POLICY IN LUZON

General Otis Will Suppress Outlawry in the Island.

DEATH SENTENCE IS CARRIED OUT

n the Cases of Two Filipino Brigands Convicted of Murder—Many Officers Fear Retaliation.

WASHINGTON, March 31.—The execution of Morales and Gonzales, the Philippine leaders, marks the inauguration of a new policy in the Philippines. This is the execution of the death sentence by the order of the military officers in command in the cases of persons, natives or others, convicted and sentenced by military commissions under the rules of war. Morales and Gonzales were convicted, by a military commission, of the murder of Filipinos, and were sentenced to be hanged on March 30th, and the press dispatches from Manila show that the sentence was carried into effect.

There have been several cases where the death penalty was imposed by military tribunals, but up to the present instance there is no case where the death sentence was carried into effect. All previous cases were submitted to the president for final action, and in every instance the sentence was commuted to imprisonment for life.

It is stated that General Otis' action is undoubtedly intended to suppress brigandage and outlawry in the Philippines, but some conservative officers fear that his summary action may jeopardize the safety of American prisoners now in the hands of the insurgents.

$50,000 BID FOR A CHILD

A MILLIONAIRE OFFERS THIS SUM FOR A DAUGHTER.

Once Left as Waif—Parents Were Poor and Unable to Support the Little One—Child Adopted by People Who Sacrifice a Paying Business Rather than Surrender Her.

Duluth, March 18.—One of the most remarkable and pathetic romances of real life has been brought to light here by the sudden departure from the West of a well-known family of Duluth.

Mr. and Mrs. Strong, as they will be called, have been residents of Duluth for many years, and have been fairly successful in a business way; not rich, but well to do. They are quiet, easy-going, and the last people in the world to break up late in life to go to new surroundings among unknown neighbors. A few days ago they left the city, after closing out a prosperous business at considerable loss. Among a few intimates it is known that they were driven to the step out of love for an only child—a girl they had adopted in her babyhood, and who is now claimed by one of the richest men in St. Paul, Minn., as his daughter.

About fifteen years ago a little girl, only a few days old, was left at the door of a Catholic priest in this city. The person who left the child knew what they were doing in placing it there, for the priest was a man whose great charity and goodness of heart had been evidenced many tmes. And so he took the little stranger in, and, after a fruitless search for the parents, a home was finally found for it in the family of Mr. and Mrs. Strong. They had no children and lavished on the baby all the care which would have gone to one of their own flesh and blood. All the steps necessary to legal adoption were taken, no one came to claim the child, and she became theirs in fact and in name. For years they rested secure in their right to the daughter, and nobody questioned it. Helen, the child, grow up to believe that Mr. and Mrs. Strong were her real instead of her foster parents.

One day the Strongs were startled by a demand for the child from one of the most prominent and wealthy families in St. Paul. They may be called Burton, although that is not their real name. The Burtons, in fact, are worth millions, and the name is well known all over the West. Fifteen years ago they were poor, almost destitute, and were living in Duluth. A child was born, and at the same time, they now say, it seemed impossible to provide for it. To relieve themselves of the burden and to place the child in better condition, they left it at the door of the priest's house. From there it passed into the hands of Mr. and Mrs. Strong.

Henry Burton moved to St. Paul, got into business, and commenced to make money. Everything he touched turned into gold. He built a fine house and he and his wife lived in the best of style in the finest quarter of the city. They had no children. They entertained lavishly. Then it was that they began to think longingly of the baby they had deserted and left at the old priest's doorstep.

Burton then attempted to win the child back with the easy diplomacy of money.

"She's my daughter, and I can prove it," he said. "Will you take $10,000 down for her?"

Strong shook his head and Mrs. Strong scouted the idea.

The St. Paul milionaire kept raising the bid for the daughter until he offered at least $50,000.

Every proposition met with the same refusal, and at last the Strongs made their proposition understood. Money, they explained, was no item. They loved the child as dearly as if she were their own, and would not give her up for anything.

Soon afterward it came about that a decision was practically left to the child herself. Mr. and Mrs. Strong adhered to their original plan of saying nothing to the girl of her parentage For obvious reasons the Burtons hesitated to tell the truth to her. But the story of the child's birth and the fact of its having been left on the doorstep of the priest's house is known to some of the older residents of the city, and some of these people have talked it at home within the hearing of their children. The children, school mates of Helen, told her the story, adding the picturesque details of her real parent's wealth and the refusal of the Strongs to part from her for $50,000, or for any sum of money.

