

Local and Other Items.

CURRENT NOTES.

A SMALL MARKET to-day; prices unchanged.
 EXTRAORDINARY DISCOUNTS to cash buyers at Yours.
 The latest day of the season—Wiggins to the contrary, notwithstanding.
 Mr. T. A. LePAGE reads a paper at the Educational Institute this evening. Meeting commences at 7.45.
 Mr. W. T. HUGGON, of the P. E. Island Railway, has been appointed agent for P. E. Island for the Art-Union, of London.
 Messrs. SULLIVAN, FERGUSON AND FAYERS—the successful delegates—crossed the straits to-day. They will be home to-night.
 BARRS, containing sixty-three bags of mail matter, left Cape Tormentine this morning, and arrived at Cape Traverse this afternoon. BARRS also crossed from Cape Traverse to-day.
 The new building for the Merchants' Bank of Halifax, at Summerside, will be commenced as soon as the frost leaves the ground. The old buildings, which were sold a short time ago, have been removed.—Journal.
 ANNUAL MEETING.—A full attendance of the Benevolent Irish Society, is requested on Saturday evening, the 10th inst., at 8 o'clock, at St. Patrick's Hall. James C. Daly, Secy.
 [March 9, 1883.—2ins
 COOPER & WEBBER, Summerside, are doing a very extensive chair manufacturing business, for which they have put in special tools, so that the entire chair is turned out from machinery. At present they are working on a lot of over a thousand.—Journal.
 DURING the past week a large quantity of ship-timber has been landed at the ship-yards of Hon. John Lefargey, Hon. Wm. Richards and Angus McMillan, Esq. These gentlemen will give employment to quite a number of men during the next twenty months.—Journal.
 Two of the Russian refugees were united in the bonds of matrimony at the Jewish Tabernacle, Toronto, on the 1st instant. The happy pair fled from Keif, along with other members of their families, to escape the Russian persecution, and settled in Toronto a short time ago. The bridegroom is a tailor, and the bride is the daughter of an artisan.
 PATRICK CAVANAGH again appeared at the Stipendiary Magistrate's Court, this forenoon, charged with entering the warehouse of Mr. W. H. Lochead with intent to commit a felony. He was again remanded for want of evidence. James Goodman also appeared again for complicity in the Carroll larceny. He was again remanded for further evidence.

For the first time to be served at the Czar's coronation, 500,000 pies are ordered as one of the items. The kind of pie is not stated.
 The Japanese keep their fish in a reservoir till they are needed, and fresh vegetables are kept under trickling water. There is scrupulous neatness in all culinary methods.
 Mysterious rappings at a house in Montgomery County, Ala., have caused great excitement. The rappings are attributed to spirits. Hundreds of people have visited the house.
 The revenue of Montreal for 1882 was \$2,755,042, an increase of a quarter of a million over 1881. The expenditure was \$1,677,878; the balance on hand is \$80,000, double that of the previous year.
 During the year 1882, Germany, including Luxemburg, produced a total of \$3,170,957 tons of raw iron, as against 2,914,009 tons in 1881, 2,729,038 in 1880, and 2,225,587 in 1879. The advocates of protection are naturally proud of this ascending scale.
 The Salvation Army has carried on a great revival at Kingston, Ont., for a month. Victoria Barracks is too small to contain the people who crowd in nightly, and many who went to the meetings out of curiosity now figure on the platform as converts.
 A Victoria, British Columbia, despatch says:—"The proposition of an American company to build a railway and run a line of steamboats to the Kootenay district, in exchange for extensive land grants, is regarded as a monopolist design to lock up the mineral lands and compel claim owners to pay tribute to the company. New gold diggings have been discovered at Cassair, but their value is not yet determined.
 Leo XIII. has just given an audience in the Vatican to 1,600 children from 5 years of age and upward, of the elementary schools established and supported by him. The children, who sang hymns in chorus and recited pieces of poetry, were accompanied by the teachers, and at the conclusion of the audience his Holiness gave the Pontifical Almoner 2,000 francs to be distributed among the poorer scholars.
 A curious sight for a foreign visitor to Constantinople was witnessed on Feb. 7, at the Ministry of Finance in Stamboul. Some 5,000 women, mostly soldiers' widows, literally took the building by storm, clamoring for the payment of their pensions, which were long in arrears. The money, not being forthcoming, the office of the Ministry was invaded by a feminine stream, and many were the invectives heaped upon the head of the unfortunate pasha.

