

PERCHING TOO HIGH.

Salisbury Old Enough to Know Some Things he Don't.

CONGRESS TO ACT WITH FIRMNESS.

Uncle Sam's Hand Appears Over the Autograph of Benjamin.

NO DIVISION OF SENTIMENT.

Great Britain's Talk of Resenting American Interference—Pooh, Pooh, Fish.

WASHINGTON, March 23.—The Behring sea correspondence was laid before the senate executive session at noon. The reading of Salisbury's note refusing to consent to a renewal of the modus vivendi and making a counter proposition was received with ill-suppressed irritation by the senate. The note is evasive and equivocating. The president's rejoinder broadly hints that Salisbury has not met the overtures in a straightforward manner. He insists on a renewal of the modus vivendi, without reference to insignificant or irrelevant conditions. He closes with the stirring assertion that if Great Britain declines to assist in protecting the seals during the arbitration he will proceed to enforce the laws and exclude poachers from Behring sea, if the military force of the United States is required to accomplish it. The note created a sensation in the senate. After half an hour's discussion, the correspondence was referred to the committee on foreign relations. The gravity of the case led to a renewal of the strongest efforts of the senators to prevent the public from being made acquainted with the facts until the correspondence progressed further. There was no expression of opinion by the president in his letter of transmittal, but this is not needed in view of the clearly defined position assumed by him in his rejoinder to Salisbury, which appeared to meet with the unanimous approval of the senators. The debate itself was too short to disclose the official standing of the senators, although there has been nothing in the nature of a direct vote upon the treaty arbitration, and there is a well-defined opposition to it as a surrender by the United States of her rights as acquired by treaty from Russia. It can be stated the treaty was soon to be ratified by the senate, but a resolution will accompany it reciting that there does not appear to be any sufficient reason for abatement by the United States of its claims to jurisdiction pending arbitration, and authorizing the president to use all the military arms of the government to insure protection of the rights of the United States. A prominent senator who has taken a leading part in the Behring sea discussion in the executive sessions of the senate said today: "You can tell your people on the Pacific coast that there is no division of sentiment on the seal question among the senators. Irrespective of party they are unanimous in support of the administration. They think as if with one mind. The correspondence consists, it is understood, of two notes; the first being Lord Salisbury's cabled note of the 18th, and the reply from the president, dated yesterday. It is broadly intimated with the implied disposition on the part of Great Britain to resent any interference by this government with vessels flying the English flag engaged in pelagic sealing in Behring sea would undoubtedly result in the rejection of a treaty in the present form."

SAN ANTONIO, Tex., March 22.—John P. Clum, United States postoffice inspector for the lower Rio Grande border, where he went about two weeks ago to investigate the charges that had been preferred by A. J. Evans, United States district attorney, against Postmaster Pena, of Rio Grande City, who had been accused of being a sympathizer with the Cuban revolutionary movement, has returned. Inspector Clum states that the acts, as developed by his investigations, do not indicate that Postmaster Pena hid in any manner aid, abet or sympathize with the Garza revolution. Mr. Clum states that the situation in that section is very serious, and that matters are now in a much worse condition on account of the unwarranted and illegal action of Capt. John G. Bourke, of the third United States cavalry, than at any time during the campaign against Garza's men. He states that there has been an attempt made by military officers at oppression in certain civil proceedings, and that as a sequel one or two arming developments may be looked for in a few days. "The people are afraid," said he, "because they don't know what is going to happen next. In my judgment, considerable investigation is needed in all of the Federal departments along the border."

It is Miss O'Shea Now.

LONDON, March 24.—The engagement will soon be made public of Mrs. Parnell's daughter, Miss O'Shea, with Henry Harrison, M. P., who was one of Parnell's most faithful supporters. He will be remembered in America as one of the committee visiting the states last year to secure funds for Parnell. Harrison took charge of Parnell's affairs after his death.

Republican County Convention.