The girl chose her foster parents without hesitation, though she begged not to be sent to school any more, where she was continually tormented by the story. Mr. and Mrs. Strong decided to move West, and escape both the importunities of the Burtons and the unpleasant gossip about their daughter. Mr. Strong surrendered a little business, which it had taken years to build up, and Mrs. Strong gave up the neighbors and friends of a life time.

INCREASING STERILITY OF SOIL.

Due to Lack of Manure and Scientific Crop Rotation.

In this article I shall deal with the increasing sterility of the Indian soil, says a correspondent of the Country Gentleman. India is a vast peninsula consisting of kingdoms, chiefdoms and principalities, some of them not of less extent than the biggest kingdoms of Europe. These principalities or provinces are again subdivided into a number of districts, each presided over by a district magistrate, who supervises the internal agricultural affairs and the peace of the district under his sway. The increasing sterility of the Indian soil and the poverty of the people is proverbial. In spite of all their exertions for the betterment of the same, the government can't meet the two recurring evils which have infested the land. Poverty in India is owing to the incessant drain upon its economical productions, and sterility is due to the neglect of the illiterate peasants in not properly manuring the fields which they cultivate.

There is no scientific rotation of crops. Robbi, or winter crops, are sown on the same field year after year, and the land cannot make up the chemical drain caused by this practice; these lands are becoming gradually sterile and barren, and the yield is decreasing day by day. Thus thousands and thousands of acres are left fallow after two or three years' cultivation in order to make up the drain. The population of the country in increasing in geometrical progression, and had these lands been under cultivation by a scientific course of manuring, in spite of the export of millions of bushels of grain every year, the poverty and recurring famines would have been to a great extent alleviated or averted. In the present day the greatest thing which the country stands in need of is to educate a class of farmers on scientific principles, so that the old method may be altered for the modern, scientific and improved way of agriculture, and that the same be propagated throughout the length and breadth of the country.

I may end by speaking especially of the prominence of Behar, a vast country, not less than half the size of Great Britain in area, and containing 20,000,000 of inhabitants. Behar was originally Vihara, or monastery of the Buddhists of yore, and was made into a subba (principality) under the Mohammedan rulers. Under English regime it has been placed under the lieutenant-governorship of the Bengal presidency. It contains two commissionaries—Bhagalpur and Patua. Patua contains the districts of Patua, Gzu, Sahabad and Durbhunga, each of the latter being under a magistrate, who unites in his person the functions of a collector of revenues also. In Behar, Hindu and Urdu are the prevalent languages. The people are so very illiterate that they can't understand the common sense view of scientific principles, even on the most elaborate explanation. It is for this reason that the agriculture of the province is in the most backward condition.

Here, as in the whole country, there are no schools or agricultural colleges to provide elementary lessons to the scions of the present generation in the newest and most improved principles of the agricultural science. The improved agricultural implements, the results of modern scientific researches, are unknown to the vast continent, like the winged dodo.

Some of the educated landowners of Bengal are trying to better the condition of the agricultural knowledge of the country. Among these I may cite Maharaja Sashishekhuressur, bahadoor of Tahipur and the Maharaja Ramessur Singh, bahadoor of Durbhunga in Behar. Except these two persons, I can hardly say that anybody takes care for the backward agricultural and technical knowledge of the present generation. Mr. Tata's scheme for the diffusion of scientific and technical knowledge among the mass of the people of this country, is no doubt a noble one, for the accomplishment of which every educated Indian ought to strive.

TROOPS TO REMAIN

Idaho People Send a Petition to Secretary Root.

RGING FURTHER PROTECTION

The Request Presented at the War Department by Governor Steunenberg Yesterday.

WASHINGTON, March 31.—Governor Steunenberg, of Idaho, today called at the war department and presented in person, to Secretary Root, the petition, to which he referred while under examination before the house committee on military affairs, in favor of the retention of the federal troops in the disturbed mining districts. The governor had refused to produce the petition before the committee, until he had first submitted it to the secretary of war, to whom it was addressed. The petition bears about 2500 signatures, and recites that all signers are citizens of Idaho and Shoshone county, and of the Coeur d'Alene mining district.

