

AFTER COAL DUTY

Congress Preparing to Move

Washington, Jan. 13.—The House Ways and Means committee this morning decided to report a substitute for the Hill bill, which provides a rebate on all kinds of coal, from all sources, for one year, virtually placing coal on the free list for that period. The bill will be called in the House this afternoon, and will undoubtedly pass immediately.

Dalzell, Payne and Groevener, by request of the president called at the White House this morning for consultation on the coal situation. Besides the proposed legislation granting a rebate, other plans will be discussed, which participants in the conference refuse to discuss.

In the Senate this morning Calhoun introduced a resolution exempting the duty on anthracite and asked the immediate consideration, but it was ruled out of order. Calhoun declared there was an unbroken precedent in the Senate since 1815 for such action, under constitution. Aldrich objected because of another phase of the Vest resolution which would be considered regular order. The resolution went over.

The Ways and Means committee this afternoon decided not to bring the amended Hill bill before the House as a privileged bill, which would cause them to be subject to amendment. It is desired to submit it so that it will immediately pass. Instead it has been decided to bring in a rule for consideration at tomorrow's session.

WHY VESSELS ARE DELAYED

Under the caption of "Delays at Columbia River" the Journal of Commerce of December 24, published at Liverpool, says:

"Serious delay is being experienced by sailing ships in crossing the bar of the Columbia River, Oregon.

"One Liverpool sailing ship was delayed there from November 7 until December 14 before she was able to cross the bar, and the owners of another Liverpool sailing ship have received a cable from their captain dated the 8th inst. that he is ready for sea and will sail as soon as the bar can be crossed, but that there are 19 sailing ships before him to receive the services of the tugs.

"These delays at the mouth of the Columbia River are of constant recurrence, and are due to the following causes:

"First—The sitting up of the bar at Astoria and the impossibility of loaded ships crossing it except under weather conditions that can scarcely be looked for during the winter months, which is the very time of year when the great bulk of vessels load at Portland.

"Two—The absurdly inadequate provision made for towing vessels from sea to Astoria and from Astoria to Portland and vice versa, owing to the tugs being the property of a monopoly.

"Three—The intolerable treatment of masters and owners by the crimps."

Competition.

The Second Story Man—Well, Bill, how's business?
The Bank Burglar—Well, we're havin' a lot of competition from de fellers on de inside.—Puck.

NEW STEAMSHIP CO

FOR COAST TRADE

H W Goodall and Geo D Gray & Co
in the New Corporation

A San Francisco dispatch says:—The California & Oregon Coast Steamship Company has been organized in this city, succeeding to the steamer business of George D. Gray & Co. The new corporation has a capital stock of \$500,000, with the right to issue an equal amount in bonds.

The officers of the new company are: George D. Gray, president; E. J. Holt, vice-president; George C. Lake, secretary; George D. Gray, E. J. Holt, C. C. Martin, George Fritch and H. W. Goodall, directors. All are well known in connection with Coast shipping matters.

The fleet of steamers to be owned and controlled by the new California & Oregon Coast Steamship Company includes the Nome City, Alliance, Despatch, Prentiss, Fulton, Ruth, Navarro and Gualala. The three last named have been prominent in the fleet of the Beadle Steamship Company, which retains the steamer Acme.

Though the new company's officers disclaim any intention of absorbing other steam schooner concerns, it is reported that expansion is the aim of the corporation, and that it is likely to become by far the strongest organization of its kind on the Coast. Lumber and grain are the principal items of freight to be carried by the steamers.

SALES AGENT TORREY

Has a Very Convenient Memory

Doesn't Know Much About Coal Prices

Philadelphia, Jan. 13.—Business Sales Agent Torrey, of the Delaware & Hudson, took the stand before the anthracite commission today, and Watkins began his examinations. He testified the company had no control of and derived no loss or benefit from prices in New York or elsewhere, selling together under contract. Closely questioned by Watkins, Wright and Clark the witness developed amazing ignorance concerning his own business. He declared he could not tell what price the company was now receiving for coal in Hoboken.

Watkins said: "Can you tell where I can get a schedule of the prices of coal for the last ten years. Can you furnish me figures of your company."

Wilson sternly said: "I want you to understand this is not a question whether your company likes or dislikes but as to your ability to furnish the information."

Darrow made desperate efforts to pin him to facts but it was unavailing. Torrey slid away, pleaded ignorance or evaded questions. Darrow and Torrey finally engaged in a heated personal altercation, and Wilson fairly shouted down that these personalities must be stopped.

Pingpong.

