WOMAN WITH THREE ROSES

A German-American Romance. Written for This Paper.

BY E. D. BEACH.

CHAPTER I.

At 7 o'clock of a raw, foggy February night Herr Friedrich Wachsmuth, wine merchant of Warren street, sat at dinner with his family at his home in Stuyvesant square. A portly and placid man, not subject to violent exercise of the emotions, Herr Wachsmuth was calmly devoted to three things in life and respected a fourth. The three things to which he was devoted were his niece, the Fraulein Minna Wachsmuth; his son Heinrich, and the table; and he respected the wine business. In all four of their directions his feelings may be said to have been warrantable. The Fraulein Minna, beautiful and accomplished, was especially worthy of devotion; his son Heinrich was a generally amiable youth in good health; the table he put his legs under he always made sure was spread with the best; and the wine business, in the twenty years of his connection with it in New York, had brought to him a comfortable fortune.

A sigh of satisfaction escaped from behind the napkin of Herr Wachsmuth as he smoothed it down with deliberate movement above his rounded front. He had just finished pudding. His glance fell upon his glass of amber wine, raised thence to the shaded lamp, wandered on to the tall porcelain stove in the corner, lingered a moment upon the snug curtainings of the windows, passed lightly along a row of engravings of the Rhine castles on the wall, and brought up at the point from which it started—the softly illuminated face of his pretty niece.

"If Alex Marterstelg is as handsome as his father was there will be need to look out for you," said Herr Wachsmuth, beaming in a way which declared an utter lack of sincerity in his proposition. "Many's the night I've lain awake fearing your poor aunt should be the Fran Nicholas Marterstelg, and to this day I believe she would have been if he'd asked her. If Heinrich, here, ever comes to be as jealous as Alex on your account as I was of Nick on your aunt's, I shall pity the boy. Eh, Heinrich?"

Herr Wachsmuth was unmistakably jocose, but Heinrich seemed serious.

"Is Herr Marterstelg handsome, Heinrich?" asked his cousin, laughing.

"Not if I am a judge," returned Heinrich, with some asperity. "He looks to me like a doll. He is starched up so he can't turn his head. Wears French heels on his boots like a woman, and his trousers are so tight I think he would rather stand up than sit down."

"How awful!" cried Minna. "But that is the German fashion, you know. Does he wax his mustache, Heinrich?"

"Yes, he does," returned the youth, shortly. "You could use it for pins. And he wears a single eyeglass, like the Englishman that's having his pocket picked in the wax-works."

"He has been in the university and in the army," said the wine merchant, whose cigar was now glowing. "His father was if Gottingen before him, and he was a coxcomb, too. He fought forty duels, and he read poetry to your aunt in such a way that it was no wonder I was jealous."

"I wonder if Alex loves poetry?" said the Fraulein Minna, with a reflective air.

"No doubt," blurted her cousin. "That will just plea e you, won't it?"

"I don't know," returned Minna. "A man with a single eyeglass would have to read Heine very charmingly, I think, in order to touch me. Will you read a little poetry to me this evening, Heinrich?"