They petition that the secretary of war allow a small force of federal troops to remain in quarters at the town of Osborn, Shoshone county, as long as Governor Steunenberg may think their presence necessary for the preservation of peace and order. The citizens also express their approval of all acts that have been done by the governor and the officials of their state, to preserve peace and order.

PREPARING A PLAT.—Henry B. Thielsen, of this city, secretary of the Salem Chamber of Commerc and a civil engineer and draughtsman of considerable proficiency, was recently given the contract for preparing a plat of the Salem postoffice site and adjacent properties, with regard to elevation, gas and water mains, electric lights etc. The plat will be completed within a few days when it will be forwarded to the supervising architect at Washington. The plat includes the property bounded by Chemeketa and Ferry streets, between High and Capital streets and shows the court house, state capitol and surrounding buildings.

POPULIST PRIMARIES.—The Populist primaries were held in Marion county, yesterday, delegates being elected to attend the county convention, which meets in Salem on Friday. The day was quiet, there being no evidence of a stir, and few, outside of the faithful, knew that political history was being made.

SEVEN AND THIRTY-THREE.

The time has passed when you were
young and free,
When you were seven and I was thirty-
three.
Your form is tall, your laughing face
is grave
With lines of care no mother's love
could save.
But as I look again into the past
And see that old-time spirit—spent at
last—
I wish the hour again could come
to me
When you were seven and I was
thirty-three!
We both feel young, as in the days
of yore,
But fifty-eight now walks with eighty-
four!
My eyes are dim, my hair is white as
snow;
Your hair, my darling, threads of gray
doth show.
But love is in your heart—that same
dear love—
God's gift from Heaven, your dower
from above.
My daughter, mother loves you even
more,
Now fifty-eight sustains weak eighty-
four! —Harper's Bazar.

THE MASTER'S FRIEND.

The master must to a distant land,
With a foreign foe to fight;
And the master's wife was glad of it,
But she hid her false delight,
And came to him with a tearful face
And begged of him to stay;
But the master's hound was sorry,
And it went and hid away.

The master's ship from the harbor's
mouth,
Beat out to the stormy sea;
And his wife staid late at my lady's
ball,
Rejoicing to be free.
They said she shone like a jewel there,
And she heard it with delight,
But she could not sleep for the master's hound,
For it howled through the livelong
night.

The master died—he was shot to death
In that land beyond the sea—
And they brought his body home to lie
In a grave by the cypress tree;
And the master's widow hid her face
And made believe she cried;
But the master's hound staid by his
grave
Till it starved to death—and died.
—Bertrand Shadwell.

THE TROMBONE AND THE GOSPEL.

The real power of the man behind the trombone is illustrated in the career of the Rev. Wilson Carlile, of England, the head of the church army. He began his career with a broken-winded harmonicon, but he soon found that to reach the masses he must have a trombone. For eight years he has blown that trombone. He has blown it in streets, saloons and dance halls, and has horrified the stately bishops by sounding its sonorous blasts in the pulpit. Occasionally the roughs of London have objected to his music, and then he and his trombone have been laid up for repairs, both badly battered. In these eight years, with no other auxiliary than his trusty trombone, he has organized the church army. It has a working staff of 1,000 persons and an income of $700,000 a year. It has been recognized by the queen and received the sanction of the Archbishop of Canterbury. It works in prisons and poorhouses. It has organized 102 working homes in England.—Chicago Tribune.

TWO SHAKESPEARE RELICS.

Two most interesting Shakespeare relics—a very curious cream colored earthenware jug and a malacca cane, both of which were bequeathed by the poet to his sister Joan—are to be sold in London in the course of next week. The jug, which is shaped much after the fashion of a modern coffee pot, is divided longitudinally into eight compartments, each horizontally subdivided, and within these the principal deities of the heathen mythology are represented in bold relief. At the beginning of the century a silver top and edging were added, together with a small medallion of Shakespeare, inscribed, "William Shakespeare at the age of 40." The jug is preserved in an octagonal oak case, having in the eight niches figures of the poet's favorite characters. The cane had evidently at some time or other been mounted, and has a ferrule five inches in length.—London Echo.

The Excitement Not Over.