(Delegates.) East Dalles precinct. Frank Creighton, J. W. Kooz, W. J. Roberts, Frank Connelly, H. L. Kuck, Emory Campbell and Fred Grummond. Biglow precinct. Frank Menefee, M. T. Nolan, Hugh Chrisman, C. J. Crandall, Robert Mays, and Thomas Joles. Trevett precinct. J. M. Patterson, Judd Fish, William Mitchell, C. L. Phillips, P. DeHuff, J. G. Kooz, A. M. McLeod and W. H. Jones. West Dalles precinct. J. W. Marquis, George Runyan, G. B. Halvor, A. N. Varney, and A. A. Urquhart. Mosier precinct. L. Devenport, Frank Phillips. Hood River precinct. M. P. Isenberg, J. W. Baker, T. R. Cook, E. S. Olinger, C. L. Gilbert. Falls precinct. Robert Black, E. P. Ash, Dr. Candiani, A. Watt, P. Moran. Baldwin precinct. W. R. Winans, Ross. Eight-Mile precinct. W. E. Campbell, J. E. McCormick. Columbia precinct. H. Gilpin, W. D. Richards. DesChutes precinct. H. Rice, A. S. Roberts. Nansene precinct. Henry Hudson, J. Easton. Dufur precinct. H. H. Dufur, Willard Vanderpool, M. J. Anderson, R. Sigman, Geo. W. Johnston. Kingsley precinct. F. C. Sexton, E. Williams, H. Mahew. Tygh precinct. W. M. McCorkle, J. H. Sherar. Wamic precinct. A. E. Lake, T. J. Driver, P. W. Knowles. Oak Grove precinct. S. G. Blackerby, Frank Gabel, W. H. Davis. Bake Oven precinct. H. C. Rooper, H. Jordan, Lem Burgess. Antelope precinct. W. Kelsay jr., J. C. Murphy, D. S. Kimsey, C. V. Lane, Grant Mays.

CALL FOR A REPUBLICAN COUNTY CONVENTION.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Republican County Central Committee of Wasco county, Or., called by authority vested in me as Chairman of said committee, and held at the County Court Room in Dalles City, Oregon, on the 15th day of February, 1892, it was ordered that a call be issued for a Republican County Convention, to be held at the Court House in Dalles City, Oregon, at 10 a. m., on the

26th day of March, 1892, for the purpose of nominating candidates for the office of County Judge, Clerk, Sheriff, one County Commissioner, Treasurer, Assessor, Superintendent of Schools, County Surveyor and Coroner, and the election of six delegates to represent Wasco county in the Republican State Convention, to be held in the city of Portland, Or., on the 4th day of April, 1892, and to transact such other and further business as may properly come before said convention.

The County Convention will consist of seventy-three delegates from the various precincts, apportioned as follows, to-wit: Falls Precinct 3 Delegates Hood River Precinct 3 " Mosier " 2 " West Dalles " 2 " Tygh " 2 " Biglow " 2 " East Dalles " 2 " Eight Mile " 2 " Columbia " 2 " Deschutes " 2 " Nansene " 2 " Kingsley " 2 " Tygh Valley " 2 " Wamic " 2 " Oak Grove " 2 " Bake Oven " 2 " Antelope " 2

It is further recommended, by order of the Central Committee, that primary elections be held in the various precincts, at the usual place of voting, on the 19th day of March, 1892, and that the polls be opened at such primaries throughout the county at 2 o'clock p. m., of said day, except within the limits of Dalles City, in which the primaries will be conducted under provisions of Primary Election Law and the subjoined notice.

The attention of electors in the various precincts desiring to elect Justices of the Peace and Constables, is called to the provisions of the new election law as to the manner of nominating their candidates at the primaries.

Attest Chairman Rep. Co. Central Com. A. G. JOHNSON, Secy.

Call for a Republican Convention.

A republican convention for the state of Oregon, is called to meet in the city of Portland on Wednesday, the 6th day of April, 1892, at 11 o'clock a. m., for the purpose of nominating candidates for the office of Supreme Judge, two congressmen, presidential electors, members of the state board of equalization, and other district officers, and to transact such other business as may properly come before the convention. The convention will consist of 233 delegates among the several counties as follows:

Table listing delegates from various counties: Baker 6 Lane 11 Benton 7 Harney 10 Clackamas 10 Malheur 10 Clatsop 10 Marion 14 Columbia 5 Multnomah 40 Coos 6 Morrow 4 Crook 3 Polk 6 Curry 3 Sherman 3 Douglas 3 Tillamook 4 Gilliam 4 Umatilla 9 Grant 5 Union 10 Harney 4 Walla 4 Josephine 7 Wasco 6 Klamath 3 Yamhill 3 Lake 3

