THE CHANGED HOME.

By James Payn and Albert Leonard.

Many touching reflections have been made upon the above subject; travelers have often described returning to their beloved birthplace and finding it almost unrecognizable. The mountains which once surrounded it have become little hills; the river on which it looked has dwindled to a trout stream (without fish); the mansion of their fathers (about which they have constantly subordinately to the impressed stranger) has shrunk to an eight-roomed house, by no means in good repair. Or again, the absentee may have returned to it after twenty years of penal servitude, shortened by good conduct (judicious attention to the chaplain) to fifteen; he finds the cottage, once covered with roses, overgrown with briars; the porch where he used to sit in the summer time, entranced with "Sanford and Merton," while the little sister, committed to his charge, swallowed marbles and pins, is in a miserable condition; the windows are not only "open to the air," and the faces of his family "no longer there," but broken or patched with brown paper; the bedroom from which he used to descend at night by the water pipe (to steal apples), is a wreck; where the garden smiled" there is neither tree nor shrub, but only a notice, "This house to let," which draws a smile from every passer by, so hopeless is the announcement.

In some cases the wanderer returns after a successful career in the city, or in the United States, with the intention of purchasing his hereditary estate, and finds the ivy-covered castle transformed into a model mansion with all the latest improvements. His blue blood boils at the sight of the alterations made by the Manchester manufacturer; the well-fitting doors, the plate-glass windows, the hot water pipes laid throughout the house, offend his still feudal susceptibilities, and he takes the next train to London and resides there for the rest of his disappointed life.

All these examples of the changed home are favorites with writers of biography, of travel and (especially) of

"HE READ HARD AND BECAME A SCHOLAR OF HIS COLLEGE."

fiction; but none of them at all resemble (or I would not have mentioned them) the very remarkable alteration that took place, within twelve hours, in Laurel cottage, the residence of the Rev. Cuthbert Plumley, M. A., perpetual curate of Blondel Parva.

The subject would seem a slight one even for the foundation of a short story, but indeed it not only affected the the reverend gentleman himself in the most surprising manner, but suggested at the time of its occurrence nothing less than supernatural intervention. The home of another divine, John Wesley, was, we know, the scene of a certain analogous phenomena. The furniture was shifted by unseen hands, though with as much noise and carelessness as though the brokers were in the house (breaking things), but there was no actual change in the interior of the dwelling itself, while in the case of "The Laurels" the transformation was effected in the completest manner, though in perfect silence.

A perpetual curate, as everybody knows, is a curate who has no chance of being anything else; he may preach like Liddon or Spurgeon, his visits to the poor may be constant and effectual, but they will never be visitations —which are only paid by bishops; he may eschew leisure (though he is the idol of his parish) and live most laborious days, but he will never get a living. This was the state of affairs with the Rev. Cuthbert Plumley. I knew him at Cambridge, where we thought him (and quite justly) a saint and a model. He never touched a card or a cue, he never went out with the drag (indeed, if he ever mounted a horse in his life it was a rocking one). He was never given to being late at hall or chapel. He had not a single interview with the dean. His only relaxation was a constitutional over the Gogmagog hills (mountains in the neighborhood). He read hard and became a scholar of his college, but failed at the fellowship examination. He was not clever, but even more modest about his attainments than was necessary. He had no push about him of any kind, and he had no money, but he was "as good as gold." When he took his degree, though I say it who should not say it, since I was a year his junior, he did not leave in the whole university a better man behind him.

I shall never forget the morning he dropped in upon me to say good-by. His handsome, refined face was aglow with lofty hopes and bright anticipations, for he was to be taken into business by his future father-in-law, a wealthy man, I had been told, but a queer fish, and as I stood there with Plumley's long, soft, white hand grasped in mine, looking into his clear, honest blue eyes, I said to myself: "Well, Plumley, old fellow, if you ever make a hit in the commercial line I shall be as much surprised as if I had made one in the ministry. Why, you would scorn to take a receipt for anything! In your eyes it would be casting reflections upon a man's honesty, and as for selling a thing for 500 per cent. more than it was worth, why, that would put a knife in your heart. You would call your father-in-law aside and protest against it as little better than highway robbery. No, my dear Plumley, don't go into the commercial line; you were not made for that sort of thing."

