

WILD DAY IN SENATE

Water Personal Attacks Made During Philippine Debate.

SHARP ADMONITION FROM THE CHAIR

Under Compelled to Retract by Lodge-Tillman and Spooner in Wordy Warfare - Department of Commerce Bill Passed.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 29.—A Philippine storm was central in the senate chamber yesterday for nearly three hours, but was void of definite results.

Acrimony in senate debates is not infrequent, but old senators say it has been years since there has been such a hurricane of bitter vituperation.

The engineer of a New York Central passenger train was killed and the fireman hurt in a collision at Oneida, N. Y.

A tunnel company was incorporated at Albany to burrow under East river for a distance of ten miles into Kings county for underground railroads.

The transport Sheridan arrived at Manila with much sickness aboard.

The Colorado legislature met in extra session to pass a corporation tax law.

Emperor William of Germany celebrated his forty-third birthday with great pomp.

The German steamer Australia went ashore at the mouth of the Scheldt and broke in two.

The coldest weather of the winter was reported in Kansas, Nebraska, Minnesota and Iowa, with a severe blizzard in Michigan.

General Miles denies that he is a candidate for the presidency.

A large sum of counterfeit money was seized near Ponce, Porto Rico, and two arrests were made.

The will of Miss Cecelia Tully of Boston contains bequests to Catholic institutions amounting to \$65,000.

Rear Admiral W. K. Van Reypen, surgeon general of the navy, has been placed on the retired list after forty years' service.

Edward Kern, the absconding valet who turned thief, confessed his identity in New Orleans and was started on the way to New York in custody of a detective.

Severe earthquake shocks were felt in Missouri and Illinois.

Rich goldfields were reported in the Norwegian district of Montana.

Lewis Warner, an American horseman, committed suicide at Newmarket, England.

Two hundred fishermen were reported missing as the result of fierce gales on the Japanese coast.

Ten Bulgarian soldiers were killed in a fight with Turks.

Timothy C. Harrington was re-elected lord mayor of Dublin.

It was reported that Russia is preparing to invade Afghanistan.

CONDENSED DISPATCHES.

Notable Events of the Week Briefly and tersely told.

Rear Admiral Lewis A. Kimberly, U. S. N., retired, died at West Newton, Mass.

Santos-Dumont gave two successful exhibitions with his airship at Monte Carlo.

Henry Manne, a lawyer of New York city, committed suicide in a Philadelphia hotel.

A boat found by Indians at Ahousett is believed to have belonged to the missing British sloop of war Condor.

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It was reported that Russia is preparing to invade Afghanistan.

A wealthy St. Louis man was murdered in a Turkish bath establishment.

The officers of the United Mine Workers were exonerated of the charges brought by Miss Meredith.

Lewis Nixon of New York is reported to be the head of an oil syndicate which will own pipe lines and ships to deliver products all over the world.

The report of the Havana sanitary officer showed no case of yellow fever in December last.

Cavalry was called out to suppress an anti-Russian demonstration by Poles at Lemberg, Galicia.

A permanent organization was effected at Portland, Or., of the Lewis and Clark fair, to be held there in 1905.

Commemorative services throughout the United Kingdom and in Berlin were held on the first anniversary of Queen Victoria's death.

American Coal's Centennial.

WILKESBARRE, Pa., Jan. 24.—It has been decided to celebrate the one hundredth anniversary of the day coal was first burned in this country.

This was Feb. 11, 1802. The grate in which it was fired is still in existence.

The attempt was made at an old log tavern kept by Jesse Fell and later used as the county courtroom.

The winter was severe, and rumors having reached the town that the "black rock," which was about the town in plenty, was a fuel and gave good heat, it was decided to try it.

A grate was built, and most of the notable persons in the town assembled at the tavern to see the attempt.

Monastery and Monks Burned.

LONDON, Jan. 27.—Cabling from Vienna, the correspondent of The Daily Chronicle says that the newspapers of Athens report the celebrated St. Paul monastery, on Mount Athos, to have been burned last Thursday night and that the prior and nine monks perished, while twenty others were seriously injured.

