EUGENE CITY GUARD.

L. L. CAMPBELL, - - Proprietor.

EUGENE CITY, OREGON.

FELIS SANCTORUM.

Who, in the office lone and still,
Prowls round and round at his sweet will,
And eats the paste and things like that?
Ah, silent be; it is the cat.

Who is it, lank and lean and thin,
That eats the poems you send in?
Who loves an ode, but loathes a rat?
It is the dreadful office cat.

Who hath no fear of knight or clown?
Who sets the type in upside down?
Who makes your little joke so flat?
The misanthropic office cat.

Whose fur is soft, whose purr is light?
Who never yowleth in the night?
And yet she is for all of that,
The veriest fiend? The office cat.

—*R. J. Burdette, in Brooklyn Eagle.*

GOING HOME RICH.

A Laborer With $600 a Baron in Hungary.

It is estimated that within the past three years over six hundred thousand dollars have been sent to Hungary from the Shenandoah (Pa.) region by the foreigners who came there to struggle for a few years by roughing it, and then return home rich men.

These foreigners come to America, live like animals, send home their savings, work for next to nothing, live cheaply, and in a few years save enough to go back to Hungary and live on the fat of the land ever afterward. A sample story will fit into hundreds of communities.

A reporter met an intelligent Hun on his way to New York. He was bound for Hungary. He could understand English only fairly, but sufficiently well to take part in a conversation. The following conversation took place:

"You go back to Hungary?"

"Yes."

"How long have you been in America?"

"Four years."

"Your age."

"Thirty-five."

"How much did you pay to come here?"

"Sixteen dollars. I come under contract. I work for my passage. Pay to ze agent so much a week until it is all paid."

"Do many come to America in that way?"

"Nearly all. A law is against it, but foreign labor comes in nearly every day under contract with some agent."

"Why do you return to Hungary?"

"I have saved enough money; worked very hard; lived like a hog; now I go back to live like a man in my native country."

"How much have you saved in four years?"

"Six hundred dollars. I sent all my savings home by the month."

"How do you send money home?"

"With the postmasters. They do all our business. We trust them."

"How much can a laborer earn in Hungary by working hard?"

"Six guldens a month, or about two dollars and forty cents. In America I average eighteen dollars a month."

"Quite a difference."

"Yes."

"How much could you save out of your eighteen dollars?"

"About thirteen dollars a month. It costs five dollars a month for board, wash, tobacco, rum and boots."

"Nothing for clothes?"

"I bought one suit in four years."

"Then you saved $156 a year, or $624 in four years?"

"I sent home $600, and $24 I have to go back home with."

"How much does it cost you to live in Hungary a year?"

"About $30; but then I live very good."

"How will you invest your savings?"

"Buy land or loan it out on first mortgage."

"How much interest can you get in Hungary for your $600 savings?"

"One hundred guldens bring sixteen guldens interest a year; that is, $40 American money bring $6.40 interest a year, or $600 bring $96 a year interest to me; three times more than it will cost me to live."

"You have closely calculated it."

"Long days and nights I calculated. I do not overstate it. It is true. Interest is high in Hungary. It keeps all the people poor."

"Then you will be a little nabob when you get back home?"

"If I get back safely I will be all right. It is a great risk to come to America. Like a big lottery. Come three thousand miles over the sea; work hard here four years; live in a shanty all together like pigs; eat rough black bread, cheap potatoes; drink bad rum; smoke strong tobacco; live with rough, bad men, all men and no women; very cold in winter; nothing clean: sleep on straw on the floor; risk in sending money home, might get lost at sea; I might get sick, might get killed; now I go back; must cross the sea once more; do I get back? See what a big risk—big lottery!"

"Where is your baggage?"

"I have none when I come; I have none when I go. I am baggage. No more."

"Did you never become a citizen of the United States?"

"No sir. Out of about two thousand Hungarians I know in America only one is a citizen."

"What is the highest wages you ever got in America?"

"Ninety cents a day."

"The lowest?"

"Fifty cents."

"How much did it average you for board?"

"Five dollars a month. One man do the cooking for twenty Huns. We pay in so much apiece to pay for all."

"Do all Hungarians live in that way here?"