That was a malicious stroke. If Minna had asked her cousin to get her a seat on a crowded Coney Island boat, or to tell her the score in a ball game, or the winner at Monmoth Park, he could have accommodated her with alacrity and ease. But he had no more understanding of poetry than he had of the cuneiform inscriptions. He had been reared in a German atmosphere, had spent five years in a Hanoverian gymnasium much against his inclination, and was as devoid of ideality as his father, and as American as though the Wachsmuths had been among the passengers on the Mayflower. He was in love with his cousin, but not enough to use their sympathies ran in the same channel. Minna, who spent fifteen of the eighteen years of her life in Germany, was essentially German in body and mind—blooming, fair-haired, blue-eyed, gentle and sentimental, with a certain amount of self-possession and sprightliness not common to the German girl, and which may have been the American contribution to her charming characteristics. She was not in love with her cousin, and although the wine merchant and his son may have been blind to them, there were several reasons why it was natural that she should not be enamored of Heinrich. He was only 19, for one thing, and the 18-year-old woman is not apt to look up to the 19-year-old man; and for another thing, he was a good three inches shorter than his cousin, who always felt like giving him her arm and handing him into horse cars when they were out together. Add to this that he found almost his entire literature in the sporting and theatrical columns of the newspapers, and that he would have had to think to tell the difference between blank verse and rhyme, and it will seem not altogether strange that Minna, a young person familiar with the novels of three languages, and gifted with a bountiful supply of ideals—ideals of men among the others—should have been able to maintain in her cousin's company an imagination quite cool and a pulse quite equable. The wine merchant was a long remove from an ogre; he would no more have compelled his niece against her wish in a matter of the heart, or in any other matter, than he would have served pudding before soup or sold Steinberger Cabinet for Hochheimer; but he had a placid idea that Heinrich was to wed Minna, and Heinrich was of the same opinion, and Minna herself felt no assurance to the contrary. The untouched heart of Heinrich's cousin was frequently the cause of jealous spasms in the breast of the young man. He did not know that it was untouched; he believed that he had touched it, and that the machinery of its affections was in full responsive operation. But untouched it was, nevertheless, and in its comparatively unsympathetic state it failed to be warned of things calculated to hurt Heinrich, and permitted words and acts which, quite unintentionally, stirred the wine merchant's son to bitterness. Thus stirred was he when his cousin asked him if Alex Marterstelg was handsome, and when she pensively expressed wonder as to whether the young count loved poetry. The wine merchant had read in the newspapers that morning the name of Marterstelg among the arrivals by the Bremen steamship Trave, and had sent Heinrich over to the Hoboken docks to see if it was, as he suspected, the son of his old friend, Nicholas Marterstelg, of Stettin. The voyager proved to be, sure enough, Herr Dr. Alex Marterstelg, Ph.D., of Gottingen, son of the handsome Nicholas aforesaid, friend and menace of the worthy wine merchant's youth. The Trave had succeeded in making quarantine just before sunset of much the previous, and had run up to her dock at once, enabling her passengers to land the same evening. The Herr Doctor had gone to a Hoboken hotel, and there Heinrich found him. Heinrich had reported the meeting very briefly at first, saying merely that he had found Herr Marterstelg, and that Marterstelg had expressed delight and promised to present himself at the earliest opportunity to his father's old friend. When Heinrich gave that brief account he was not particularly interested in Alex Marterstelg, but his father's hasty and thoughtless cordiality of his cousin awakened an interest in him. He found himself disliking the young doctor of philology rapidly and with great heartiness. There was considerable bitterness in his comments upon Marterstelg's personal appearance, and his cousin's playful invitation to read poetry to her embittered him still more. He did not reply directly to the question of his cousin's remark, but it was the question which prompted his answer nevertheless.

"I don't believe you'll get Dr. Alex to read poetry to you right away, Minna," he said. "He is starched up so he can't turn his head. Wears French heels on his boots like a woman, and his trousers are so tight I think he would rather stand up than sit down."

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As the handsome young philologist puffed a cigar and lazily bestowed the finishing touches upon his toilet, the amiable son of his father's friend approached the hotel from the direction of the Bremen dock. Heinrich had made inquiries of the Trave chief steward, and had learned from that powerful functionary of Herr Marterstelg's whereabouts. At the hotel he presented his card, which was sent up to Herr Marterstelg; word came promptly back inviting Heinrich to follow it. The man who showed the way stopped as they came to the head of the stairs, and pointing down the corridor observed: "It's room 37, sir, at the end of the hall; you can't miss it, sir," and dashed back down the stairs, leaving Heinrich alone. The wine merchant's son went on as the man had directed him, and had completed half the distance between the head of the stair and room 37 when the door there popped out of a room at his elbow a young woman loaded down with a supply of clean towels. The towels were arranged in a symmetrical pile, the base of which rested upon the young woman's clasped hands, while the top soared far above her head. Inasmuch as the towels cut off her view absolutely, it would have been more circumspect if she had advanced into the hall with deliberation; but, being in haste, she took the chances, which led her into a collision with Heinrich so violent and unexpected that both he and she were upset, and the towels were showered like snowflakes over a considerable area, in whose center they sat, regarding each other with considerable astonishment.

As Heinrich helped the young woman to gather up her towels he noticed that she was an exceedingly attractive person, most sprightly, with a neat waist, intense blushes, and a pair of black eyes whose dissolving glances worked upon him with a suddenness and fullness of effect comparable only to the suddenness and fullness of effect yielded by that excellent wood-burning stove which was sold in the market a generation ago under the title of "Vesuvius tight."

