Fifty-seventh Congress amount to \$1,553,683,000, an increase over the Fifty-sixth Congress of \$113,193,567. This is accounted for in part by increases in the appropriations for the postal service of \$54,000,000; for the navy, \$17,500,000; for rivers and harbors, \$29,500,000; for the isthmian canal, \$50,000,000; for the agricultural department, \$2,500,000; for the legislative, executive and judicial expenses, \$4,200,000, for public buildings throughout the country, \$10,000,000; for the Philippine islands, \$3,000,000.

Reductions are made in the appropriations for the military establishment of \$60,000,000 and for pensions \$10,000,000.

Killed Himself and Babies.
Mrs. Bachman Cuts the Throats of Two of Her Children and Commits Suicide.
Slatington, a town sixteen miles from Allentown, the centre of the slate industry in America, had a triple tragedy last Wednesday. After acting queerly for several days Mrs. Alvin Bachman, the wife of a mechanic, cut the throats of her two youngest children, Edna, aged 3, and Roy, aged 1, using her husband's razor. Standing beside the bed where her babies lay, she cut her jugular vein and crawled into the bath tub to die.