

FROM THE HAYTIAN SEAT OF WAR.

The Steamer Clyde Returns from a Voyage to the Dominican Ports. New York dispatch: The Clyde steamer, Captain Holmes, from Dominican ports, which got on Saturday night, left this port on the down trip the day before the Samana and encountered the cyclone in which the Samana is supposed to have foundered. From November 25, when off Hatters, for eighty-two hours a tremendous storm of wind and rain raged. The seas boarded the steamer, tearing away the stay lights, smashing in the deck cabins and carrying off two of them, and flooding the cabin. While the Clyde was at Monte Cristo, which is a Dominican port nearest the North Haytian frontier, the gunboats Toussaint L'Ouverture and Manzel entered the harbor, steamed around the Clyde without halting, and carefully inspected her at close quarters. On the 20th the Clyde, seeking a cargo, entered Mazonillo bay, whose waters wash both the Haytian and Lomianian shores. There they heard long continued firing of muskets and artillery, which seemed to come from the highlands near Cape Haytien. The Toussaint L'Ouverture and Manzel were both near by. They lowered their boats and troops were soon drawn up in battle array aboard their decks. Captain Holmes went off in a tug to the Dominican sloop Clopatara. The Toussaint L. Overture lowered a boat. Two officers and four marines got into it and the boat pulled toward the zig. It did not haul the zig, but simply chased it to the sloop and marines keeping their muskets cocked and ready. Beside this ridiculous performance the Toussaint L. Overture, Captain Holmes says, had a swivel gun upon her deck turned upon the Clyde's broadside all the time the Clyde was in the harbor. On the 23d the small British schooner Aurora, flying the Dominican flag and loaded with provisions, probably for Haytian ports, from Monte Cristo, was overtaken in Dominican waters by a crew from a Haytian gunboat. Captain Wilson, of the Aurora, and his crew were taken aboard the gunboat and placed in irons. The crew of a little brig wrecked on the Dominican shores was then put aboard the captured Aurora as prisoners near Cape Haytien. The brig was afterwards seen lying off Cape Haytien in the track of vessels from New York to that point. The gunboat Dessalines was reported wrecked off Port de Paix. Minister Preston has received an official account of the bombardment of Cape Haytien. The Dessalines was first fired on by Fort Picolet November 3, and returned the fire, silencing the fort. Advancing toward the town the gunboat was fired upon by St. Joseph's battery, and it silenced it. The old French battery by the town next opened fire and the Dessalines silenced that. Only a few chance shells were thrown toward the town. The commander reports to the government that there would have been no particular excitement if one of the shells had not come dangerously close to the United States consuls house and scared him out of his wits. It was the commander alleged, that started the sensational reports of the shelling of the town. No shots were fired from the Dessalines except the very few necessary to silence the forts.

SENATE AND HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Both Branches of Congress.

HOUSE.—In the house on the 2d a bill was passed granting an annual leave of thirty days to the employees of the bureau of engraving and printing, instead of fifteen, which they now have. In consideration of the morning hour, Mason, of Indiana, called up the bill prohibiting an agent from receiving a fee for securing an increase of pension on account of an increase of disability, or securing a special act of congress. Peters, of Kansas, offered an amendment providing that an applicant for a pension may contract with the board of the state in which the applicant lives, to pay not exceeding \$3 for services rendered should an increase be allowed. Adopted and the bill passed. Springer, of Illinois, introduced a joint resolution for the admission of Arizona and Idaho. Referred.

SENATE.—In the senate on the 2d, there was more than a quorum of senators present when the chaplain delivered his opening prayer after the holiday recess. Among the petitions and memorials presented and referred were the following: From a number of the women's relief board of Salt Lake City, remonstrating against any action of congress looking to the admission of Utah as a state; to prohibit disfranchisement on account of sex; from the Boston board of trade, for the suspension of the purchase of silver bullion and the coinage of silver dollars; in favor of including in the next census statistics of surviving soldiers of the late war. After the transaction of some other business, consideration of the tariff bill was resumed.

