

PROCEEDINGS OF CONGRESS IN BRIEF

Washington, Jan. 15.—President Taft today had an extended conference with Senator Beveridge, chairman of the senate committee on territories, and Senators Keen and Nelson, of that committee, relative to separate statehood for New Mexico and Arizona.

The President is anxious that the senate shall concur in the recommendations of the Hamilton bill. This bill provides for separate elections for the selection of state officers, and on the adoption of the constitution. The President does not believe the adoption of a state constitution should be mixed up with a party fight for office.

The question whether periodicals and magazines are paying a sufficient postal rate as second-class matter will be elucidated at a public hearing of the house committee on postoffice and post roads on January 26, announced Chairman Weeks today.

It is expected that several publishers will appear to state their reasons for opposition to the proposed increase. The present rate for such matter has been declared to be responsible to a large degree for the deficit in the postal service.

To put all corporations squarely on the footing of national banks, so far as assurance of solvency to the stockholders and bondholders is concerned, Representative Mann, of Illinois, today introduced a bill authorizing corporations engaged in interstate and foreign commerce to be registered in the bureau of corporations. The measure makes the government's certificate of registration an earnest of the government's examination.

The fight between two committees over the jurisdiction of a constitutional amendment to change the presidential inauguration ceremony from March 4 to the last Thursday in April resulted in the house today committing the report back to the judiciary committee.

Washington, Jan. 14.—Republicans, and some Democrats, applauded the views of President Taft when his message was read in the house today, but immediately thereafter it was discovered that the President's bills, designed to carry into effect his views upon questions affecting the public lands, had struck a snag.

Mendell today introduced bills of his own as follows: Permitting the assignment of homestead entries on government reclamation projects, after five years residence.

Authorizing the survey of all railroad land grants, so lands can be taxed. Appropriating \$100,000 for surveys of agricultural and grazing lands in Alaska.

An unexpected early adjournment of the house today, probably saved from defeat the Henry resolution proposing an amendment to the constitution changing the date of presidential inaugurations.

Attracting the express companies for making enormous profits on an infringement of the government's right to monopoly of transporting mail, and criticizing the Postoffice department for surrendering that right, Representative Murdock, of Kansas, today introduced a long resolution calling on the postmaster-general for information.

The question whether witnesses in the Ballinger-Pinchot investigation shall be permitted to be represented by counsel and, if so, what limitation shall be placed upon their activities, is proving a serious problem to the conferees of the senate and house who met today.

It was practically decided that, when a witness found himself accused of wrongdoing, he could not be denied an attorney. It follows, therefore, that ex-Forestier Pynchot would be entitled to have his lawyer present throughout the congressional investigation. Secretary of the Interior Ballinger, likewise, will be entitled to have his attorney present at all times.

Washington, Jan. 13.—Following President Taft's advice to Republicans in congress yesterday to "stop quarreling and get down to the party legislative programme quickly as possible," there were evidence today of a definite attempt to bring the warring factions together upon some basis of at least a temporary understanding. There seemed for the first time this session to be a spirit of conciliation in the air and decidedly less bitterness of the last few weeks. President Taft let it be known that he still considers all of the insurgents as Republicans. Speaker Cannon announced that all Republicans would be invited to the caucus in naming the Ballinger-Pinchot committee next week and that it is hoped all will attend.

Politics, including Democratic references to ex-President Roosevelt as the "late lamented" and the "absent one," was injected into the debate in the house today on a resolution which was adopted providing for the destruction of a thousand tons of "worthless public documents."

The house passed the fortifications appropriation bill, carrying more than \$5,000,000.

The senate, while it spent no money, Senator Elkins for Probe.

Washington, Jan. 12.—The cost of living is outstripping wages and incomes. That brings want and misery to large numbers of families. It means that women and children are not getting proper food and clothing and that children cannot be sent to school and get either an education and the foundation of an education and that means our civilization is being injured. These views are from multi-millionaire Senator S. B. Elkins.

put in more than two hours in discussing whether it should allow \$4,000,000 worth of claims for additional salaries to certain postmasters who served from 1864 to 1874. The whole subject was referred to the committee on postoffice, with the understanding that a report should be made by February 1.