"Nine-tenths of all who come to America to stay only a few years join together, and live cheap in that way."

"Then you work cheap and cut down the average rate of wages for labor in America?"

"Oh, yes. Some foreigners are brought to America under contract to work three years. They get sixty-five cents a day, and their boss or agent gets seventy-five cents. He makes ten cents a head. It is white slavery. See?"

"Were you under contract?"

"Only to pay my passage money."

"Do many Huns go back with money?"

"I know about seventy-five. More will go back next year if they live."

"Where do they work?"

"In the mines, on new railroads, in the coke regions and on farms. Many get killed in the mines. Their money sent home goes to their relatives. Not many have wives or children at home. Strong young men come to America, make their fortunes if they have good luck in a few years, and then go back home and get married. But it is a great lottery."

"What is your native language?"

"Magyar."

"What is the population of Hungary?"

"About 16,000,000."

"Can you read or write?"

"Oh, no Few can who come to America to work hard."

"What is the principal occupation of your people at home?"

"Farming, making rum, flour, sugar and some mining."

"You know considerable about Hungary?"

"I listen good to my boss who read much in a Hungarian paper. I got good ears. One is a little deaf, bad. What I hear don't go in one ear and out the other."

"How do Hungarians compare with Poles?"

"Poles come to America to stay generally. They come to America to escape army service. Huns do not. Poles are smart. Nearly all are young men who come to America. Nearly all can read and write something. Some old Poles can't read. They never learn. They first live like pigs, but soon get on better and improve. They settle in America, build churches and become good citizens, miners, laborers, clothiers, grocers, shoemakers and saloon keepers. Four to one come from Lithuania, a grand duchy of Poland. Many women and children come to America. They settle in small places?"

"Do they save money?"

"Much. Here in Shenandoah they own $150,000 worth of property. So it is all over the coal regions."

"What were the Poles able to earn in Poland at farming?"

"Half a rouble a day, they say—about 26 cents in American money. But that 26 cents could buy as much in Poland as $1 can here. They come to America to escape military duty, to get into a free country."

"What do expert laborers earn in Poland?"

"A good workman earns one rouble a day; buy as much as $2.25 will in America."

"What can you say of Italians?"

"Very many come to America under contract, like slaves. There is one woman to a hundred men, same as Hungarian; Poles, one woman to thirty men. Italians are lazy; come mostly from Naples. Work very cheap and spend all they earn. Have no object in life. Don't do America any good; only cut down wages of American workingmen, like we all do."

"Do you know any reforms that the foreigners in America should begin?"

"Yes. Stop drinking, stop stealing and stop going to law."

"Then the best class of foreigners are Polanders?"

"Certainly. They come to stay. They make good citizens. They soon learn to strike for higher wages, just as much as Americans get."

"With all your knowledge, couldn't you do better with $600 in the saloon business here?"

"No, no, no! I go back to Hungary a rich man. There I live like a Baron. I get married and enjoy myself for all my trials here."—*N. Y. Sun.*

"THE MONK."

An Ocean Cliff Which Has Fallen a Prey to the Wash of the Sea.

An official notification from the Danish Ministry of Marine announces that Denmark is poorer by the loss of an island and of an interesting natural object. South of the island of Sudaroe, one of the Faroe group, a mighty cliff rose sheer out of the sea to a height of from eighty to one hundred feet. Looked at sidewise from a distance at sea, it resembled a great ship in full sail; but seen from Suderoe it presented the appearance of a monk, whence it received from the Faroese the name of Munken. The Monk was not merely a picturesque object; it was also a valuable land mark for sailors, warning them against a dangerous whirlpool which swept around its base but it is now only a thing of the past. Last year a portion of the cliff fell down, and this year all that remained was broken off just below the water line, leaving in its place a dangerous reef, which is covered even at low water. Fortunately it was uninhabited, so no lives were lost. The occurrence is noteworthy as proving that the continuous wash of the sea, aided probably in the winter by the action of driving ice blocks, is able to saw through immense masses of rock consisting of hard basalt, cutting them clean across at the water's edge.—*N. Y. Post.*