But, of course, I only thought of this. I wouldn't have hurt his feelings half as quickly as I would my best girl's. Oh, pshaw! That man was too good for this world, and as I put my big cricketer's hand on his shoulder in that last good-by, it may have been my imagination, but I thought I could feel a wing sprouting there; possibly it was the buckle of his braces. Well, he got away at last, and I missed him, too, although I didn't dare confess it, for it would have made a laughing stock of me. The idea of taking a fancy to such a milk-sop as Plumley!

Cuthbert Plumley has been engaged for several years to a Miss Copcutt, Miss Jane Copcutt, and if ever a betrothal had been planned in heaven that one had. In fact, I inclined to the belief that they had been predestined and designed for each other before the foundations of the world were laid. There is no use in my trying to describe Jane Copcutt to you. I shall only make a bungle of it, for her beauty was largely what the sentimentalists call "spiritual." Not that she hadn't the prettiest brown hair, the smoothest skin, and one of the trimmest figures that I had ever seen, but there was something in her smile, in the gentle look of her big hazel eyes, in the soft music of her voice, that brought every heart within her reach. But, bless you, she was more than satisfied with Plumley. She knew that he was better than refined gold, that his gentleness, his constancy, his devotion would fill her life as the golden sunshine pours into a lovely valley, chasing out the gloom and the chill and the damp. It was a genuine mutual adoration society; everything Cuthbert said was well said, everything Jane did was well done.

"Well," said I to myself, "if that marriage doesn't prove a happy one, then all signs will fail, but if all signs do fail—in a drought, for example—then why should they fail in a freshet of happiness? But I hoped that they wouldn't fail in this particular instance, and when I received Plumley's letter inviting me to run out to Hull and be present at his marriage, I was more than pleased. I was delighted. I felt that Cuthbert was a brother of mine and I was more willing to love Jane as a sister. I felt that such a woman's friendship would do me good. I was so tired of the ordinary woman, the girl of to-day, with her fluffy hair pulled down over her eyes like a Shetland pony, and her eyes wide opened lest something might escape her.

Now, Jane's hair lay upon her forehead like burnished walnut, and I longed to see Cuthbert Plumley's long, slender, white hands stroke it. It had been made for just such hands to stroke. To think of fooling around the fluffy bunch of hair which the girl of to-day carries on her forehead! Why, I would as soon think of stirring up a hornet's nest or poking my finger in the crest of a cockatoo.

So far I have left "Old Copcutt" to your imagination. I call him "Old Copcutt," and it was strange, too, for he wasn't an old man, possibly 58, but he had an old name about him. He had suffered his whole life from chronic neuralgia, and it had screwed his face into forty wrinkles that wouldn't have been there otherwise, and then, too, his skin from the continuous application of "remedies" had been fairly tanned until it now looked as brown as the mahogany which he dealt in, for Barcillal Copcutt was a dealer in "hard woods," and on a large scale, too; and when I thought of these hard woods and Cuthbert Plumley's soft heart and soft hands I trembled, but I hoped for the best; that was all I could do. Old Copcutt loved Jane, and, loving Jane, he could not do less than try hard to be fond of Plumley. But it was affection under compulsion, not the best sort, you will admit.

No doubt the old gentleman had long ago noticed Plumley's long, soft, white hands, and possibly in his mind's eye he saw his future son-in-law handling "samples" with his gloves on. What would the trade say of old Copcutt's son-in-law? But Jane loved him, Jane was satisfied, and that settled it, although the old gentleman for the life of him could not understand why Jane preferred this milk-and-water man to such a broad-shouldered, rollicking, handsome fellow as Ned Hargreaves, who would inherit a cool half million, if a penny, and who had always been soft on Jane, and had even offered himself.