Secretary Ballinger today recommended the appropriation of \$100,000 to survey agricultural and grazing lands in Alaska.

Senator Pile today introduced a bill appropriating \$70,000 to build two new launches for the revenue cutter service on Puget Sound; also a bill permitting Indians of the Hoh, Quillayute and Osette tribes in Washington to take allotments on the Quinalt reservation.

Washington, Jan. 12.—By a viva voce vote the house today passed the Bennett-Sabath "white slave" bill.

A strenuous fight against the enactment of such a law is being made by several Democrats on the ground that it is an attempt to interfere with states' rights.

The "white slave" bill is the result of an investigation of traffic in alien women, made by the National Immigration commission. Provision is made for the deportation and exclusion of immoral aliens and for the exclusion and punishment of their procurers. Traffic in immoral women becomes subject to the restrictions of the commerce laws.

The bill providing separate statehood for the territories of New Mexico and Arizona was considered by the house committee on territories today and will be reported to the house tomorrow.

President Taft's special message dealing with the conservation of natural resources has been completed and will be sent to congress Friday noon.

President Taft today appointed Henry S. Graves, director of the Yale Forest school, as forester of the United States, to succeed Gifford Pinchot. He also appointed Albert F. Potter, at present acting forester, as assistant forester.

The new forester and his assistant are both known as Pinchot men. Both have served under Pinchot and both are in sympathy with his policy of administration. It was largely through Mr. Pinchot's efforts that the Yale Forest school was established, and Mr. Graves went from the post of assistant chief of the division of forestry under Pinchot to become director of the school in 1900. He served in the forestry division for two years.

Baron Uchida, the new Japanese Ambassador, it is believed, has expressed the views of his government on the open door question in an interview recently published in Tokio, in the course of which he is reported to have said:

"America's stand with regard to the preservation of peace and integrity of China has been and will be exactly identical with ours. We must understand that America's policy toward Japan and the Orient as a whole always has been on the same peaceful route."

Washington, Jan. 11.—An ancient custom of the house of representatives, in use 50 years, was overturned today by Representative Dwight of New York, republican, when he instructed the pair clerks at the speaker's desk to cease pairing Republican members except under prescribed conditions. The move is declared by democrats and insurgents to be directed against the latter and intended to give the organization additional leverage when close votes occur.

Representative Hawley urged the appropriations committee to include in the general deficiency bill an item of \$198,000 in payment of Oregon's Civil war claim. He finds that 23 similar state claims were paid in this manner, and in view of the fact that this much of Oregon's claim has been approved by court of claims, he insists this item should go in for the coming deficiency bill. He received some assurance that his wish might be met.

The agricultural committee of the house has concluded consideration of the agricultural bill and will report it at the earliest opportunity. It carries a total appropriation of \$17,050,269. About \$4,000,000 of this is for permanent appropriations, including \$3,000,000 for meat inspection. Included in the bill is about \$4,000,000 for the forestry bureau.

Forestry Men Against Leavitt.

Washington, Jan. 13.—The somewhat disorganized forest service is considering a telegram from the supervisors of the national forests in the Ogden, Utah district, urging the removal of Assistant Forester Clyde Leavitt, who is in charge of that division. The message suggests the appointment of F. W. Reed to succeed Leavitt. The grounds upon which Leavitt's removal was asked were not made public by the forestry officials.

Kahn's Transport Bill Passed.

Washington, Jan. 14.—The amendment to the army appropriation bill proposed by Representative Kahn, of California, authorizing army transports to carry passengers and freight between Guam and San Francisco, was passed unanimously by the house yesterday afternoon.

Senate Anxious About Living.

Washington, Jan. 14.—A resolution calling on the department of commerce and labor for figures showing the percentage of increase in the cost of living in the United States since 1900, was adopted by the senate yesterday.

LAST SIX PLUNGE TO DEATH

Captain of Ill-Fated Steamer *Czarina* Last to Go.

Marshfield, Ore., Jan. 14.—One by one six men, who had clung all night to the frozen rigging and shrouds of the doomed *Czarina*, jumped to their death in the foamy breakers, a thousand persons who had kept vigil, setting bonfires to cheer the wreck victims, witnessing each desperate leap.