The rush at the drug store still continues and daily scores of people call for a bottle of Kemp's Balsam for the Throat and Lungs for the cure of Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Bronchitis and consumption. Kemp's Balsam, the standard family remedy, is sold on a guarantee and never fails to give entire satisfaction. Price 25c. and 50c. 2.

A VALUABLE RACE.

San Francisco, March 31.—The Thornton stakes, at four miles, worth $3000, was won today by Forte, with Twinkler second, and Weller third. Time, 7:22½.

CHANGE IN MAILS

German Government Abolishes the Private Postal Service.

POSTAGE RATES ARE REDUCED

One Berlin Company Receives a Large Fortune for Its Business as Special Damages.

BERLIN, March 31.—All private postal companies will be abolished tomorrow, and the imperial post will take their places throughout the empire, one private Berlin postal company alone receiving $1,000,000 in damages. Simultaneously postage will be reduced for local postal cards to one-half cent, and for local letters to one cent, including the suburbs.

FAMOUS ONE-MAN VICTORIES.

Fights in Which an Individual Has Overcome Tremendous Odds.

The splendid stand made by a body of colonial scouts in a donga six miles north of Dordrecht, Cape Colony, a few days ago, against a relatively enormous Boer force, reminds us of one or two instances in which a solitary man has kept at bay an enemy whose numbers have run into hundreds, says Tit-Bits.

It will be remembered that the scouts above referred to numbered only 40, all told, and that they were cut off by the Boers because of their determination not to abandon a wounded officer with whom they could not have made good their escape.

Throughout the night they were again and again assailed by a force of some 800 Boers, each of whose attacks they succeeded in beating off until a rescue party arrived and conducted the gallant little band back to camp on the following morning.

But the perhaps unrivaled feat of a volunteer, named Hall, in our war with the Boers, in 1881, was a still finer fight against far greater odds. The scene of this was at Standerton, where the brave volunteer, seeing that a number of his comrades were in imminent risk of being cut off by a force of 300 Boers, nobly sacrificed his life to apprise them of their danger and afford them an opportunity of escape.

Without a moment's consideration for his own safety, he coolly commenced to engage the party of 300 Boers, drawing their fire upon himself while his comrades made good their escape. But for this superb act of heroism they would certainly have all been either captured or shot, the latter being the fate of their lion-hearted preserver.

In the course of the operations arising out of the Indian mutiny there was more than one instance of a similar kind. A British soldier who was surprised by a party of rebels, to the number of nearly 200, took up his stand behind the ruins of a wall and blazed away at the enemy until they turned tail and fled at the approach of a mere handful of our cavalry. They left 10 dead or wounded on the field, exclusive of three whom the Britishers brought down as the rebels retreated.

A no less brilliant one-man victory was that of the British sergeant, who, by his splendid marksmanship, defeated all attempts of the mutineers to place in position a gun which would have commanded the interior fortifications of one of the besieged towns and thus brought about its downfall.

The enemy made repeated efforts to fix this gun on the top of a neighboring building, but as soon as any rebel showed himself on the spot he was carefully picked off by the ever watchful marksman. This went on for a long time, until the attempt was finally abandoned, much to the relief of the besieged, who were thus saved by the prowess of one of their number from annihilation or surrender.

A really extraordinary one-man victory was once brought off in Tasmania after a whole army had ignominiously failed. Many years ago the survivors of the aboriginals of the island were a constant menace to the settlers, upon whom they often suddenly descended and subjected to the most barbarous outrages. This prompted the then governor of the colony, Sir George Arthur, to take measures for the capture of the whole nation.

By extending a line of men right across the north end of the island, and then marching them to the south, he hoped to be able to force all the natives into a corner, where they might ultimately be surrounded and captured. The most elaborate preparations were made, and enormous expense incurred to insure the success of the expedition.

Not only was every free man in the colony called out, but all the convicts were compelled to lend their aid; and, after a month's weary marching over mountain tops, through almost impassable forests and across rivers and deep gullies, the extended lines of heroes closed in upon the enemy. But to their amazement and disgust they then discovered that they had only captured one poor black, the cunning of the savage having fairly outwitted the skill of civilized man.

But what the combined forces of the colony were unable to perform was accomplished by a single man, who, acquainted with the language, manners and customs of the natives, came forward and offered to capture, without assistance, each and every aboriginal remaining in the island.

