

WASHINGTON LETTER.

(From our Regular Correspondent.) WASHINGTON, Mar. 12, 1894

Democrats, even those who are personally opposed to some of the changes made, are glad that the Senate Finance committee has at last got the tariff bill in a shape to make its passage by the Senate certain.

The republicans of the Finance committee would like to waste a month or so by keeping the tariff bill in committee, but the democrats will not allow any such time.

Secretary Herbert's answer to the House resolution asking by what authority he ordered Admiral Skerrett to obey Mr. Blount when he went to Hawaii as Special Commissioner, was, in short, that it came from the Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy—the President of the United States; and he cited seven precedents for the action, dating from 1823 to 1881.

Senator Blanchard assumed his duties to day and Justice White, his predecessor, was sworn in as a member of the Supreme Court. If Mr. Blanchard makes as good a reputation in the Senate as he leaves behind him in the House the people of Louisiana will doubtless ratify the selection of the governor by keeping him there.

Representative Kilgore, of Texas, was not altogether wrong, although rather too general, when he said in the course of the debate on the District of Columbia appropriation bill, concerning the newspapers of Washington: "The newspapers of Washington have never failed to advocate any scheme, I don't care how infamous it was, that looked to the expenditure of the public money in the interest of speculators in and around the city. I never knew of an instance in which they did not advocate such schemes."

Democrats in Congress are in thorough sympathy with the Departmental Congressional Commission which has been engaged for many months in looking into the business methods of the Government Departments, with a view to recommending changes looking to a reduction of unnecessary red tape and of unnecessary officials. Every recommendation of the Commission has been promptly acted upon by Congress, the last one for abolishing the Bureau of Customs of the Treasury Department—having been passed by the House without an hour's discussion. Slowly but surely the leaven of reform is working. The results of thirty years of extravagance and favoritism cannot be overthrown in a day, or a year, but they will be overthrown in the end. This the democrats are determined upon.

Senator McPherson has this to say about the charge that the sugar clause of the revised tariff bill gives the sugar trust an undue advantage: "As I drew the sugar schedule, I ought to know what it means, and I certainly know what it was intended to mean. The entire discriminating duty, according to my calculations, that refined sugar is accorded by the bill is sixteen hundredths of one cent. Now, when you take into account the bounty paid by Germany for its exported sugar, and the fact that German sugar is shipped in bags which are not dutiable, and which can be used over and over again, it will be seen that the American refiner is given no advantage over his German competitors. In truth, the German exporter has one hundredth of a cent per pound advantage over the American refiner after he has paid our import duty. Now, if any one disputes these figures of mine, and can show me where the American refiner receives any greater protection than I have stated, I will see that the bill is changed."

The Senate will vote upon the bill for the coinage of the seigniorage next Thursday. It will certainly pass. Public opinion is divided as to whether it will be vetoed, the majority inclining to the belief that it will be.

"March to search" is the old adage. It searches out any weakness of the system, resulting from impure blood. Those who use Ayer's Sarsaparilla find March no more searching or even disagreeable than any other month. This medicine is a wonderful invigorator.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

The Old New York Debtors' Prison.

When the war was ended the Provost reverted to more legitimate uses again, but under regulations which sent all the common criminals to the Bridewell, and made the New Jail merely a place of genteel detention for prisoners for debt; those thriftless (or, possibly, over-thrift) persons who were for dancing through the world at the charges of anybody whom they could induce to pay their piper, and whose simple concept of economical finance was never to pay a piper, or anybody else, for themselves. That this class were represented over-liberally in the New York of a hundred years ago might be inferred from the fact that between January 2d and December 3d of the year 1788 no less than 1162 debtors were sent to prison; in other words—the population then being about 25,000—one citizen in every twenty, or thereabouts, went to jail for debt. Fortunately for the reputation of the New Yorkers of this last century, however, these figures—which I find in a petition addressed by the Association for the Relief of Distressed Debtors to the General Assembly—are misleading when taken without their qualifying context. The purport of the petition was to exhibit the injury done to the community by "the confinement of debtors for small sums," and its major premise was the fact that of the 1162 commitments specified no less than 716 were "for sums recoverable before a justice of the peace, and many of these under twenty shillings." Very reasonably, therefore, the memorialists urge that the confinement of debtors for such slight cause inures greatly to the injury of the community: "as thereby the certain profit which would arise to society from the labour of the debtor is sacrificed, for an indefinite time, to the precarious prospect of recovering a debt which the creditor, in most instances, has improvidently suffered to be contracted, and which very often does not amount to one-fourth of the value the public would derive from the labour of the debtor during the time of his confinement"—all of which, save the delightful and also astute saddling of the responsibility for the debt upon the "improvident" creditor, is very much what Solon had to say upon the same subject rather more than two thousand years earlier in the history of the world.—Harper's Weekly.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, ss. LUCAS COUNTY.

