- Said the Child to the youthful Year:
  "What hast thou in store for me,
  O giver of be sutiful g its, what cheer,
  What joy dost thou bring with thee!"
- "My seasons four shall bring The r treasures: the winter's snows. The autumn's store, and the flowers of spring, And the summer's perfect rose.
- "All these and more shall be thine, Dear Child, -but the last and best Thyself must earn by a str fe divine, If thou wouldst be truly blest.
- "Wouldst know this last, best gift? 'T is a consience clear and bright,
  A peace of mind which the soul can lift
  To an infinite delight.
- Truth, patience, courage, and love If thou unto me canst bring, I will set thee all earth's ills above, O Child, and crown thee a King!"

  —Celia Thaxter, in St. Nicholas for January.

### DEACON M'NAB'S PRODIGAL.

The deacon watched anxiously for his son's reply to his letter. He felt sure that Alexander would reply. He judged from his own standpoint, and from his knowledge of the disputations young man. He forgot to take into account the influence of marriage, and of living in a community where men have to be careful in matters of contradiction. He was ignorant of many circumstances in his son's life which made this letter of iess importance to him than it was to the lonely. anxious sender of it. He was sorry at its tone, and he said to his wife, "I have been a little premature. Scotchmen have long memories for an offence as well as for a kindness. I will wait a year and write again."

But a year passed and he did not write; two and three years, and then he began to think he could hardly write again unless his father requested it. He might be suspected, if he did, of mercenary motives. He he had better let things alone. So year after year passed away, and the silence was unbroken.

In the meantime a great change had taken place in the deacon; but it had been so gradual that his oldest friends rather thought their estimate of him had been wrong than that his character had altered. "He is hard when you first know him, but he mellows as your friend-hip grows," said Mc-Laurin, who had been a familliar friend for forty years. But it was something more than the mellowing of time. As drops of water will wear away granite. so the preaching of Dominie Frazer had told upon the deacon's spiritual nature. There had indeed been times when he had seriously disapproved him, when he had even feared he was listening to something very like Ar-

minianism, but through it all very few Sabbaths when the words of Jesus had In the ninth year of his son's absence he began to remember him very tenderly and to find excuses for him. "He was vera young, and he had my ain high temper and quick tongue. I ken. weel I hae a gunpowdery temper, and the laddie was like a flash o' fire; in the vera nature o' things mischief

would come. I wish I kent where he is at a'. Perhaps I ought. I mean, perhaps it would be kind-like to look after him. I wouldna like to meet his mother in another warld it I had failed in mercy to the lad. Whatever way can I make it up wi' him?"

It was in a mood of this kind he went to church one morning. His thoughts wandered a great deal until they fitted into the words which the dominie was reading-the words which the wise woman of Tekoah urged David to bring back his banished son Absalom. He pointed out the imperfection of David's forgiveness, in that, though he brought him back, he suffered him not to see his face. Then he turned to the father of the newer dispensation, limned in Christlike colors, running to meet his prodigal when afar off, taking him to his breast with kisses of forgiveness, calling together his friends to rejoice with him

over the son that was lost and found. When the deacon left the church it was with one fixed purpose-to go and find his son.

"And you'll do right, deacon," said the dominie. "You are hale and vigorous, and needna fear the travel. You hae plenty o' siller to go to the lad; maybe he hasna a bawbee to come to you. He may hae fallen very lowhae you thought of that?"

"Av, have I. If I can find him, however low he has falten. I'll lift him up and gie him a son's portion in a'

"If that is the spirit you are in, go your way, deacon, and the Lord go with you. Where to first?"

"He wrote me a letter frae a town on the Gulf o' Mexico in Texas; but I hae written twice to that place, and got no answer back; for I bid him leave it on pain o' my displeasure, and he'll hae gane; but whichever way is mair than I can tell."