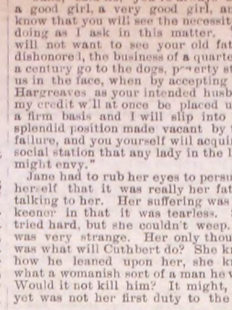
As I have told you, the day was set for the marriage, when one of the biggest hard wood concerns in Hull went down with a crash, completely wiped out of existence, and as terrible illluck would have it, old Copcutt was on their paper for £20,000. It was awful to think of. Here was an old merchant, honest as he was stern-visaged, now threatened with ruin by the recklessness of friends in the trade. What was to be done? Go down with them? Never! Jane must give up Plumley and take Ned Hargreaves. With that union assured, old Copcutt knew that he could get all the credit he needed and not only weather the storm, but come out on top of the heap, the richest concern in hard woods in all Hull. It was a prize worth trying for. Yes, Cuthbert Plumley must be thrown overboard.

CHAPTER II.

It is strange what wonderful results the love of money can work in a man's nature, and in a woman's, too, for that matter. Now, up to this moment Old Copcutt had not been a particularly hard-hearted man. His looks had been the only hard thing about him, but the world in general, and Jane in particular, had had an idea that he was rather a tender and sympathetic character, barring always his looks—these were strongly against him. But his whole being underwent a transformation as if by magic. From all his storehouses there was a stick of oak, teak, or lignum vitæ quite as dense, solid, and thoroughly impenetrable as was his heart twenty-four hours after the news of this failure. He went to Jane with as dry an eye and as steady a voice as if he were merely dickering with a customer about the price of an extra large mahogany log.

"Jane," said he, "you've always been a good girl, a very good girl, and I know that you will see the necessity of doing as I ask in this matter. You will not want to see your old father dishonored, the business of a quarter of a century go to the dogs, poverty stare us in the face, when by accepting Mr. Hargreaves as your intended husband my credit will at once be placed upon a firm basis and I will slip into the splendid position made vacant by this failure, and you yourself will acquire a social station that any lady in the land might envy."

Jane had to rub her eyes to persuade herself that it was really her father talking to her. Her suffering was the keener in that it was tearless. She tried hard, but she couldn't weep. It was very strange. Her only thought was what will Cuthbert do? She knew how he leaned upon her, she knew what a womanish sort of a man he was. Would it not kill him? It might, and yet was not her first duty to the au-



"HE TURNED AND LEFT THE ROOM."

thor of her being? Suppose she should refuse to obey and take Cuthbert? She knew her father's proud spirit; he never would survive the blow, and his death would be upon her soul. Oh, it was awful, awful! whichever way you looked at it.

Not expecting Cuthbert until the afternoon, Jane hid herself away in her room to pray for counsel, and above all to try and weep, but by some whim of fate Plumley walked into the drawing-room the moment after Jane had left it. Old Copcutt swept down upon the poor boy like a withering blast.

"I have no money for you," he blurted out: "not a penny. I'm beggared. How do you expect to support my daughter?" Plumley reeled as if a fit of vertigo had come upon him. His mouth fell open, his arms dropped, he gasped—he was a pitiful object to look upon. He had always been poor, very poor. An old aunt had scraped together enough to pay his way through Cambridge, but it had been a hard rub. The word money had always frightened him; it was a word that sent cold shivers down his spine. His fingers had always trembled when he handled a sovereign or folded a crisp new £5 note. He had lived his whole life in absolute terror of money; how to get it, where to get it—this had been his constant and anxious thought, and old Copcutt's words now fairly burnt into his brain.

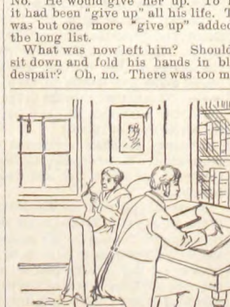
Jane heard her father's violent attack upon Plumley, and rushed down stairs to defend him, to comfort him, to break the awful force of the blow, to implore him to be merciful and strong, but the sight of his daughter gave old Copcutt new strength, added just another degree of hardness to his heart, and commanded Jane to be silent he calmly but most emphatically ordered Mr. Plumley to leave the house.