HOUSE.—In the house on the 4th, Mr. Funn of Arkansas called up the Nicaragua canal bill with the amendments agreed to in committee of the whole, upon which the previous question was ordered before the holiday recess. The first amendment upon which the yeas and nays were demanded was that offered by Mr. Holman of Indiana, providing that nothing in the act shall be construed to commit the United States to any liability on account of the Nicaragua company and requiring this provision to be printed on every bond, certificate of stock, or other obligation issued by the company. The amendment was agreed to. Other amendments were offered, some rejected and others agreed to. The bill is a senate measure and will now go to the senate for action upon the house amendments. Without further business of importance the house adjourned.

SENATE.—In the senate on the 4th Mr. Sherman, from the committee on foreign relations, reported a resolution, which was agreed to, calling on the president for correspondence and information touching recent occurrences in the island of Hayti, both as relates to the state of government there and to the Haytian Republic. Mr. Sherman, also from the same committee, reported back favorably Mr. Edmunds joint resolution as to the Panama canal regarding the connection of the United States with the construction or control of that canal. The resolution was placed on the calendar. The senate then took up the tariff bill, continuing the discussion till adjournment.

Visitors to the President-Elect.

Indianapolis dispatch: General Harrison passed the day of this to him eventful year, pretty much as he has on other days. In the afternoon he received quite a number of visitors. Among the more prominent callers today were Circuit Judge C. E. Mitchell, of Texasans, Ark., said to be the only republican state judge in Arkansas. The judge was accompanied by his son, E. B. Mitchell, of Nashville. It is understood their visit was purely social. Another visitor of note was Hon. Jason B.

A NEW SENSATION IN CHICAGO.

Chicago special: Joseph R. Dunlap, city editor of the Chicago Times, was arrested to-night charged with criminal libel and locked up at the Harrison street police station. Warrants were sworn out this afternoon by Police Inspector Bonfield for the arrest of James J. West, principal editor of the Chicago Times, and Joseph R. Dunlap, its city editor, on charges of criminal libel for having published in that paper this morning the statement of the wife of Detective Lowenstein charging the police with being in complicity with thieves, and acting as "fences" in the disposition of stolen property. Mr. West was not in his office when Mr. Dunlap was arrested, but was arrested later in the evening, and soon afterwards both himself and City Editor Dunlap were released on \$4,000 bail each to appear before the police justice to-morrow.

THE CAUSE OF THE TROUBLE.

The arrests are the result of the publication by the Times of what purports to be a statement from Mrs. Mabel Lowenstein who sometimes since shot her husband, Detective Lowenstein, and nearly caused his death, that is sensational in the extreme. Her story is that for several years her husband and Capt. Schaack of the North side police department sides others, have been in the habit of getting stolen property from prisoners and bringing it into her house where it was divided or stored until arrangements could be made for its disposition. She protested against such transactions and was abused for it. She states that she had held property belonging to North Side people which will be produced when necessary. Among these are several watches, brooches and cuff buttons belonging to Louis Ling, a fine silk shawl, some dresses, etc. She also says that she had been present at several witnesses for important cases at the house, and that she has among the stolen property the original testimony they got from certain witnesses. When she was locked up at the Chicago avenue station charged with shooting her husband, Schaack would not let her talk to any one for over a week.

SHE TALKS TO SCHAACK.

I told him that he knew Jake was a thief, and that I knew he (Schaack) was aware of all his doings. He refused to let the reporters see me, and would keep me from seeing him. He tried to get hold of some of it, saying he wanted to have it returned to the owners. Then she says threats were made that unless she ceased to talk about it matters would go hard with her. The Times says that an attempt was made Wednesday night to abduct Mrs. Lowenstein from her brother-in-law's house, where she has been stopping since she was released on bail.

THEY ARE RE-ARRESTED.

Soon after their release Messrs. West and Dunlap were re-arrested on a similar charge, preferred this time by Captain Schaack. Bonds were also given in this case, and the gentlemen are now at liberty. It is said that when Mr. Dunlap was first taken to the Arma station desk, the sergeant kindly invited him to make himself comfortable in the office at the station. Very soon, however, orders were received from headquarters, emanating, it is claimed, from Inspector Bonfield to place the gentlemen in a cell, the same as an ordinary felon, and it was done.