As might be supposed, the government was most anxious to retrieve their position, and eagerly accepted the offer. The brave volunteer had not long departed on his mission when he returned with a long string of prisoners who were safely lodged in gaol.

He then immediately set off upon another expedition, which was repeated again and again, the number of prisoners increasing with each, until not a single aboriginal was at large in Tasmania. Not only so, but he accomplished this unique victory, so far as could be ascertained, without the shedding of a drop of his own or his captives' blood.

Coming back to the Boers, the valiant stand made by Captain Auchinleck at Rustenberg, in 1881, is well worthy of mention, though he was accompanied by a force of some 70 riflemen. Surrounded by many hundred of Boers, he fought them night and day for weeks and weeks, finally dispersing them by carrying their trenches in the night, at the point of the bayonet, with a force of 10 or a dozen men.

After three or four of such sallies, in each of which the captain sustained serious injuries, the enemy had had enough of cold steel and kept at a respectful distance from a foeman so resourceful and daring as they knew from bitter experience Captain Auchinleck to be. May Great Britain and Greater Britain always be served by such noble, valiant sons.

PROFIT IN A TRADE DOLLAR.

Michigan Man Loses His Indignation and Gains 65 Cents.

A man who came recently to Chicago from Michigan received a trade dollar in Chicago when he paid his fare to the collector of a bus line at the Park row station. It was dark when the transaction took place, and the Michigan man did not discover the character of the dollar till the next day, when he wanted to pay his hotel bill. He was indignant.

"That fellow thought I was a farmer," he said. "I will write to the manager of the bus line and tell him to send that collector to me with an up-to-date dollar. I am no back number and neither was the bill I gave him."

The more the Michigan man thought about the matter the more his indignation grew. He had tried to pass the trade dollar at a cigar stand earlier in the day for 90 cents. The clerk refused to accept it at any price. Finally the victim of the bus collector resolved to forego letter-writing and to go to the bus manager in person. On the way he noticed a display of old coins in a window.

"Guess I'll go in and see what the thing is worth, anyway," said the Michigander said to himself. He went into the store where the coins were displayed and threw the trade dollar onto the counter, asking: "What'll you give for it?"

The dealer examined the coin a minute and replied: "I'll give you $1.65."

"It's a bargain," said the farmer, and with the $1.65 jingling in his hand he went out, saying: "Guess I won't go to see that manager now."

HER MOTHER.

I cannot think of her as one of His
Exquisite angels, fair, and very wise
In all the many ways of perfect bliss,
Treading the flowered fields of Paradise.

Nay, she is still the little child that
knew
No thing beyond my arm's warm
tenderness,
That spoke no word, my little child
who drew
My love by very strength of helplessness.

Lord, when before the doorway of Thy
house,
A timid, new-born soul, I, trembling
stand,
Let her not come with glory on her
brows,
A fair, strong angel, bearing Thy
command.

But let mine own, my child, look up
at me
With the same eyes that need me,
crave me, and
Draw me across thy threshold tenderly
With her own hand—her little, tender hand.
—Theodosia Pickering Garrison in Harper's Bazar.

WHAT ONE WOMAN THINKS.

Charity begins at home, but it doesn't end there.

Reports of the failure of the peach crop are about due.

Straws show which way the winds of millinery fashion blow.

The woman who stretches her conscience soon gets it out of shape.

What a woman calls a dream of a bonnet looks like a perfect nightmare to a man.

The people who believe in taking their time never become very famous for getting there.

Some people's whole idea of administering consolation is to say things might be a great deal worse.

Isn't it strange that women who are dreadfully afraid of pistols because they may go off aren't a bit afraid of a powder puff?

NOT BRIBERY, OF COURSE.

"Were you ever bribed?" asked the constituent.

"Never!" replied the Montana legislator, emphatically. "No one ever has dared to even offer me money for my vote."

"I'm glad to hear you say that," said the constituent.

"Of course," went on the legislator, "some one occasionally leaves a few thousand dollars in my room or slips a little money into my pocket, but no one would have the hardihood to hand me anything."—Chicago Post.

TO RESTORE LINCOLN'S OLD CAR.

