

# The Great Tontine

by HAWLEY SMART

Author of "Broken Down," "Bound to Win," etc.

## CHAPTER VII.

"I shall be glad to see Jack Phillimore," said Mrs. Lyme Wregis, as she and her granddaughter sat in the drawing room in Victoria Road, awaiting the advent of that young sailor. "It is a good thing for him, of course, to have got a ship, although I suppose that means bidding him good-by for a very long while."

"Yes," replied Beatrice, "that is the worst of it. It is of course very nice that he should get a ship, because I know he wants one; but, I must say, I don't like losing Jack for so long."

"Pooh, child! Jack has got his way to make in the world, and that is not to be done by darning about your apron strings."

"I don't think Jack minds being bullied and teased by me, grandmamma," replied the girl.

"He will probably bring home a wife from the other side of the world."

"Jack will never marry," replied the girl quickly.

"Ah, well, my dear," said the old lady demurely, "no doubt you know best."

"You are a wicked old woman," cried the girl, as her cheeks flushed, and she threw her arms round her grandmother's neck and kissed her. "How dare you entrap me like that?"

But now the door opened, and Mr. Phillimore made his appearance—a good-looking young fellow enough, with fair hair, bold blue eyes, and a blonde mustache. He shook hands cordially with the ladies; and his greetings made, in obedience to the announcement that dinner was ready, handed Mrs. Lyme Wregis with gay courtesy to the dining room.

"And so, Jack, you are pleased with your appointment," observed Mrs. Lyme Wregis. "I suppose it really is a nice thing for you."

"Great bit of luck," he replied. "I am going out, you see, as the Admiral's flag lieutenant."

"And so you are to be away three years, Jack," remarked Beatrice.

"Yes; but it is to be spent at a first-rate station."

"And you would have no regrets about leaving England for so long?" inquired Beatrice, in somewhat more serious tones.

"Well, of course," replied her cousin, "I should be sorry not to see any of you for so long a time; but then, you know, when a man turns sailor he of course expects all that sort of thing. Besides, I shall never be more than a few days distant from you, and can always make a dash home if any event of importance is about to take place in the family."

"Such as my marriage, you know," replied Beatrice demurely.

"Yes, you may be quite sure I shall be there whenever that takes place," said Jack Phillimore, "even if I am tried for desertion afterwards."

"Oh, but you might not be asked, you know."

"Ah, well, Trizie, you know that I should be very unhappy if I thought your wedding could take place without my being present."

"Well, now," said the old lady, "I shall leave you young people to have your talk out by yourselves while I take my usual nap before tea."

"Then you have to leave almost at once, Jack?" said the girl in low tones, while her cousin closed the door behind Mrs. Lyme Wregis.

"I leave Waterloo by the mail train to-morrow night," he replied; "and this is the last time that I shall see you, Trizie, till I don't know when. I have got so much to do to-morrow that it will be quite impossible for me to get out here; but I have counted on this evening. I have something to say to you before I leave England, something indeed that I could not leave England without saying. Cannot you guess what it is, Beatrice?"

The girl's lips syllabled a scarcely audible "No," to which the blood that mantled her cheeks gave flat contradiction.

"Yes, I think you can, darling," he continued. "If I have never told you in actual words that I love you, it is because I have told you in so many other ways that it was needless. I have loved you for years. I loved you as a child, loved you as a school girl, and now that you are a woman grown, I want you to tell me that you can love me in return. Can you not tell me that, darling? Can you not promise that, when I come back at the end of three years, you will be my wife?"

"No, Jack," she replied softly, "I can not do that."

"Have I been mistaken, Beatrice?" he exclaimed sadly. "Can you not regard me no longer as a cousin, but as your betrothed husband?"

"You must not ask that question, Jack."

"I cannot see that," he rejoined in resolute tones. "The minute I got my appointment I made up my mind to ask you that question before anything, and surely a man deserves a courteous reply, if it be to say him 'no.' You may tell me, Beatrice, that I have already had it, and that it is unfair to press you further; but my whole life is at stake."

"But I do love you," she replied, with flushed cheeks.

"Well enough to be my wife, darling?" he whispered, as he stole his arm round her waist.

"Yes; and I was just about to tell you so, only you were so dreadfully impetuous. And, Jack," she continued, as she yielded to his embrace, "when you began to tell me how you loved me it was so delightful that I could not interrupt you. I suppose I ought to have melted before," she said half shyly, half audibly, "but can you understand a girl being so proud of having won such a love that she could not bear to break in upon her lover's pleadings?"