The same being one delegate at large from each county, and one delegate for every 200 votes, and one for every fraction over one-half thereof, cast for Congressmen at the June election in 1890. The committee recommended that the primaries be held on Saturday, March 19, "and the County Convention on Saturday, March 26," unless otherwise ordered by the proper County Committees. All voters who favor the republican policy of internal improvements, protection of American productions and labor, and guarding sacredly the rights of every American citizen at home and abroad, are cordially invited to unite with us. JAMES LOTAN, Chairman Republican State Central Committee. F. A. MOORE, Secretary.

GOT IT IN THE EAR.

King William Roasting For a Fight With His Ministry.

GERMANY VERY MUCH DISTURBED.

Fears that the Kaiser May Vent Himself Outside the Kingdom.

HIS VIOLENCE IS INSULTING.

Sensible People Favor a Regency—Want to Set Down Hard on the Crazy Monarch.

NEW YORK, March 23.—I am able to give you today, news which is absolutely reliable, regarding the political crisis at Berlin. The emperor has been in such a state of abnormal excitement for the past fortnight that he has shut himself up in his private apartment, and has refused to grant an audience to any one. The attacks of the press on the Loi Eclair, and on the troubles in Berlin, still arouse him to anger. But what has excited him more than anything else, is a letter from a schoolfellow of the Cassel lyceum, now a professor at Tubingen, who has always kept on the best possible terms with the emperor. In his letter he sharply criticized the Loi Eclair, and said that the speech at Brandenburg would antagonize the emperor's friends, who had placed all their hopes on him. The letter reached the emperor on the 16th. A cabinet council was held on the 17th. During the session the emperor did not say a word, and when he saw that his ministers were opposed to his plan he made a sign that he was willing to give it up. When, however, Caprivi said: "Your majesty, the order of the day has been passed," he arose and burst into a violent harangue, in which he insulted the minister, and used such bitter language toward Caprivi that in a visit to the latter Prince Henry, the emperor's brother, found it necessary to apologize for the sovereign's conduct. Caprivi still holds office, but he is very anxious to resign. The entire court insists that he shall remain at the head of affairs at least until the emperor's health is re-established, and the emperor himself is really urgent, on the ground that a change would cause confusion in the foreign office. A Berlin dispatch says that the foreign situation has never been more disturbed. Here is the plain truth in regard to the emperor's health: The official dispatches are right in saying that the emperor has a cold, but they do not say that the suppurating wound in his ear, which has been closed since October, suddenly reopened recently, and a discharge began to flow, causing intense pain, and rendering the emperor so nervous that his physicians found it necessary to prescribe for him an entire change of surroundings and solitude. He does not see any one at the chateau Hubertus. The Grand Duke Sergius, of Russia, was in Berlin yesterday, and asked to see the emperor. He was told that the emperor in accordance with his physician's instructions, could not receive him. In well-informed circles people are talking about the necessity for a regency, and among diplomatists it is said that Prince Henry is becoming every day more popular. It is possible that the emperor may return to Berlin, but he is certainly very ill now. The official word is beginning to be very uneasy. Fears are entertained that William may seek vent for his excitement outside of Germany, and the same fears are entertained in London.

In His Lungs Today.

BERLIN, March 24.—The Tageblatt reports Emperor William is suffering from emphysema of the lungs. No other paper mentions emphysema, and nothing is known in well informed circles confirmatory of the report. According to the official statement, the emperor is suffering from an attack of a kind of influenza.

In Washington.

WASHINGTON, March 24.—J. F. Haloran, president of the Astoria Chamber of Commerce and editor of the Astorian, is in Washington. It is believed the gentleman is here for the purpose of opposing the deep-water channel on the Columbia from the sea, for the benefit of Portland. There is no appropriation provided in the bill for this work, but it is expected that when it comes to the senate Mr. Dolph will tack on an amendment for Portland.

Should Have Taken S. B. Medicine.

NEW YORK, March 23.—George Shepard Page, one of the most conspicuous figures on Wall street, and famous as a millionaire chemist, has been committed to an asylum for the insane. His mind was broken down by worry superinduced by a severe attack of grip.

THE KNIGHT TO HIS FICKLE LADY.