In a month the deacon was in New Orleans, and from there he went to Corpus Christi. But since Alexander McNab had lived there it had been visited by an epidemic of yellow fever, and the population had been a constantly shifting one. No one remem-

bered him. "I'll go up to the seat of govern-ment," he said to himself; "where there is law-making there'll be lawyers. Maybe I'll find the lad among face to the great white building stand-

So he bought a horse and buggy and went leisurely through the country. It was in the first week in June, and he was lost in amazement and delight. There was a pomp and glory in the sunshine and flowers which he had never dreamed of; and as he rode through miles of blowing grasses and saw the countless herds of cattle and felt all the lonely beauty and peace sank into his soul, he said rapturously. .Here one kens that the earth is the Lord's." The highly oxygenized atmosphere gave him a feeling of exhil-Syne," or "Scots who hae wi' Wallace bled." But the strange happiness in his heart he put entirely down to the nie-like journey thou hast brought me, thing," he thought, "to be on an der!"

errand o' mercy. I dinna wonder And then the old parable which had

the open prairies and got into the pine woods. The heat increased, unknown insects troubled him, he saw huge snakes gliding away into the under brush, there were strange sounds al around, and the sense of awful solem nity came over him. He was alone with God in the thick woods, and he feared Him as he had never done before. All day long the prayer of contrition and adoration was on his lips Towards the gloaming he was delight ed to reach the prairie again and to meet two travelers.

"Good night, stranger." "Gude night to bath o' you. Ker you whar I can get a bite and a sur and a night's lodging?"

"Yes, sir-straight ahead. You'l come to the jedge's in half an hour. They are right smart folks, and you'd best light there for to-night, I reckon.' "Thank you, gentlemen. Gude

He rode on very anxiously. The sun was sinking fast, and an irrepressible solitude was around him. One lonely, silent bird flying hastily to its coveret gave a still eerier feeling to the hour and scene. Suddenly he heard the joyful laughter of children at play. He quickened his pace, rounded a clump of trees, and then saw a white house spreading itself beneath them. Some children, black and white, came running to the little gate

"Well, bairns, is the judge at home?" "No, but ma is," said a little lad about six years old. "Go to the house, sir; Jim and I will take your buggy.'

He let them take it very gladly, and went to the house. A pretty little weman met him on the piazza. She needed no explanations. He was a stranger wanting food and shelter, and she gave them with a charming courtesy that at once put the deacon

"I am sorry my husband is away," she said with pardonable wifely pride, but he is a member of the Legislature, and it is now in session."

Then the children came back, and the deacon took to them wonderfully. Children were a new form of humanity to him; he knew nothing about them. But there was an independence and good-fellowship about the little lad, as he told him all about the animals and his adventures, that quite delighted the old man.

After a little they went to bed in the next room, and he heard them saying their prayers to their mother. "God bless grandpapa!" How the words smote him! He grew so nervous and restless that when the baby lisped out the same petition he could no longer sit still. He walked to a window, where there was a table and a lamp them. There is nae either thing for not found his soul, even in its most and some newspapers. Then he noticed a large Bible, and he drew it towards him. Almost unconciously he turned o the family register. "Alexander McNab, born in Glasgow, March 29th, 18-," was the first name he saw. He made no outcry; he never moved. His eyes were riveted upon the words and upon those that followed: "Mary Baylor, born in Galveston, Janet McNab, David McNab, Margaret McNab, Peter McNab. On the opposite page the "death of Janet McNab, aged 10 months." He had objected to her bearing her grandmother's name, and she was in heaven with her.

He opened the door softly and went out on the piazza. God had led him to his son's house, and he had eaten at his son's table, and had not known it. His emotions were incommunicable, even to the Heavenly father. He sat as still in his joy as he had often done in his grief and opened not his month, because he was so sure that God had

done it. After a little Alexander's wife come and sat down beside him, and he encouraged her to talk of her husband and his prospects. She, at least, believed in him sublimely. He was the best and greatest man in Texas-she her husband was born in Texas.

"Oh, no!" she answered frankly. he was born in Glasgow, a town in Scotland. I suppose you know the city, for you talk like a Scotchman." "I hae many friends and business connections there, ma'am."

She hesitated a few moments and then asked, "Did you ever know or hear tell of Mr. Peter McNab? He is a lawver."

"I may say I ken him vera weel. I dinna think much o' him either, ma'am. He's a hard auld man.'