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & CO., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of CATARRH that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

FRANK J. CHENEY, Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D., 1886.

A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c. im.

LAMP WICKS OF CLAY.

THEY GIVE A MUCH BRIGHTER LIGHT THAN THOSE OF COTTON.

A lamp wick has been invented which is made entirely of clay, and claimed to give 25 per cent. more light than the cotton wick, says the House Furnishing Review. It is made capillary by incorporating with the clay, while in a plastic state, filaments of unspun vegetable fiber which are burned out in the process of baking. The object is to provide an indestructible wick, which shall possess all the advantageous qualities of an ordinary cotton or fiber wick and which shall, in addition, last an indefinite time without renewal or necessity of trimming or care. When the clay is baked the vegetable fiber is burned out leaving capillary tubes running longitudinally through the wick, through which the oil from the lamp will be raised to the flame by capillary attraction. Owing to the perfect combustion of the wick, the flame is perfectly white in character, devoid of odor and smokeless. It is found, through a practical test, that oil is volatilized by the use of this wick and the vapor is consumed, thus giving the above results.

Rheumatism Cured in a Day.—"Mystic Cure" for Rheumatism and Neuralgia, radically cures in 1 to 3 days. Its action upon the system is remarkable and mysterious. It removes at once the cause and the disease immediately disappears. The first dose greatly benefits, 75 cts. Sold by C. A. Klein, Druggist, Bloomburg, 11-10-Sm.

A lot of new notes of the sharpest kind have just been printed and are for sale at this office. Also common receipts, estate receipts, and collectors' receipts, neatly bound in books of 25, 50 and 100.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

The Senate Tariff Bill.

The Democratic majority in the Senate is such a narrow one, and it contains so many weak kneed gentlemen, that from the beginning of the tariff discussion the chief concern of the friends of revenue reform has been to discover how much the fair expectation of the party would have to be modified in order to secure a full vote. In the effort to steer a safe course between what ought to be done and what can be done in the way of tariff revision the Wilson bill as amended and presented to the full Senate Finance Committee was yesterday given to the public and its salient features are printed in the Record this morning.

In one important particular the amendments to the bill have improved it. The tax laid upon sugar will bring a sufficient addition to the revenue to make the income of the Government sufficient for all purposes of fixed or probable expenditure. The imposition of the sugar tax paves the way for dropping the income tax feature which is still a part of the bill.

The amendments which take iron ore and coal from the free list and impose a duty of 40 cents a ton upon both are of small consequence as producers of revenue and are a vicious and mischievous departure from the lines on which the battle of 1892 was fought and won.

On the whole, however, the work of the Senate Committee is better than was expected. Less mischief was hatched in a month of incubation than long opportunity and impertunity usually bring forth. There is a well founded belief that the bill practically in its present shape will be passed after due discussion and that in the final arrangement of differences between the two Houses a bill more acceptable than either the original Wilson bill or the Senate substitute may be adopted.

The delay of action in the Senate Committee, when action was so imperatively necessary to put an end to business derangement, has so irritated the country that there is now less care for details than for movement. The application to the Tariff bill of a little of the celerity of movement that has been effected in handling the Bland Seigniorage bill would do wonders in restoring confidence in Democratic administrative capacity and in improving the hesitant and discouraging features of the industrial situation.—Record.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla is just what you want for a spring medicine—superior to all.

A New View of the Handy Man.

HE IS A HELP RATHER THAN A HINDERANCE TO THE MECHANIC.

The "handy man" is a godsend to the plumber, the carpenter the builder, the paper-hanger and several others. With a view to saving expenses he buys a tool chest and proceeds to tinker with everything that is out of shape. When a door hangs badly he takes it off the hinges and tries to plane or saw a piece off the bottom. He is certain to spoil the wood work and very frequently breaks the hinges in putting them back. It is not at all an easy thing for one man to hang a door anyhow, and it is practically impossible for an amateur to do it at all. When the handy man finds some of his wallpaper knocked off he hunts up one of the fragments that were left and pastes it over, producing a result so hideous that his wife generally sends for a paper hanger and has the whole room done over again. The same man commences to build a shed or back fence, and finding that he has got everything out of plumb and that the corners won't come right he sends for a carpenter and has to pay him for tearing everything down besides doing the work.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The Breath of a chronic catarrh patient is often so offensive that he becomes an object of disgust. After a time ulceration sets in, the spongy bones are attacked, and frequently destroyed. A constant source of discomfort is the dripping of the purulent secretions into the throat, sometimes producing inveterate bronchitis, which is usually the exciting cause of pulmonary disease. The brilliant results by its use for years past properly designate Ely's Cream Balm as by far the best and only cure. Call upon your druggist for it.