I will toast thee, fair maid, in a bowl of the finest Canary we won from the rebels in Spain. Let the winds bear me witness, thou art the divinest Of creatures a knight ever battled to gain. The winds will repeat, then forget it again. Though I flattered thy sleeve at the gates of Granada, And held thee the fairest, the truest, the best— Aye, proved it to many a southern bravada, Who lay on the ground with my lance at his breast— I find that another now doth thy bestest. And today in the tourney I meet my successor— He claims among maids thou art truest of all— I ride at the sleeve of which he is possessor, To catch it and hold it aloft ere he fall, Then place both thy sleeves on his bier in the hall. So, at rest in his armor, thy poor blinding lover May dream that both arms thou about him dost throw; But the world which will stand at his side shall discover How false was his challenge, how empty the show— What he who will die for thee never will know— Flavel Scott Mines in Harper's Weekly.

QUIXARVYN'S RIVAL.

The battle of Sedgemoor had been fought and lost. Night had come again, and in the old gray church of Weston Zoyland 500 of the beaten rebels lay imprisoned. The scene inside the church was awful in its weird impressiveness. It might have been a gorge of the lost souls in the Inferno. The lurid glare of a few torches which were stuck at intervals against the pillars revealed the forms of men sitting and lying on the seats and floor in every attitude of dejection and despair. Up and down the aisles the iron shod heels of the sentries rang upon the pavement. The greater part of the prisoners were silent, or only moaning with the pain of recent wounds; some were praying; one was raving, mad with terror. And, in truth, he and his companions had good cause to fear, for their conqueror was Feversham, the general of the Royalists, whose only mode of dealing with a rebel was to hang or shoot him without more ado, and who was only waiting for the daybreak to begin the work of slaughter. A few only kept their resolution—among them two who were sitting together in the shadow of the pulpit steps. Both these men had been conspicuous in the fight, and both knew well that they must die at daybreak. The elder of the two was a man of about thirty-five, with a powerful, thickset frame and strong and rugged features; a bad man to have against one, one might say. He was by trade a horse breaker, and a great part of his business was to break in the wild colts of the marsh. His companion was some six or eight years younger. His figure was tall and slight, but finely made, and his face was singularly handsome. He was the swiftest runner in the west of England, perhaps in the whole kingdom. His name was David Dare; that of the elder man was John Quixarvyn. Both were natives of the town of Axbridge, but until the day before they had been strangers to each other. Chance had made them comrades in the contest, where they had fought side by side and where the same troop of Royalists had seized them both. The two were silent. Quixarvyn had pulled out a short black pipe, had filled and lighted it, and was now smoking tranquilly. His companion had also pulled out something from his breast—but it was not a pipe; it was the portrait of a beautiful young girl. He took a long look at the lovely face—a look which said farewell. Quixarvyn watched him. In the dim light in which they sat he could not see the features of the portrait, but he guessed how the case stood. "Poor fellow!" he said, with more tenderness than would have been expected from his looks. Then, after a minute's silence, he went on, as much to himself as to the other: "And yet my case is harder. I was in love—I am in love, God help me!—and I also have her portrait in my breast. What would I give if I could look on it as you can look on yours!" Dare looked at him with interest. "What!" he said; "have you also the same trouble—a poor girl who will go distracted when she hears of what has happened to you?" "No," said the other bitterly, "she will not go distracted; she has had enough of me. And I shall have the pain of dying unrevenged upon the knave who robbed me of her!" It was strange to see how in a moment his eyes had grown ablaze with passion. The young man looked at him in astonishment. "Who was it?" he inquired. "Who was it?" echoed the other. Do you think, if I knew that, that I should now have cause to write at dying without crying quits with him? No, I do not know him—I only know she loved me—that she cooled toward me—that, when I asked her plainly whether she had found a younger and better looking man, she confessed that it was true, and threw herself upon my generosity to set her free from our engagement. I did so—in a frenzy of mad passion. But when I asked her for his name, she would not tell me, fearing, I darsay, that I might twist his neck. I should soon have found him; but then this war broke out, and in my rage I could not keep myself from rushing to the fight to cool my blood with blows. And so here I am—going to be shot at daybreak. But I swear to heaven, if I only had that fellow in my power for one brief minute, I could die contented." "You are right," said the other; "I should feel the same." Quixarvyn drew a portrait from his breast, and held it out to his companion. "Look," he said, "is this a face to jilt a man?—though it is one to drive him crazy. Let me look at yours—it is not more innocent than this one, I darsay." The young man took the portrait, and

