

the sack for having opened it, and maybe they'll think I had a hand in it! I can not "All yours, sir?"

mittee was created in 1819 as an offshoot of the Com-mittee on Commerce. Un-til the second session of the Forty-sixth Congress, it had no assigned duties.

Mr. O'Neill On the committee with Judge Kelley are three famous millionaire

being agitated is a subject for careful con-sideration. I cannot say that I indorse the movement at present. Some stronger argu-ments will have to be used to convince me that to reduce the hours of labor from the that to reduce the hours of labor from the standard time will materially benefit the upper stories seem to boil up from workingman. If a bill came up in the Leg-islature embodying the principles as we un-derstand them from the agitators of the banners and pilgrimages with offerings; of chateaus and chalets gleaming from rial of the death of numbers by Druidic derstand them from the agitators of the eight-hour system, I cannot say that I would support it. The question to my mind is that a reduction in the hours of labor might be disastrons to the warkingman himself. This outery on the part of agitators is not altogether the outgrowth of humanitarian motives. They do not always voice the sentiments of the legitimate workingman, nor do they justly interpret their wants. If a reduction of time from labor is an ab-solute necessity, and it is demanded by a majority of our workmen, then I would con-sider the matter favorably, and possibly sup-port the measure." Mr. Samuel Patterson, postmaster of Sta-tion B, said: "The opstal service. My observation has Mr. Samuel Patterson, postmaster of Sta-tion B, said: "The eight-hour system has worked well in the postal service. My observation has been that more work, and done more satis-factorily, has been accomplished since the introduction of the eight-hour system. The men have to hustle to get through their work, but they are better able to tackle a heavy day's work, after they have had the proper hours of rest. The same arguments, which were good to gain the postman this extra rest, might be used with equal effect among large employers of laber." Mr. Samuel Patterson, postmaster of Sta-tion B, said: "The eight-hour system has worked well in the postal service. My observation has been that more work, and done more satis-factorily, has been accomplished since the introduction of the eight-hour system. The men have to hustle to get through their work, but they are better able to tackle a heavy day's work, after they have had the proper hours of rest. The same arguments, which were good to gain the postman this extra rest, might be used with equal effect among large employers of laber." OUITE SEPARATE CIVILIZATIONS.

possible contents of the black box. His ourioatty rose higher than ever. "It must have been valuable," he argued to himself; "she gave him half-a-quid for car-rying it." As he wondered over this extra-ordinary liberality he paused, and clinking the office keys, he said aloud, "I've half a mind so go back." Almost as he uttered the words he began to retrace his steps; two or threa alegany parters met him on the plathave fallen and are partly covered with furze and brambles. Countless thousands were destroyed by the efforts of Charlemagne and later under a cason of the Council of Nantes, especially enacted to effect the destruction of pagan monuments. Old or three sleepy porters met him on the plat-form, and stared in surprise at his reappear-

Sun stove polish king, John Sanford, the carpet weaver, and Mr. Arnold, the cotton mill owner of Rhode Island.

Mr. O'Neill, who has so long been the servant of his Philadelphia district, is at the head of the House membership of the Joint Committee on Library. This committee has



the end of the Fifty-first Congress will doubtless General Bingham. be a household word from Key West to Seattle.

General Bingham was Chairman of the Postoflice Committee in the Forty-seventh Congress, and has served on that committee continuously nearly all the time he has been in Congress. It was highly appropriate that he should receive the chairmanship now that his party is again in control of the House. "The Father of 2-Cent Post-age," as he is known, will try and give the

country penny postage before his term is out. The committee is one of the oldest in the House. It was a select committee from the

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First Congress down to 1808, when it was made a standing committee and had a member from cach State. In December, 1885, it was given nontrol of the postoffice appropriations bill. General Bingh am has a good, strong team of workers in his committee Dr. Atkinson, Mr.