"But, Beatrice, dearest, what made you so cruel to me at first? Why did you tell me you could not love me?"

"Oh, Jack, I did not. You asked me

to promise to be your wife, and I told you I could not. Now that you have told me that you love me I can tell you all, Grandmamma, you see, is a very clever old woman. There is nothing goes on under her eyes but what she knows rather more about than the people concerned. I am ashamed to say that she discovered my secret. Horrible to confess, she had none of those doubts which so disturbed you. She seemed also to divine that you would ask this question before you left England, and she made me promise that I would not pledge myself to be your wife."

"Well," cried Jack, "this is unaccountable. I declare I thought I was rather a favorite with Mrs. Lyme Wregis, and never dreamed that she would have opposed me in this manner."

"You are mistaken again," said Beatrice. "You have no stauncher friend than grandmamma; but she has a great objection to long engagements."

Mrs. Lyme Wregis had not only finished her dose, but was preternaturally wide awake as the young couple entered the drawing room. She eyed her niece keenly, and then exclaimed:

"Get me my tea, child; it has been drawing so long that it is doubtless as strong as the protestations Jack Phillimore has been making you down stairs. What has he promised to bring you home from foreign parts?" continued the old lady, laughing.

"Shall I tell you, Mrs. Lyme Wregis?" interrupted the young man eagerly.

"Yes; what is it to be this time?"

"Only a wedding ring."

"And, Beatrice," interposed the old lady quickly, "you have not promised to wear it, have you?"

"No, grandmamma, dear," replied the girl; "but I have not vowed to say 'No' should he offer to put it on for me."

"Ah," replied the old lady, with a nod of satisfaction. "Mind you put plenty of cream in my tea, Beatrice."

## CHAPTER VIII.

"There!" exclaimed Mary Chichester, as she sprang to her feet, after a half hour passed by the side of a bed of scarlet geraniums, "I have snipped and snipped until I don't think I have left a bud in that border to break forth and destroy the harmony of our arrangements," and as she slipped off her gardening gloves, and concluded her soliloquy, she became conscious that a well-favored gentlemanly looking man at the gate was watching her proceedings with apparent interest. Finding himself discovered, the stranger raised his hat, and, opening the gate, came forward with a bow, and said:

"This is Miss Caterham's, I believe; and you, I presume, are Miss Chichester?"

"Certainly," replied the girl, "my aunt, Miss Caterham, lives here, and I am Mary Chichester; but you must excuse my saying that I cannot recollect that we have ever met before. Perhaps you wish to see my aunt on business?"

"Exactly," replied the stranger. "You are quite right, neither you nor your aunt ever saw me before. Miss Chichester; but I have the authority of a very old friend of yours to excuse my intrusion—Mr. Carbuclie."

"Mr. Carbuclie!" exclaimed Mary. "Yes, he is a very old friend. You had better come in and see my aunt, Auntie, you see, is not strong. However, we shall no doubt find her in here, and then—Well, I think I must leave you to present yourself!" and so saying, she opened the drawing room door, and, advancing towards Miss Caterham, said briefly, "This gentleman wishes to see you on business."

The stranger bowed and he said, "My name is Ringwood; you have doubtless received a note from Mr. Carbuclie, introducing me, and saying how glad I should be if I could be of any assistance to you."

"Any friend of Mr. Carbuclie we shall always be delighted to see; but I certainly have received no note from him mentioning your name to me. Perhaps it miscarried; but I really don't know, Mr. Ringwood, that I require assistance about anything."

"It is very odd," replied Mr. Ringwood, "that Carbuclie should have neglected to write; but as it is so, I must ask you to take my own account of things. Carbuclie, as you know, a very busy man, with more work to do than he knows how rightly to get through—what I hope to be myself in days to come, but young barristers at starting have always to complain that they have got no work to do. Carbuclie is a very old friend of my family, and he happened to tell me the other evening about the disappearance of Terence Finnigan. He told me all the facts, Miss Caterham."

Instead of thanking him for his volunteered assistance, or welcoming him as he had imagined a friend of Mr. Carbuclie's might expect, Miss Caterham and her niece gazed at him with evident dismay and uncertainty. At length the elder lady seemed to recover her speech.

"I must trouble you to go away, sir. I don't know how you became mixed up in affairs of mine, or where you gained your knowledge; but I shall certainly require no assistance from you. Ring the bell, Mary, please."