In all the days he had looked at his cousin Minna he had never felt a hundredth part of the fire that this girl put into his veins as they picked up the scattered towels in company. When the last towel had been recovered, Heinrich pulled a silver dollar from his pocket, and blushing like a turkey cock, asked the girl's name. "Louisa," she told him—"Louisa Niemeyer." Heinrich held out the silver dollar to her with great awkwardness; she spread out her apron prettily, and the coin dropped into it. "Thank you, sir," she said. She was very close to him as she spoke; he had never felt in all his life before such a pressure of stupendous emotions; before he knew it his arm was around her waist, and she got a kiss from him as well as a dollar. Then she was gone, and Heinrich went to the end of the hall and knocked at Herr Marterstelg's door.

CHAPTER III.

Marterstelg was at once overcome by the attractions of Minna. Upon one pretext or another he presented himself in Stuyvesant Square every day—sometimes twice a day. Herr Wachsmuth was away. On the day following Heinrich's journey to Hoboken in search of Nicholas Marterstelg's son, the wine merchant had been summoned to Baltimore. The affairs of the house of Halberschoppen & Co., in that city, were very seriously complicated. Halberschoppen & Co. were agents for Wachsmuth & Schoenfass, and it was necessary for a member of the New York house to go on to Baltimore. Herr Wachsmuth left on the 14th, and on the 15th of February, and it was only after the most strenuous exertion on his part, coupled with considerable good luck, that Halberschoppen & Co. were firmly re-established on their feet. Meantime, Marterstelg had pursued the wine merchant's niece with a zeal which, added to her notable beauty and sprightly intelligence, and in part by an indifference which he found at once novel and exasperating. He had never before met a woman so fascinating and unresponsive. He sought in vain for a motive for her indifference. He thought of Heinrich, but was unable to find any mental disturbance on account of that youth. A German and a scholar, he had been prompted to analyze the conduct of the wine merchant's niece, and had come to the conclusion that such indifference as she displayed to him would never be expended upon anybody in whom she was not interested. He derived what comfort he could from this paradox until Herr Wachsmuth got home from Baltimore.

"Alex!" cried the wine merchant when they met, "embrace me! You are a man after my own heart. I've heard of you, you rascal. Heinrich has told me. Kissing the servant girls, eh, before you'd been in America long enough to eat dinner."

"Uncle!" exclaimed Minna. "You embarrass Herr Marterstelg."

This was not the case. The young man looked a trifle puzzled, but not in the least embarrassed. "Servant girls!" said he, with an air of mystification whose honesty was too natural to be questioned—"I kissing the servant girls? I was not aware—"

"Heinrich!" roared the wine merchant. Minna's cousin had risen from the corner where he had been sitting at his father's first reference to the servant girls, and was slipping out at the door when Herr Wachsmuth called to him. He came back and explained with considerable readiness that his story about Marterstelg had been mere playful fiction, concocted with no more serious intention than to amuse Minna and her father and exercise his own faculty of imagination. An idea flash d in Marterstelg's mind as Heinrich made his confession, and he looked searchingly at Minna. The idea was rewarded. He saw her bestow upon her cousin a glance calculated to make that young man endure with much patience the keenest remorse and, then he himself caught from her a soft look of unmistakable apology and promise. Herr Wachsmuth seemed inclined to regard the confession of Heinrich as a fiction rather than the original story. He chuckled and nodded, and said "Yes, yes—to be sure; to be sure!" in a way to indicate with much plainness his understanding that boys would be boys, and that the son of Nicholas Marterstelg was a chip of the old block. But Herr Wachsmuth's jovial insinuations were lost upon the others—upon Minna, because she did not even hear them; upon Marterstelg, because he saw in the eyes of the wine merchant's niece a light which he had seen there never before, and upon Heinrich, because he knew who the osculating rascal really was.

CHAPTER IV.

Irving place is streaming with humanity. A great multitude of English speaking people is pouring into the Academy to hear the Yankee fun of "The Old Homestead," and a great multitude of German speakers are pouring into the old Amberg Theater to laugh at the rare comedian, Junkermann, from over the sea. Minna Wachsmuth and Minna, with Heinrich to play propriety, sit in the Amberg, in orchestra chairs, well in front. Heinrich's face is the only solemn one in the house. A droll youth is Heinrich. He is almost ill with jealousy of the young Doctor of Philology, from Gottingen, and at the same time Heinrich has paid at least a dozen visits to the pretty chambermaid, Louisa Niemeyer, since that delirious encounter which followed the scattering of the clean towels in the hallway of the Hotel Bruckbauer. He and Louisa had been in the Hoboken beer gardens together, and an attachment of considerable warmth had sprung up between the pair—so much of an attachment on Heinrich's part that for several days now he has been wondering if it will be possible for him ever to live without his Louisa. Of course it is highly unreasonable in him in the circumstances to be jealous on account of his cousin; but then it is the nature of jealousy to be highly unreasonable, as we are all aware. It is some satisfaction to know, considering its absurdity, that neither Marterstelg nor Minna pays the least attention to the jealousy of Heinrich, and that the uncomfortableness which arises from it is entirely his own.