The Germans as Wood Engravers.

The Germans are the best wood engravers. Not that they have any special skill or dexterity that cannot be acquired by a man of any other nationality, but they have an infinite amount of patience, and in wood engraving patience is demanded quite as much as dexterity. It is no small matter to sit down before a block of wood knowing that weeks must pass before you can finish a picture begun on it, but the Germans have this patience, and this is one reason of their success.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Knox County, Ill., is probably the divorce centre of the United States. In the last five years the number of divorces have averaged one to every seven marriages.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

Economical Spring Gowns for Ladies.

A somewhat rapid glance over the coming fashions shows that they are practically the same as last year's. This fact, however, will prove a blessing in disguise, as it will enable many to exercise a well timed economy and take advantage of this sameness of style for remodelling old dresses. Every part of a gown can thus be made over, and especially the overskirt which will be so largely worn. By using an old skirt as an overdress above a sham skirt of a different material, the transformation will be at once both complete and effective. If the lower part of an old dress be worn or soiled, it may easily be removed, as the drapery in some styles is drawn up as far as the knee on the side, and half way between the foot and the knee in front. As a matter of course the draperies are varied in form and sometimes quite complicated. The McDOWELL FASHION JOURNALS contain all the novelties of the season, and moreover, in order to furnish further assistance to their readers, they offer a supplement of patterns of the latest styles. These may be secured by means of coupons at an exceedingly moderate price. "La Mode de Paris" and "Paris Album of Fashion" cost only \$3.50 a year or 35 cents each per copy. "The French Dressmaker" is \$3.00 per annum or 30 cents a copy. "La Mode," which is the best family fashion magazine in existence is offered at the exceedingly low price of \$1.50 a year or 15 cents a copy. If you are unable to procure any of these publications from your newsdealer do not take any substitute from him but apply by mail to Messrs. A. McDOWELL & Co., 4 West 14th Street, New York.

A Queenly Head

can never rest on a body frail from disease any more than the lovely lily can grow in the sterile soil. When Consumption fastens its hold upon a victim, the whole physical structure commences its decay. At such a period, before the disease is too far advanced, Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery will arrest and cure it. So certain is this, that an offer is made to refund the money paid for it when a failure can be found under the condition of a fair trial.

New Use For The Telephone.

From Harper's Young People. Here's a story of the telephone as it is used, or abused, in Russia. The use of the instrument to intimidate prisoners is the invention of a police inspector at Odessa. A man was one day brought into the police station, charged with having committed a serious robbery. The inspector had some difficulty in proving the case, and had recourse to an ingenious stratagem. He went to the telephone in an adjoining room, and asked the clerk at the central office to speak into the instrument the following words, in a solemn tone: "Istno Smelanski, you must confess the robbery; if you don't you are to be sentenced, and your punishment will be all the more severe." He then sent for the prisoner and questioned him again, threatening to appeal to the "machine" to get at the truth. The thief burst into a laugh, but the inspector held the telephone to his ear and gave the preconcerted signal. The result was as expected. The rogue, terrified by the warning uttered by the uncanny "machine," at once made a clean breast of it.

160 World's Fair Photos for \$1.

These beautiful pictures are now ready for delivery in ten complete parts—16 pictures comprising each part—and the whole set can be secured by the payment of One Dollar, sent to Geo. H. Heaford, General Passenger Agent, Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway, Chicago, Ill., and the portfolios of pictures will be sent, free of expense, by mail to subscribers. Remittances should be made by draft, money order, or registered letter. 3-2-3t

A number of athletic young ladies of Portland, Me., have formed a walking club. Its members devote two afternoons a week to pedestrianism.

Ira Krum, of Snyder Hollow, in the Catskill Mountains, died a few days since, the result of fasting to make himself light enough to walk on water.

Now She is Well.

"My wife was troubled with stomach, liver and kidney disease and nothing would help her but Hood's Sarsaparilla. She took two bottles and now she is well and has a good appetite. My boy was troubled with headaches and stomach difficulty and he has taken Hood's Vegetable Pills, which we think are the best." NATHANIEL BENSING, Cross Kill Mill Pa.

Hood's Pills cure all liver ills. 25c.

The story is told on Dean Stanley that he wrote such illegible copy that the printers charged half a crown a sheet extra for setting it up.