"One moment, Mr. Ringwood; one moment, Auntie, dear," exclaimed the girl. "Don't you think it is but justice to tell Mr. Ringwood what he appears in our eyes. It is difficult to conceive what object any one can have in imposing upon us in this matter, and it certainly seems unlikely that Mr. Carbuclie would have, almost simultaneously, sent two gentlemen to inquire into this business for us; but it might be so."

"Two gentlemen!" exclaimed Mr. Ringwood. "Do I understand you, Miss Chichester, that some one, claiming to have been sent by Mr. Carbuclie, has called here to inquire about every detail you can remember concerning Terence Finnigan?"

"Certainly. A gentleman called upon my aunt two days ago, professing to be exactly what you represent yourself to be now, a friend of Mr. Carbuclie's, come to make these very inquiries. My aunt answered all his questions, and he promised we should hear again from him shortly."

"This is interesting," said Mr. Ringwood quickly. "Of course, Miss Caterham, you look upon me as an impostor. I cannot blame you. There undoubtedly is an impostor in the field, and I am most thoroughly understand his object in the imposition."

"I do not know what to think," replied Miss Caterham nervously. "Mr. Pogram

said just the same thing. Mr. Carbuclie would never send two gentlemen about this affair without letting one know. If he had only mentioned the name there could be no doubt about which is the impostor, and even Mr. Ringwood admits that there is one. I don't know what to do; but I think Mr. Ringwood had better go away. I don't feel well. I don't know what is the matter with me," faltered Miss Caterham, with a nervous twitching about the mouth. "Take me upstairs, child. You will excuse me, sir."

As she led her aunt from the room the barrister opened the door for them, and in passing him the girl said, "Wait a little, please, Mr. Ringwood. I should like to see you again before you go."

Left to himself the barrister did what most men similarly situated would have done in his place. He wandered aimlessly about the room, musing over the past conversation. His brain was of course busy as to what was to be made of the fact that some one else was interested in the discovery of Terence Finnigan. "Pogram," he muttered; "a somewhat singular name. I am glad Miss Chichester told me to wait, as it is essential that I should get that name right. It conveys nothing to me, but it very likely would to Carbuclie. Pogram!" and here his eye fell on a card basket. He turned two or three of the top ones carelessly over, and then suddenly exclaimed, "Ah! here it is; Mr. Robert Pogram. I have got the name right then; and now, what the deuce can Pogram want with Terence Finnigan? Of course his interest in him must be in connection with the 'Great Tontine.' Pogram is either one of the last shareholders, or acting for one, and upon what manner of man Pogram or his principal may be, turns the eye they will make of Finnigan's discovery." Here his reflections were interrupted by the opening of the door, and Mary once more entered the room.

"Now, Mr. Ringwood," she said, "it is my turn. What made you say so markedly to my aunt that you knew all the facts in connection with Terence Finnigan?"

"Simply that I understood Carbuclie had placed me in possession of the entire story," replied the barrister.

"I certainly thought that you meant more than that," said the young lady; "and now explain to me, please, the reason of the imposition."

"That, Miss Chichester, is exactly what I cannot do. My lips are sealed professionally. We lawyers are acquainted with a good deal that we are not at liberty to blurt out."

"I understand it was to be question for question, sir, and I really cannot understand why we are not to be acquainted with the reason of an imposture that has been perpetrated upon us, which surely concerns no one so much as ourselves."

"I can only regret that my tongue is tied. I would tell you willingly if I might; but I must obey orders."

"Of course, if you decline to tell me there is no more to be said about it," she observed; "but if you intend to persist in such reticence, I do not think your professional assistance will be of much use to us. We are only poor women, she continued with a smile, "and, as such, cannot bear not to know what is going on. We like even to be told that there is nothing to tell."

"I like that girl," muttered Ringwood to himself as he made his way down the walk. "It must, of course, appear silly affectation to her my refusing to tell her the cause of that imposition. It is very curious that Miss Caterham should never have told her niece the story of the 'Great Tontine.' From what Carbuclie said, I should presume that Miss Chichester will chiefly benefit in the event of this missing Finnigan proving the last survivor. Well, the next thing is to see Carbuclie. The news that this Pogram is in the field will interest him, and decidedly make the chase more exciting."

(To be continued.)

**Things Which "Agree" With You.**

A little joke floating around in the columns of the press is that of a man who had consulted a doctor and was doubtful of his skill because he did not forbid him eating everything he liked. Its opposite, said to be true, is of a doctor who writes much for the public on the subject of what to eat, or, perhaps, more accurately, on what not to eat. He had written the usual patter about hot weather diet, sticking to fruit, "a little cereal," vegetables and water and the like, and then was observed one day with a big dish of ham and cabbage, sausages, lobster and ale, which he was stowing away as if he thought it good for him. The average adult is the best judge of his own diet; he very soon learns what does not "agree" with him, and, knowing this, the consequences of eating it serve him right. If anything does "agree," eat it, if you like it.