A Puzzle for the Physicians.

Sioux Falls (Dak.) special: The problem presented to the local physicians in the case of the 2-year-old child of S. P. Olsen, of this place, is no nearer solution than it was a week ago. There have been no preparations for the interment of the body, nor will it be given sepulchre until the grief-stricken parents are certain that life is extinct. Yesterday afternoon Bonfield placed the child and others were gathered in the room where the casket lay, the face of the child suddenly became suffused with a deep flush, which faded away almost as quickly as it came. A small thermometer placed in the mouth and also in the cheek of the child failed to indicate any change in the temperature. The physicians were completely nonplussed and could offer no explanation for the strange occurrence. The parents are alternately prostrate with grief and buoyed by the faint hope that the child will eventually return to life. At 9 o'clock last night there was a reappearance of color, this time both in the face and hands, lasting several minutes, and the physicians who observed it were sanguine that the spark of life had not yet died out. However, when the color disappeared they would not say authoritatively that the child was alive. Physicians from out of town have been sent for and several have come of their own accord to view a case of what is undoubtedly suspended animation, the first ever noted in this territory.

Diabolical Deed of a Negro.

Seven colored servants of Col. Paxton, near Arcola, Miss., were arrested a few days ago for burning the colonel's residence, and, after two of them had confessed to drugging the coffee so as to make the family sleep, and setting fire to the house, the prisoners all mysteriously disappeared, and, it is hinted, were lynched. The confession was to the effect that the woman cooked the coffee, but two members of the family stood at each door with an axe or gun to kill any member of the family who should try to escape, but the slaves of the fire alarmed them and they fled. News received is to the effect that the seven prisoners, five men and two women, who were under arrest and were strongly guarded, disappeared somewhat mysteriously. The sole motive of the crime seems to have been robbery. Some property taken from the house was found in the possession of the prisoners.

Organized labor in Nebraska will make an effort to get through the legislature this winter a law reforming the elections.

To this end meetings are being held to agitate the matter. The Australian system, or something similar to it, will meet requirements if embodied in an enactment by our state law makers. The present session of the legislature is expected to deal with many things of great interest to the people. —Forty wolves have been killed this season by a pack of hounds belonging to a Sioux county ranchman.

A NEW CIVIL SERVICE ORDER.

Postmaster General Dickinson Issues the New Classification for His Department.

Washington special: The postmaster general has issued an order classifying the employes of the railway mail service, under civil service rules as follows: Class 1—All persons receiving an annual salary of \$800 or less, or a compensation at the rate of \$800 or less per annum.

Class 2—All persons receiving an annual salary of \$900 or less, but more than \$800, or a compensation at the rate of \$900 or less, but more than \$800 per annum.

Class 3—All persons receiving an annual salary of \$1,000 or less, but more than \$900, or a compensation at the rate of \$1,000 or less, but more than \$900 per annum.

Class 4—All persons receiving an annual salary of \$1,200 or less, but more than \$1,000, or a compensation at the rate of \$1,200 or less, but more than \$1,000 per annum.

Class 5—All persons receiving an annual salary of \$1,400 or less, but more than \$1,200, or a compensation at the rate of \$1,400 or less, but more than \$1,200 per annum.

Class 6—All persons receiving an annual salary of \$1,600 or less, but more than \$1,400, or a compensation at the rate of \$1,600 or less, but more than \$1,400 per annum.

Class 7—All persons receiving an annual salary of \$1,800 or less, but more than \$1,600, or a compensation at the rate of \$1,800 or less, but more than \$1,600 per annum.

Class 8—All persons receiving an annual salary of \$2,000 or less, but more than \$1,800, or a compensation at the rate of \$2,000 or less, but more than \$1,800 per annum.

Class 9—All persons receiving an annual salary of more than \$2,000, or a compensation at the rate of more than \$2,000 per annum.

It is also ordered that no person shall be placed in any class except by examination by the civil service rules in any of the classes designated, until he shall have passed an appropriate examination prepared by the United States civil service commission, and his eligibility has been certified to the department by said commission.