Pingpong originated in England and was first played with rubber balls.

CHANGE PLACES TODAY

Geer and Chamberlain

Swap

Special Election for
Tongues Successor

Salem, Jan. 12.—Arrangements will be perfected this afternoon for the inauguration Wednesday, at 10 o'clock.

At that time the two houses will meet in joint session of the legislature. Governor Chamberlain will deliver his inaugural address, and these exercises will consume the greater part of the day.

Regarding a special election to fill Congressman Tongue's place, it will probably be called by Governor Chamberlain at such a time as to affect only the term beginning on 4th of March.

It would not be practical to elect a man for the unexpired term, and would require another special election for the regular term. Governor Chamberlain's usual good sense would not sanction such action.

PERKINS AND HEYBURN

FOR CAL. AND IDAHO

Sacramento, Jan. 14.—Geo. C. Perkins has been re-elected Senator.

Boise, Jan. 13.—The legislature in joint session here today elected W. B. Heyburn Representative candidate for United States senator.

Mrs. Hamilton's Ice Cream.

Mrs. Alexander Hamilton had the first ice cream in the city of Washington. She used to tell with amusement of the delight with which President Andrew Jackson first tasted it. Guests at the next White House reception were treated to the frozen mystery, and great was the fun of the initiated when they saw the reluctance of others to taste the cold stuff. Those from the rural districts especially eyed it suspiciously, then melted each teaspoonful with the breath before swallowing it. The next time they had a chance they ate it with delight.

Doctor

Pronounced My Case Incurable,

Said I Would Die Of Heart Disease.

Dr. Miles' Heart Cure Brought Good Health.

"I have every reason to recommend the Dr. Miles' Remedies as the Heart Cure saved my life. I am a large man, considerably over six feet in height, weigh nearly three hundred pounds. Some years ago my heart was so seriously affected that I never expected to get well. Doctors pronounced my case incurable. I noticed your advertisement in some paper, and bought six bottles of the Heart Cure. I felt great relief and improved so I continued until I had taken twelve bottles. My trouble was organic and I never expected to be permanently cured, but thanks to Dr. Miles' Heart Cure, I have kept in good health and have been able to follow my profession continuously since first taking the remedies eight years ago. I am a musician, teacher of instrumental and vocal music, musical conductor, etc. I have taught all over the state of Michigan and have recommended Dr. Miles' Heart Cure to thousands of persons in all parts of the state and have heard nothing but good reports of it. I have induced dozens of persons in my own county to take Dr. Miles' Heart Cure as my word is never doubted by those who know me.—C. H. Smith, Flint, Mich.

"I am a druggist and have used and recommended Dr. Miles' Heart Cure, for I know what it has done for me, and I wish I could state more clearly the splendid good health I am enjoying now. Your Restorative Nerve gives excellent satisfaction.—Dr. T. H. Watts, Druggist, Hot Springs, S. D.

All druggists sell and guarantee first bottle Dr. Miles' Remedies. Send for free book on Nervous and Heart Diseases. Address Dr. Miles Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind.

THE MYSTERIOUS VOICE

Between the stories of Conductor Tom Pope and Sandy McTougal, backed by Sandy McTougal's friends, one gets a pretty good idea of Sandy's remarkable adventure with a voice or, as Sandy terms it, with the devil in a box.

Tom Pope is conductor and McTougal is baggage master on the Air line, which runs from the Atlantic ocean to "the middle of next week."

"Most astonishing thing, that hunt of Sandy's for a voice," said the conductor the other night.

"What was that?"

"Well, it was this: Sandy was lonely and miserable. Nobody talked to him or gave him a quarter for not smashing the baggage, so he took to brown studies and naps between stations. The night of his voice business his car was jamful of luggage. The more trunks Sandy has on board the crosser he gets.

There was a camp meeting on a switch off track, and at the junction I picked up a lot of nobby passengers who were leaving for other places of amusement, and there was no end of trunks.

"McTougal got things into shape about 11 o'clock, I reckon, and as there's a part of the run where it's a good hour between stations he got ready for a snooze. He picked out the softest trunk in the pile on which to pillow his head, tilted back his chair with his feet on the rounds, pulled his hat over his face and went to sleep. How's that, Mac?"

"Quite keerect," responds the baggage master.

"Very well; then you tell it for awhile. I wasn't there, you know."

"It didn't seem's if I'd been asleep more'n a minute," began Sandy, "when there was a lively jump of the car, an' I sort of come to life with a jerk. At the same time I heard, as if 'way off, a noise like some one a-talkin'. But I thought 'twas a brakeman outside an' was jes' a-dozin' off ag'in when right at my ear in a thin, sharp voice suthin' said, 'O Lord!'