A copy of the original edition of Isaac Walton's "Angler," printed in 1653, was recently sold for nearly \$1,500 by a Cleveland book firm.

A MOUNTAIN RIDE.

Peccable Traits of the Moonshiners of Georgia and Tennessee.

"It was a good many years ago," said the Judge. "I was in Tennessee then, practicing law. I had a case in which I wanted very badly a moonshiner. I wrote to him, but he would not come. Finally he sent word that I might come up and see him. He specified particularly the day I was to arrive and the exact time I was to begin the ascent of the mountains. On the afternoon named my horse was tugging bravely up the rough road along the mountain side, when a boy not over seventeen years old slouched down into the road. A rifle was slung over his shoulder in such a way that it could be swung into instant use. He made no attempt to get out of my way, and I was obliged to pull up my horse.

"Are you Judge N.?" he drawled. "I'm the man," I said. "All right, I'll go along with you," he replied. "Thank you," I answered, "but who are you?" "I'm Bill Johnson's boy."

"Did he send you down to meet me?" "Yes."

"Why?" "So you'd get there alive," he said sentimentally. "You're a stranger."

"Won't you get in?" I asked. "No," he said dryly, "I'll walk. It's safer for you."

"A mile or so further on another man about twenty-one dropped suddenly into the road. He, too, had a rifle slung on his shoulder.

"Hello, Jim," he said, "is this the Judge?" "Yes," said Jim.

"All right," said the other, and he swung along on the other side of my wagon.

"Who is that?" I asked Jim when I got a chance.

"My brother," said Jim; "you're a stranger, you know; he's come to help take care of you."

"Soon another young man appeared in the same mysterious way and joined my bodyguard. He was another of Bill Johnson's boys.

"At a later turn in the road an old man, stoop shouldered, gray haired, wrinkled and bent, but keen eyed and alert, stepped silently before us. He, like the rest, was armed.

"Is this the Judge?" he asked his boys.

"It was the Judge, and he climbed into my wagon. Protected in this way, I drove to his home. My business finished, I drove back in the same way, my guard melting away, until I finally said good-by to the youngest boy. Strangers in the moonshine regions of Tennessee go that way, or they go in a coffin."

"Strangely enough," said the railroad man, "I, too, have a story to tell about moonshiners and strangers. I was building a railroad down in Georgia in my younger days. I am a Georgian, you know. Once following our surveys I saw a chance to ride across the mountains, and thence to my home to visit my father. It was early in the afternoon when I started on my long ride. The moon was shining high in the heavens when I began to climb. I was jogging peacefully up the incline, when from a shadow a horse and rider came out from the side of the road and fell in at my side.

"Good-evening, stranger," said the man politely.

"Good-evening, sir," I said, glad of even unknown company.

"Which way you going?" asked my new companion.

"Over the mountains," I answered.

"Reckon I'm going that way, too," he said, and then I had an opportunity to look at my friend's face. It was a strange face. Smooth shaven, young and yet old. It was calm and placid, as expressionless as stone, and yet there was a certain set about the jaws that kept me uneasy. And no matter how often I looked at him, how quickly I turned my glance on his face, his deepest eyes were always watching me. I felt, even when I did not look at him, that he was watching me like a cat. We rode for hours, talking as one does with that class of people, until at nearly daylight we had crossed the mountains and were making our way along a comparatively level road. When we came to a river, which we had to ford, my friend reined up.

"This is as far as I go," he said.

"I'm sorry to lose you," I replied civilly.

"Stranger," he said, when my horse's forelegs were in the river, "where are you from?"

"Georgia," I answered; "this is my State."

"Who's boy are you?" "Judge S.'s."

"Is that so?" he said in a calm voice. "Why, do you know what I took you for? Revenue! Yes, sir, and I came near shooting you, sir. Half a dozen times on that ride I made up my mind you were revenue, sir, and each time I was just ready to do it. But I hated to do it, sir, you looked so square. I'm glad I didn't."

"So am I," I answered, with a false, jerky laugh, for that emotionless man gave me the chills, and I sent my horse across the ford.

"Good-by," I cried from the other side.

"Good-by, sir," he replied. Then his horse carried him off in the gray light, and I felt a sudden sense of relief.—Exchange.

A Gay Lothario.

Johnnie Masher—I have only known you for half an hour and yet I love you more than words can tell. There is nothing I wouldn't do to gain your love.

"Yes; but how do you know that I am not a married woman?" asked the lady.

"Is that so? Then perhaps you have an unmarried sister to whom you might introduce me?"—Texas Siftings.

One on the Gas Man.

The gas man called on the dentist to have a tooth extracted.

"Do you want to take gas?" asked the D. D. S.