A few years ago, associations known as "Bands of Mercy" were formed in England, the object of which was to inculcate and promote kindness to animals. They have achieved a great success, especially in teaching children to show kindness to the dumb creation. The Earl of Shaftsbury is at the head of the organization. More recently, organizations of the same character have been formed in America, especially in Massachusetts, and some of the most prominent men in the State are interested in the movement. The Rev. Thomas Timmins, who has been identified with the movement in England, has come to America, where he will remain to labor in the cause.

Special Notices.
 By request of a number of musical friends, who were unable to attend my last concert, I beg to state that I purpose repeating it, with a change of programme, on Tuesday evening, March 27th, in the Y. M. C. A. Hall. More than the usual amount of pains are being taken to make the evening concert even better than the last.—S. N. FARLE.
 [mar 5 3i

SOME LINES of very cheap dress stuffs at L. E. PROWSE'S.
 NINE or ten hundred teapots to be sold cheap at COLWILL'S. [fe 21 3aw wy
 BONELESS Codfish, Canned Salmon, Lobster and Mackerel, at the Family Grocery.—R. K. BEACE.
 BONELESS FISH (best quality) at BEER & GOFF'S. [fe 21
 THE cheapest place on P. E. Island for Trucks and Valises, is at L. E. PROWSE'S [mar 5
 BEAUTIFUL fresh Cabbage, fresh Eggs, Boneless Fish, and everything good to eat, at Diamond Grocery, 85 North Side Queen Square, D. MACDONALD & CO.
 SPLENDID value in Black Cashmeres and Merinoes at L. E. PROWSE'S. [mar 5
 A SEWING MACHINE that Brown cannot make work, you may just as well throw it away. Shop of corner of Prince and Grafton Streets. [fe 22 3m, wky

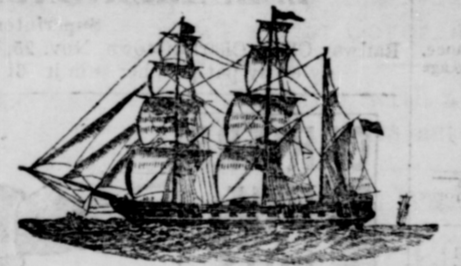
A SPLENDID lot of Rockingham teapots to be sold very cheap at wholesale or retail at COLWILL'S. [fe 21 3aw wy
 GOLD and silver plating of every description done at BROWN'S Shop on corner of Prince and Grafton Streets. [fe 22 3m, wky
 A LARGE stock of Fur Caps, at cost, at D. A. BRUCE'S. [de 21 wky tf

THE ladies of the Baptist Church intend holding an Apron Fair and Strawberry Festival about the 18th July. Proceeds for upholstering the Church. [mar 7 wky li
 We are selling off our large stock of Crockery at reduced prices, to make room for our new supply in the Spring.—W. P. COLWILL. [fe 21 3aw wy

THE right place to get a pair of boots for crossing the Capes, is at Dorsey, Goff & Co's.
 PEARLINE for sale at BEER & GOFF'S. [dec 6
 THE only steam, sewing machine, and gun repairing shop on P. E. Island, and the only place where you can get every part of a sewing machine or a gun made, is at Browns shop, corner of Prince and Grafton Streets.

THE word dollar has a singular and interesting origin. Its connection with dale, a little valley, would hardly be suspected, but it is etymologically that very word. It comes through the Dutch, from the German thaler. Now, this word is an abbreviation from Joachimsthaler, the coin having been so called because it was first coined from silver obtained from mines in Joachim's thal, i. e., Joachim's dale, in Bohemia, about the year 1518. A dollar is, therefore merely a dale-er.

REGULAR TRADERS.



From Liverpool and London
 —TO—
 Charlottetown, P. E. Island,
 DIRECT.
 SPRING TRIPS, 1883.

THE CLIPPER BRIG
 "ALPHETA,"
 299 tons Register, and classed 9 years, A at Lloyds, now on the berth for cargo, will sail from

Liverpool for Charlottetown, on or about the 25th March,
 FOLLOWED BY THE
 Splendid Clipper Barkentine
 "ETHEL BLANCHE,"
 428 tons Register, coppered, and classed 10 years A1 at Lloyds,

John Graham, Commander,
 WILL SAIL FROM
 Liverpool for Charlottetown, on or about the 1st April.