—Bishop Stevens presents some very strong reasons why no persons should be allowed to marry in South Carolina without obtaining a license. The object is to prevent unlawful marriages and to insure a record of every marriage. In a State where there is no divorce it is of supreme importance that marriages should not be lightly entered into, and that every marriage should be capable of proof.—*Charleston (S. C.) News.*

—The muffs in the newest French fashion-plates are eccentricity itself. Some are gathered at the ends so that they look like musk-melons; some appear to be drawn together in the center and flare open so as to seem like two fans fastened together under a ribbon; some are hooped like a barrel, and one, otherwise simple, is ornamented by a bow of ribbon from which depends a shield with armorial bearings.—*Troy Times.*

SLINGS AND ARROWS

By HUGH CONWAY.

Author of "Called Back," "Dark Days," "A Family Affair," Etc.

Where was he? Where was she? Were they together? I turned again to the letter. It gave me no information as to the writer's whereabouts. The paper and the envelope were plain; the latter bore the London postmark. It was creased, which told me it had been sent under cover to be posted in London. Sent to whom? The receipt of this scrap of paper worked a great change in me. If I had ever been approaching that state in which a man accepts the inevitable, it lifted me out of it.

It spurred me on to make fresh exertions to discover the retreat of the fugitives. That letter—the letter written by her—I carried next my heart day and night. False as my wife had been to me, I loved her; and there were times when I recalled her sweet face, and marveled how evil could have lurked beneath such a mask.

I left Herstal Abbey and took up my quarters in town. There I should be ready to start on the moment I heard where Grant was to be found. But, somehow, I was beginning to think that our meeting would be brought about by pure chance. London is the place where all chance meetings occur. There are few Englishmen who do not visit the capital, either at shorter or longer intervals. Something must bring Grant there; so I waited and hoped.

Chance, pure chance, brought about what I longed for, but not in the way I expected. I did not stumble across my foe in the street; I did not hear a chance mention of his name and so hit upon some one who knew him. I found Eustace Grant in this wise:

This year a book, which at once took the public's fancy immensely, made its appearance. It was but a novel, yet a work the depth and research of which, combined with its pathos and humor, arrested all readers' attention. People were curious to know who was the author. The title page bore one of those names which strike every one as being a nom de plume. Perhaps the book was not the less read because a certain amount of mystery was kept up as to who had really written it.

Sometimes, not often, since that crushing blow had fallen upon me, I read what happened to come in my way. This particular book was one which came in my way. I began to read it, and am bound to say that the opening chapters were written by so masterly a hand that I at once experienced something of the general interest which the tale had called forth. But before I had read it half through, my interest and excitement were such as no author has by his merits ever awakened in any reader. I gave a fierce cry of triumph. I threw the book from me as if it were a reptile. I had found Eustace Grant!

For one chapter of that book contained an account of the hero's journeying through a part of Switzerland, and the account was the same as Grant had given his auditors on the night when I first met him, and hated and mistrusted him. Several of the most amusing and out-of-the-way incidents which he then related, and which were sufficiently droll and strange to impress themselves on my memory, were in these pages once more narrated. Eustace Grant was the author of the successful book. I thanked my memory, which had in a second brought his adventures back to my mind; and memory brought back more than this.

It brought back Viola, listening with smiles on her face to her guardian's (as she called him) amusing recital. It brought back the days when I wooed her; the day when I told her my love; the day when she was mine, as I thought, forever; the day, the black day, when she fled—when for hours and hours I waited and would not believe the truth. It brought back the last two wretched years of my life. It brought back all of which Eustace Grant had robbed me, and I laughed the laugh of a devil when I thought the time was at hand when he should pay me for his act.

I trod his book under my foot. Hypocrite, who could write of honor, virtue and truth, yet act as he had acted! Well, his time has come at last!

But now to find him—to know where I must go, to stand face to face with him! The next morning I called on the publishers of the book. I told them I had reason for believing that its author was an old friend of mine. Would they tell me his right name?

They could not. They believed he wrote under a pseudonym; but they knew him by no other. I asked if they could show me a letter of his. Certainly. A letter was handed me. I placed it side by side with the letter which Grant had written me just before my marriage, and which I had fortunately preserved. I compared the handwriting; then returned the author's letter to the publishers.