The occupants of the monastery were sleeping at the time the fire broke out, according to the Athens papers, and the monastery itself was damaged to the extent of £80,000.

Gold Found in Wisconsin.

PRAIRIE DU CHIEN, Wis., Jan. 24.—The report that ore taken from the bluffs north of this city includes gold and silver in paying quantities is confirmed by assays made by chemists and metallurgists whose standing places their reports beyond question.

The assays show bullion running from \$1.30 to \$17.30 per ton on samples taken from the ledge. The average per ton is about \$8.

William Gives Away Yachts.

BERLIN, Jan. 29.—Emperor William has presented his yachts Meteor and Comet to the German navy.

The Meteor, which will be renamed Orion, is for the use of naval officers at Kiel, while the Comet is for the use of the officers at Wilhelmshaven.

A Matter of Conscience

By WILLIAM BLOSS

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MOST of you probably remember what a stir was made when that \$37,000 package of currency shipped by the Cook County national bank of Chicago to its principal correspondent in Kansas, the Kaw Valley Farmers' bank, disappeared between night and day, between heaven and earth, in the twinkling of an eye, as vanishes a specter, and left no sign behind.

"Very interesting case, very," said the superintendent of the Bolerton private detective agency, rubbing his hands with discreet enthusiasm, as he gleaned from the lips of the manager of the express company from whose custody the valuable package had been lost the brief story of the disappearance.

"Quite unusual, indeed. We'll have the rascal, and the money, too, inside of three days, take my word for it."

"Do you really think so?" eagerly queried the manager, catching sharply at this plank of hope, for he had felt quite depressed over things.

"Sure," answered the Bolerton expert, "sure." And he went away whistling cheerily.

But at the end of twice three days he came back and gloomily asked for more data. He had to have something to work on, he said.

This rather pleased the manager, in his secret heart. Indeed, I think he felt better over this confession of impotence than he would if the Bolerton person had walked in with the thief in one hand and the money in the other.

You see, the Bolerton person had rather nettled the manager with his airy ways and his offensive overconfidence. The manager chuckled, therefore, when he was appealed to for more facts.

The Bolerton person had quite lost his jaunty manner and seemed wholly willing to sit as a disciple at the feet of wisdom.

"I told you in the first place, Winslow, you'd find this a pretty tough nut to crack. I've been in my business 30 years, and this beats me, clear. But no, you were so cocksure. Going to get the man and the goods—I think you called the money 'the goods'—in three days! Now it's a week, and you come back to me for a fresh start. I thought you advertised that you ran a detective agency and that you never slept."

Winslow was duly humble and failed to resent these sarcasms.

"I only asked for some more facts," he said, mildly.

"There aren't any more facts. You've got 'em all. Here—the bank hands in its package; its messenger gets a receipt for it; the package is receipted into a sealed safe; the messenger on our Kansas City car receipts for the safe; he delivers it to Kansas City. Kansas City opens it and says the \$37,000 package isn't there. There isn't any dummy, there isn't anything, not even disorder. That's all we know. As for suspicions, we haven't any. All of our employees who had access to that package are old and tried. Besides that, one man couldn't have got away with it alone—there would have had to be two. You've had the whole force under fire for a week and you found out—what? Why, that every mother's son of the men you have shadowed are temperate, married, home-loving, good, honest, decent citizens, with a stake in the community and a good name to take care of."

The superintendent made a gesture with his hands outspreading, meaning that he admitted all that.

"I wouldn't care so much about the loss in money," the manager went on; "this company isn't going to lose any dividends because \$37,000 fell through a mysterious hole in its pocket and hid itself—but as long as the case isn't cleared up we are naturally in an unhappy state of mind. It isn't pleasant, standing on the edge of a quicksand, you know. None of us know when such a thing will happen again. And next time the package might be really worth something. I don't suppose you have any ideas?"

The superintendent smiled grimly and the line of his lips grew very straight.

"—But probably you'd better keep on the case. Maybe some day you'll have one."