**Why Willie Fell.**

Before Willie started for Mrs. Smith's house, where he was invited to dinner, his mother gave him some final advice.

"Above all things," cautioned his mother, "do not drink tea from your saucer."

Willie promised. When he got back home his mother inquired how he had enjoyed himself. Willie said that he had enjoyed himself immensely.

"I hope you did everything the way I told you to," said his mother.

"Yes, I did," answered Willie somewhat hesitatingly.

"And you did not drink your tea from your saucer?"

"Yes, mamma, I did," replied Willie, "but Mrs. Smith drank her tea from her saucer first."

**A Difference in Degree.**

"I just love cake," said Johnnie feebly. "It's awful nice."

"You should not say 'love' cake," corrected his mother. "You should say 'like.' And do not say 'awful'—say 'very.' And say 'good' instead of 'nice.' Now see if you can repeat the sentence correctly."

"I like cake," repeated Johnnie. "It's very good."

"That's better."

"I know, ma," complained Johnnie, "but it sounds just as if I was talking 'bout bread."—Everybody's Magazine.

# FARM AND GARDEN

## Feeding Discarded Lambs.

There are various ways suggested to make a ewe mother her own lamb or a twin from another ewe that has not enough milk for both.

Some advise whipping the ewe into subjection, but this is very cruel and seldom satisfactory. When a ewe loses her own lamb and it is desired to make her own another it has been recommended to skin her own dead lamb and tie the pelt over the lamb that is to be adopted.

This plan is sometimes satisfactory if the ewe's sense of smell is not very keen, although it more often fails. Other breeders have tried tying a dog near by, claiming that the maternal instinct of the ewe will exert itself and it will own the lamb while trying to shield it from the dog.

Perhaps the most satisfactory method when a ewe refuses to own her lamb is to fasten her in between hurdles.

This gives her a chance to eat and at the same time prevents her from turning around to butt the lamb. In such a position, however, the ewe will often lie down. This may be prevented by passing a light pole through the hurdles, resting it on the lower bars beneath her belly.

The ewe can be confined this way throughout the day, and if the lamb is at all lively he will manage to get enough to eat. The ewe should always be released at night.

A day or two of such confinement is often sufficient to bring an obstinate ewe to reason. Such hurdles can easily be made by any farmer, and it is well to have them on hand for just such emergencies.

## Bureau of Entomology.

The work carried on by the bureau relates entirely to injurious insects, and the direct object of this work is to discover remedial measures and to make them known to the public. The object of the work, therefore, is of the most practical character, and every effort is devoted to the practical end. It has been conservatively estimated that the United States suffers an annual economic loss from injurious insects of one kind or another of surely \$700,000,000. This estimate includes the damage done to agricultural industries, to live stock and to stored products, to forests and forest products, and to other property, but it does not include the economic loss to communities and to the nation through the lessening of the productive capacity of the population through the prevalence of diseases that are carried by the insects, such as malaria, typhoid fever, yellow fever, and possibly many others.

## A Hog Loader.

A loader for attachment to the wagon is made of two pine boards six inches wide by nine feet long, fastened together by the three cross-pieces of proper length so that they will fit between the sides of the wagon box. A floor is laid on these cross-pieces and short strips of lath to prevent hogs



HOG-LOADER.

slipping. At the upper end the sides are notched to fit on the bottom of wagon box and two staples on each side complete the fastening. The construction of the rack is shown in the illustration.

## Ground Corn for Hogs.

Owing to the very limited digestive capacity of swine for the consumption of bulky feed, corn cobmeal is not very satisfactory for purposes of swine feeding. This class of farm animals can use a much more concentrated feed than any other class and are much more inconvenienced by the presence of an excessive amount of crude fiber in rations, owing to their small stomach capacity. We should much prefer cornmeal to corncob on that account. Brood sows or other hogs with plenty of framework could use a little corncob meal to better advantage, but we see no particular reason in supplying it because such material contains practically no nutriment, and, while it is sometimes used to make a ration more bulky for sheep and cattle, it is a positive hindrance to swine.