Dr. Atkin Yardley and Mr. Scranton have Chairma ships of three suditing committees-on Expenditures in the Treasury, War and State Departments, respectively. These committees are quite important to the routine work of the House and yet do not involve a great amount of hard work. Among many powers enjoyed by these committees is the ability to increase or diminish in the various departments salaries



John Dalzell has taken a hard place in accepting the Chairmanship of the Committee on Pacific Roads, This is the com-

John Daizett. mittee of which Con-gressman Outhwaite has been Chairman two terms. He labored diligently, but to no purpose, to secure a settlement of the debt of the Pacific rouds to the general Govern-ment, and the same problem falls upon the

charge of all the Con-gressional Library works of art about the Capitol, and also of the Botanica Gardens. Mr. O'Neill

will have several tons of flowers to give away every session to the pretty wives and daughters of his fellow members, and while he is now one of

the most popular men in public life, his name at

A STORM WHICH WAS.

## Coptain Lord Tells What Old Ocean Did

With His British Starp. NEW YORE, January 3.—Captain Lord, of the British stammer Croma, which arrived to-day from Middleboro, reports: "We ex-perienced the roughest weather I have ever known. Up to December 17 we had a suc-cession of furious gales. The ship was blown of inter the transploy of the sec ship was blown of inter the transploy of the sec ship was blown of inter the transploy of the sec ship was blown of inter the transploy of the sec ship was blown off into the trough of the sea, although go-ing at full speed, and became unmannea-English. I do not know what the aristocing at full speed, and became unmanagea-We stopped the engines and used a ble. We stopped the engines and used a plentiful supply of oil, which materi-ally aided in breaking the creat of the waves. We, however, shipped one fearful sea, which carried everything before it, smashing one boat and damaging others, washing away part of the flying bridge, and injuring several of the creat

crew. "The engineer says that part of this sea went down the funnel, the top of which is 56 feet above the water. The water came rushing through the tubes in such volume as nearly to put the fires out, and caused a great commotion among the men below. "On the 18th it blew a heavy gale, and on

salaries in the various departments under their surveillance. The result is a decided advantage in getting patronage. The work of these committees was formerly done by the Ways and Means, but in 1816 separate auditing committees were creative de-partments. John Dalzell has taken dangerous injuries. Thence to port we ex perienced various kinds of weather, from oderate to heavy westerly gales."

KNIGHTED BY QUEEN VIC.

The Manager of the Grand Trank Rallway Highly Honored.

ISPECIAL TELEGRAM TO THE DISPATCH.

MONTREAL, January 3 .- The general

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QUITE SEPARATE CIVILIZATIONS. The splendid civilization of the "tight little island" just across the channel there, has remained farther from them than it has from

of Carp.

AVENUES 3,000 YEARS OLD.

and every-day life, Breton tolk are less French to-day than Irishmen in Ireland are English. I do not know what the aristoc-racy of Brittany may be, for the aristocracy anywhere fill the least of the real world's space, but the poople of Brittany, the peas-antry and the lowly of Breton cities, pos-sess certain remarkable characteristics. Women and men alike are beasts of burden. All refuse and resent innovation. Each seems contented with his or her lot. You can interest none in other ways of living, or life in other lands. The birth and the

seems contented with his or her lot. You can interest none in other ways of living, or life in other lands. The birth and the christening; the youthide of drudgery, back-bent, dirt-grubbing days with open-mouthed, snoring nights and the same old rounds of toil; the ogling and momentary courtship at the feast and "Pardon" dars; the marriage when all who know the couple bring wretched gifts and feast upon them until the pair have a legacy of poverty sate intervocable at the outset that their lives are intrevocable at the outset that their lives are mortgaged until death; the illimitable child-bearing and drudgery of the wife who is now a legal slave brutally mastered to the steely blue sea and the far-reaching hadarm of Quiberon. From the northeast around by Auray far around the southern outlook to the northwest, is sawage moortinged oast. To the north, as far as the eye can reach is a wind-whipped waste, studed with these gray relies of the past. There are softer blendings and tenderer side pictures, though. Through the grime and slime of their hard, cold lives a few things muts stand luminously revealed.
BEVERENTIAL LOVE FOB THEIR BADES. Their lave of and reversed for babas around field, this tremendous perspective based on the stand was and the far the sum of the grant and slime of their hard, cold lives a few things muts stand luminously revealed.

Stand luminously revealed. REVERENTIAL LOVE FOR THEIR BABES. Their love of and reverence for babes are something wondrously touching. No Breton mother will nurse her infant without first crossing herself. No Breton youth, woman or man, will ever pass an infant anywhere without repeating for it a blessing. No

chroniclers assert that over 20,000 stood "Back again? What's up, Jack?" said ac. "Nothing," he answered hurriedly.