In the throng that lined the beach was C. J. Millis, father of Harold Millis, who at dawn this morning was desecrating the rigging. Near him Captain Duggan clung, his face turned toward shore.

Every leap of the doomed half-dozens men was deliberate, all stripping to rid themselves of weight if, perchance, the breakers swept them toward shore. When Harold Millis' turn came he waved his coat in farewell and dove into the turbulent sea. His father in agonizing suspense, would wait for another glimpse of his son. He was led away.

Captain Duggan was the last to make the mortal dive. Stripping himself, he rubbed his limbs to force circulation, straightened at full length and hurled himself far into the breakers.

He was the last to leave the ship—the last seen. Preceding him young Millis, Mate McNichols, Assistant Engineer Robinson and two seamen had leaped into the sea. None rose to the surface.

Then the waves dashed higher and higher over what was left of the wreck. Nothing could be seen but the remains of the masts and even that, at times, was covered from view by the combers, which piled one upon another with death-dealing force. The wreck was over. Those who stood forty-four hours watching and working in an attempt to save the lives of the unfortunate men turned away. There was nothing left to do but to leave the *Czarina* to the sea, the crew and young Millis to their ocean graves.

Only one escaped from death's grip on the *Czarina*—Harry Kantzel, first assistant engineer. Twenty-four dead was the toll of the Coos Bay disaster.

PINCHOT FIGHT UP TO PEOPLE

Loss of Waterspout to Special Interests Is Greatest Danger.

Washington, Jan. 14.—"The conservation of natural resources and the conservation of popular government are both at stake. The one needs conservation no less than the other."

This statement epitomizes the formal announcement made public tonight by Gifford Pinchot, recently removed as chief of the forest service. The official declares that the great moral issue which now faces the country is not the loss of natural resources so much as whether special interests or the people shall rule. The statement, in part, is as follows:

"At this time I have no comment to make on recent events. Whether in or out of the government service, I propose to stay in the fight for conservation and equal opportunity. Every movement and measure, from whatever source, that tends to advance conservation and promote government by men for human welfare I shall try to help. Every movement and measure, from whatever source, that hinders conservation and promotes government by money for profit I shall endeavor to oppose. The supreme test of movements and measures is the welfare of the plain people. I am as ready to support the administration when it moves toward this paramount end as I am to oppose it when it moves away."

JAPAN WILL OPPOSE.

Will Not Willingly Yield Manchurian Interests Dearly Bought.

Tokio, Jan. 11.—No doubt may be entertained concerning Japan's attitude toward the American plan to neutralize the Manchurian railways. Secretary Knox's proposition has not called forth a word of favor from any source in Japan. The diplomats here, while disinclined to express opinions, certainly do not support the project.

The Kokumin, a semi-official organ, representing the view of Premier Katsura, says the Japanese reply to the American note will be couched in friendly terms because the suggestion comes from a friendly power, but at the same time inquires whether Germany and France would be willing to neutralize Shantung and Yunnan provinces.

Steamship Lane Threatened.

New York, Jan. 14.—Wireless reports received here today indicate that the Atlantic steamship Lane is swept by severe storms. The worst sufferer from the wild weather, so far as reported, is the Hamburg-American liner Kaiserin Augusta Victoria, which, according to the dispatches, put into Plymouth with 50 feet of her port rail torn away by a wave that threw down a score of passengers on deck. The giant comber also threw the ship on her beam ends, but she rose to the attack of the seas and rode out the storm.

Zelaya Army Falls Back.

Washington, Jan. 14.—News of a battle at Acopya has leaked through the strict censorship at San Juan del Sur Nicaragua, and reached Washington tonight. Details are lacking, but representatives of the Estrada government are of the belief that Chamorro engaged Vasquez some time between midnight and daybreak today and that the remnant of the Zelaya army has fallen back toward Managua, where a final battle will be fought, probably at the gates of the city.

Morgan Gives Yale Gift.

New Haven, Conn., Jan. 14.—A gift of \$100,000 from J. Pierpont Morgan for the establishment of the William M. Laffan professorship of Assyriology and Babylonian literature at Yale was received by the Yale corporation today and accepted. The gift is a memorial to Mr. Laffan, late editor of the New York Sun.