Under the foregoing classification of the railway mail service and the rules adopted by the civil service commission, the postmaster general has designated the following places in the railway mail service as exempt from examination:

One general superintendent of the railway mail service; one assistant general superintendent of railway mail service.

A season of almost unexampled activity is upon the republican members of the senate. The finance sub-committee in charge of the substitute for the Mills bill, Messrs. Allison, Aldrich, Sherman and Hines, are in an almost continuous session in an effort to make it as near satisfactory to all the interests involved as may be. This can be done only by amending it in some particular sections of the bill.

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Miss Pickrell's Window

"If I can ever afford to do it I'm going to have a nice big bay window just in there where them two nasty little windows are."

Miss Clarinda Pickrell's friends had heard her make this remark over and over again. Often she added: "I do think a bay window is one of the nicest things in the world. They're so nice to set in. You can see so much from 'em. And how nice they are for plants. I've planned it all out time and ag'in just how I'd fit my bay window up if ever the Lord let me have one."

"I'd have my geraniums and callas and heliotrope and oxalis and begonia and fuschias and my wand'r'n Jew and ivy all in that window. Then I'd have my bird-cage hanging from the center, and mobby some day I could get me a gold fish in one of them glass pots to set on a little stand in the middle. And if ever I could afford it I'd have lace curtains hangin' from a pole' cross the front of the window. I think it would be perfectly lovely."

No one but poor Miss Pickrell knew how dear the vision of unattained happiness was to her heart. She loved to talk about it, she dreamed about it; and sometimes, in the solitude of her chamber, away from the eyes of the world, she cried softly because she felt that this sweet ideal would never become a splendid reality.

She had a habit of talking to herself, and giving herself some severe "goings over," as she called them. On such occasions she assumed a very severe aspect and said sternly: "Now you dry right up, Rindy Pick'rell. Don't you carry your on-gratefulness a mite further. Here you are already enjoying blessings without number and fretin' cause you can't have more. You've good lungs and a sound liver and don't know what it is to lang'ish on a sick bed. You've enough to eat and wear, and you've church and prayer-meeting privileges and here you mope 'bout one of those dreadful heathens and not ever know what it was to be half decent. You're too ongrateful and rebell'ous to live, Rindy Pick'rell."

And then her thin, cracked voice would penitently sigh: "And air we wretches jist alive, and do we still rebel." "The wondrous, 'tis amazin' grace That we are out of hell."

Miss Rindy was a very conscientious woman, and could not help thinking that it was very sinful to set her heart on anything that was of the earth earthly. She made no allowance for the limitations of her poor human nature, but thought she ought to lead a life of impossible goodness, and made a virtue of denying herself many things quite innocent in themselves.

She was a spinster of 40 years. Her home was a snug little home of four incredibly tidy rooms on a little farm in a Western state. This home had been left her by her parents, and for ten years she had lived alone in it. The house stood within the limits of a small village and Miss Rindy added to her small income by plain sewing for the villagers.

There were but ten acres in her little farm, and five of these were pasture land for her cow. On the other five she had a small field of corn for her cow's feed in winter.

She lived very comfortably, as she said, but there was little left for unnecessary expenditure when all her bills were paid and something laid aside for her "rainy days" that Miss Rindy felt must come to her when she was too old and feeble to sew any longer.

"That bay window would cost me \$69.78," Miss Rindy often said. "I've had it figured out more than once, and I reckon I'll have to take it out in figgers."

Everybody knew and liked Miss Rindy, and sympathizing friends often said: "It a pity the poor soul can't have that bay window she hankers after. It's the only thing on earth she seems to want that she hasn't got. She'd take more comfort settin' in that bay window than Queen Victoria takes settin' on her throne," conclusion quite correct, I have no doubt.

And others said: "It's an awful pity 'Rindy Pick'rell never got married. Some man got cheated out of most an amazin' good wife by her stayin' an old maid."

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And in this her fortieth year this heart secret began to find its way to her trembling life in some of those solemn conversations she had with herself.

Miss Rindy always felt particularly lonely during the holiday season. Her friends were often too entirely engrossed in their own joys and plans to think of her, and it nearly always happened that she spent Christmas alone.