## Frosty Feat.

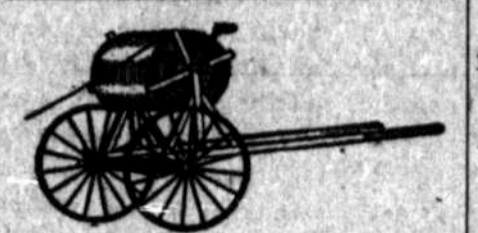
A North Missouri farmer whose hog was killed by a train wrote to the company's claim agent for a settlement. He penned his communication thus: "Dear Sir—My razorback strolled down your track a week ago to-day. Your twenty-nine came down the line and snuffed his life away. You can't blame me, the hog, you see, slipped through a cattle gate, so kindly pen a check for ten, the debt is liquidated." He received the following reply: "Old twenty-nine came down the line and killed your hog we know, but razorbacks on railroad tracks quite often meet with you. Therefore, my friend, we can not send the check for which you pine. Just plant the dead, place over its head, Here lies a foolish swine."—Waif.

## Protecting Orchards from Frost.

Some of the South Texas orange growers have taken up the study of devices to protect orchards against winter cold. The California plan of burning oil in pipes laid throughout the orchard and perforated at intervals of 50 to 100 feet seems most likely to be favored in South Texas. This region has the oil at its door, and oil is more easily handled than wood fires. It is a certainty that South Texas orange orchards ought to be given this protection, especially after the planting of other and more delicate varieties than the Satsuma becomes general. It may not be needed often than once in two or three years, but at such times it will save orchards that, lacking this protection, might be ruined. The orchard fires in California, where oil is burned, and in Florida, where wood is handled and cheaper and therefore more generally used, are regarded as a legitimate and necessary charge against the business. Not all the growers make fires—there are some men in every business that delight in taking chances—but the majority of the best growers in both States, and especially in California, are prepared thus to save their orchard investments.—Houston Chronicle.

## Barbed Wire Reel.

Here is a device on which we can wind barbed wire which is much better than an old barrel. The reel is mounted on a truck made of old buggy wheels with short shafts. The cart may be drawn along by a man while a boy steadies the reel to keep



it from unwinding too rapidly. For winding up wire the machine is best pushed just fast enough to keep up with the wire as it is being wound on the reel. A crank placed upon the reel proves serviceable in winding up.—Farm and Home.

## For Alfalfa Bloat.

If a case of alfalfa bloat is discovered in time an ounce of hyposulphite of soda, dissolved in water, and given as a drench will prove effective. This can be repeated every half hour for two or three doses. Two ounces of aqua ammonia, well diluted with water or common soda, in half ounce doses can be given. Many cases of bloat can be relieved by causing the animal to stand with the hind feet in a ditch and the fore feet on the bank, as this position causes belching. From two to ten minutes' time is required. Some people claim to have observed that experienced blotters learn to get themselves into such a position for blowing out of the burden. Blankets wrung out of cold water and wrapped around the abdomen or cold water dashed on with a bucket often gives relief.

## Frost in Sheep.

Sheep eat and thrive on weeds and material that other stock do not relish. Every fence corner, fence row and weed patch will be more completely cleaned by them than by the scythe or hoe. A hundred sheep could be kept on any Western farm of eighty acres and one would scarcely miss the cost of their care and keeping. They return in fertilizers about 95 per cent of all they have eaten. There is an old Spanish proverb, "The sheep's foot is golden," originating doubtless from the fact that sheep enrich the soil. No expensive buildings are needed. Secure some good range ewes and a pure-bred ram of some breed, and in a few years an excellent grade of sheep will result. We know a man over on the Western slope who runs a little band of sheep on his home ranch and gives them very little attention, yet they keep the pasture free from weeds, and the returns from the lambs and the wool net a satisfactory profit.—Denver Field and Farm.

## American Pigs Too Fat.

Not so very long ago most of the British varieties of pigs had a tendency to produce an undue proportion of inordinately fat specimens where kept was of the best. Reform is now wanted in the United States. The pigs of the West have been bred too much for fat or lard, but it will not be so easy to cure the very hurried finishing of the animals. An animal which has plenty of exercise and only a moderate amount of food during the growing stage is supposed to be developing lean flesh or muscle, but when it is transferred to a form of confinement and placed on a fatty diet such as maize, what can it do but lay on an excess of outside fat? The pigs which act as scavengers to maize-fed cattle do take a fair amount of exercise, but their diet is not of a mixed enough nature.—Glasgow Herald.

