

The Bondman

A....
Continued
Story.

By HALL CAINE.

Ah! now he knew the voice too well. It was Greeba's. One was there; she was on the other side of that wall at that instant. And she was singing. It was a love-song that she sang. Her very heart seemed to speak in it, for her tones were the tones of love, and he must be beside her.

"It was for him she had left me," thought Jason, in the whirl of his dazed brain; "for him and his place, his station, and the pride of his success."

Then, remembering how his love of this woman had fooled him through five treacherous years, turning him aside from thoughts of his vow, giving him his father's money for his mother's wrongs, and now she who had been so damned dear to him had drawn him on in the days of her trouble, and cast him off when another beckoned to her, he cried in his tortured heart, "Oh, God in heaven, give me this man into my hands."

CHAPTER VIII.

THE SWORD OF ESAU.

Jason went back to his lodging by the Cathedral, found the old caretaker sitting up for him, made some excuse for returning late, and turned in to bed. His room was the guest-chamber—a little, snug, stifling box, with bed and bedding of eider down sewed in canvas sacks. He threw off his boots and lay down in his clothes. Hour followed hour and he did not sleep. He was nevertheless not wholly awake, but retained a sort of sluggish consciousness which his dazed brain could not govern. Twelve had chimed from the great clock of the turret overhead as he lay down, and he heard one, two, three, and four follow in their turn. By this time he was feeling a dull pain at the back of his head, and a heavy throbbing in his neck. Until then he had been ever a man of great bodily strength, with never an ache or an ailment. "I am making myself ill before anything is done," he thought, "and if I fall sick nothing can come of my enterprise. That must not be." With an effort of will he composed himself to sleep. Still for a space he saw the weary night wear on; but the lapse, the broken thread, and the dazed sense stole over him at last, and he dropped into a deep slumber.

When he awoke the white light of midday was coming in strong dancing bars through the rents of the dark blanket that covered the little window, the clock of the cathedral was chiming twelve once again, and over the little cobbles causeway of the street in front there was the light patter of many sealskin shoes. "How could I sleep away my time like this with so much to do?" he thought, and leapt up instantly.

His old landlady had more than once looked in upon him during the morning, and watched him with an air of pity. "Poor lad, he looks ill," she thought; and so left him to sleep on. While he ate his breakfast of skyr and skata and coffee, the good scullery maid bustled herself about him, asking what work he had a mind to do now that he had come back, and where he meant to look for it, with other questions of a like kind. But he answered her many words with few of his own, merely saying that he intended to look about him before deciding on anything, and that he had something in his pocket to go on with in the meanwhile.

Some inquiries he made of her in his turn, and they were mainly about the new President, or Governor, what like he was, and what he had done, and what his movements were, and if he was much seen in the town. The good body could tell him very little, being old, very deaf, and feeble on her feet, and going about hardly at all farther than the floors of the Cathedral on cleaning days. But her deaf old husband, hobbling in from the street that moment, said he had heard somebody say that a session of Althing was sitting then, and that under the Republic that had lately been proclaimed Michael Sunlocks presided at the parliament-house daily about midday.

Hearing this, Jason rose from his unfinished breakfast, and went out on some pretended errand; but when he got to the wooden shed where Althing held its session he found the sitting over and the delegates dispersed. His only object had been to see Michael Sunlocks that he might know him, and having lost his first opportunity he returned the following day, coming earlier, before the sitting had begun or the delegates had yet gathered. But though he lounged within the doorway, while the members passed through, jesting and laughing together, he saw no one young enough to answer to Michael Sunlocks. He was too much in dread of attracting attention to inquire of the few idlers who looked on like himself, so he went away and came yet again the next day after and waited as before. Once more he felt that the man he looked for had not passed in with the rest, and, between fear of exciting suspicion and of throwing away his chances, he questioned the doorkeeper of the Chamber. This person stammered before every word, but Jason learned at length that Michael Sunlocks had not been there for a week, that by rule of the new Constitution the Governor presided only at the sittings of the higher house, the Council, and that the present sittings were those of the lower house, the Senate.