Then the manager wheeled back to his desk, and Winslow walked slowly out, with two deep vertical wrinkles in the middle of his brow.

Brand McCullough had the night run on Wednesdays and Saturdays from Chicago to Kansas City as messenger for the Ocean & Lakes Express company. Tuesday nights and Thursday nights he doubled back.

When he got to Kansas City on Sunday mornings he did not have to report for duty until train time Tuesday evening, and this delightful three-days' breathing oasis in a hard-worked and responsive occupation he spent almost wholly in the company of the young and charming Mrs. Brand McCullough, who now had been a matron nearly half a year, but had not yet ceased to be a sweetheart.

They had been married when Brand received his promotion, in February, and were living in a bird cage hung over the broad Savannah, through which the gentle Kaw flows to its turbulent nuptials with its muddy mate. And these two young married lovers were so purely happy that they still liked to take moonlight rides together in the bewitching flight of

rocket-like trolley cars bound for Independence, ten miles away, or the green vineyards beyond ancient Westport, a place of fame before Kansas City had even a being. They liked to hold hands in moonlight parks on quiet Sunday nights, and once Brand had been seduced to kiss her in the shadows whereunder he had paddled a toy boat they sat in, whereat Mollie had blushed bewitchingly and cried out softly that he must stop.

They hoped, anon, to own their own bird cage, and went frequently abroad to look for one they should buy and gild, when Brand had saved half of three years' salary. Already the little savings account in the Armour bank rose in fair proportions, looking back with pride down the aisle of its seven entries. The fact is that Brand was as sturdy, upright, conscientious and honorable a young husband and employe as you might find in any three states—and that Mollie was as true a woman as she was dear a wife, as pure in mind and morals as she was fair in all the sweet coming of maternity.

Now, when cruel temptation falls upon such a pair and besets them sore, and through no fault of theirs, the devil is in it, don't you think?

On the Saturday night during which the \$37,000 package of the Law Valley Farmers' bank took wings out of some unknown window, McCullough had the Kansas City run. As for actual physical duties, they were few enough, after the fast train had gotten out of Chicago. Now and then, at big towns, he had a package to receive or deliver. The through safe he could not open had he wished. His duty was to guard it. To guard it was really what the company paid him his wages for.

A loaded Winchester and a double barreled shotgun, sawed off to half its original length and charged with about a pint of buckshot, were part of the tools of his trade. His motto was: No train robbers need apply.

Sunday morning at three o'clock, flying express rushing westward, half way across the big state of Missouri, Brand McCullough dozing in his armchair, lightly, his night's work practically done. He is day-dreaming of Mollie and the new bird cage, of the later time when he may be the superintendent of his division, and go home every night in the week.

A queer creaking sound behind him in the car rouses him sharply, and as he starts upon his feet what seems a heavy hand falls weightily on his shoulder, staggering him by its onset. A hundred swift sensations invade his brain—hidden robbers, death grapples, surrender, fight, duty, Mollie—they troop across his fancy, but even as his thought flashed, he threw up his arms to seize his assailant, and whirled about to meet what might come, red, panting, but desperately determined.

Then, whether to laugh or swear, McCullough was undetermined. His hands had fastened upon the covering, and now chattering, body of the elfish-faced monkey consigned to the Troost park zoo in Kansas City, which had left its crockery crate cage through some secret door of its own and now sought society. For an instant Brand stood at gaze, shocked that he was truly alive and wholly safe, and then he laughed wildly. The reaction from his strenuous fancies was too strong to be controlled.

He dragged the crate cage into the middle of his car, still holding his little prisoner with one arm. Its door swung open, but not upon its leather hinges. These had been gnawed through and the door dangled from the padlock securing it upon the other side. He pushed the unwilling captive again within. As he looked about him for a bit of wrapping twine, the beam dipped sharply into the hay-strewn corner where he had made his bed and chattering wildly in Volapuk held aloft a prize, which made Brand start. It was red-sealed with many dabs of wax and tied securely with many wrappings of twine. In its left hand upper corner glittered the magic figures:

\$37,000.