"Thank you," I said. "I find I am mistaken. My friend is not such a fortunate man as I hoped to find him." Then I went my way. Mistaken! No, I was not mistaken; but I feared lest, in writing to Grant, his publishers might mention the fact of my having made these inquiries. No; every doubt was now set at rest. The two letters were written by the same man—written by Eustace Grant. As I looked at the second letter, I had impressed the address upon my memory. It was dated from St. Seurin, a place which, upon inquiry, I found was little more than a fishing village on the west coast of Brittany.

They had not fled very far then! The nearer the better! Every hour which must pass before Eustace Grant and I meet will be grudged by me. In forty-eight hours we may be face to face!

That evening I left London. My preparations for the journey were soon made. Among them was included the purchase of a pair of double-barreled breech-loading pistols, which carried heavy bullets and were warranted to shoot straight as a line. I had already learned that in a hand to hand struggle my foe was my superior. I laughed as my fingers closed lovingly on the handle of the weapon which placed us on an equality.

So I started to end Eustace Grant's dream as suddenly as he had ended mine!

CHAPTER VII.

FACE TO FACE.

The journey to St. Seurin occupied more time than I anticipated. I reached Paris the next morning, and, without halting for rest, took the first train to Rennes. From Rennes I had to go to L'Orient, which I found was as far as the railway could carry me toward my destination.

Rennes I reached in the evening. Here I was compelled to spend the night, there being no train to L'Orient until the next morning. The morning train was a painfully slow one; it was not until late in the afternoon of the second day that I reached the fortified port on the Bay of Biscay.

There I inquired as to the best way of getting to St. Seurin. I found the place was nearly twenty miles away. A diligence which passed it left L'Orient every other morning at 10 o'clock. I must wait and go by that.

I chafed at the time which must elapse before I met my enemy, and was on the point of ordering a carriage and horses to take me to St. Seurin at once. But reflection told me that the arrival of a traveler in such a way, at a village so small as I ascertained St. Seurin to be, must excite curiosity. People would gossip, and the man whom I longed to meet might hear of my arrival, and once more fly and leave no trace. So I curbed my impatience, staid the night at L'Orient, and started in the morning by the lumbering old diligence.

Why is it, that when one is burning to reach a certain place, the sole available mode of progression seems not only the slowest, but in many cases actually is the slowest that can well be hit upon. Those twenty miles, or their equivalent in kilometres, seemed longer than all the rest of the journey. True, the road was in many places steep, and the heavy vehicle not adequately horsed; and very likely no one save myself was in a hurry.

But the most wearisome journey ends at last. A snail, if allowed time, will arrive at his goal. The diligence reached St. Seurin, and as I dismounted in front of a miserable-looking little inn I could scarcely repress a cry of exultation. Eustace Grant was all but within my grasp.

I entered the inn, where I was received with joyful faces. Guests were, no doubt, few, and their visits far between. I asked if I could have accommodation, and was assured I could count upon the best out of Paris. At another time this grandiloquent assertion would have amused me. Now nothing amused me, and I cared for nothing so long as I could have food and drink and a place to lay my head until I had accomplished my mission.

I dined, for I was beginning to feel the effects of the exhausting journey. Then I walked out and took stock of my surroundings.

St. Seurin was, as I had been informed, a small decaying village. Some of the houses were picturesque in their way, but many were half in ruins. There was a church, whose size was, of course, utterly disproportioned to the village. There were the shops necessary to supply the needs of the scanty population. So far as I could see, there was nothing else.

I struck my heel on the dusty, sandy path. Was it for a life in such a place as this that Viola had left me? Had she given up all the comforts and luxuries with which I would have surrounded her to hide with the partner of her flight in a wretched hole where she could see no one save rough fishermen, peasants, and such like? If so, her love for Grant must be more than mortal to bring about such a sacrifice of all that woman, from the time of Eve downward, have been credited with longing after. These questions, and the only answer I could give to them, did not improve the state of my mind.

It was now growing dusk. I walked back to the little inn, went to my room, and asked for lights and coffee. A broad-faced, broad-shouldered Breton lass ministered to my wants. I entered into conversation with her, and in spite of her patois managed to understand her.