That was Thursday, and Jason reflected that though four days were gone nothing was done. Faxed with himself for this caution, and that he had wasted so much time, he bodily started inquired on many sides. Then he learned that it was the daily practice of the Governor to go at twelve o'clock noon to the embankment in front of the merchant stores, where his gangs of masons were throwing up the new fort. At that hour that day Jason was there, but found that the Governor had already been and gone. Going earlier the next day, Friday, he learned that the Governor had not yet

come, and so he lay about to wait for him. But the men whom he had questioned began to cast curious glances in his direction, and to mutter together in groups. Then he remembered that it was a time of revolution, that he might be mistaken for a Danish spy, and as such be forthwith seized and imprisoned. "That would stop everything," he thought, and moved away.

In a tavern of a by-street, a long lean youth, threadbare and tipsy, formerly a student and latterly expelled from the college for drunkenness, told him that the new Governor turned in at the Latin school every evening at dusk, to inspect the drill of the regiment he had enrolled. So to the Latin school at dusk Jason made his way, but the place was dark and silent when he came upon it, and from a lad who was running out at the moment he heard that the drill-sergeant had fallen ill, and the drill been discontinued.

On the wharf by the jetty the boatman who had recognized him on landing, Old Jon Clafsson, told him that serving whiting and skate to the Bishop's Palace he found that the new Governor was ever coming and going there. Now of all houses Jason had most avoided that house, lest he should be seen of those eyes that would surely read his mission at a glance. Yet as night fell in, and he might approach the place with safety, he hunted the ways that led to it. But never again did he see Michael Sunlocks even in the uncertain darkness, and thinking how hard it was to set eyes on this man, whom he must know of a surety before his enterprise could be ripe, a secret dread took hold of him, and he all but renounced his design. "Why is it that I cannot see him?" he thought. "Why, of all men in the town, is he the only one whom I can never meet face to face? Why, of all men here, am I the only one whom he has ever seen?" It was as if higher powers were keeping them apart.

By this time he realized that he was being observed, for in the dusk, on the Thingvellir road, that led past Government House, three men overtook him, and went on to talk with easy confidence in signs and broken words. He saw that they were Danes; that one was old and white-headed; another was young, sallow, and of a bitter spirit; and the third, who was elderly, was of a meek and quiet manner.

"How are they going on in the old country? Anything done yet? When are they coming?" said the young man.

"Ah, don't be afraid," said the old man. "We know you are watching him," he added, with a side-long motion of the head towards Government House. "But he will send no more of our sons and brothers to the sulphur mines, to slave like beasts of burden. His days are numbered."

Then the young man laughed bitterly.

"They say he is to be married. Let him make merry while he may," he said with a deep oath.

And at that Jason faced about to them.

"You have been mistaken, sirs," he said. "I am not a spy, and neither am I an assassin."

He walked away with what composure he could command, but he trembled like a leaf, for by this encounter three new thoughts possessed him; first, that when his attempt had been made and his work done, no one believed himself appointed by God as the instrument of His righteous retribution, would stand no other before man than as a common midnight murderer; next, that unless he made haste with his design he would be forestalled by others with baser motives; and, again, that if his hearing had so nearly revealed his purpose to the Danes it might suggest it to other's with more interest in defeating it.

In his former rashness he had gone everywhere, even where the throngs were thickest, and talked with everyone, even the six stalwart constables who had taken the place of the republican watchmen whom he knew in earlier days. But from the hour of that meeting with the Danes he found himself going about as stealthily as a cat, watching everybody, thinking everybody was watching him, shrinking from every sight, and quaking at every sound. "They can do what they like with me after it is over," he thought, "but first let it be done."

He felt afraid, who had never before known the taste of fear; he felt weary, who had never until then known what it was to be tired. "Oh, what is this that is coming over me?" he thought. "I am doing well, why do I tremble?" For even while he planned his daring attempt a great feebleness seemed to be in all his members.

Thus it chanced that on the next day thereafter, Saturday, he saw many preparations along the line of the High Street and its byways, such as the swinging of pulley ropes from house front to house front and the shaking out of bunting, without asking what festival they purported. But returning to his lodging in the evening found his landlady busy with preparations of a like kind about the entrance to the yard of the Cathedral, and then he knew too well what new thing was coming. All the same he asked, and his landlady answered him: "Lord bless me," she cried, "and haven't you heard that the young Governor is to be wedded?"

"When?" said Jason.

"Tomorrow," said the old body.

"Where?"

"Why, in the Cathedral, surely. It will be a bonny sight, I promise you. You would like to see it, I make no doubt. Well, and so you shall, my son. I'll get you in. Only leave it to me. Only leave it to me."