"He is my husband's father, so you must not say so here. His son thinks very highly of him-and perhaps you may be mistaken. In business men, even kind men, are often obliged to be hard." Then she turned the conversation, and the deacon was glad of it. He did not sleep much, and the next

afternoon, and went to Smith's hotel. A few words of inquiry satisfied him. The judge was staying there-he would be in from the capitol about 5 o'clock. If the gentleman had any private business there was no use going there. The judge was chairman of

morning was on the road to Austin at

daybreak. He reached there in the

a committee, and not apt to be on the floor in the daytime. But Peter could not sit still. He refreshed himself, and then turned his ing so loftily at the head of the beautiful avenue. He soon entered its halls and gazed upon such a body of lawmakers as he had never dreamed of seeing, and he was wonderfully impressed both by the men and the methods. But he did not find his son, and after an hour's stay he determined to go back to the hotel and wait there

for him. As he entered it the landlord said: "The judge is in his room, stranger; second door on your right hand."

He walked straight to it and opened it. Alexander, who was asleep upon eration; he found himself singing lines a sofa, turned his head, gazed one mo-of his favorite songs as "Auld Lang ment, and then leaped to his feet.

"Father! My dear, dear father!" "Ay, ay, my lad, I'm here, A boncredit of his conscience. "It's a gran' an auld man like me, too. O Alexan-

now there are sae many philanthro- sent the father to seek his son was renewed in all its sweetness and tender-However, on the fourth day he left ness, and that night the deacon went supper.-Ironton (Ga.) Appeal.

up to the Capitol leaning upon his son's arm, and he was proud and happy beyond expression.

"You made a very fair speech, Alexander," he said as they returned home. "It would have been better if there had been fewer steps between your premise and your peroration, but you'll do, in time, and wi' mair practice. I dinna much wonder your wife sets much store by you.'

"My wife! Have you seen Mary?" night. She's no as bonnie as some and what's mair, she's a prudent body, and can baith speak and hold her tongue. So she's no an ordinar' wome, and wouldna wonder if I'll has a' the comfort out o' little Davie I should hae had out o' his father."

Then Alexander smiled and pressed his father's arm closer to his side, for "little Davie" had taught him lessons he would have learned in no other way.

In three months the deacon was back again on the Glasgow pavements, as brisk and active and as full of life and business as he had been ten years before. He went into his affairs with an exactness and promptitude that rather astonished the men in whose charge they had been left. "You are vera strict about a baw-

bee, deacon," said one of them. "Just sae, Mr. McIntyre; but My son, Judge McNab, is coming home to take the business, and he's no man to put up wi' a bawbee wrang, I can tell

you that."

He had always been very reticent about his son's long absence. There was none of his friends that felt at liberty to ask any questions or to make any remarks to him about his return. except Bailie Scott, who was perhaps just a little nettled at Peter's air of sat-

"Sae you hae found your prodigal at last, deacon," he ventured to say one afternoon as they met in front of the court house.

"Nae vera hard matter that, Bailie Scott. When a man is a judge o' a district court, and a member o' the legislature and has married an exgovernor's daughter, he's no ill to find. Gude day to you, Bailie," and he walked away with the air of one who felt that he had settled a question thoroughly.

To Dominie Frazer, however, he opened his heart with all the humility of a truly grateful man.

"God has been better to baith o' us than we deserved, dominie. But we hae seen our faults and said sae, and the future is to be for the mending o' flesh and blood to do." "You are building him a house, I

"Av, when I hae coaxed the lad awa' from his ain hame it's but a just thing to build him another. He'll get here by the time it is ready for him. Then I'll have my son and a bonnie bit daughter-in-law and the four braw bairns. I never hoped for sea much love and joy again, never. And I havena the words to express my thankfulness, but, dominie, I will write you a liberal cheek out for the kirk debt; for you'll ken when a man talks in

### Stump-Toed Owls.

trated Christian Weekly.

gold sovereigns what he says."-Illus-

Representative Cabbage will be remembered in Indiana annals for all time to come for his owl bill-a brave but ineffectual effort to protect the barnyard bird from the savage bird of night. Years ago, Uncle Jimmy Frazier, of Pike Township, this county, was, like Representative Cabbage, the unrelenting foe of the owl. He bothered not with statutory amendments. He pondered and, as he pondered, his chickens diminished and the owls inhad not a doubt about it. Peter could creased. One day a happy thought have smiled if he had not been so full came to him. He took down his of thought. Finally he sked her if scythe, and all one long summer afternoon played a symphony upon it with an old-fashioned blue whetstone. When he finished, it was of razor-edge keenness. Placing a ladder against the chicken-house, he nailed the scythe high aloft, its keen edge skyward-a most inviting resting place. The old gentleman had calculated rightly, and half a hatful of owls' toes were found next morning under the scythe. This continued for several days, a fresh crop rewarding the early riser each morning. After awhile some owl, wiser than the rest, must have discovered the practical joke. At any rate their visits ceased, though to this day all the elderly Pike Township owls are distinguished by their stump-toes .-Indianapolis Journal.