The Redemption of David Corson

By CHARLES FREDERIC GOSS

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CHAPTER XVII.—(Continued.)

To his own unbounded astonishment this young man who had long ago abandoned his faith in Christianity, began to plead like an apostle for the promise of its central and fundamental virtue.

"My friend," he said, with a new solemnity in his manner, you are on the threshold of another world; how dare you present yourself to the Judge of all the earth with a passion like this in your heart?"

In the momentary rest the beggar had recovered strength enough to reply: "It is t-t-true. I am on the threshold of another world! I didn't use to believe there was one, but I do now. There must be! Would it be right for such a d-d-devil as the one that wrecked my life to go unpunished? Not if I know anything! They got away from us here, but if eternity is as long as they s-s-say it is, I'll find D-D-Dave Corson if I t-t-take the whole of it, and when I f-f-find him—" he paused again, gasping and straining.

"And so you really mean to die with-out bestowing your pardon upon those who have wronged you?"

"I swear it!"

With a heavy heart, Mantel left him and hurried home to report the interview to David. He found him just returning from his work, and conveyed his message by the gloom of his countenance.

"Has anything gone wrong?" David inquired, anxiously, as they entered their room.

Casting himself heavily into a seat and answering abstractedly, Mantel replied, "Each new day of life renders it more inexplicable. A man no sooner forms a theory than he is compelled to abandon it. I fear it is a labyrinth from which we shall none of us escape."

"Do not speak in parables," David exclaimed, impatiently. "If anything is the matter, tell me at once. Do not leave me in suspense. I cannot endure it. Is he worse? Is he dying?"

"He is both, and more," Mantel answered, still unable to escape from the gloom which enveloped him. "I have at last drawn from him a brief but terrible allusion to the tragedy of your life."

"What did he say? Quick, tell me!"

"He said that he had been wronged by those whom he had benefited, and that he would spend eternity in revenging his wrongs."

"Horrible!" cried David, sinking into a chair. "Did he show no mercy? Was there no sign of pardon?"

"None! Granite is softer than his heart. Ice is warmer."

David rose and paced the floor. Fearing before Mantel, he said, pitifully, "Perhaps he will relent when Peppete comes!"

"Perhaps! Have you heard from her?"

"No, but her answer cannot be much longer delayed, for I have written again and again."

"Something may have happened," said Mantel, who had lost all heart and hope.

"Do not say it," David exclaimed, beseechingly. "It is a long distance. She may have changed her residence. She may never go to the postoffice. She may be sick."

"Or dead!" said Mantel, giving expression in two words to the fullness of his despair.

"Impossible!" exclaimed David, his face blanching at this sudden articulation of the dread he had been struggling so hard to repress.

They passed out into the night together and hurried away to the beggar's room. Each was too burdened for talk and they walked in silence. Arriving at the house, they ascended the stairs on tiptoe and paused to listen at the door. "I will leave it ajar, so you may hear what he says, and then you can judge if I am right," said Mantel, entering quietly.

He approached the table and turned up the lamp which he had left burning dimly. By its pale light David could see the great head lying on the pillow, the chin elevated, the mouth partially open, the breast heaving with the painful efforts to catch a few last fluttering inspirations. Nestling close to the aching face and licking the cheek now and then with his little red tongue, was the terrier.

Mantel's footfall, quiet as it was, disturbed the sleeper, who moved, turned his head toward the sound, and asked in a husky and but half-audible voice, "Who is there?"

"It is I. How are you now? A little better?" said Mantel, laying his soft, cool hand upon the broad forehead, wet already with the death-damp.

"I am getting weaker. It won't last—long," he answered painfully.

"I do not want to bother you, but I cannot bear to have you die without talking to you again about your future; I must try once more to persuade you not to die without sending some kind word to the people who have wronged you."

The expression of the white face underwent a hideous transformation.

came to see you. Suppose that a great change had come over him; that he, too, had suffered deeply; that your wife had discovered his treachery and left him; that he had bitterly repented; that he had made such atonement as he could for his sin; that it was he who had been caring for you in these last hours, could you not pardon him?"