The young man made an attempt to speak, but the awful shadow of old Copcutt's broad, leathery palm silenced him. He turned toward Jane, and tried to pronounce her name, but the word would not leave his lips. Dazed, paralyzed, senseless, he turned and left the room and then the house. If he had had a thousand tongues and the volubility of a fishwife he could not have made any reply to old Copcutt's question of how he expected to support his daughter.

The demon money stalked after him all the way to his lodging, where a few hours afterward came a letter from Jane, full of gentle words and comforting phrases, imploring him to bear up bravely, that when her father quieted down somewhat she hoped that she would be able to bring him to saner and more reasonable views.

But Cuthbert plainly saw, felt, that he was beaten—beaten by the demon gold, and he surrendered like a man. Yes, he loved Jane, but God forbid that he should drag her down to his miserable level of toil and drudgery. No. He would give her up. To him it had been "give up" all his life. This was but one more "give up" added to the long list.

What was now left him? Should he sit down and fold his hands in blank despair? Oh, no. There was too much



HIS LITTLE COTTAGE BEGAN TO LOOK TIMEWORN.

sunshine in his soul for that. He could keep on loving Jane—Old Copcutt couldn't stop that—and so, with his nature unmanned by the poison of disappointment, unsoured by the gall of unrequited love, he did the best thing under the circumstances—he went into the church.

From curacy to curacy he was carried by the ecclesiastical wave, taking the oversight of his flocks, but never shearing them; when his rectors died the sheep always bleated that this excellent man ought to be his successor, but the patron had always a nephew or cousin, and he would, he said, have been worse than an infidel to have neglected their claims. At last, when Cuthbert Plumley had reached middle age, and his scanty locks were prematurely tinged with gray, a bishop, taking note of his faithful service, or pity upon his frequent changes, gave him the perpetual curacy of Blondel Parva, worth nearly £200 a year—if he could only have got the farmers to pay it. They did not dislike him—far from it—but they disliked the disbursement on principle, and their pastor was far too tender-hearted a man to press the victims of agricultural depression.

He had no money, but then, as he naively observed, he didn't want it. He took care of his two suits of clothes, rarely drank anything more costly than bitter beer, and smoked the most economical tobacco after his homely dinner. It is true that in the course of years the furniture of his little cottage began to look timeworn like himself, but as he never "entertained" except those who were no critics of such matters, his poor, that offended no eye but his own. There was no resident squire in the village, and he did what he could for them. He was tall and thin, and with a face so gentle in its expression that some thought it girlish; but he was only feminine in his unselfishness. His life indeed was a series of self-sacrifices, which might have moved even himself to pity had he been aware of it. But he had no more notion of his being a source of comfort and happiness to the world than a dead rose leaf has of its own aroma. He might have recognized perhaps here and there, the gratitude of his fellow creatures, only he never looked for it. Such was the modesty that he even doubted whether he pleased his Master, though he knew that he was not hard to please.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THEY are messing with base-ball now. The Boston team having clinched its bid for championship honors by the introduction of scientific bunting, the other clubs, whose batters cannot execute the play with proficiency, are now combining to legislate the bunt out of existence in order to even things up and deprive the Bostons of their superiority. Low-down, shabby, unsportsmanlike, unmanly. Not one of these adjectives is undeserved. Where does the public come in? Where does the game come in? Where does common decency come in? What earthly reason is there for killing the bunt? It has developed naturally out of the game, it is an efficient and natural part of team work in base-ball, it adds science and skill to batting, and the team that has introduced scientific bunting is entitled to the practice thereof by every principle of sport. And yet because it has helped Boston to win, these legislators, instead of training their own men in the play, seek to do away with it. It is enough to turn the average lover of the game into a bleak, despairing pessimist. Is there to be any honest, fair-minded sport in this country, or is every sporting institution going to follow the example of Yale and try to kill the other fellows by legislation?