at the same time handed him his own. Each looked in silence at the portrait in his hand—in a silence of amazement, of stupefaction. The two portraits represented the same person! Quixarvyn was the first to break the silence. "What!" he said, drawing a deep breath and bursting into a low laugh, which was both fierce and glad, "you, was it? To think that I have found you after all! Fate is kinder to me than I fancied." The other returned his gaze. "Well," he said, "it was I, it appears; though I never knew it, nor suspected it. And," he added simply, "it has been no one's fault." "No one's fault?" "No, no one's. Mary Seldon liked you, but she did not love you, and when we met she found out her mistake. You frightened her with your bad humors. Without mentioning your name she told me the whole story. You could not make her happy, and I could; that's the whole case. Do you blame her?" "No," said Quixarvyn, thrusting the portrait back into his breast. "I don't. But I have sworn to be equal with the man who turned her mind against me—I will never believe he acted by fair means—and I am going to do it. Defend yourself. I give you warning."

Both men sprang to their feet at the same instant and stood glaring at each other. At that moment there was heard outside the church the rattle of a drum. Only the rattle of a drum. But the sound struck them motionless as figures turned to stone. Nor was the effect on their companions less remarkable. There was a moment's silence in the church, deep as the silence of the dead; then a movement—a long thrill of horror. That summons meant that day was breaking and that their hour was come. The guard set instantly to work to prepare the first batch of prisoners to be led out of the church. Dare and Quixarvyn were among the first seized. With about a dozen others they were marched into the open air. The gray dawn was scarcely giving way to the first streaks of sunrise as they passed out of the churchyard gates, but the whole village was wide awake and in a tumult of excitement; indeed, there had been little sleep that night. Every window was alive with terror stricken gazers as the party of doomed men, surrounded by a band of soldiers, were hurried through the narrow streets and out upon the open moor. At the border of the moor sat an officer on horseback, surrounded by a troop of soldiers. Here the party halted, and the guards saluted. The officer was a man of about forty, whose dandified appearance, which was as trim as that of a toy soldier newly painted, showed oddly in the midst of soldiers stained with battle. This was Lord Feversham—a man in whose nature vanity, callousness and love of pleasure were about equally combined. His face was gay with pleasant expectation as the rebels were drawn up before him. "Good!" he remarked. "These were all ringleaders, were they? Sergeant John, draw up your firing party and shoot down every man of them." The order was instantly obeyed. The firing party was drawn up; the prisoners were ranged in line at a few paces' distance. At one extremity of the line David Dare and John Quixarvyn found themselves once more side by side. An officer who sat on horseback at Feversham's right hand observed them. "I know those two," he said, pointing to them with his finger. "Pity two such fellows should be done for. One of them is the best runner in the country side and the other the best rider." "Eh? What?" said Feversham, standing up in his stirrups. "Hold there a moment, sergeant; I spy a chance of gallant sport. What say you, major—a race between these two across the moor, the one on foot, the other mounted. Will you back the runner?" The major was a man of some humanity. He reflected for a moment. "Agreed!" he said. "And to insure that both shall do their best, let the winner have the promise of his life." Feversham received this proposal with by no means a good grace, for to spare a rebel hurt him to the soul. But the delightful prospect of seeing two men racing for their lives, and of being able, after all to shoot the loser, at length reconciled him to the scheme. He gave his orders and the two prisoners were led out of the line. Out upon the moor, about a quarter of a mile away, stood a solitary tree. This was selected as the starting point. A double line of troopers was drawn up, stretching from the tree to the spot where the general was stationed, leaving a space between them like a race course, some yards wide. At the end of the course Feversham and the major sat opposite each other. Whichever of the two competitors should pass between them first would be rewarded with his life and liberty. And what were the sensations of the pair while these preparations were in progress? David Dare, standing before the muskets of the firing party, had heard the strange proposal with a sudden thrill of hope so keen that it was almost like a pain. Then for a moment his heart fell again. He knew his own speed of foot, but he knew also that against a fleet horse, urged by a skillful rider spurring for dear life, his chance was likely to be small. Still there was hope again, and he could do his best. More he could not do, though success meant life—and life with Mary Seldon. At the last thought his eyes glistened, and he moved up the course between his guards with the keenness of a hound in leash. In the meantime a trooper had dismounted, and Quixarvyn, armed with whip and spurs, having taken his place in the saddle, the horse was led by a couple of soldiers to the starting point. Unlike his rival, Quixarvyn's face showed no elation. For one moment, on hearing the proposal, a gleam had come into his eyes, but now he rode with downcast head, as if lost in thought. A sentence seemed to be running constant-