## Stopped to Hear a Story.

Two strangers passing Rowland Hill's Church one day entered, walked up the isle, and finding no seat, stood for awhile and listened to the sermon. Presently they turned to walk out. Before they reached the door the preacher said, "But I will tell you a story." This, of course, arrested the strangers, and they paused, turned again, and listened. "Once there was a man," said the preacher, "who said that if he had all the axes in the world made into one great ax, and all the trees in the world made into one tree, and he could wield the ax and cut down the tree, he would make it into one great whip to thrash those ungodly men who turn their backs on the gospel and stop to hear a story-The

### Stopped by a Fish.

Captian H. K. Byington experienced quite a remarkable incident at his mill a few days ago. One afternoon, however, all of a sudden the machinery stopped, "never to go again," as it were. After a thorough examination the captian found everything intact above, and shutting down the things. In the water-wheel he found a fish-yes a ten pound trout-securely wedged between one of the buckets in such a manner as to "scotch" the wheel and bring things to a dead halt. Remarkable to say the fish was in no way mutilated, and furnished the captian a splendid meal that night for

#### RECTIFYING NATURE.

low Sterile Plains Have Been Made Fertile by Means of Irrigation-The Artesian Well Beit of California-Wonderful Results Accomplished in Two Years.

Tulare lake, the great, shallow inland sea of California, writes a correspondent of The Alta California, is surrounded by some of the richest farming lands of the state, but, taken as a whole, it "Ay, I stayed at your house last is about the least developed region to be found between Siskiyou and San women, but she's loving and ladylike, Diego. The Southern Pacific railroad runs on the east side of the lake at a distance of ten to fifteen miles from its shores, and a second road-the proman at a'. And the bairns are just posed Bakersfield and Antioch—has the maist interesting bairns I ever been surveyed between the lake and saw. Both o' the lads are a bit like the Southern Pacific. Hence the country on this shore is better known, and is filling up with population quite fast. Tulare is a large and rapidly growing town-the most prosperous in the county-and the land around it is mostly divided up into small farms, and is being planted with vines, fruit trees, and alfalfa. On the western shore of the lake

> there are some large land-holdings, and also considerable government land not yet taken up, but there is no railroad on that side of the valley, and though the land is rich, owing to its inaccessibility it is not so desirable. Both shores of the lake, however, would long ago have been thickly settled and prosperous farming districts had it not been for the supposed lack of water. After a rainy winter the land will produce abundant crops of wheat, but three years out of four it is only good for pasturage, unless it can be irrigated. In natural fertility of soil no region in the state can surpass this about Tulare. There is a deep, rich black loam, neither too heavy nor too light, which with sufficient irrigation will produce an almost endless succession of crops without exhaustion. By soil and climate the region seems to be the natural home of the fruit tree and the vine, possessing a clear superiority in at least the former respect over the more sandy lands about Fresno. Dr. Chapin, the state inspector of fruit pests, has testified to the capabilities of this section as a fruit-growing district, and has backed his opinions in a practical way by making an investment in lands hereabouts. West of the town of Tulare, and for miles up and down the lake, it is one of the most beautiful valley regions in the state. There is a thick sprinkling of those magnificent oak trees which would relieve any landscape of monotony, even did it not have for a background, as does this, the majestic Nierra Nevadas, on whose summits "a swaying line of snowy white" now shows that the accumulation of the winter snows has begun. In the spring these frozen floods will be loosened and come down to feed the creeks and rivers which, being diverted from their beds, bring wealth and fatness to the land. There are two important irrigating canals, one constructed at an expense of \$60,000, besides the numerous artesian wellswhich will be described presentlynow engaged in supplying water to the farmers of the immediate vicinity.