## Alfalfa Meal for Chicken Feed.

A combination of alfalfa meal, beef scraps, cut bone and a few other ingredients of minor importance makes the best feed for chicks and laying hens that can be secured and would be more generally used so much labor involved in the preparation. As most egg foods contain these ingredients it follows that they must be valuable for the purpose for which they are compounded. With alfalfa meal a poultryman need not hesitate about keeping laying hens confined the year round if necessary for the meal is fully as valuable in maintaining health and productivity as the best natural grass.—Mall and Brees.

# THE WEEKLY HISTORIAN



- 1556—Thomas Cranmer, first Protestant Archbishop of Canterbury, burned at the stake.
- 1617—Celebration at Quebec of the first marriage in Canada.
- 1638—Rhode Island purchased from the Indians for forty fathoms of beads.
- 1663—Albermarle Colony, North Carolina, founded by emigrants from Virginia.
- 1674—Berkeley sold his share of New Jersey for 1,000 pounds.
- 1708—Baron John Lovelace appointed Governor of New York.
- 1744—Lotteries were authorized by law in Massachusetts.
- 1706—Repeal of the Stamp Act celebrated in Boston.
- 1706—An association called the Daughters of Liberty formed at Providence, R. I.
- 1775—Patrick Henry made his famous speech at Richmond, Va., urging resistance to England. The "Cambridge Flag" was placed on Fort Hill, Boston.
- 1776—British evacuated Boston, and Washington took possession of the city.
- 1783—Spain recognized the independence of the United States.
- 1784—The Bank of Massachusetts, the first bank in New England, was established in Boston.
- 1790—Benjamin Franklin petitioned Congress to abolish slavery.
- 1791—Bank of New York incorporated.
- 1805—Napoleon annulled the marriage of his brother, Jerome, to Elizabeth Patterson of Baltimore. Bonaparte assumed the title of King of Italy.
- 1815—Sloop-of-war Hornet captured the British warship Penguin off the Cape of Good Hope.
- 1817—Charter granted for Allegheny College at Meadville, Pa.
- 1824—The Franklin Institute of the State of Pennsylvania incorporated.
- 1825—The University of Virginia was opened for students.
- 1836—First issue of the Philadelphia "Public Ledger."
- 1847—Americans began the bombardment of Vera Cruz, Mexico.
- 1840—Charles Albert of Sardinia abdicated.
- 1851—Peter H. Burnett inaugurated first Governor of California at San Jose, the temporary capital.
- 1855—Twenty-three lives lost in the burning of the steamer Bulletin near Vicksburg. Thirty-five lives lost by an explosion in the Midlothian coal mines in Virginia.
- 1851—Alexander H. Stephens spoke in Savannah in favor of the upholding of the new Confederate States constitution.
- 1863—National Theater, Boston, destroyed by fire.
- 1865—President Lincoln ordered the arrest and prosecution of all persons supplying arms and ammunition to hostile Indians.
- 1867—Booth's Winter Garden Theater in New York destroyed by fire.
- 1871—Gov. Holden of North Carolina impeached and removed from office.
- 1875—United States Senate ratified the Hawaiian treaty.
- 1880—United States Supreme Court declared unconstitutional the law prohibiting the employment of Chinese in factories.
- 1884—Twelve persons killed by cyclone in Kentucky.
- 1885—State reservation at Niagara Falls opened as a public park.
- 1887—Many lives lost in the burning of the Richmond Hotel in Buffalo, N. Y.
- 1888—Morocco refused the demands of the United States.
- 1890—Manitoba Assembly passed a resolution urging reciprocity with the United States in manufactured articles and natural products. Prince Bismarck resigned the German chancellorship.
- 1892—Wisconsin gerrymander declared unconstitutional.
- 1894—Coxey's "Army of the Commonweal" started from Massillon, Ohio, for Washington, D. C.
- 1895—A party of 200 colored emigrants sailed from Savannah for Liberia. St. James Hotel in Denver burned. The National Bank of Kansas City suspended. Great damage done in Northern Georgia by a tornado.
- 1897—Scott Jackson and Alonzo Walling banged at Newport, Ky., for the murder of Pearl Bryan.
- 1899—Queen Regent of Spain signed treaty of peace with the United States.
- 1908—Harry Orchard sentenced to death at Boies, Idaho.
- 1907—President Roosevelt, in conference with Gov. Deneen of Illinois, urged presidential candidacy of Secretary Taft.
- 1908—President Roosevelt sent a message to Congress urging corporation and industrial legislation. United States Supreme Court declared the railroad rate laws of Minnesota and North Carolina unconstitutional.