These words produced an extraordinary effect on the dying man. For the first time he identified his enemy with his friend, as the discovery dawned upon his mind a convulsion seized and shook his frame. He slowly and painfully struggled to a sitting posture, lifted his right hand above his head and said in tones that rang with rancorous power of by-gone days:

"If I had known that I was eating his b-b-bread, it would have choked me! Send him to me! Where is he?"

"I am here," said David, quietly entering the door. "I am here to throw myself on your mercy and to beg you, for the love of God, to forgive me."

As he heard the familiar voice, the beggar trembled. He made one last supreme effort to look out of his darkened eyes. An expression of despairing agony followed the attempt, and then, with both his great bony hands, he clutched at the throat of his night robe as if choking for breath, tore it open and reaching down into his bosom, felt for some concealed object.

He found it at last, grasped it and drew it forth. It was a shining blade of steel.

Mantel sprang to take it from his hand; but David pushed him back and said calmly: "Let him alone."

"Yes, let me alone," cried the blind man, trembling in every limb, and crawling slowly and painfully from the bed.

The movements of the dying man were too slow and weak to convey any adequate expression of the tempest raging in his soul. It was incredible that a tragedy was really being enacted, and that this poor trembling creature was thirsting for the life-blood of a mortal foe.

David did not seek to escape. He did not even shudder. There was a singular expression of repose on his features, for in his desperation he so-laced himself by the reflection that he for a sin whose atonement had become was about to render final satisfaction otherwise impossible. He, therefore, folded his arms across his breast and stood waiting.

The contorted face of the furious beggar afforded a terrible contrast to the tranquil countenance of the patient and unresisting object of his hatred. The opaque flesh seemed to have become transparent and through it glowed the maledict light of hatred and revenge. The lips were drawn back from the white teeth, above which the great mustache bristles savagely. The lids were lifted from the hollow and expressionless eyes. Balancing himself for an instant he moved forward; but the emaciated limbs tottered under the weight of the body. He reeled, he caught himself, then reeled once more, and lunged forward in the direction from which he had heard the voice of his enemy.

Again Mantel strove to intercept him, and again David forced him. Uncertain as to the exact location of the object of his hatred, he raised his knife and struck at random; but the blow spent itself in air. The futility and helplessness of his efforts crazed him.

"Where are you? G-g-give me some sign!" he cried.

"I am here," said David, in a voice whose preternatural calmness sent a shudder to the heart of his friend. With one supreme and final effort the dying man lurched forward and threw himself wildly toward the sound. His hand, brandishing the dagger, was uplifted and seemed about to descend on his foe; but at that very instant, with a frightful impression upon his lips, the gigantic form collapsed, the knife dropped from the hand, and he plunged, a corpse, into the arms of his intended victim.

David received the dead weight upon the bosom at which the dagger had been aimed, and the first expression of his face indicated a certain disappointment that a single blow had not been permitted to end his troubles, as well as terror at an event so appalling. He stood spellbound for a moment, supporting the awful burden, and then, overpowered by the horror of the situation, cried out:

"Take him, Mantel! take him! Help me to lay him down! Quick, I cannot stand it; quick!"

They laid the lifeless form on the bed, while the little dog, leaping up beside his dead master, threw his head back and emitted a series of prolonged and melancholy howls.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Bewildered by the scene through which he had just passed, Corson returned to his rooms and spent the night in a sort of stupor. What happened the next day he never knew; but on the following morning he accompanied Mantel to the cemetery where, with simple but reverent ceremony, they committed the body of the doctor to the bosom of earth.

Just as they were about to turn away, after the conclusion of the burial service, a strange thing happened. The limb of a great elm tree, which had been tied back to keep it out of the way of the workmen, was released by the old sexton and swept back over the grave.

It produced a similar impression upon the minds of both the subdued spectators. They glanced at each other, and Mantel said, "It was like the wing of an angel!"

"Yes," added David with a sigh, "and seemed to brush away and obliterate all traces of his sorrow and his sin."