But first a word about Tulare lake. It is not the pestilential Dead sea which it is sometimes pictured. Its allowed to wander over the land just waters are strongly tinged with alkali, but their touch is not the malignant poison to animal and vegetable life that they are popularly supposed to ton has built a reservoir around the be. The lake is well stocked with fish, including perch, cat, and a spe- every twenty-four hours the industricies of trout, and the business of ous little demon who is rushing up catching these finny species for the this sparkling column of water fills the

markets has become quite an industry. Vast flocks of ducks also inhabit the high as \$20 a day per man. They station themselves in boats at dawn and dusk at the mouths of the sloughs, and slaughter the birds as they pass in and out from the lake. Sometimes the birds fly in such immense flocks as to land are covered with canals, dikes, pointed in any direction can not fail every kind of crop is raised. There is or two before Thanksgiving a party of four or five hunters shipped to San creased to over 1,000 acres. The he proceeds of two days' shooting, and consignments of one thousand or twelve hundred pounds from the same last are by no means an incumbrance, point are of frequent occurrence. This | for they are kept expressly to subdue ut slightly invaded by the city gun clubs, and it may be well to say that ranches now buy hundreds of cats at the obstacles in the road thither are considerable. For example, the lake few years ago this rich land around is so shallow on its shores that it is impossible to launch a boat except by It now commands \$10 to \$30, and is dragging it a long distance, in doing hard to get at those prices. Water for which the hunter must wade in mud rirrigation is supplied by the canal and water. But vegetable life flourishes on the shores of the lake as thriftly as animal life does in its depths, and this year, the lake having receded, some of the land over which its waves used to roll was cultivated in wheat and yielded abundant crops. Some years ago there was a small steamer on Tulare lake, but it has gone to decay, and the vast sheet of water is now navigated only near the shore by snail hunting and fishing boats.

More interest has been excited in this section by the development of a water supply from artesian wells during the last two years than by any other event in its history, and the facts about the great artesian belt of Tulare county are worth recording. It was nearly three years ago that the first artesian well was bored here, and since then there have been put down about a hundred wells, most of them during the last two years. Several well-boring firms have their headquarters in this town, and one of them has no less than five rigs constantly at work in different parts of the country. There have been a few failures to obtain water in this way, one such being a well near Visalia, which was bored eight hundred feet without tapping a single flow that would rise to the surwater gate he went below to stir face, though in the limits of the arteing struck in successive straits.

the lake, and in length about thirty | insured in the nick of time

miles. Over this area the water is found at various depths, ranging from 150 to 700 feet; and, of course, the cost of the well is in proportion to the depth. A 500-foot well costs usually \$1,000. There is a gradation in depth and in quantity of water as the wells approach or recede from the lake. On the eastern limits of the belt, where the belt is highest, the wells, contrary to what was originally expected, are shallower than on the low land near the lake, and the obvious explanation is that the water-bearing strata dip toward the lake, with a steeper pitch than the surface of the land, of which the incline is about eight feet to the mile. On the other hand, the flow of the wells near the lake is much more copious than that of those on the high land, even when the latter are sunk to the same depth. This, again, may be explained on the hypothesis that in the wells which tap the water strata at their lowest level the hydrostatic pressure would be greatest, and the stream expelled with more violence. This corresponds with the observed facts in the Santa Clara valley, where the most productive wells are at Alviso, near

the shores of the bay. All of these one hundred wells on the margin of Tulare lake, which are now gushing in streams of greater or less volume, obtain their water from sand or gravel strata underlying strata of blue clay. The clay is impervious to water, and confines it to the gravel, however deep the latter may go down. Doubtless the blue clay is superimposed upon the gravel all the way back to the mountains, from whose clefts and fissures the supply is derived, and these gravel channels carry just as much water twenty-five miles east of the lake as anywhere else; but there is not pressure enough to cause the water to rise to the surface, except at the lowest edge of the gravel-beds, which is near the lake.