But it must be admitted that to anybody in love with Minna, except Marterstelg, Minna's treatment of the young Philolog is calculated to be extremely annoying. He has evidently come very far along in the graces of the wine merchant's niece in the few days since Heinrich's confession of the blamelessness of his youth about the chambermaid. What eyes she makes at him!—not bold, grimacing demonstrations, such as flirting girls make, but eyes very soft and full of mysterious fire and wounding very deep. Hardly a quarter of the convulsive fun of Junkermann is apparent to her at all, and even the shafts which do succeed in reaching her sensibilities provoke only the faintest evidence of recognition. Time and again when the house roars she looks up plaintively at Junkermann, as though wondering what it is all about. I think I should hate to be a merrymaker playing for an audience of Minnas, but I do not know that it is reasonable to ask girls in love to put themselves out to see jokes and encourage comedy.

Something in one of the boxes makes itself felt to the senses of Minna. A comedian may not attract a woman in love, but another woman may. There is a woman in one of the boxes, a slender woman sitting well back in the shadows, so that she is not to be seen plainly. She is dressed in black; a cloud of black lace envelops her head and seems to cover a good part of her face. It is a curious sort of an arrangement for indoors; it has a sort of Spanish look; perhaps she has neuralgia or some ailing akin to that which makes such muffling necessary or comforting; still she does not have the air of a person who is ailing. She is calmly fanning herself. She sits with her shoulder presented to Marterstelg and Minna; her face is turned away from them; she appears to be wholly interested in the proceedings on the stage. And yet it is rumored to Minna that a sign—a pantomimic communication of some sort—just now passed between Marterstelg and this woman in the box. It was a foolish impression, Minna thinks to herself, and yet it was very strong. She watches the woman for a quarter of an hour; not a movement that she makes escapes her; but she turns from her eyes from the stage; apparently she is as oblivious of Marterstelg as of the Sphinx; and yet, when the act is over, she withdraws from the box, and Marterstelg excuses himself and goes out also.

"Heinrich, go after Herr Marterstelg and—and see if he speaks to anybody—to a woman!"

The words are out before she thinks. She wishes now she could recall them, but I suspect not. It was not exactly a nice thing to send a youth like Heinrich to play the spy on her lover. She had no as urance that he would not bring back a lie to her as he had done before, and yet there is explicable on the theory that jealousy is ready to do anything, as it is ready to suspect anything and to believe anything.

"Well?" says Minna, as Heinrich comes grinning back.

"He spoke to a woman," says Heinrich. "I was hid behind——"

"Never mind where you were hid!" cries his cousin. "Was it a woman in black?"

"Yes," said Heinrich.

"With lace about her head?"

"Yes, there was a queer lot of stuff all over her head and face."

"What did he say to her?"

"I couldn't hear."

"Did you hear nothing?"

"I heard her speak to him just as she was going away."

"Go on, Heinrich, go on!" cries his cousin. "What did you hear?" She has turned her head and seen Marterstelg coming back down the aisle.

"They shook hands when she was going, and I heard her say as she left: 'At the Arion, at 12. Black and silver and three red roses.'"

Herr Marterstelg is back in his seat; the orchestra quits playing; the curtain goes up; Herr Junkermann enters upon the last act of "Ein die Franzosen Ting," and Minna laughs at the funny man until the tears run down her cheeks.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

DOLE STRIKES BACK.

ANOTHER CHAPTER IN THE HAWAIIAN CASE.

Specifications Demanded by Minister Willis Are Furnished Without Hesitation—Our Representative Charged with Withholding Information and Playing a Boaster's Part.

Talks Very Plainly.