"I ain't no fool, I ain't," Sandy asserts, throwing back his head defiantly, "an' when that tin whisper comes into my ear I jes' opened my eyes, spectin' to see some of the boys around. But not a livin' thing was visible. So I said to myself, 'I snored; that's what's the matter.' An' off I goes a-noddin' an' dreamin'."

"Then ag'in I hears that voice. It says quite distinctly, 'I want to get out!'

"Now, I wasn't a bit mistaken this time. I heard it. But 'fore I could get my wits together there was a yell soundin' 'way off."

"That's my death call," says I to myself, instantly callin' to mind fellows who had heard like sounds an' were dead in less'n a week. Then I says to myself, 'Sandy, don't be a fool! an' jumps to my feet as wide awake as I am now.

"It was a woman's squawk, an' I could have sworn to it. Then it sung out in tin trumpet style:

"Help, help!"

"I hauled over the tool chest an' the water barrel an' the cupboard in the corner an' looked out on the platforms an' did everything a man could do under the circumstances to find out what was a-makin' of that fuss. I went to the side door to cool myself an' was a-fannin' my face when, blame me, if I didn't hear a cornet start off with the 'Rogues' March' an' a gruff voice foller it with:

"In the midst of life we are in death."

"I yanked my head round an' didn't see nuthin' that wasn't there before. That threw me off my pins. Then a rooster crowed, an' a feller with a cold in his nose counted ten forward an' then backward, an' another cuss with a bullfrog voice ordered me: 'Wake up! The devil wants you! You needn't laugh, gentlemen, when I tell you I run, an' so'd you if you'd been there. I was certain the devil had come for me, late, but sure, an' I didn't wait for him to ask for my ticket."

Tom Pope at this point broke into a stentorian laugh.

"If, gentlemen, you'd seen Sandy come flyin' into the car where I was sitting, you would never stop laughing. You may not believe it, but his brown face was as white as your shirt fronts, and his eyes were as big as billiard balls. He dashed

down the aisle and whispered in my ear:

"Tom, Tom, come with me!"

"What's the matter, Mac?" I said. "What ails you?"

"Tom, the devil's in my car. He's been a-cuttin' up for an hour, an' I'm most crazy. If you're my friend, come with me!"

"He wasn't drunk, because he doesn't drink. It wasn't religious enthusiasm, because Sandy had no religion. I almost believed he meant what he said and that he had been called for. I got up in a hurry and followed him.

"I hadn't more than got inside the baggage car when from among the trunks something sung out, 'Shut that door and pull down your vest!'

"Sandy wanted to fight then," continued Tom. "He danced around that car like a prizefighter in the ring until the voice cried out quite loud, 'Damnation!'

"'Shaw!' I said to Sandy. 'That is a boxed up parrot.'"

"An' then the parrot told you you lied," asserts McTougal.

"Yes," says Tom cheerfully.

"An' then you said—do you remember what you said?"

"No, Mac. But wasn't I at your side when we got into the next coach a second later?"

"We came back with two brakemen," McTougal remarks, continuing. "One of them brakemen looked on top of the car an' under it an' in it. He stuck to it that there was a ventriquist about, but gave that idee up when he couldn't find nobody."

"We flung those trunks right and left in a lively style," observed Pope, "but not a thing did we discover—no human living or dead thing—not a place from which the noise came. We were puzzled, you may believe, and if the search had stopped there the road might have warehoused that coach, for no railroad man would have traveled in a car that was haunted. But the end came. While we were looking in each other's face and frightened in being blocked in that sort of way the voice spoke again. It said very distinctly: 'Let me out! I am dying—dying!'

"It was under my arm, the voice was," Sandy exclaims, "in a big trunk that had come from camp meeting. I sung out for Jake to run for a doctor, if there was one on the train, an' Tom an' me put that trunk on the floor as gently as if 'twas glass. 'Twas light enough. We thought the poor thing must be almost a skeleton. I got hold of the sledge hammer. 'Keep up your courage, ma'am,' I shouted, 'an' we'll have you out in a jiffy!'

"You should have seen Sandy at that moment," says Pope enthusiastically. "He looked a hero, every inch of him. He gave that hammer four sweeping swings. Crash! Crash! Rip! Tear! Off came the top, and it was flung clean across the car. A pile of light, fleecy stuff followed. A dozen faces looked anxiously into that trunk, expecting to see the body of a dying or dead woman. Sandy seemed beside himself with anxiety.