To one who has never before seen a flowing well there is something eerie in the way the water comes boiling out of the depths of the earth. Thrust your hand into the flow on a cold day and it is found to possess an unexpected warmth. This, as well, as the slight smell of sulphur which is noticeable in most of the wells, strengthens the fancy that there is something Satanic about the spouting marvel. In one of the fertile valleys of Lake county, a few months ago, a mammoth artesian well poured forth such a torrent of sand and gravel that it was feared it would in time overwhelm the adjacent farming lands with the detritis, like a glacier or a lava stream, but while the excited farmers were considering how the monster might be choked, the subterranean genii snddenly ceased their Satanic prank and the people breathed easier, as if a dreadful dragon that slain. There are no such wells as this in Tulare county, but a great gusher has been struck on Posey creek, southeast of the lake, and of this we shall have more to say in a future letter. On the splendid ranch of Page &

Morton, near the town of Tulare, there are four artesian wells, one of which is surrounded by a reservoir, showing the proper manner of utilizing water from these sources. If the stream is as it comes from the well it will make puddles and sink-holes without doing much good. To remedy this Mr. Morwell to confine its waters. Twice reservoir, and the gate then being opened the water will flood two acres ake, and at its southern extremity the | of land. Thus utilized an ordinary pot-hunters who kill game for the artesian well will irrigate a great deal markets have recently been making as of ground, and the farmer who has a quarter section and a well is independent for life. The ranch of Page & Morton is a model of large farming, which is at the same time diversified farming. Four thousand acres of rich obscure the rising sun, and a gun and checks for irrigation, and almost o bring them down in heaps. A day already an orchard and vineyard of 340 acres, which next year will be in-Francisco over a ton of ducks, being stock on this ranch consists of 4,000 sheep, 2,000 hogs, 240 cattle, 50 horses, 200 hives of bees, and 50 cats. The portsman's paradise has been so far the gophers, which, it is said, they do quite successfully. Some large 25 cents a head for this purpose. A Tulare was worth \$2 50 to \$5 an acre. companies at the rate of \$1 an acre for wheat and \$1 50 for alfalfa.

# He Knew His Man.

John Barber is one of the most persuasive young men in Galveston. He is very dissipated, having dissipated quite a large fortune that was left to him by his father. He lives by begging small sums of money from his friends. He applied to Parson Bumpus a few days ago, for a quarter, promising to pay it back next day on his honor as a gentleman.

"John," said Parson Bumpus, "I've lent you money often, and as you have never paid me before I know you will never pay me this quarter back." "Parson, I'll pay you every cent,

"Here is the money, John, but you take notice that if my prediction about your not paying back does not come true," said the parson. "You have no judgement about such matters. You will see that I have been deceived again. I have had a great deal more experience in lending money to disreputable characters than you have had .-Texas Siftings.

### In The Nick of Time.

Mr. Sparhawk, of West Randolph, sian belt proper there are generally | Vt., took out a policy of insurance on several distinct flows in each well, be- his factory one day recently. While he was in the act of paying the money It is now believed by the well-borers | that made the insurance valid the fire that they have defined the limits of bells rang. "How funny if that should the artesian belt, and that it extends be my place!" said Mr. Sparhawk. over a country from twelve to fifteen | And, sure enough, the property demiles in width on the eastern shore of stroyed was the Sparlawk property-

#### BRIEFLY TOLD.

Four large tobacco factories at Lynchburg. Va., started up and others are preparing to

President-elect Cleveland was called upon by a delegation of Michigan gentlemen at his notel in Buffalo and spent a very pleasant our with them.

The Omaha road has reduced grain rates 5 cents per hundred on the Western & Soux City division to St. Paul, Minneapolis and Minnesota transfer, giving these points equal advantages with Milwaukee and Chicago.

Representative Laird, of Nebraska, has been granted an indefinite leave of absence on account of his recent injuries. He is confined to his bed at the residence of a friend, at 514 Second street, and is daily visited by his brother congressmen.

The Texas legislature completed its organization, and M. M. Boggers, of McLennan, was elected sergeant-at-arms of the house. In the ballot for chaplain of the house, Beecher, Burchard and Ingersoll each received one vote, but Rev. J. W. Poindexter was elected. The committee on rivers and harbors have nearly completed their bill. No appropriation wil be made for Meli Gate, in New York harbor, the committee taking the ground that al the money asked for last year for completing the work at that point was appropriated. The appropriation for the Missouri river is \$500,-

Senator Van Wyck has been in consultation with the Indian bureau to obtain an extension of time for the annual installment of purchase money due from settlers upon the lands of the Otoe and Omaha Indians in Nebraska and Kansas. The extension is rendered necessary by the low prices of grain and the great loss which the settlers have experienced by the ravages of hog cholera. As a result of the conference Senator Van Wyck has introduced a bill authorizing the extension of time of payment with n the discretion of the secretary.