LET it be proclaimed in letters large enough that even "he who runs may read" that onycophagie is widely prevalent in New York. It is chiefly confined to the gentler sex and to the immature element thereof. Its baneful influence is seen in the store, the factory, the school-room and at the domestic hearth. The common week-day equivalent of this formidable French effort at word architecture is nail biting. That is to say, if you are addicted to the practice of biting your finger nails you are numbered among the onycophagie. And if the word were finished and domed, after the manner of certain other ailments, you might be called an onycophagiæ, a something equally terrible. It is to be hoped that the French word thus suddenly launched upon us will have a terrifying effect upon nail biters. It is a highly reprehensible, not to say disgusting, habit, and it seems to just fit the ugly word invented by the discerning Frenchman.

A GERMAN theatrical manager is to bring over a troupe of real peasants to illustrate rustic life, on the stage. This experiment is said to have been successful in Berlin, but attempts in the same direction have usually miscarried here. One well-known theatrical manager conceived a stroke of bold enterprise by hiring the sailors of a man o'war to run up the rigging of his realistic frigate. It was found after awhile that the regular auxiliaries could play the parts better, as the tars, when unoccupied, were unable to simulate ease in the presence of four thousand staring eyes. Perhaps the rustics from the fatherland are made of less bashful stuff.

POPE LEO XIII. is, if we may believe the Italian papers, writing his memoirs for the perusal of one person only—the next Pope. His holiness works several hours a day dictating to his private secretary, who is bound by an oath not to reveal what is told him. The Pope proposes to incorporate in the book the principles which have guided his career, his opinions on political questions and reports of conversations which he has held in past years with famous persons and rulers. It is the custom of the Pope to make elaborate notes of the interviews which he grants to visitors, high and low.

ONE Rev. Munhall of Philadelphia, addressing the Methodist ministers of Chicago, is reported to have said: "The World's Fair had been a cursed thing. It did the devil's work." This presumably intimate acquaintance with the affairs of his satanic majesty might also have added that it was a devil of a success, too, but he hadn't that much justice in his bigoted and narrow mentality.

WHETHER strikes the past year have cost the nation $20,000,000 or $50,000,000, they are striking figures

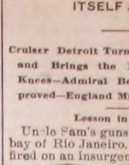
FIRED ON THE REBELS.

THE UNITED STATES ASSERTS ITSELF AT RIO.

Cruiser Detroit Turns Her Cannon Loose and Brings the Insurgents to Their Knees—Admiral Benham's Course Approved—England May Follow Suit.

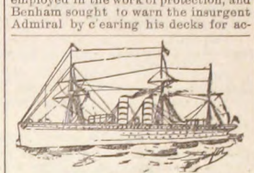
Lesson in the Shot.

Uncle Sam's guns have spoken in the bay of Rio Janeiro. By a timely shot fired on an insurgent vessel Rear Admiral Benham, of the United States navy, brought Admiral da Gama and the Brazilian rebels to realize that they cannot with impunity fire on American merchant vessels. The insurgent leader came near resigning and seeking an asylum on board the American fleet, but the younger officers would not yield. The principle has been firmly established that American vessels are not to be fired on.



ADMIRAL BENHAM.

Admiral Benham finding that Admiral da Gama persisted in reckless firing that endangered the safety of American merchant vessels, entered a protest. Da Gama paid no heed to this. Furthermore, he notified Admiral Benham that if the three American merchantmen, the Amy, Good News and Julia Robins, went to the Sandre Piers, as they had proposed, he would fire on them. Admiral Benham at once replied that the vessels would go to the piers if they wanted to and that he would send the Detroit to protect them. If the Detroit could not furnish sufficient protection every vessel of the American squadron would be employed in the work of protection, and Benham sought to warn the insurgent Admiral by clearing his decks for ac-



THE WARSHIP DETROIT.