Advices received from Honolulu by steamer Alameda give the full text of President Dole's letter to Minister Willis in reply to the latter's request for specifications and statements made in a previous letter from Dole in regard to the attitude of the United States Government. Dole's letter is very lengthy. He says: "In compliance with your request for certain specifications concerning my letter of Dec. 27, I reply thereto as follows: You inquire as to the meaning of the word 'attitude' as used in my letter. I reply that word was used by me in its ordinarily accepted sense, meaning bearing, posture, as indicating purpose of those referred to. You further say, 'Will you point out where and when and how a representative of the United States assumed any attitude toward supporters of the Provisional Government other than one essentially and designedly expressive of peace?' In reply I would say that the attitude of a person is to be ascertained only by inferences drawn from known words and acts of such person and conditions and circumstances under which they take place."

President Dole then cites the withdrawal of the treaty of annexation from the Senate by President Cleveland without any notice to the Hawaiian representative; the appointment of Blount and his visit as a secret emissary of the United States and the refusal of Secretary Gresham to explain to the Hawaiian representative the object of Blount's mission or even that he had been commissioned. He also criticised Blount's actions while in the country and the report which he subsequently made to President Cleveland.

President Dole next refers to Gresham's letter to President Cleveland last October, and says: "You have intimated that the foregoing letter, being a domestic transaction, is not a subject of diplomatic correspondence. I must submit, however, that a communication from the chief of the executive of a State to the President, in which he charges this Government and its officers with conspiracy, weakness, timidity and fraud, and recommends its subversion, which letter is officially furnished to and published by the public press, without any information concerning the same being afforded to this Government, is not a domestic transaction, and is pre-eminently a proper subject for inquiry on the part of this Government as to the intentions of your Government concerning the subject matter.

"On Nov. 14 Mr. Thurston, the Hawaiian Minister at Washington, called upon the Secretary of State and inquired if the above letter was authentic, and was assured by Mr. Gresham that it was. Mr. Thurston then said: 'I wish, then, to further ask whether it is the intention of the United States Government to carry out the policy therein indicated by force, or, in other words, whether, if the Provisional Government decline to accede to the request of the United States Government to vacate in favor of the Queen, United States troops will be used to enforce the request.' Do we need to state that Mr. Thurston received no satisfactory reply to this question?"

President Dole then recalls the arrival of the United States dispatch boat Corwin at Honolulu last December with private copies of the President's Hawaiian message to Congress for Mr. Willis, and says:

"Up to the time of the arrival of the Corwin the United States naval officers in port were in the habit of coming ashore in citizens' dress, the crews received their usual liberty on shore, and no unusual warlike preparations were visible on board. Immediately on the arrival of the Corwin the liberty of the crews was stopped and so was that of most of the officers. Those who came on shore were in service uniform. Rifles were stacked. Cartridge belts were filled with ball cartridges and knapsacks packed for immediate use were conspicuous on the decks of the ships and were seen there by visiting citizens, who in reply to an inquiry as to the meaning of such preparations were informed by the officers that they were ready to land at a moment's notice. When asked if the landing would be to protect or fight us the reply of the officers of the Philadelphia was that no one on board knew what orders would be received."

GREAT OUTPUT OF GOLD.

Over $150,000,000 Worth of the Yellow Metal Mined in 1893.

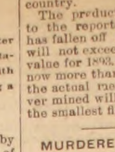
Returns received at the Treasury Department indicate that the gold output for 1893 will reach the almost unprecedented amount of $37,000,000, an increase over 1892 of $4,000,000. In Colorado the output has increased from $3,000,000, in 1892, to $5,000,000 in 1893, while the gains in other gold-producing sections are unusually large. The Australian production will carry the production of the world, it is thought, to $150,000,000, which is a gain of $12,000,000 for the year. With one or two exceptions this is the largest output ever known. The gold fields of South Africa seem to be rapidly taking the place of the California and Australian fields as the bonanza finds of the present decade.

Reports from the Witwetersrandt region alone show a total product for 1893 of 1,479,476 ounces of ore, yielding a product of refined gold of a value in excess of $25,000,000. The production in this region is increasing at an astonishing rate and South Africa bids fair during the present year to push her way to the head of the list of gold-producing countries. The figures for 1892 put Australia at the head of the list with a production of $85,870,800, the United States second at $33,000,000, Russia third at $24,806,200, and Africa from South Africa for 1893 will probably show a production in excess of $30,000,000, which will force her into third place, and if the increase continues she will pass Russia during 1894, and will be beaten by the United States in aggregate production only by means of a large increase in this country.