ly in his head—the sentence used by Dare in their quarrel in the church. "You could not make her happy and I could." He muttered the words over twenty times. It was not until the tree was reached and the horse was halted with his head toward the spot where Feversham, discernible far off between the lines, sat waiting, that he started, roused himself and looked about him. David Dare was standing on his right, stripped to the waist and without his shoes, ready for the starter's signal. Quixarvyn's guards dropped the horse's bridle; and Sergeant John, who stood between the two competitors, drew a pistol from his belt to give the signal. The excitement at that moment was intense. Not a sound was heard in the still morning air; but all down the double line were faces fixed intently on the two competitors. Feversham and the major, with glasses to their eyes, sat motionless as statues. Even the condemned men, forgetful of their own approaching doom, stretched their necks to catch a glimpse of the strange contest on which depended life and death for two of their companions. The sergeant raised his pistol. The report rang out. At the same instant horse and man shot out together from the mark. At first the runner, practiced in flying from the start and having less momentum than the horse, drew out in front. In a few seconds he was some twenty yards ahead. Then the gap between them ceased to widen, then it was seen to be decreasing; the horse was gaining—slowly at first, but gaining surely stride by stride. When half the course was covered the horse had drawn up level, and then came such a race as had never yet been seen. For a hundred yards and more the two ran locked together, side by side, the runner almost flying over the crisp turf, the horse stretched out in a fierce gallop, with the rider standing in a fierce gallop, and now the goal was only fifty yards away, but the gazers drew a deep breath as they saw that now the horse was gaining—was drawing out in front. For an instant it seemed that all was over; the next, to their amazement, they were conscious that the horse was failing. Then they saw a gallant sight; they saw the runner nerve himself to the last effort and, close upon the goal, dash past the horse and pass the judges and fall headlong on the turf. At that scene, in spite of discipline, a frantic cheer broke forth along the line. Even Feversham himself smiled grimly as one who, though he had just lost a bet, had gained its full equivalent in pleasurable excitement. The winner, who had fallen panting and exhausted, was raised into a sitting posture by two troopers, one of whom poured a draft of brandy down his throat. The spirits almost instantly revived him, and in a few seconds he was able, though still weak and dizzy, to stand upon his feet and look about him. A few paces off his beaten rival stood beside his horse. Dare looked at him and their eyes met. Quixarvyn's face bore an almost imperceptible smile; but it was not this, but something in his look which the other could not have defined, which struck him backward like a shock. He staggered back a pace or two, bewildered by the light which broke upon his mind. Then he stepped up to his rival's side, and the guards, who saw no cause to interfere, falling back a little, he put his mouth close to Quixarvyn's ear: "You pulled that horse!" he said. Quixarvyn looked at him, but answered not a word. "You let me win," the other went on, his voice breaking. "For her sake you did." Quixarvyn drove his nails into his palms; he had acted, he was acting, not without a bitter cost. "Make her happy," he said briefly. As he spoke he turned away and strode swiftly to his old position at the head of the line of prisoners, before which the firing party was again drawn up. Dare turned his back upon the scene and thrust his fingers in his ears. Nevertheless he could still hear with horrible distinctness the sergeant's loud, clear voice, with an interval between the words: "Ready!" "Present!" "Fire!" Almost as the word was given came the crash of the report. Moved by an impulse which he could not conquer, he turned around with a shudder. The soldiers were lowering their smoking muskets, and a thick white cloud hung above the line of prisoners stretched upon the ground. At the extremity of the line Quixarvyn lay upon his face, with his right hand clenched upon a portrait which he had taken from his breast, and with a bullet through his heart.—H. Greenhough Smith in Strand Magazine.