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"Dropped a shilling somewhere in the office; I must go and look for it." He opened the door almost timidly, and lit his lamp once more. There lay the black box where he had left it. He locked the door, seated himself on a small, unclaimed portthree distinct ranges or avenues; and all are to the north and northeast of the village. The most eastern grouping is known as Ker-lescant. The central and smallest grouping is called Kermario, and the western and largest field is generically named the Stones manteau, and stared with renewed interest at the long flat trunk before him. "I'll do



iti" he muttered at last, and, kneeling down, he tried all his keys, with trembling fingers, in the lock; one proved successful; he turned it round more firmly and raised the lid. A black shawl hid the contents; taking it off in breathless excitement a; sight met his gaze which filled him with norror. He remained as if paralyzed. His red face paled to his very lips, cold and rigid; his heart gave one bound and then seemed to stop beating.

"All yours, sir ?" shouted a porter, as Mr.

Egerion alighted at the terminus. "Yes," answered the traveler, briefly glancing at the pile of luggage and feeling bewildered by the noise and bustle of the great railway station, after the solitudes to certain she never means to do?" Jim could only stare in stupefied horror at the body of the fair girl lying in the black, heavy trunk at their feet, revealing a trime crueb and terrible—a ghastly tragedy concealed from the eyes of the world. When John Brown's trembling hold re-laxed upon the lid, the dull thud as it closed roused both men with a shudder. For some minutes they remained silent which he had been so long accustomed. At Inst is was all arranged on the top of the four-wheeler, to the porter's and cabman's satisfaction, and Mr. Egerton was rattled off



to his town house quite oblivious of the whonghts turned with strange pain and longing to his only child, the daughter whom he had hardly seen. Once or twice a year she wrote him a short, affectionate letter, and he answered it by sending some present back from Africa, a strangely carved bangle, paper knife, etc., and in this way had satisfied his conscience he was do-ing all that was expected of him. The death of his beloved wife Lucy Egerton and of his infant son had affected the whole course of his life. He had thrown up every occupation, put his liftle daughter under the charge of a French governess of his wife's, before her marriage, turned his back upon home. Ea-gland, friends and child, and buried himself in the wilds of Africa, hoping to stiffe sor-row in a life of hardship and adventure, where he was soon forgotten by all save a where he was soon forgotten by all save a few literary friends, who watched his progress and discoveries with a sort of faint in-terest, and his little, lonely, deserted child, who passed her days in alternate monotomemories rushed over him, and on entering the drawing room so well remembered, though so long unentered, again he seemed to see his wife sitting at the little writing to see his whe sitting at the little writing table, with the light on her fair hair. The room, except for that dear presence, was ex-actly as he had left it; so far his orders had been most carefully attended to. Would his daughter be like her? It had always been his fancy that he would one day trace the features of his lost Lucy in his child's face. features of his lost Lucy in his conta s race. With a strange feeling he heard the rustle of a woman's dress. The door opened, and his daughter stood before him. One glance at the girl standing timidly,

half afraid to advance, near the door, and Grenfell Egerton felt a cold wave of disap-pointment, and his momentary affectionate feeling died away as he bent down and gave

the moment the trains come in. I'll be ready, and clap a label on it to P. idington, and the first passenger as has any luggage, I'll shows that on the truck, put his things on the top, and send it off!" Brown jumped at this idea of a quick deliverance from his painful dilemma. As the porter finished, he seized his hand and

the porter missied, he seried his hand and shook it. "You're a sharp 'un," he said, his haggard face taking a tinge of its usual color in his wild excitement. "It's the very thing. If ever you want a turn done, I'll help you, that I will! When they find it at the other end, why it's the police's business in ferrer out who muriled that to ferret out who murdered that poor young creature—anyway it wasn't me, and I shan't have it lying there; even when the lid is shut I seem to see her face. I'll put it ready for you outside the minute th comes in. You are a sharp 'un!" he re-peated; "I should never have thought of



who passed her days in alternate monoto-nous visits from the dull country house to the dreary town residence, both left by Gren-fell Egerton's express desire in exactly the same order as when occupied by his fair bride-wife. As he stood on the steps of his old home in Queensgate square a flood of memories runhed over him and on anterior