They did not speak during their homeward journey, and when they reached their rooms David paced uneasily backward and forward until the shadows of evening had fallen. When he suddenly observed that it was dusk, he took his hat and went out into the streets. There was something so restless and unnatural about his movements as to excite the suspicion of his friend, who waited for a single moment and then hurried after him.

The night was calm and clear, the autumn stars were shining in a cloudless sky, and the tide of life which had surged through the busy streets all day was ebbing like the waters from the bays and estuaries along the shore of the ocean.

A few moments' walking brought David to a weird spectacle. A torch had been erected above a low platform on which stood a man of most unique and striking personality. He looked like a giant in the wavering light of the torch. He was dressed in the simple garb of a Quaker; his head was bare; great locks of reddish hair curled round his temples and fell down upon his shoulders. His massive countenance bespoke an extraordinary mind, and beamed with rest and peace. As he sang an old familiar hymn, he looked around upon his audience with an expression such as glowed, no doubt, from the countenance of the Christ when He spoke to the multitude on the shores of Lake Geneva.

Close to the small platform was a circle of street Arabs, a few into allience and respect by the charm of this remarkable personality. Next to them came a ring of women—some of them old and gray, with haggard and wrinkled countenances upon which Time, with his antique pen, had traced many illegible hieroglyphs; some of them young and beaming with the glow of their middle-aged, was, dispirited and bearing upon their lips a shadowy smile. As he sang, from the crowd came occasionally that most distressing of sounds, the wall of an ill-fed and unloved infant, crying in the night.

Outside of this zone of female misery and degradation, there was a belt of masculine stupidity and crime; with corpulent bodies, bull necks, double chins, pile-driving heads; men of shrunken frames, cadaverous cheeks, deep-set and beady eyes—vermin-courded, disease-devoured, hope-deserted. They clung around him, these concentric circles of humanity, like rings around a luminous planet, held by they knew not what resistless attraction.

The simple melody, borne upon the plumes of that resonant and cello-like voice, attained an almost supernatural influence over their perverted natures. When it ceased, an audible sigh arose, an involuntary tribute of adoration and of awe. As soon as he had finished his hymn, this consecrated apostle to the lost sheep of the great city opened a well-worn volume.

The influence which he exerted over the mind of David was as irresistible as it was inscrutable. His language had the charm of perfect familiarity. Every word and phrase had fallen from his own lips a hundred times in similar exhortations. In fact, they seemed to him strangely like the echo of his own voice coming back upon him from the dim and half-forgotten past.

(To be continued.)

Doubtful Identity.

Cricket is the national game of England, and it would no more help one to identify an Englishman by saying that he was a cricket player than it would to distinguish a college man in this country to say that he was devoted to baseball. In his book on the game, "Kings of Cricket," Richard Daff relates many amusing things of the sport and of men who have been connected with it. One of his stories is about two Nottingham players of a common family name with similar initials.

We had two players of the name of Johnson, one being John Johnson, for years the secretary of our county team, and the other Isaac Johnson.

As John Johnson's initial was nearly always written as an "I," confusion arose concerning the individuality of the two players.

Charles Thornton, a well-known supporter of cricket in Nottingham, once got into conversation with a stranger in a railway carriage. Cricket cropping up in the course of conversation, the stranger happened to say he knew a Mr. Johnson, who belonged to Nottinghamshire, who played cricket, and asked Mr. Thornton if he knew him.

Mr. Thornton replied that he knew two Mr. Johnsons who played.

"This one," said the stranger, lives in Nottingham."

"They both live in Nottingham," was the reply.

"This one is Mr. I. Johnson."

"They are both I. Johnsons."

"This one I mean plays with the Commercial."

"They both play with the Commercial."

"The one I mean is a fast bowler."

"They're both fast bowlers."

"The one I know is gray-headed."

"They're both gray-headed."

"The one I mean wears spectacles."

"They both wear spectacles."

The gentleman gave up in despair.

Missed His Only Chance.

There once lived a woman who never gave her husband a chance to say a word. The moment he opened his mouth she closed it with a torrent of words. It happened that he fell sick when his wife was out of town, and before she could get home death came and took him away.

"I would feel better about it," she is still saying between her sobs. "If I could have been with John when he died. There must have been some last words he wanted to say to me."

—Athenian Globe.