Jason had expected this answer; like a horse that quivers under the lash while it is yet hissing over his head, he had seen the blow coming, yet when it came it startled and stunned him. He got up, touching no food, and staggered back into the street.

It was now dark night. The stores were lit up by their open lamps, whose noisome smoke streamed out over the pathway, and mingled with the foul vapors that came from the drinking shops. The little town was very busy; throngs of people passed to and fro, and there was much shouting and noisy laughter.

To Jason all this was a mass of confusion, like a dream that is vague and broken and has no semblance of reality. His knees smote together as he walked, and his mind was clogged and numbed. At length he was conscious that some brawlers who were lounging at the door of the tavern were peering as he went by them, and that a woman who was passing as the same moment was rating them roundly.

"Can't you see he's ill?" she was saying, and they were laughing lustily. He turned towards the sea, and there, with only the black beach before his eyes and the monotonous beat of the waves in his ears, his faculties grew clearer. "Oh God!" he thought, "am I to strike him down before her face and at the very foot of the altar? It is terrible. It must be true that I am ill—or perhaps made—or both."

But he wrestled with his irresolute spirit and overcame it. One by one he marshalled his reasons and bit by bit he justified himself. When his anger wavered against the man who had twice supplanted him, he recalled his vow to execute judgment, and when his vow seemed horrible he remembered that Greeba herself had wronged him.

Thus he juggled with himself night after night, and if morning after morning peace had come with the coming of light, it was gone forever now. He rehearsed everything in his mind and saw it all as he meant it to be. Tomorrow while the bells were ringing he would go into the Cathedral. His old landlady, the caretaker, would put him in the front seat before the altar rail. The news would already be thronged, and there would be whispering behind him, and little light fits of suppressed laughter. Presently the old bishop would come, halting along in his surplice, holding the big book in his trembling hands. Then the bridegroom would step forward, and he should see him and mark him and know him. The bride herself would come next in a dazzling cloud of auburn tulle, all dressed in white. Then as the two stood together—he and she hand in hand, glancing softly at each other, and with all other eyes upon them, he himself would rise up—and do it. Suddenly there would be a wild cry, and she would turn towards him, and see him, and understand him, and fall fainting before him. Then while both lay at his feet he would turn to those about him and say, very calmly, "Take me. It was I." All being done, he would not shrink, and when his time came he would meet his fate without flinching, and in the awful hereafter he would stand before the white throne and say, "It would have been an evil thing if God's ways had not been justified before men; so I have executed on earth His judgment who has said in His Holy Writ that the wrongdoer shall surely suffer vengeance, even to the third and fourth generation of His children."

(To be Continued.)

A Night in a Buffalo Hide.
A party of scouts from the stations on Bledsoe's creek, in Sumner county, was over in Wilson on a tour of observation for Indian signs, says the Portland Oregonian. As they prepared to camp late one winter afternoon, Capt. Jennings, who was one of the number, started out to kill a buffalo from a herd which was near by. There was a heavy sleet on the ground, and he found it difficult to get a good range, on account of the noise of his feet on the crackling ice, but after following the game for several miles he at last killed a very large bull. Fearing that the meat might be injured if left until the next morning, he skinned the animal and took out the viscera. By the time he was done night had come, and he decided to remain with his meat instead of seeking camp in the darkness. So, wrapping the huge hide around him, flesh side out, he lay down and slept very comfortably until morning. On waking he found himself tightly imprisoned in the hide, which had frozen hard and now resisted all his efforts to escape. Hour after hour rolled by in agony to the captain. He yelled at the top of his voice for help and strained and kicked with all his might at the rawhide inclosure, but it proved stubborn to the last degree. He doubtless swore many a bitter oath, for he was of too irascible a temperament to submit tamely. He expected his companions to search for him, and they did, but with a great deal of caution, fearing that he had been killed by the Indians. His prolonged absence could be accounted for in no other way. He gave up all hope of extricating himself as the hours wore away, but help which he had not thought of was to save him from a death which would have been extremely mortifying, at the least, to a man who had escaped Indian bullets and swam icy rivers like a beaver. We will let him relate the issue in his own words: "Well, the sun came out in the afternoon, and this softened the hide on the top so I could get one arm out, and when I got one arm out I worked like pizen until I got my body through."

Greatness of the British Empire.