"And of what earthly account is turkey and cranberry sass and mince pies where one has to set down to them by one's self," she often said tersely to herself. "I ain't the heart to get up an extra dinner on Christmas, and half the time I'm so bad off I can't even find anybody to ask to come in and eat with me. Now if I only had that bay window it'd be a sight of company for me Christmas and all other times. I'd set it all the time I was to home."

There was something very pathetic in the half jesting and half sincere tone in which Miss Rindy sometimes said:

"Killed by a Mad Bull. Topeka (Kan.) special: Information was received this afternoon that Colonel J. M. Jones, one of the wealthiest and most influential ranchmen in Cheyenne county, was gored to death yesterday morning by a bull. He was the owner of one of the finest herds of cattle in the state, and while engaged in working about his stables, the animal suddenly attacked him from the rear and before he could escape he was knocked down and frightfully gored. He was found a half hour later with his head almost severed from his body, and one arm torn to pieces.

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And then her thin, cracked voice would penitently sigh: "And air we wretches jist alive, and do we still rebel." "The wondrous, 'tis amazin' grace That we are out of hell."

Miss Rindy was a very conscientious woman, and could not help thinking that it was very sinful to set her heart on anything that was of the earth earthly. She made no allowance for the limitations of her poor human nature, but thought she ought to lead a life of impossible goodness, and made a virtue of denying herself many things quite innocent in themselves.

She was a spinster of 40 years. Her home was a snug little home of four incredibly tidy rooms on a little farm in a Western state. This home had been left her by her parents, and for ten years she had lived alone in it. The house stood within the limits of a small village and Miss Rindy added to her small income by plain sewing for the villagers.

There were but ten acres in her little farm, and five of these were pasture land for her cow. On the other five she had a small field of corn for her cow's feed in winter.

She lived very comfortably, as she said, but there was little left for unnecessary expenditure when all her bills were paid and something laid aside for her "rainy days" that Miss Rindy felt must come to her when she was too old and feeble to sew any longer.

"That bay window would cost me \$69.78," Miss Rindy often said. "I've had it figured out more than once, and I reckon I'll have to take it out in figgers."

Everybody knew and liked Miss Rindy, and sympathizing friends often said: "It a pity the poor soul can't have that bay window she hankers after. It's the only thing on earth she seems to want that she hasn't got. She'd take more comfort settin' in that bay window than Queen Victoria takes settin' on her throne," conclusion quite correct, I have no doubt.

And others said: "It's an awful pity 'Rindy Pick'rell never got married. Some man got cheated out of most an amazin' good wife by her stayin' an old maid."

Not for all the world would poor Clarinda Pickrell have had a soul know it, but away down in the secret recesses of her tender heart there was hidden away an unspoken regret that she was Miss Pickrell still; an unspoken longing for sympathy and companionship and love in her loneliness.

And in this her fortieth year this heart secret began to find its way to her trembling life in some of those solemn conversations she had with herself.

Miss Rindy always felt particularly lonely during the holiday season. Her friends were often too entirely engrossed in their own joys and plans to think of her, and it nearly always happened that she spent Christmas alone.

"And of what earthly account is turkey and cranberry sass and mince pies where one has to set down to them by one's self," she often said tersely to herself. "I ain't the heart to get up an extra dinner on Christmas, and half the time I'm so bad off I can't even find anybody to ask to come in and eat with me. Now if I only had that bay window it'd be a sight of company for me Christmas and all other times. I'd set it all the time I was to home."

There was something very pathetic in the half jesting and half sincere tone in which Miss Rindy sometimes said:

"Killed by a Mad Bull. Topeka (Kan.) special: Information was received this afternoon that Colonel J. M. Jones, one of the wealthiest and most influential ranchmen in Cheyenne county, was gored to death yesterday morning by a bull. He was the owner of one of the finest herds of cattle in the state, and while engaged in working about his stables, the animal suddenly attacked him from the rear and before he could escape he was knocked down and frightfully gored. He was found a half hour later with his head almost severed from his body, and one arm torn to pieces.