I asked about the place and the people. She shrugged her shoulders. Ah! but the place was decaying—going down—gone down. Once, she had heard that people could live there and make money; but that was hundreds of years ago. Now, every one was poor as poor could be. Parents could not give their daughters dots—girls could not save them. Besides, many of the young men went away. They went to L'Orient and became sailors. It was a rare thing for a girl to get married in St. Seurin.

Were there no visitors—no English, for instance—staying in the neighborhood? No—yes. There was one monsieur—he was English. He lived at Pierre Boulay's farm—the farm just over the sea cliff yonder; the house nearest to the sea.

His name? Ah! she forgot those strange names. He was tall and handsome. He had been here, off and on, many months. He was a heretic, but kind to poor people. What did he do with himself in this desolate place? Ah! she knew not. True, young Jean, old Pierre's son, said that the gentleman shut himself up for hours and hours, writing, and the cure, who knew him, said he was a learned man.

It was he! My journey had not been in vain. I longed to ask the girl if a lady lived with him, but I forced the question back. When I had finished with Eustace Grant I could then think of Viola.

Where was he to be found? Was he at the farm now? She thought not. She had not seen him for some days. Most days he came down the hill and walked along the coast—far, far along the coast. If monsieur wished to meet with him he would surely find him there.

Yes, the coast was very fine. Sometimes artists came to paint it. Perhaps monsieur was an artist?

She glanced at me. No doubt my coming had created curiosity. The question suggested an excuse for my staying at such a place as St. Seurin.

Yes; she had guessed right. I was an artist. I had come to draw pictures of the coast. She seemed pleased at having guessed the nature of my occupation, and quickly left me, no doubt to make her discovery known to all who were interested in the matter. I needed her no longer. I had learned enough.

Fate seemed shaping everything to my hand. I had learned that Grant was almost within stone's throw; that nearly every day he took a solitary walk along the coast. It was on the coast, far away from fear of interruption, that I would arrange for our meeting to take place. All I now wished to guard against was a premature discovery of my presence.

The next morning I stepped out and surveyed the scene of action. Far, far away as eye could see was the stretch of smooth yellow sand running from the edge of the glorious sea to the tall, rugged cliffs, in a break of which the tiny village nestled.

I climbed the hill, and from the top, looking across the valley, could see the small farmhouse in which the object of my hatred lived. I dared not go near to it. I turned and regained the sea coast, and walked along under the cliff, picturing with savage rapture the moment when, utterly unsuspecting of our contiguity, Eustace Grant would find himself confronted by me, and called upon to reckon up the cost of his foul treachery.

But that day, and other days, passed without my seeing a sign of him. I spent nearly all the hours of daylight on the coast. Again and again I went through the scene which I had pictured. I stood a few paces from him on a stretch of sand. I reproached him and exulted in the vengeance which I was about to take. I could see myself raise my right hand and fire. I could see the man fall lifeless. Over and over again during those weary hours of waiting I acted my part in this drama.

I gloried in the thought that he was now famous; that life held great prizes which his hands could grasp. He had cut short my dream of joy. I could do even more to him. I could kill him when the ball of success and ambition was at his feet. In the first flush of his triumph he would find me waiting for him. Oh, it was well I had been tardy in my acts! I could now take far more than life from my foe!

So day after day I sat or lay on the coast, full of such thoughts as these. Except when looking for my foe, I spent all my time in my own room. Day after day went by, but we met not. I supposed him to be away from home. No matter. I could wait a month, a year, ten years. Had I not sweet thoughts wherewith to while away the time? I made no more inquiries about him. I was afraid he might hear of them, and guess who wanted him. I waited calmly and patiently.

One morning I staid later than usual in my room. As I glanced through my window, which looked upon the broadest part of the dusty road running through the village I saw that St. Seurin was in such festival guise as it could assume. Men, women and children were standing about, dressed in holiday clothes. Then I remembered that the girl who waited upon me had said something about to-day being a great festival of the church. I had given little heed to her words. I watched the crowd for a few minutes, and presently saw a sight which, had my mood been happier, would have delighted me. Girls and boys came, bearing tall wicker baskets full of leaves, pulled from various flowers and green shrubs. The sandy space in front of me was cleared. A young man ran nimbly from point to point, tracing as he went lines in the dust. Then, seizing the baskets one after another, he distributed their glowing contents in such a way that in less than twenty minutes what looked like a carpet of a variegated pattern, formed of flowers, covered the dusty space.