At the present juncture, when the greatness of certain nations is being prominently paraded, it is interesting to recall these facts. The British empire is fifty-three times the size of France, fifty-two times that of Germany, three and a half times that of the United States of America, thrice the size of Europe, with treble the population of all the Russias. It extends over 11,000,000 square miles, occupies one-fifth of the globe, contains one-fifth of the human race, or 350,000,000 people, embraces four continents, 10,000 islands, 500 promontories and 2,000 rivers. It is estimated that the empire possesses one-third of the sheep of the world, one-fourth of the cattle and one-twelfth of the horses.

GIVES CLEAN CARD

Treasurer Steuffer Issues Such to Ex-Treasurer Meserve.

CERTIFIES TO RECEIVING EVERY CENT DUE

No Treasurer Has Gone Out With a Cleaner Record Than That of John B. Meserve—The Senatorial Situation Deadlock.

The last official act in the transfer of \$4,500,000 of state money was completed on January 16, when Treasurer Steuffer returned the statement of the auditor concerning the amounts to be received by him to Auditor Weston, with the indorsement on the back that everything had been found as specified in Auditor Cornell's certificate of January 3.

Mr. Steuffer certifies that he has received every cent specified as being in the permanent educational funds of the state, that he has verified the cash balances to the credit of the state in authorized depositories and that he has checked over and found correct every cent indicated as invested in United States, county and school district bonds and general and university fund warrants.

No treasurer of Nebraska ever went forth from the office with a cleaner clearance card than that given Mr. Meserve by his successor, Treasurer Steuffer. Here's what is indorsed on the back of the auditor's statement, in Mr. Steuffer's own handwriting:

"I hereby certify that I have received in cash the amount specified in the within statement belonging to the four permanent educational funds of the state of Nebraska, amounting to \$91,639.48; that I have verified the balances in depository banks covering the current funds of the state, as specified in the within statement, amounting to \$208,603.07, and find them correct; that I have counted and checked the United States, county and school district bonds, general funds of the state, as specified in the within statement, amounting to \$4,474,501.44, and find the same correct, making a grand total of moneys and securities, as per statement, \$4,474,743.99, which has been turned over to me according to law."

"WILLIAM STEUFFER,
"State Treasurer,
"Lincoln, Neb., Jan. 15, 1901."

Our republican friends are having all kinds of fun out of the senatorial struggle now on in all its glory. Every mother's son of the candidates was a good fellow last fall when they were laboring so hard to give the working man the assurance of a full dinner pail, but now that they have locked horns over the senatorship things are not so lovely as they were. Where there used to be love, peace and harmony, there now exists discord and war to the death. Instead of uniting and selecting men who would reflect honor and credit upon the state we find the candidates going it alone, each for himself and the devil take the hindmost. Instead of leaving the legislators alone and letting them decide the matter, the candidates are using every sort of a device calculated to compel them to come their way. Federal patronage, promise of office, money, anything is held out as an inducement to the members to quash their honest convictions.

Some of the candidates have started daily papers to aid them in their canvass, and are abusing every other man who dares to aspire to the senate of the United States. They are indulging in personal threats and threatening members with dire punishment in the future if they dare to vote for certain candidates. They are taking up the cry against Thompson on the "agreement" of two years ago, and are declaring him not to be a republican, and they are using every sort of scheme to get the desired seats. The scrap is not one for the fusionists to enter, but they can sit back and quietly enjoy the fight in which the republicans are dealing in criminations and recriminations, and telling tales out of school. And this fight reminds us of how nice it would be if United States senators were elected by direct vote of the people.

The long looked for and anxiously awaited Commoner, Mr. Bryan's paper, is issued this week. As announced in the Associated press, it will issue from the Western Newspaper Union's Lincoln office. This is a guarantee that the Commoner will not only be typographically correct in appearance, but also will be composed, imposed and printed by union labor, as the Western Newspaper Union employs only union labor and pays union wages. It is hardly necessary to say that both Mr. Bryan and the Newspaper Union should be congratulated on the matter for it shows that both believe the man is worthy of his hire and act in accord with their belief. The Commoner will start out under auspicious conditions and we bespeak for it a warm welcome by those whose regard for Mr. Bryan has not been shaken by his recent defeat.

The populist, democratic and silver republican state central committees held meetings last week in Lincoln and talked over policies to be pursued in the future. The general opinion seemed to be that the reform forces must act together as they have in the past.