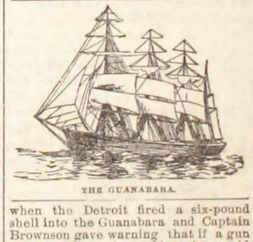
tion. Da Gama refused to take this hint. A musket was fired from the Guanabara, Da Gama's flagship, at the Good News.

The Detroit at once fired a six-pound shot across the bows of the Guanabara, whereupon the latter vessel replied with what is supposed to have been a blank cartridge. The Detroit then turned one of her guns upon the Guanabara and sent a small shot into her stern port, and was on the point of delivering a broadside at the insurgent ship when the Guanabara signaled that she would stop firing.

Da Gama Would Surrender.

In the meantime an American citizen, G. M. Rollins, who acted as the agent of Admiral da Gama in the arbitration negotiations, had visited all three of the American merchantmen and offered to have them towed at the expense of the insurgents if they would not go to the piers. This the captains of the merchantmen agreed to. This arrangement was reported to Admiral da Gama on board his flagship, the Liberdade. He then said: "It is too late. The glass is broken. I must yield to this foreign fleet of superior force. I will resign and give my sword to the American Admiral." Later in the day Admiral da Gama called a council of his officers, expecting that all of them would seek an asylum on board the American fleet, but the younger officers would not yield. It was stated at the council that Admiral Benham had offered Admiral da Gama and his officers asylum on board of the American war ships.

The situation was extremely delicate when the Detroit was beside the Good their guns loaded and aimed on all the News. The Guanabara and Trajano had American vessels, while two heavy insurgent tugs were ready to ram the Detroit. The Guanabara and Trajano together have eight splendid rifles, but



THE GUANABARA.

when the Detroit fired a six-pound shell into the Guanabara and Captain Brownson gave warning that if a gun was fired, even by accident, he would sink them and advised that they take the men from the guns, they weakened. Admiral Benham had the Newark ready to aid the Detroit, while the New York, Charleston and San Francisco were alert to receive the Aquidaban and Tamandare, which were under steam.

England Will Follow Example.

It is thought England will follow the example set by the United States. The London Standard says:

"The blockade of Rio de Janeiro has been broken up so far as American trading vessels are concerned, and we do not suppose that the American example will be lost upon merchants and naval officers representing other nations in the port. If the blockade is thus forcibly raised the insurgent hope of reducing President Peixoto to submission by starving out the capital is ended. This is the insurgents' mainstay.

Mortally Wounded Mayor Miller.

William Miller, Mayor of Harrogate, a suburb of Middlesboro, Ky., was shot and mortally wounded by Bob Newbee, ex-Marshal of the place. Newbee had been dismissed for malfeasance and blamed Miller for it. The other night he went to Miller's home and began shooting at him, firing five shots, three of which took effect. Miller will die. Newbee fled to the mountains.

THE giant tower on the Chicago Board of Trade Building is to be torn down, being too heavy for the foundations.

WILSON BILL PASSED.

GOES THROUGH THE HOUSE BY A VOTE OF 204 TO 140.

Reed Makes a Plea for Protection, While Crisp and Wilson Defend the Proposed Measure—Wilson's Admirers Carry Him About on Their Shoulders.

Unparalleled Scenes.

At the conclusion of one of the grandest, most imposing, and most impressive scenes ever witnessed in the American Capitol, the Wilson tariff bill passed the House of Representatives by a vote of 204 to 140. The events leading up to it were almost unparalleled in the annals of this country. Such a vast concourse of people as assembled to hear the last arguments upon the great economic issue about to be submitted for final arbitrament to the representatives of the American people had never before been seen within the precincts of the nation's legislative capital.

Three hours of debate preceded the vote on the bill. The participants were exposed to Reed, Speaker Crisp and Chairman Wilson, of the Ways and Means Committee. The galleries were filled to overflowing with eager and expectant listeners. The corridors were packed and long lines of applicants for admission stood at each gallery door. All preparations had been made for a picturesque ending to the long debate and no one was disappointed by the entertainment. When the result of the ballot had been announced Mr. Wilson was carried about the chamber on the shoulders of his admirers.