As he hastily threw the last splash of crimson rose leaves into its place the procession of priests, acolytes and choristers appeared. It paused on the fair carpet, and some ceremony, such as a blessing, was gone through. Every hat was doffed, every knee was bent—all save one. There, on the outskirts of the crowd, with head uncovered, in deference to others, but standing erect, I saw the tall form of Eustace Grant.

He had returned! A thrill of delight ran through me as I gazed on the hated features of the man who had robbed me of all I cared for. I drew back into the room, and watched him through my window. My time had come!

The procession resumed its march. The people followed it—most likely to the church. The space was all but deserted. The various hues of the flower carpet were now blended together without order or pattern. Grant replaced his hat, crossed the road, and struck down a path which could only lead to the sea. I laughed as I saw him disappear.

With grim deliberation I threw open the barrels of my pistols and loaded them afresh. No lack of precaution on my part should aid the escape of my enemy. Then I sat down and waited. I wanted him to have a fair start, so that our meeting might take place as far up that deserted coast as possible.

When I thought I had given him sufficient grace, I sallied forth in pursuit. I turned down to the sea as he had turned. I rounded the foot of the hill which sheltered St. Seurin from the nor'west winds, and then stood with the unbroken cliff on my right hand and the sand stretching away in front of me for miles and miles. In the distance I could see him—a white spot on the yellow sand. The heat was great, so he had clothed himself in dazzling white garments. He was, perhaps, half a mile in front of me, walking near to the edge of the sea. I quickened my steps, and rapidly diminished the distance between us.

I did not want to get so near that, if he turned, he might recognize me. I did not mean to overtake him. I meant to follow him until he turned to retrace his steps; then, as soon as he liked, he might discover me. My only fear was that some path up the cliff might, unknown to me, exist—a path which he might take, and so go home across the table land.

Grant walked leisurely; so I was soon within 300 yards of him. I noticed that his head was bent forward, as is natural to those who think as they walk. His hands were behind him, and he paced the coast with a slow but lengthy stride. Little he guessed who was upon his traces!

Suddenly he turned aside, and struck up the beach toward the cliff. I stood still and watched him. I saw him reach the top of the beach; then, as it were, disappear into the face of the cliff. I doubled my pace and hurried on, laughing in vengeful glee. I had him now! For by this time I knew every foot of that coast line. I knew that at the spot where Grant had vanished some convulsion of nature had torn the rocks apart; that, entering through what looked like a narrow fissure you came upon a straight, smooth space, bounded by unscalable crags, and carpeted by soft white sand. Not a cave, because it was open to the heavens, but all the same a natural cul de sac.

I had found this place. I had explored it. I had even longed that Eustace Grant might be in there, while I stood at the entrance, and held him like a rat in a trap. And now the thing I longed for had come to pass. Perhaps to escape from the heat of the sun my enemy had chosen the one place in which I wished to meet him. I was right in saying that fate was shaping everything to my hand. Here I should face him, force him to fight, and slay him! I had him now!

Strange to say, no thought of an issue adverse to myself entered my head. So confident, so certain I felt, that I paused for a while at the entrance to the trap and steeled my heart by recalling all the wrongs which I had suffered. I stood there until the sun made the barrel of the pistol, which I had drawn from my breast, as hot as fire. Then I crept between the two rocks, and went to reckon up with Eustace Grant!

The change from the brilliant sunshine to the cool gloom of the grot, or whatever it should be called, was so sudden that for a moment I could not distinguish objects. When my eyes grew accustomed to the shade, I saw that Grant was lying on a heap of sand at the furthest end of the ravine. His broad-brimmed hat was by his side, and he seemed fast asleep. I crept toward him. My feet made no sound as they trod on the soft dry sand. I stood over him and looked down on his powerful face, strong, sunburned neck, and large, muscular limbs. He looked the type of manhood. Ah! no wonder he could win a woman's love if he strove for it.

He looked the type of manhood.