Representative Nutting, from the committee on library, has present d for printing and recommittal a favorable report on the joint resolution introduced by Cox (N. Y.), at propriating \$100,000 to aid in completion of the pedestal for the statue of "Liberty Enlightening the World." The report says: "The statue was a magnificent gift from the people of France to our whole pe ple, and not to the people of New York, and it belongs to the people as a nation. It would be arrogance for the state of New York to pay for the pedestal and claim the statue as its own. The statue is a national symbol; it is national property, and congress should finish what has been so well begun."

#### CRIMINAL.

George H. McFadden, an accomplice of Prentiss Tiller, who robbed the Pacific Ex press company of St. Louis of over \$100,000 pleaded guilty to grand larceny and was sentenced to three years in the penitentlary.

Sheriff Paynter, of Des Moines, would like to ascertain the whereabouts of May Washington, aged 21, and Anna Washington, aged 18, both runaway maidens from the Iowa capital. They are supposed to be in Nebraska.

Annie Van Fossen, charged with poisoning the Van Fossen and McBride families of East threatened to waste the land had been | Liverpool, Ohio, has waived a preliminary hearing and pleaded not guilty, a d was remanded to jail on the charge of murder in the first degree. No other deaths have occurred and all are in a fair way to recover. Charles Frendesack, an employe of a wealthy

farmer named Victor Schulte, was assassinated at St. Francis, Wis., as he was entering the barn. Frendesack managed to return to the house, covered with blood and gasping from a bullet hole in the neck. He fell dead in the arms of a member of the nousehold. There is no clue to the perpetrator of the

Nine government bonds stolen from the ank of H. C. Mead, at Waupaen, Wis., at the time of his murder in October, 1882, have been found by a relative of the murdered banker in the treasury department at Washington, where they had been received through Chiago and New York banks. They had passed through seven banks in all since they were stolen. The murderer of Mead has never been identified, and an endeavor will be made to obtain a clew through the discovered bonds.

### POLITICAL NOTES.

Senator Vance, of North Carolina, was renominated by the democratic caucus by ac-

John A. Martin was inaugura'ed governor of Kansas on the 12th in the presence of the state officers and members of the supreme court.

General J. S. Robinson, of South Carolina, member of congress from the Ninth congressional district, and was sworn in as secretary A letter from ex-Governor St. John, to the

Phohibitionist, says: "The whole story to the effect that I or the prohibition committee have received a single penny, pledge or promise from the democratic or any other party, person or persons, directly or indirectly, in connection with the campaign, except my personal expenses paid by the prohibition committee, is infamously and maliciously false." The independent republican national com-

mittee was in session in New York on the 12th. The treasurer reported the receipts were \$23,-836. Of this amount \$1,100 was expended for campaign documents, of which 3,125,000 had been circulated. It was "resolved that the national committee of the independent republicans continue its existence and that state organizations be instructed to preserve the rolls containing names of independent voters."

Defore the Springer congressional committee, investigating the conduct of the October election in the Cincinnati district, Amos Lud ington testified that he was supervisor of the Race street precinct in the Eighth ward. The colored people did not take charge of the polls and run things their own way. The democrats challenged every negro. In some cases before the judges had time to examine the man the democrats would shout: "He's a repeater." and he would be jerked down and beaten till he ran away.

### THE NEXT HOUSE.

Unofficial Roll of Membership of the 49th

Washington special: The clerk of the house of representatives has prepared an unofficial roll of the membership of the house in the next 49th congress. That bouse will consist of 183 democrats, 140 republicans, 1 greenback-democrat (Mr. Weaver, of Iowa), and 1 greenback-republican (Nr. Brumm, of Pennsylvania). Of the members of the present house 187 have been re-elected. Arkansas, Delaware, Kansas, Maine and West Virginia have made no change in their representatives. Colorado, Nevada and Oregon, each with one member have changed their delegations. Of only one, J. T. Cam, of I tah, is returned to the 49th congress Arizona and Wyoming, which are now represented by democrats, will send republican successors, while Idaho and Washington have elected democrats to suc-

ceed republicans.
It is not improbable that an extra session of the 49th cong ess may be called immediately after the 49th of March. The senate will nec-essarily be in session for a couple of weeks in March to confirm the tleveland cabinet and

other important appointments.