Strictly speaking, it was not the Wilson bill that was passed, but what remained of the measure after running the gantlet of the committee of the whole in a three weeks' debate. During this discussion some of the main features of the measure prepared by the Ways and Means Committee were eliminated and important provisions added, but the bill will continue to be known as the Wilson bill. Before the final vote was taken the House ratified all the changes that had been ordered by the committee of the whole, so that the measure as it now stands provides for raw materials, including coal, iron ore, lumber, hides, salt and wool, free sugar, an income tax, no sugar bounty and no reciprocity features. The vote in detail was as follows:

YEAS.

ABBOTT,	DUNN,	*McKeighan,*
ALDERSON,	DUNPHY,	McLAURIN,
ALEXANDER,	DUBORROW,	McMILLIN,
ALLEN,	EDMUNDS,	McNAGNY,
ARNOLD,	ELLIS (Ky.),	MERIAM,
BAILEY,	ENGLISH,	MEREDITH,
Baker (Kan.),	ENLOE,	MONEY,
BALDWIN,	EPES,	MONTGOMERY,
BANKHEAD,	ERDMAN,	MORGAN,
BARNES,	EVERETT,	MOSES,
BARWIG,	FIELDER,	MUTCHLER,
Bell (Colo.),	FITHIAN,	NEILL,
BELL (Texas),	FORMAN,	OATES,
BELTZHOOVER,	FRY,	O'NEAL (Mass),
BERRY,	G'ISS'HAIN'S,	OUTHWAITE,
BLACK (Ga.),	GOLDZIER,	PASCHAL,
BLACK (Ill.),	GOODNIGHT,	PATTERSON,
BLANCHARD,	GORMAN,	PAYNTER,
BLAND,	GRADY,	PEARSON,
BOATNER,	GRAHAM,	*Pence,*
Boen,	GRESHAM,	PE'DLE'TN (Tex)
BOWER (N. C.),	HALL (Minn.),	P'DL'N (W. Va)
BRANCH,	HALL (Mo.),	PIGOTT,
BRAWLEY,	HAMMOND,	RAYNER,
BRECKINRIDGE (Ark.),	HARE,	REILLY,
BRECKINRIDGE (Ky.),	*Harris,*	RICHARDS (O.),
BRETT,	HARTER,	R'CH'DS'N (Mis.)
BRICKNER,	HATCH,	RIC'DSON (Tex.)
BROOKSHIRE,	HAYES,	RITCHIE,
BROWN,	HAYNES,	ROBBINS,
BRYAN,	HEARD,	RUSH,
BUNN,	HOLMAN,	RUSK,
BURNES,	HOOKER (Miss.),	SAYERS,
BYNUM,	HOUK (Ohio),	SHELL,
CABANISS,	HUDSON,	*Simpson,*
CAMINETTI,	HUNTER,	SNODGRASS,
CANNON (Cal.),	HUTCHESON,	SOMERS,
CAPEHART,	IKIRT	SPRINGER,
CARUTH,	JOHNSON (O.),	STALLINGS,
CATCHINGS,	JONES,	STOCKDALE,
CAUSEY,	*Kem,*	STONE (Ky.),
CLANCY,	KILGORE,	STRAIT,
CLARK (Mo.),	KRIBBS,	SWANSON,
CLARK (Ala.),	KYLE,	TALBERT (S.C.),
CLARK (Tex.),	LANE,	TALBOT (Mo.),
COBB (Mo.),	LAPHAM,	TARNSEY,
COCKRAN,	LATIMER,	TATE,
COCKRELL,	LAWSON,	TAYLOR (Ind.),
COFFEEN,	LAYTON,	TERRY,
COMPTON,	LESTER,	TRACEY,
CONN,	LISLE,	TUCKER,
COOMBS,	LIVINGSTON,	TURNER,
COOPER (Fla.),	LOCKWOOD,	TURPIN,
COOPER (Ind.),	LYNCH,	TYLER,
COOPER (Tex.),	MACON,	WARNER,
CORNISH,	MAGNER,	WASHINGTON,
COX,	MAGUIRE,	WEADOCK,
CRAIN,	MALLORY,	WELLS,
CRAWFORD,	MARSHALL,	WHEELER (Ala)
CULBERSON,	MARTIN (Ind.),	WHITING,
Davis (Kan.),	MCALEER,	WILLIAMS (Ill.)
DEARMOND,	MCCREARY (Ky)	WILL'MS (Miss)
DE FOREST,	MCCULLOCH,	WILSON (W. Va),
DENSON,	MCDERMOTT,	WISE,
DINSMORE,	MCDERMON,	WOLVERTON,
DOCKERY,	MCKITRICK,	WOODARD,
DONOVAN,	MCKAIG,	CRISP—204.