"We crowded around the trunk, and the doctor knelt down beside it. He pulled out a lot of rags very carefully, ran his arm down on a prospecting tour, lifted up a great wad of cotton, took a good long look under it, rose to his feet and began to curse everybody and call them all a pack of fools. Then he changed his tune and began to laugh. I asked him a little angrily what he was making such a fuss about and if he proposed to take out the body.

"Body! Body! Ha, ha, ha, ha! See here, gentlemen! And he tossed out the cotton from the trunk, showing a funny looking machine at the bottom. "This is String-fellow's phonograph that he's had down to camp meeting," the doctor said. "He took one of Edison's concerns and rigged it up so as to go by clockwork. The shaking of the car set it in motion. It's been repeating, parrotlike, only what was told to it by the saints and sinners. Very simple, you see. I won't charge you anything for my visit, conductor. Good night." And off he went.

"Sandy, our friends here want to know how that dream of yours over that trunk ended."

"Oh, they do, do they? Well, gentlemen, I had to pay the cost of that trunk, an' trunks cost in these times. It took a month's salary to do it, which isn't complimentary to the road. I learned one lesson. If I ever want to open any man's lug-

gage in future, I'll smash it in professional style."

No Serious Drawback.

Bridget was engaged to be married to a young plumber, Terence Dolan by name, and when, two weeks before the day set for the wedding, she fell down the cellar stairs she was in the depths of woe.

"I've broke out one o' my front teeth," she wailed to her mistress, "and my teeth has been my best beauty, ma'am! Maany's the time Terence has had me show 'em to his friends and remarked how fine they were! Oh, what'll I do? What'll I do?"

"Tell Terence all about it when he comes tonight, and I'm sure he'll say he's only glad you were not more severely injured," said her mistress, but Bridget shook her head and refused to be comforted.

"'Twould be better for me if I'd broke some of my bones," she said gloomily, "and maybe all of 'em."

That evening after Terence had come and gone Bridget appeared before her mistress, the gloom gone and her face set in a broad smile.

"I towld him all about it," she said gayly, "and he says to me, 'What's a tooth more or less when it comes to cookin'?' he says carelesslike and passed on to Cassidy's wake as if 'twas no matter at all!"

A Fish Story.

"Talk about fish and things of the sea!" said he who claimed to be a seafaring man. "I was in the year—well, it was a good while ago and we were floating somewhere around—well, one of the oceans. One day we were heading south by south-west, latitude—I forget exactly which—when a ripple in the water suggested the presence of a shark. You can always tell a shark by its ripple. He's got one of his own. We never landed a good specimen, and when he showed his head I could well tell he was a ten footer. I always was quick and precise. A knife in me mouth, a jump, and I landed headfirst between the shark's jaws. Quick as a flash I turned around. With me knife I cut holes through his sides for my legs and arms to pass through and swam back to the ship. Well, he was a fine morsel, that fish was, and we lived on him for weeks. Is it true? Well"—and he displayed a splinter from the handle of the knife.—Harper's Monthly.

The ordinary camel, which will never hurry under any circumstances, has been transformed in southern Algeria into an animal so different in size, temper and appearance that it may almost be looked upon as a different race. This is the racing camel, prized for its speed. The result of many generations of careful breeding, which has been encouraged by valuable prizes, it can be depended upon for nine or ten miles an hour, which it can keep up for sixteen or seventeen hours, almost without a stop. Its value is five or ten times that of the beast of burden. The camel races are popular sport and are made exciting by the evident interest of the creatures themselves in winning.

A Lack of Firmness.

A very matter of fact old gentleman the other day called to see a neighbor, an old Irishwoman, who had been alling for some time, when the following conversation took place at the door: "And how do you find yourself today, Bridget?" "Sure, your honor, I'm mighty bad. This shocking weather 'll be the end of me. I'll be a dead woman before long." "Hoots, toots, woman! Ye've been saying that for the last twenty years; I'll tell ye what it is—ye want firmness o' mind. Fin' a day for yer deefing and stick tae it!"—London Telegraph.

Good Teeth.

Don't fail to ponder occasionally on these facts: That without good teeth there cannot be thorough mastication. Without thorough mastication there cannot be perfect digestion. Without perfect digestion there cannot be proper assimilation. Without proper assimilation there cannot be nutrition. Without nutrition there cannot be health. Without health what is life worth? Hence the paramount importance of good teeth.

Gold nuggets from the Klondike present a structure and appearance quite different from those of any other locality.

50 YEARS' EXPERIENCE

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