The production of silver, according to the reports received at the mint, has fallen off during the last year and will not exceed $175,000,000 in coining value for 1893. As the coining value is now more than twice the market value the actual mercantile value of the silver mined will drop below $90,000,000, the smallest figure for many years.

MURDERER STONE HANGED.

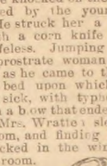
Slayer of the Wratten Family Pays the Penalty of His Revolting Crime.



JAMES E. STONE.

James E. Stone, commonly known as "Bud" Stone was executed at midnight in the Indiana State prison south by Warden J. H. Patten. The crime of which James E. Stone, or "Bud" Stone, as he was familiarly known, was convicted was committed near the village of Gendale, nine miles east of Washington, Ind., the night of Sept. 18, 1893, and was the peculiarly atrocious and bloody murder of Mrs. Elizabeth Wratten, her son Denson Wratten, and his wife and three children. All were killed instantly with the exception of the little girl Ethel, who lived for several days. Arming himself with a corn knife, he went to the home of his victims at a late hour the night of the crime. Stone knocked on the door and was answered by the younger Mrs. Wratten. He struck her a blow on the head with a corn knife that rendered her lifeless. Jumping over the form of the prostrate woman he killed the children as he came to them, and going to the bed upon which Denson Wratten lay sick with typhoid fever, he dealt him a blow that ended his life.

The elder Mrs. Wratten slept in an adjoining room, and finding her door locked he kicked in the window and, entering the room, finished his bloody work. Stone confessed the crime to his wife, and she, being unable to keep the awful secret, when summoned before the grand jury told all she knew. The assassin entered a plea of guilty, and within three hours' time had been tried, convicted, and sentenced to be hanged.



ELIZABETH WRATTEN

A short time ago he added another horror to his crime by stating to his aged father who visited him in prison that he had smothered the little girl Ethel with an apron at a neighbor's house, where she had been removed in a dying condition, while the folks were at dinner, as he feared if she recovered her evidence might convict him. The murder was undoubtedly planned for robbery, but, becoming frightened at the enormity of the crime, the murderer fled, leaving over $600 untouched in a bureau drawer. His father is a respected farmer, and up to the time of the murder Bud Stone had led a quiet, uneventful life.

TO FOLLOW VAILLANT.

The Anarchist Who Hurled the Bomb at the Barcelona Theater.

The next dynamiter to follow Vaillant to the scaffold, if he lives, will probably be Jose Salvador Franch, the man who threw the bomb at the Barcelona Theater.

JOSE SALVADOR FRANCH.

Like Vaillant, Franch has deplorable antecedents. Though belonging to a respectable family at Casteseras, he ran away when only 14 to Barcelona, where he joined the anarchists, and has lived from hand to mouth ever since. His wife Antonia was obliged to go out charing, and, according to her own account, she lived in fear of her husband poisoning her lest she should divulge anarchist secrets. Franch was a great friend of Pallas, who threw the bomb at Marshal Campos, and was the prime mover in a grand conspiracy for a general rising at Barcelona, where the anarchists were to burn the houses of the upper classes, loot shops, and assassinate indiscriminately. The anarchists were ready to carry out the project, so Franch consoled himself by throwing the bomb in the Liceo Theater, whence he escaped in the confusion. He remained in hiding in various places till the police pounced upon him in Saragossa, when he tried to kill himself.

WOMAN SUFFRAGISTS.

Annual Convention of the National Association in Washington.

The twenty-sixth annual convention of the National American Woman Suffrage Association began in Washington with a large attendance of delegates representing all parts of the country. The session was devoted to the presentation of reports. The report of the Executive Committee recommended that the special effort of the association be concentrated on the campaign in Kansas and New York, the two States where there is to be a test vote this year. Mrs. Lillie B. Blake, the member of the Executive Committee from New York, spoke of the work there, and predicted success for woman suffrage in the coming constitutional convention in New York. Mrs. Laura M. Johns, of Kansas, said that the work for the enfranchisement of women had progressed farther in Kansas than in New York.

The night session of the convention was very largely attended, and those seated on the platform included District Commissioner Ross, Senator Teller, of Colorado, and Representatives Pence and Bell, of the same State. The presidents address was then delivered by Miss Anthony. It was a brief, interesting, and critical review of the cause of woman suffrage, with frequent caustic allusions to the action of the courts in their decisions affecting the laws passed by the States for the enfranchisement of women.