The populists had some difficulty over financial affairs, and an auditing committee was appointed to examine the committee's accounts. Final action was taken by referring all claims to the executive committee with power to act on same after investigation. A committee on ways and means was named to act in conjunction with the executive committee to pass on assessments also, and to make an effort to make more collections and to make demands for any balance remaining from the counties that have contributed the least.

It was extremely gratifying to the fusionists who attended, on Sunday, January 13, the meeting at the Oliver theatre in the interests of charity, and at which addresses were delivered by Rev. F. L. Wharton, pastor of St. Paul's M. E. church; Chancellor Andrews, Professor Caldwell, Lieutenant Governor Savage, and William J. Bryan. The gratification came when Lieutenant Governor Savage, in his address, spoke of the charitable institutions of the state and remarked that during the past two years they had been well and economically managed, and that in nearly every instance a surplus was left in the fund, not all of the appropriation for each institution being used. This was praise for fusion economy which well becomes Mr. Savage, whom we have every reason to believe honest and upright.

Then again, we have been most reliably informed that State Treasurer Steuffer is not a bit chary about expressing his admiration for the splendid manner in which ex-Treasurer Meserve had conducted his office and the good condition in which it was received from the hands of the fusion force. Republicans, it seems, do not always withhold credit where it is due, and Mr. Steuffer's commendation of Treasurer Meserve's administration of the financial affairs of the state stamp him a man large enough to rise above party prejudice. We were aware that Mr. Meserve was strictly all right, and never for one moment feared that scandal's breath would taint his office. He runs things right, and the people of Nebraska have much to thank him for, and we feel disposed to believe they are glad they had him in the position he filled so ably and well.

The game law which the sportsmen of Nebraska will support was drawn to embody the recommendation of Governor Dietrich that a game warden be provided to enforce the game laws of the state. Since it has been discovered that about \$30,000 worth of game is shipped out of the state annually the true sportsmen of Nebraska are beginning to realize that something must be done to protect the game, song and insectivorous birds. The provision for a warden should meet with hearty approval on all sides, and the warden should be given real and possible in the discharge of a duty which is to a certain extent hazardous, for game poachers are a hard lot to deal with. The proper kind of a game warden would make Nebraska a game preserve that could be enjoyed by its citizens, for he would see to it that game was killed only for home consumption, and not for eastern markets. In short, a game law and a game warden to enforce it would assure every Nebraskan who desires to hunt or fish the satisfaction of having the fin fur and feathered game preserved for his benefit.

If it can be done at this session, the republicans propose to put through a big gerrymander in the matter of reapportioning the state, so that republican control of the legislature will be perpetual. Representative Evans of Lincoln county has introduced a bill which seems to be a very fair apportionment. Mr. Evans, who is a republican, claims that his bill was not influenced by political considerations and believes it should be passed in preference to any measures which were based on or influenced by political considerations. In his bill, Mr. Evans declares, nothing but the population of the respective counties had anything to do with determining his method of redistricting.

Representative Gallogly of Brown county, also a republican, has introduced a bill which on its face appears to be similar to the one introduced by Representative Evans. In effect, however, it is quite different. Mr. Gallogly admits that his bill was prepared in such a way as to give the republicans as many members of the legislature as the fusionists would have, based on the vote of the 1900 election. He says that this aim was the first consideration and that the next one was to make the apportionment correspond to the population.

The bills of Mr. Evans and Mr. Gallogly give Lancaster and Douglas the same representation. The general effect of each is to decrease the representation of the southeastern and central counties of the state, and to increase that of other counties.

The decision of the United States supreme court in the Neely case, prepared by Justice Harlan and unanimously approved by the other justices, satisfactorily and definitely settled the legal status of Cuba, giving to the Cubans the final assurances for which they have been waiting. Cuba is a foreign country, according to the decision, and the American people generally will recognize the decision of the court as an accurate definition of the attitude this country assumed toward Cuba at the outset of the Spanish war, and still bears towards it. The court declares that this nation is bound by an explicit promise to guarantee Cuba independence, and for itself now recognizes that the island is free and independent. The court has voiced the verdict and views of the people. We trust that the august body will continue to decide properly in all cases now before it affecting the attitude of the country to its colonial possessions. The country certainly needs wise counsel and strict interpretation of its constitutional rights and prerogatives, and where else will we go to get this if not to our supreme court?

It is getting to be, in these up-to-date times, that scarcely any move of importance can be made without an injunction of some sort coming forward to be fought. Government by injunction is getting right to the front. How do the people like it?

