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Washington Letter.

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)
Aug. 1, 1890.

Senator Hoar is a remarkable product even for the republican party. He has done many absurd things in his life, but the climax was reached when he in advocacy of the federal election bill before the republican caucus used the following language, which should drive him from public life for the rest of his natural life: "While I favor passing the tariff bill, sooner than that this congress should not pass the federal election bill, I would prefer to see every manufacturing establishment in Massachusetts burned to ashes and the people of that state required to labor in callings in which they could not make more than 50 cents per day and that they be required to live on codfish." It is a great pity that this ranting demagogue could not be required to live on codfish and 50 cents per day.

The senate now meets at 10 o'clock daily for the consideration of the tariff bill.

The Lodge bill still lies in a state of coma, in care of the committee on privileges and elections.

The Behring sea troubles occupy a great deal of the time and attention of the house and senate at present. Whether or not any legislation will be enacted on the subject this session, cannot be determined.

Senator Sherman has introduced a bill to incorporate the American National Association of The Red Cross, with Clara Barton, George Kennan, J. B. Hubbard, M. D. and others as its incorporators. After the passage of the bill, it will be unlawful for any other association to display the symbol of the red cross in this country.

Senator Everts has introduced a bill for the benefit of Dr. Mary Walker. It calls for \$10,000. It is considered as a reimbursement to her for her services and sufferings as assistant physician during the war. This bill for her relief has been reported favorably by the house committee on military affairs four times before.

The tariff question will not be settled for a month yet. Senator Morrill, of Vermont, is the champion prominent republican in the senate on this subject, but all his arguments seem to be delivered more for the purpose of displaying his talents than convincing any one of the sincerity of his remarks.

The sundry civil bill is also occupying the attention of the senate. Mr. Cummings has just finished a severe attack on the geological survey. It was in respect to the irrigation of the great American desert. He ridiculed the work of the bureau in the preparation of topographical maps. These maps reminded him of a little incident: A Jerseyman merchant failed and went into bankruptcy. While recounting his misfortunes to a friend, he was approached by a peddler and asked to buy a map of California. "Great Heavens!" queried the bankrupt, "what does a man in my position want of a map of California?" Should not the United States with a deficiency of \$100,000,000 staring it in the face exclaim with the Jerseyman "Great Heavens! What do I want of a geological map costing more than \$15,000,000?"

There is a lot of fresh talk about Blaine's resigning, and the fact that Mr. Harrison has sent Mr. Blaine word to meet him at Cape May Point whether he has gone has caused many people to think there is something in it. There is certainly the biggest kind of a family row among the republican leaders, and it would not be surprising if it resulted in somebody's resignation.

A familiar figure in Washington hotel lobbies will be removed when "Judge" W. C. Riley "an old Virginia gentleman, by gad, sir" is confirmed by the senate as consul to some place in Venezuela, to which place he has been nominated. He is the original of the familiar "Judge" in the cartoon of the "Judge and Major" and has always

professed to be an authority on the duelling code. He was never known to refuse a drink, nor was he ever seen intoxicated, and it is thought that the administration made a mistake in not sending him to Mexico. If any American can stand "pueque" he is the man.

A Boiling Lake in Nevada.

Virginia City, Nev., Enterprise.

Recently an item has been going the rounds in regard to a boiling lake near Lassen's Peak, California. It is not generally known, but we have in Nevada a similar boiling lake. It is situated at the eastern base of the first large mountain range east of the Sink in the Carson. It lies on the edge of an immense desert—a desert so large and scorching that in summer the Indians never attempt to cross it except at night, and even then they always go with a large supply of water. On three sides of the lake are rocks two or three hundred feet high, which are perfectly bare and are burned to a deep brick red. The area of the lake is about two acres. Though steam is constantly rising from the water, the whole surface of the lake does not boil. The agitation—boiling—is confined to the great springs which burst up at several points. These springs force columns of water from a foot to two or three feet in diameter to a height of over twenty inches above the general surface of the lake, causing a loud rippling sound and considerable local commotion. The water of the whole lake is doubtless boiling hot, though not seen to boil, for a brook flowing from it down into the sands of the desert sends up a cloud of steam for a distance of several hundred yards. About a mile from the lake is a great deposit of sulphur, running through which are streaks of pure alum, from two to six inches wide.