It was a fortune. McCullough knew that even before he reached hastily into the crate and snatched his prize from the tenant, which bit him sharply as he drew out his hand. And then—

Yes, and then. What would you have done? McCullough took the package home, still sealed. He didn't have to open it to know its contents. He'd seen money like it before. In two days the newspapers told him all about it—all that, that is, that anyone knew. As for himself, he wasn't even suspected. Winslow asked him a few trifling questions, and let it go at that. The safe had a time lock. Brand receipted for the safe, not its contents.

It was a month and a day after the queer disappearance of the big money package. Messenger Brand McCullough appeared at the Chicago office of the express company and sought a private interview with the manager. It was accorded, with curiosity. Such a request was unusual. The visitor began by laying upon the manager's desk the \$37,000 package—unopened, untempered with. The manager, startled, McCullough was red and pale by turns. When he told his story, it was hoarse. He ended it by crying—just a bit, as a man may, you know.

The manager patted his back kindly. "So you say it was Mollie, eh?" said the great man. "Mollie and the baby? And conscience? Eh? Well, well! And conscience won't the fight? And love? Well, well, well."

"You go back to your run, McCullough. No. Take a week off with Mollie and pick out that bird cage. I'll see that the company does the rest. There, there. Let it go at that. Report back September 1."

But Winslow never could get the monkey to tell how he got the prize. The monkey knew, but he wouldn't tell.

MODEST LITTLE MAID.

Wrote a Nice Letter to President Harper of the Chicago University to Act as Her Escort.

Dr. Harper, of the University of Chicago, had reason the other day for the unusual broad smile that lingered on his countenance when he recalled the letter that had reached him from Peconic, Ill., in the morning, as follows:

"Dear Dr. Harper—I know you will be pleased to learn that I have decided to come to the university school of education this fall. I am going to Chicago next Saturday on the morning train, and, as I have never been in



I'LL MEET HER.

the city before, I would be glad if you would meet me at the depot.

"I am five feet four inches tall. I have light hair and blue eyes and a pleasing appearance. I shall wear a dark brown traveling skirt and a blue waist with a white yoke. I think I shall recognize you from your pictures, but for fear that I may make a mistake, will you please wear your card in your hat? Yours truly, etc."

After reading the letter the president turned it over to his secretary, Dr. Francis Shephardson, with instructions to take it to M. C. MacLean, the head of the bureau of information. Following Dr. Harper's instructions, Dr. Shephardson took the letter to Mr. MacLean and suggested that the latter inform the young lady that it would be rather inconvenient for the president of the university to meet her and that, in addition, it would be setting a bad precedent.

But right there the chivalric nature of the head of the information bureau bubbled forth as he pictured a pretty co-ed "of pleasing appearance" alone and lonesome in a great city. He declared that if the president of the university could not meet her he would, and he immediately set to work to discover on which train the fair one would arrive.

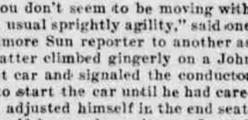
AN ATHLETIC EMBRACE.

Experience of a Baltimore Man with a Friend Whose Strength Was Failing.

"You don't seem to be moving with your usual sprightly agility," said one Baltimore Sun reporter to another as the latter climbed gingerly on a John street car and signaled the conductor not to start the car until he had carefully adjusted himself in the end seat.

"You'd be as decrepit as I am," grimly retorted the other, "if you had been the victim of the same misplaced affection."

"Yes," he continued, "I went to see Spencer off on a Boston boat the other



GAVE ME A HUG.

afternoon. Spencer is a crank on athletics, and he said he was going to Boston to recuperate his strength. He felt he'd sort of lost his grip—lost his muscle.

"I was bemoaning the ill luck that kept me drugging instead of accompanying him, when the captain shouted: 'All hands ashore!' I prepared to step off the gang plank when Spencer suddenly swung his right arm around me and gave me a hug which can only be compared to that of the redoubtable Samson of Bible lore. When, gasping for breath, I found myself released and asked how he had designs on my life, he said: 'Only a fraternal embrace, old man—a fraternal embrace,' then waved me off the steamer.