"How much will it require?" "Oh, don't worry about that; I'm not going to measure with the meter you use on me."—Detroit Free Press.

Did She Say No?

Winez—She is the most uninteresting girl I have ever met, even though she is rich. She can't say anything but "yes" and "no."

Stings—Which did she say to you?—Truth.

FORCE OF CHARACTER.

That Was What the Man with the Jag Showed to the Conductor.

A tall, thin man, with a faded brown overcoat, an ornate jag and a tattooed star on his left hand, got on a 1 o'clock car on Sunday morning, says the Buffalo Express. He wandered around in the aisle until somebody made room for him, and thereafter he spent most of his time in stroking his pointed chin and smiling affably at the other passengers.

The conductor came along and held out his hand. The man with the jag fumbled around in his vest pocket and produced a dime. The conductor gave him a Canadian five-cent silver piece for change. The man with the jag held it between a thumb and finger and eyed it suspiciously. "Here," he said, thickly, "I don't want thash."

"Neither do I," said the conductor, and with this he passed along.

The man with the jag stroked his chin a couple of times and beamed around the car.

"Wait'll he go's back," he said; "I'll fix'im."

The conductor came back. The man with the jag stopped him and held out the objectionable coin. "Here," he said again, "I don't want thash."

"What's the matter with it?" inquired the conductor.

"I don't want thash," repeated the man with the jag, doggedly.

The conductor took the coin and counted out five pennies to the man. "How will that fix you out?" he inquired.

The man with a jag stroked his chin again and continued his smiling. He fairly beamed on everybody. Then he said loudly: "Thash way 't fix it. Thash only way. Forsh character. I jush say shing an' sticksh 't it, and 't comsh my way. 'F therssh more men like me in thish country wou'dn't be so much monshy bishness. Forsh character, thash wha' vitorish."

And, with his five pennies clasped tightly in his hand, he went contentedly to sleep.

Rather Embarrassing.



Rosalind—Well, Edgar, what did you wish to say to me?

Edgar—Oh, I wished to tell you that Miss De Smythe is engaged to be married.

Rosalind (coloring)—What! that insipid-looking, doll-faced creature engaged! For mercy's sake, who is going to marry her?

Edgar—Well—er—that is—I am.

The Ruling Passion.

He loved the wino-mo lass with a love none the less ardent because she was a clerk in a dry-goods store, and he had met her there behind the counter when he had come in to make purchases.

But she was no ordinary girl, and he knew that if he won her as his own it would be no easy conquest.

For weeks and weeks he had been to see her, and for weeks he had hesitated on the brink of a proposal, which involved all his happiness.

Yet the girl did not seem to realize how near she was to him, nor that any moment might precipitate the final question.

However, these things cannot continue forever, and one Sunday afternoon as they were walking his voice became low and tremulous, and she looked up shyly into his face.

"Christine," he whispered, "may I ask you a question?"

"Certainly, George," she assented frankly. "What is it?"

"Will you be my wife?"

She turned as if a sheaf were behind her.

"I'm very sorry," she said softly, "is there anything else to-day?"—Detroit Free Press.

Highland Fishing Inns.

Misfortune, and Highland inns, bring a man acquainted with strange bed-fellows and other melancholy matters, says the London Saturday Review.

The Highland inn is of all sorts and many sizes, perhaps the bigger the worse, or the smaller the better. There are huge caravansaries, wherein you seem to be in a dingier and less exhilarating Switzerland. They are planted beside railways, as near lochs as possible, and contain some hundreds of guests, from Glasgow mainly, if we may judge by accent. The bigger the hotel the worse the sport, as a general rule. The talk is chiefly of trout: "Ser les moeurs do la truite on n'est pas fixe," says a French authority. If there is no certainty on the matter it is not for want of discussion. The great problem of the Highland hotel is, "Why don't they take?" for they never do take; "that you may lay to." Either there has been no rain, or "they are expectin' naair rain," or there is no breeze, or there is a mighty rushing wind. A spirit of discontent broods over the angling inmates of the Highland hotel; their lives are full of seriousness because they cannot catch fish enough, or for that matter, fish at all.

Force of Habit.

At the hotel counter. Clerk (stepping to the speaking tube as it whistles)—Well, what is it?

The agonizing tones of Uncle Joshua (room E, front)—Send me up a bellows. I've blown on this 'ere 'lectric light till I'm winded, an' it's burnin' yet.—Chicago Record.

An Infant Phenomenon.

Fond Mother—Big? Do you think so? Why, we think he is rather small for his age. Talk? Oh, yes, he talks; but he hasn't said anything remarkable—yet.

Visitors (together)—What a wonderful child.—Judge.