The New Northwest.

Iowa State Register.

A seven week's tour in the great Northwest has convinced the writer that there should be a redivision, or reclassification of the states of the nation. Iowa has been known as a northwestern state for over 40 years, and yet she is more nearly a northeastern than a northwestern state. Washington, Oregon, Idaho, Montana and Wyoming should be classed as the northwestern states, and Iowa and the other states hitherto classed as northwestern states should be called middle states. Iowa is 2500 miles or more away from the northwestern corner of the United States, as the railroads run, and it is high time that the geographical and political divisions of the nation should recognize that there is a new and actual northwest that is making rapid strides towards being one of the most important sections of the union. The new Northwest is a young giant and it will have greater influence in the commerce of the world and the legislation of the nation than all New England within the next twenty-five years.

Fought a Duel With Howitzers.

Galveston News.

A strange duel was fought in a sparsely settled part of Sonora, Mexico, about fifteen years ago. Captain Villenuva and a lieutenant of a battery of light artillery belonging to one of the posts had some trouble about who was the best shot with the mountain howitzer. They quarreled and agreed to settle it with the howitzer at 500 yards. They took neither seconds nor assistant gunners, but from the top of small hillocks they fired explosive shells at one another. The captain was wounded by a fragment of a shell, but they fired ten shots before either was disabled, although each was covered with dust.

Finally, the captain landed a shell under his adversary's gun, and the explosion so mangled the lieutenant that he died before they could remove him to the post.

During a marriage ceremony in a church at Christinburg, Va., recently, a goat walked in and broke up the party by giving the groom a grand send-off with his head. The bride fled to the pulpit for safety.

After the Battle.

The battle was over and the sun had gone down. The dense white smoke of the great black cannons had been disappearing by the evening breeze that crept faint and sweet from the dark woods near by, lifting with touch as light as a living hand's the damp hair on icy foreheads, and fluttering in sad mockery the torn and bloody flag yet grasped by a hand forever still. The rabbit that had been driven away by the fearful noise of battle stole timidly, with many a start and shiver, back to its young, hid in the long grass beneath a hedge of wild roses, and clear and shrill the cricket piped its evening song, as if in scorn of the strife and tumult of an hour ago. Defeat had been suffered and victory gained, and triumphant host had followed hot and fast in the path of the retreating foe, and for the time being the battlefield, with its wounded and dead, lay still and quiet, save for a long moaning here and there, and the death-rattle now and again that told of some soldier's great promotion.

Beneath a spreading oak that grew close to where a grim-mouthed cannon breathed its silent threat, lay two clad in uniforms of different colors—one of well-worn gray, with the three stars that marked the collar dimmed and darkened with the slowly-oozing crimson stain, and the other of blue, like the wearer's eyes, and torn with a horrid rent in the breast.

The gray-haired man in the colonel's uniform roused at last from the swoon in which he lay and glanced about him in restless pain, only to meet the blue eyes near him. Just a smooth, boyish face, with the light of laughter hardly gone from it, but now white and drawn with a sick pain, and the mouth that had not long lost its childish curve, stern with a painful effort at self command, and clear and distinct to the old man came a softening vision of a curly head asleep on a snowy pillow and of blue eyes far away like those that looked into his now from a wounded foeman's face. But the old question of right and wrong that had seemed so great when the black guns that frowned upon the evening scene had been wheeled into place and the early sunlight had flashed on bayonet and sword, dwindled away before the veiled face of the mighty angel death that hovered near and the God-born touch of nature that makes the whole world kin spoke in the gray.

"Are you hurt much, my boy?" "To death, I'm afraid, sir."

"Ah, perhaps not. Let's see."