[*Continued.*]

It is estimated that there has been a decrease of $2,500,000 in the public debt during the month of February. Pension payments during the month amounted to about $11,000,000.

CONGRESSIONAL.

LATEST TELEGRAPHIC REPORT.

A Synopsis of Measures Introduced in the National Legislature.

SENATE.

Manderson offered a resolution directing the Secretaries of State and War to inquire and report to the Senate the facts surrounding the killing of Captain Emmet Crawford, said to have been slain on or about January 10, 1886, by Mexican troops, and to report what steps were being taken for the punishment by the Mexican Government of those guilty of the alleged outrage. Also whether reparation and indemnity should not be made to those who suffered, and ample explanation and apology to the United States for an apparently gross insult. Referred to Committee on Foreign Relations.

A sub-committee, comprising Senators Mitchell, Cullom and Butler, has been appointed to investigate freight charges along the Columbia river, by rail and boat, and to report on the obstruction at The Dalles.

Mitchell has introduced a bill of considerable importance to a large number of people in Washington Territory. It has for its object recognition of the rights of those settlers who purchased lands from the Northern Pacific Railroad Company within what was known as the limits of the terminal location of that road at Wallula. Title to this body of land is affected by the recent ruling of Land Commissioner Sparks, which changes the terminal location, and in effect decides that these lands were originally erroneously included within the limits of the Northern Pacific grant. The bill proposes to permit these settlers who are living on these lands to perfect their title by purchasing from the Government, at the rate of $1.25 per acre, the amount of land they had contracted for with the railroad company. Sparks' decision renders legislation necessary to protect these people in their homes, many of whom have been living upon the lands for years, and who are now liable to be dispossessed at any moment, not to mention constant chances that menace them from land jumpers.

Bill by Stanford—To establish a quarantine station at the port of San Francisco, to be under the supervision of the Marine Hospital service. It appropriates $100,000 for the purchase of grounds and the erection of suitable buildings for the purpose, and provides that use thereof may be from time to time granted to the authorities of the health departments of the city and county of San Francisco and of the State of California, upon condition that they shall assume the expense of maintaining the station.

Bill by Call—Providing that in all cases of homestead entry, where a homesteader or his widow, or his children, has resided upon and cultivated the land for five years, patents therefor shall be granted, although final proof was not made within the time required by law, and such proof may be made at any time and a patent obtained for the same.

Bill by Mills—To establish a postal savings depository as a branch of the Postoffice Department.

The bill authorizing the President to grant permission to one or more officers of the army to accept temporary service from the Government of Corea was taken up. Sewell offered an amendment, permitting the officers indicated to accept compensation from the Corean Government. The amendment was agreed to, and the bill passed.

Bill passed to provide allotments of land in severalty to Indians.

Edmunds introduced a bill to facilitate the administration of laws in Alaska. He explained that persons appointed to office in Alaska could not give bond in that Territory, and this bill was intended to enable such persons to give bond in the States from which they are appointed.

HOUSE.

Weber, from the Committee on Railways and Canals, reported a bill for the permanent improvement of the Erie and Oswego canals, and to secure freedom of the same to the commerce of the United States; Committee of the Whole

Tucker, from the Committee on Judiciary, reported a bill providing that no persons shall be held to answer for any crime whereof punishment may be loss of life or liberty, except on presentment of indictment of a grand jury, except in cases arising in the land or naval forces, or in militia in the event of actual service in time of war or public danger; House calendar.

Ellsberry, from the Committee on Invalid Pensions, reported a bill granting pensions to all invalid soldiers, or their widows or children who are dependent on their daily labor for support; Committee of the Whole.

Buchanan, from the Committee on Claims, reported a bill for the relief of the survivors of the exploring steamer Jeannette, and the widows and children of those who perished in the expedition; private calendar.

The Committee on Public Lands reported a bill granting a right of way in Montana Territory to the Cinnibar & Clark's Fork Railroad Company; Committee of the Whole.

The bill on the calendar forfeiting the unearned land grant of the Atlantic and Pacific Railroad Company was taken up, and an amendment adopted providing that the forfeited land shall be subject to settlement under the homestead law only. The bill was then passed, without division or objection.

House passed the bill to annex the northern part of the Territory of Idaho to Washington Territory.