NAYS.

Adams, (Ky.).	Groat,	Phillips.
Aitken.	Hager,	Pickler,
Aldrich,	Halsell,	Pidcock,
Apsley,	Haines,	Powers,
Babcock,	Harmer,	Price,
Baker (N. H.),	Hartman,	Randall,
Bartholdt,	Haugen,	Ray,
BARNETT,	Heiner (Pa.),	Reed,
Belden,	Henderson (Ill.)	Robinson (Pa.),
Bingham,	Henderson (Ia.)	Russell (Conn.)
Blair,	Hendrix,	ROBERTSON (La
Boutelle,	Henderson,	Robinson (Pa.),
Bowers, (Cal.)	Hermann,	Russell (Conn.)
Broderick,	Hicks,	SCH'MERHORN
Brosius,	Hilborn,	Scranton,
Burrows,	Hitt,	Settle,
Caldwell,	Hooker (N. Y.),	Shaw,
Campbell,	Hopkins (Ill.),	Sherman,
Cannon (Ill.),	Hudd,	SICKLES,
Chickering,	Hulick,	Smith,
Childs,	Hull,	Snith,
Cogswell,	Johnson (Ind.),	SPEER,
Cooper (Wis.),	Johnson (N.D.),	Stephenson,
Cousins,	Lacey,	Stone, C. W.
Covert,	Lefevre,	Stone, W. A.
CUMMINGS,	Linton,	Storer,
Curtis, (Kan.)	Loud,	Strong,
Curtis, (N. Y.)	Loudenslager,	Tawney,
Dalzell,	Lucas,	Taylor (Tenn.),
Daniels,	Mahon,	Thomas,
DAVEY (La.),	Marsh,	Updegraff,
Dingley,	Marvin (N. Y.),	Van Voorhis (N.
Dolliver,	McCall,	Y.),
Doolittle,	McCleary (Minn)	Van Voorhis
Draper,	McDowell,	(Ohio),
Ellis (Ore.),	McKinley,	Wadsworth,
Fletcher,	McKnight,	Walker,
Funk,	Meyer,	Walker,
Funston,	Moon,	Weaver,
Gardner,	Morse,	Wheeler (Ill.),
Gear,	Murray,	White,
GEARY,	*Newlands,*	Wilson (Ohio),
Gillet (N. Y.),	Northway,	Wilson (Wash.),
Gillett (Mass.),	PAGE,	Woomer,
Grosvenor,	Payne,	Wright (Mass.),
	Perkins,	Wright (Pa.)—140

Democrats are indicated by SMALL CAPS. Republicans by roman, and Populists by *italics.*

National Capital Notes.

THE deficit in the revenue for the month of January approximates $10,000,000.

CONGRESSMAN GORMAN fell on the sleety sidewalk, injuring his shoulder very badly.

THE Republicans in the Senate have decided to make no opposition to the admission of Utah as a State.

THE District of Columbia appropriation bill was reported to the House. The amount recommended is $4,927,194.97. Last year it was $6,113,233.91.