And slowly and painfully he crawled the few feet that lay between them, but one glance at the jagged, bleeding wound under the blue coat showed him that the lad was right, and, exhausted by effort, he sank down by the other's side.

When he came to, a hand, feeble in touch and slow but gentle as a girl's, was bathing his brow with water from an old canteen.

"I was afraid you were gone, sir," said the boy, faintly smiling.

"Not yet, but we're going home together, lad, and we're nearly there."

There was silence between the two for awhile as the kindly twilight enwrapped the dreadful spectacle of shattered and bleeding humanity in her violet mantle, but presently a sob broke from the boy, whose dawning manhood caught it back in shame.

"I'm not crying for myself, sir. Don't think that, for I believe I could face death as well as anyone, but I can't help thinking of my mother. I'm all she's got now, for my father went at Bull Run and my brothers, both of them, at Chancellorsville. I can see her now, sir, sitting on the dear old porch with its clematis vines, where I will never rest again, straining her eyes down the road for my coming, for I was promised a furlough, and was to have had it to-morrow, but now I am dying a thousand miles away. And Greely—he's my dog that I

played with when I was a little boy—I can see him, too, running down to the orchard gate looking for me, for I told him good-bye there, with his honest brown eyes trying to make out where I've gone, and coming slowly back to lay his head on my mother's knee. I got a letter yesterday telling me all about it, and how every day they lay my plate for me and set my chair, and have doughnuts for tea, just as they used to do when I was a boy and coming home from school."

"And I," said the confederate, with his eyes dim and a quiver in his bearded lips, "leave desolate a little brown house on a grim old mountain's side not many miles away, where a patient little woman waits for me beside a crib, with two little girls close to her knee that talk about father's coming by and by. They'll gather to-night around the table, with the bright lamp on it that I used to watch shining down the road like a loving message as I plodded up the mountain side."

And so upon the golden stars the foemen gazed and talked of home in tender reminiscence, till, as those stars paled before the moon, climbing higher and higher in the clear dome above them, there fell a silence that was the benediction of a pitying God upon his wondering, wounded children. And when the morning came, the busy surgeons and those who searched the field for missing friends came upon a strange, pathetic sight. The two that lay beneath the green oak's spreading boughs with death's solemn seal on their quiet faces were clasping hands—blue and gray forgotten in the old, old bond of common brotherhood.

A Romantic Story.

East Oregonian.

A prepossessing young woman arrived on last Saturday morning's train. She was unable to speak a word of English and was evidently greatly bewildered. Officer Johnson noticed her embarrassment and approached her. She showed him a letter containing Ben Hagan's name, and the officer at once conducted her to that gentleman's residence and awakened the household. It appears that the fair immigrant is from Tornig, in Finland, Russia, and Ben, who speaks the Finnish language fluently, learned from her the story of her journey, which is a somewhat romantic one.

John Harala, a prosperous farmer residing north of town, had been corresponding with the young lady, and although they had never seen each other, the tender missives wafted across the seas were the means of developing a mutual regard and attachment. She finally started on her long journey across the globe to join him, being provided with funds by Mr. Harala to bear the expenses of the trip.

The young woman, traveling alone, hearing naught but an unknown tongue, and unable to ask assistance, became an easy victim of misfortunes. She was taken sick on the steamer and was robbed of every cent she possessed. Had it not been for the charity of kind-hearted fellow travelers who provided her with food, her lot would have been a bitter one. Her ticket was left by the thieves, however, and she managed to reach Duluth, Minn., where a number of countrymen took up a collection and sent her on her way.

James Blakely, of Brownsville, who is now at The Dalles, visiting his son, is one of the earliest pioneers of Oregon, and passed through the place where The Dalles is now in 1846. He was captain in the Rogue river war, and has been identified with the history of the state from the date of its first settlement.

A company has been formed at Coquell to build a flat-bottomed steamer, with a draft of about eight feet and with a carrying capacity of 800 tons. The steamer will cost about \$40,000. This is the result of the enterprising Coquell City Herald of that place.