Since salt has been found conducive to longevity there is no telling what the trusts will be asking for it.

Mayor Harrison of Chicago believes in continuous performances when it comes to the saloon question.

RULES IN PHILIPPINES

Public Discussions of Proposed Measures Held in Manila.

NATIVES TAKING PART IN THEM

Taxation the First Subject—Land to Bear Its Share of Burdens Instead of Assessments on Industry—Printing Matters to Rights.

MANILA, Jan. 19.—The public discussion of the general code of government for municipalities began today. Commissioner Dean C. Worcester outlined the bill and compared the conditions from the general orders of the military governor, under which many local governments were operating. Commissioner Worcester offered two amendments, disqualifying from voting and holding office men who violate their oath of American allegiance or who remain in armed opposition after February.

The commissioner elucidated the taxation features, referring to the benefits of taxing lands and buildings as against the present special taxes on occupations and industries. One-fourth of the proceeds of real estate assessments will be devoted to public schools.

Municipal councils are authorized to license theaters, places of liquor selling, public conveyances, hotels and cock fighting, or to prohibit cock fighting for the first year, until the tax collections are available.

Half of the internal revenue of each municipality will be paid into the municipal treasuries.

Commissioner Worcester did not enlarge on the section confining the exemption of church property to properties used exclusively for religious, charitable or educational purposes. This much discussed feature received the approval of the administration at Washington previous to the making public of the bill.

The bill centralizes considerable responsibility in the provincial governments, for the establishments of which another bill is being prepared.

The public discussion, which is taking place in the municipal hall, is proceeding by sections, the natives participating.

It is rumored that Aguinaldo visited his mother in Cavite province and narrowly escaped capture during the recent roundup of one of the villages in Cavite.

RULING ON BANKRUPT LAW.

A Matter in Which There is Much Interest Among Business Men.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 19.—Argument was begun in the United States supreme court today in the case of Carson, Pirie, Scott & Co., appellants, against the Chicago Title and Trust company. The case involves the construction of the bankruptcy law and much interest is manifested in the proceeding among business men generally. The case comes to the supreme court from the circuit court of appeals from the Seventh circuit of the court, where it is ordered that the claim of Carson, Pirie, Scott & Co., creditors of Frank Bros., bankrupts, be disallowed on the ground that moneys paid by an insolvent to a creditor in the usual and ordinary course of business within four months preceding the date of the filing of a petition in bankruptcy by the insolvent constitutes a preference under sections 57g and 60a, and 60b of the bankruptcy act, irrespective of the fact that the creditor receiving such payment is not aware of the fact that his debtor is insolvent, or that a preference is thereby intended. On account of the conflict of decisions construing the mentioned sections of the bankrupt act, great confusion has arisen and is likely to arise in the administration of bankrupt's estates until the pending case is adjudicated.

China Clinches Agreement.
WASHINGTON, Jan. 19.—A message was received today from Peking, dated last evening, stating that the Chinese plenipotentiaries had signed and delivered the protocol. This removes the last doubt that had arisen as to the sealing of the agreement, for it would not have been accepted by the Spanish minister, who is the dean of the corps, unless it bore all the seals and signatures necessary to give it full force.

Cattle Growers Organize.
SALT LAKE, Jan. 19.—The American Cattle Growers' association has been organized by the representatives of fifteen transmississippi states. The association is designed to fill the same field with reference to the cattle industry that is occupied by the National Wool Growers' association to the sheep industry. It is claimed that the men present at the meeting represented a capital running into the hundreds of millions. The temporary officers are all of Colorado. Adjournment was taken to a meeting to be held at Denver some time in March.

Is Not Coming to America.
BRUSSELS, Jan. 19.—Frickie Eloff, Kruger's grandson, is here from The Hague. He says: "Kruger has no intention of going to America at present, although pressed with invitations. He possibly might go later if he considered the interests of the Transvaal demanded it."

Amendment for Ft. Omaha.
WASHINGTON, Jan. 19.—Senator Thurston said that it was out of the question to tack on an amendment to the army bill providing for the utilization of old Fort Omaha as a military school. He has the matter in hand and had asked the leaders about the advisability of offering an amendment, but they advised against the measure as too likely to put the bill in jeopardy, and he, therefore, accepted the judgment of Chairman Hawley and members of the committee on military affairs.