"Two broken ribs are the sequel of the story. I mean to mail Spencer the doctor's bill and tell him he needn't worry over any immediate failure of strength, and I also mean to make a house-to-house canvass among the girls he knows and advise them to wear armor plate if their intimacy with him ever ripens to a point where a fraternal embrace may be expected."

The fancy skater is handy with his feet.

CASTORIA.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of J. C. Watson

THE FARMER'S WIFE is very careful about her churn. She scalds it thoroughly after using, and gives it a sun bath to sweeten it. She knows that if her churn is sour it will taint the butter that is made in it. The stomach is a churn. In the stomach and digestive and nutritive tracts are performed processes which are exactly akin to the churning of butter. It is not apparent then that if this stomach churn is "sour" it sours all which is put into it? The evil of a foul stomach is not the bad taste in the mouth and the foul breath caused by it, but the corruption of the pure current of the blood and the dissemination of disease throughout the body. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery makes the sour stomach sweet. It does for the stomach what the washing and sun bath do for the churn—absolutely removes every tainting or corrupting element. "Golden Medical Discovery" contains no alcohol, whisky or other intoxicant and no narcotic.

When a man refuses to buy his wife a new coat she is perhaps justified in saying that he doesn't care a rap for her.

A Short Review of the February Home Journal.

The February issue of "The Ladies Home Journal" opens with the first part of the Western metropolis. A most interesting and timely contribution is "My Impressions of American Women," by His Excellency, Wa Tung-feng, Chinese Minister to the United States. Clifford Howard describes Madame Modjeska's paradise of a house in Southern California, and Frankie B. Wiley writes of "The Summer Homes of Well-Known Peo. le," telling and showing where such famous folk as Paley and Marion Crawford and a dozen others spend the warm months. For the children are "The Journal's Puzzle School," a new game, and a description of how to make "smoke pictures." The editorial page is given up to the first of the "Mothers' Meetings," a new department which will appear at intervals hereafter, and several clever poems and short stories are printed in "Under the Evening Lamp." In the department section Edward Howard Griggs talks on education; Mrs. Sangster has a special page for "When Days of Illness Come," and all the regular departments maintain the high standard of the magazine. The Valentine cover is by Henry Hutt; and the pictorial features include a page of most attractive pictures of dogs, and a double page showing "The College Girl in Music and Drama" by The Curtis Publishing Company, Philadelphia. One dollar a year; ten cents a copy.

RAILROAD NOTES.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

TOUR VIA PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

The Pennsylvania Railroad Personally-Conducted Tour to Mexico and California which leaves New York and Philadelphia on February 11 by special Pullman train, covers a large and intensely interesting portion of North America, embracing great part of Mexico, the beautiful coast resorts of California, and on the return journey from California, the Grand Canon of Arizona, one of the great wonders of the country. Fourteen days will be spent in Mexico and nineteen in California. The Mexico and California Special, to be used over the entire trip, will be composed of the highest grade Pullman Parlor, Smoking, Dining, Drawing-room, Sleeping Compartment, and Observation cars, heated by steam and lighted by electricity. Round-trip rate, covering all necessary expenses during the entire trip, \$375 from all points on the Pennsylvania Railroad system east of Pittsburgh, and \$370 from Pittsburgh. For the tour of Mexico only, the rate will be \$350, and for California only, which will leave February 25, \$375. For itinerary and full information, apply to ticket agents, or address George W. Boyd, Assistant General Passenger Agent, Broad Street Station, Philadelphia.

Jan. 30-21.

Matrimonial College.

There is some talk of establishing a woman's college of matrimony, to be located in Chelsea, England, where the duties of a wife will become the subject of a two-year course of study. The curriculum will embrace not only the usual branches of housewifery, such as cooking, serving and laundry work, but is intended to deal with physiology and medicine as well, so that the students will receive mental discipline in connection with the manual training.

On Jellies

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