There is a plan on foot among the colored people of Omaha to restore the Lincoln car, built at the opening of the civil war, to its original condition and place it in a public building, where it will be kept permanently. The Union Pacific company bought the car soon after the war and used it in the far West as a pay car, it being especially desirable for this purpose, as it had within its sides, concealed by upholstering and mahogany, half-inch boiler plates. They were placed there as a protection to prevent President Lincoln from being shot while at the front, where he frequently went in his armored car.—Indianapolis Press.

KRUGER'S TEACHER.

He Was a North Carolina Presbyterian Missionary.

Atlanta, Ga., March 10.—A special from Charlotte, N. C., says: The honor of having taught and trained Paul Kruger, now president of the Transvaal, belongs to a North Carolina minister who was sent to South Africa in 1815 from the Rocky River Presbyterian church, near Charlotte, as a missionary. The man was Rev. Daniel Lindlay, now deceased. Dr. Lindlay was the first Protestant minister who ever went to South Africa as a missionary and Kruger was converted under his preaching. Dr. Lindlay took young Kruger under his care, educating and training the youth in the Christian faith and in the other customary branches of knowledge.

Dr. F. N. Hutchison, on of the oldest citizens of Charlotte, was present at a dinner given in Dr. Lindlay's honor during his last visit home, and says that on this occasion the doctor had a great deal to say in regard to his experiences in Africa and especially in reference to young Kruger, who, it seems, had made a very deep impression on Dr. Lindlay, by reason of his unusual genius and talent.—Mobile Register.

ACTORS TO BUILD WARSHIP.

German actors have determined to aid Emperor William in building up a navy. The idea occurred some time ago to Herr Moritz Hoefler, manager of the Schloss Braunfels theater in Berlin, that it would be an excellent idea to have the actors and theatrical managers of Germany unite in building a war ship, and he at once wrote an appeal to the leading members of the profession, in which he suggested that arrangements be made to give special performances in all the theatres and that the money obtained therefrom be spent in building a man-of-war of the best possible type. He maintained that such a gift to the government would be a splendid evidence of patriotism, and that there was no reason why the money should not be collected within a short time. His appeal, it is said, has made a very favorable impression, and there is little doubt that the proposed war ship will be built.

DRAMATIC CRITICISM IN RHYME.

In illustration of the working powers of George R. Sims, the dramatist and poet, it is said that one night a new piece was produced at a leading theater in London. Sims sat it out, and then returned to his office, where he wrote a column and a half of criticism in rhyme. It was near the time for the paper to go to press when he began, and the boy took the piece verse by verse from him to the composing-room, the boy walking continuously from one to the other for an hour.

THE KENTUCKY GOVERNOR'S PLAIN WIFE.

Mrs. W. S. Taylor, whose husband has been the center of excitement in Kentucky for several weeks, is tall and stout in figure. She is 42 years old, and was born up in one of the mountion countries, from which the long-haired and roughly dressed men came down in hundreds to protect her husband from threatened danger. She is in no sense a society woman and has not been received with much warmth by the belles of the blue grass country. Governor and Mrs. Taylor have eight children, the eldest, Miss Tyler Taylor, being 16 years old—Indianapolis Press.

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Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder. It cures painful, smarting, nervous feet and ingrowing nails, and instantly takes the sting out of corns and bunions. It's the greatest comfort discovery of the age. Allen's Foot-Ease makes tight or new shoes feel easy. It is a certain cure for sweating, callous and hot, tired aching feet. Try it today. Sold by all druggists and shoe stores. By mail for 25c. in stamps. Trial package FREE. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

'Tis the witching hour of night;
Orbed is the moon and bright,
And the stars they glisten, glisten,
Seeming with bright eyes to listen—
For what listen they?
—Keats.

PEACE DECLARED.

Why devote all your time reading about the Boer War and the Gold Fields of Alaska? There are other matters of vital importance; you may make a trip East, and will want to know how to travel. In order to have the best service, use the Wisconsin Central Ry., between St. Paul and Chicago. For rates and other information, write Jas. A. Clock, General Agent, Portland, Oregon. m d w.

LONDON CLUB PRICES.

London clubs are far cheaper than those in this country. The initiation fee in the most exclusive and fashionable never exceeds $200, while the highest dues are only $75. Only one charges so much as that—the Turf club. The range among others is $50 and $55. With the Royal Yacht squadron things are different. The initiation fee is $500 and the annual dues are $55.

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