—ALSO—
 THE FAST SAILING BARKENTINE
 "EREMA,"
 R. Rendle, Commander,
 WILL SAIL FROM
 London for Charlottetown, on or about the 1st April.

Freight Carried at Through Rates to Pictou, Georgetown, Summerside, Souris and Shediac.
 Shippers will please forward their orders in time, so as not to detain the vessels.
 For freight or passage apply, in London, to John Pitcairn & Sons, 16 Great Winchester Street, E. C.; in Liverpool, to Pitcairn Brothers, 51 South John Street; or here to the owners,
 PEAKE BROS. & CO.
 Charlottetown, Feb. 2, 1883.—2aw low.

EXTRA GOOD VALUE AT PERKINS & STERNS.

White Cottons, Grey Cottons, Print Cottons, Grass Cloth Hollands and Gingham.

A large Stock of Striped and Plain Hessians (all widths).
 Damasks, Cretonnes, Furniture Cottons, and Printed Dimity,
 Carpets and Oil Cloths, Rugs and Mats, Cocoa and Twine Matting. Remnants of Carpets, very cheap.

See the Above Goods Before Purchasing.
 PERKINS & STERNS.
 Charlottetown, Feb. 1, 1883.

MARCH SALE!

I am bound to make room for SPRING GOODS, therefore I will sell very cheap. L. E. PROWSE.

For Sheetings, Tickings, Towelings, Shirts, Winceys, Scotch and Canadian Tweeds, no better value can be had on P. E. Island. L. E. PROWSE.

Black Cashmeres and Merinoes. Excellent value. L. E. PROWSE.

LONDON HATS, in great variety. I claim to be able to suit all, both in style and price. L. E. PROWSE.

Cash buyers can spend their money to advantage at L. E. PROWSE'S,
 74 Queen Street, One Door Below Stamer's Corner.
 Charlottetown, March 6, 1883.—wky

\$40,000!

FORTY THOUSAND DOLLARS WORTH

STAPLE & FANCY DRY GOODS AND CLOTHING,

TO BE SOLD AT
 J. B. MACDONALD'S, Queen Street.

Having completed Stock Taking, I find I have an unusually large Stock on hand; and in order to make a speedy reduction, will sell all Winter Goods at Cost, viz: Knit Wool Goods, Heavy Cloths, Blankets, Quilts, Woollen Hosiery, Gloves, Scarfs, Squares, Overcoats, Reefing Jackets, Buffalo Robes, Goat Robes, Fur Caps, Cloth Caps.
 Other Goods at a small advance, viz: Dress Goods, in Cashmeres, Black and Colored Cordes and Lustras, in all shades. Brocaded Dress Goods, Grey and White Cottons, Sheetings, Pillow Cloths, Stripe Hessians and Osanburgs, Cretonnes, Prints, Carpets, in Brussels, Scotch Tapestry, Felts and Hemp. As I am determined to clear out the greater portion of this Stock before the arrival of Spring Goods, real bargains will be given, WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.
 J. B. MACDONALD,
 Ch'town., Feb. 22, 1883.—wky pat, pres ne QUEEN STREET.

W. & A. BROWN & CO.

WILL close out (during the month of January and February) the balance of their large Stock of

WOOLLEN GOODS,

Including Shawls, Squares, Clouds, Scarfs, Children's Hoods, Ulsters and Underwear, Ladies' Vests, Mitts, Cuffs, Hosiery, Gents' Cardigan Jackets, Gloves, etc.

Fur Goods, Dolmans, Mantles, Ulsters, and Millinery Goods.

Also, the remainder of their Choice Stock of Scotch, Brussels, and Tapestry Carpets and Hearth Rugs,
 AT A LARGE DISCOUNT.

GREAT BARGAINS MAY BE EXPECTED.
 Ch'town, Jan. 18, 1883.

SEED WHEAT. FOR SALE.

WHITE RUSSIAN. Makes white strong flour. Yields the best. Well suited to the Island soil and climate.
 JOHN NEWSON.
 Ch'town, March 3, '83.—2w

HERRING.

A1 Labrador Herring.
 100 Barrels } Extra No. 1.
 100 Half-Barrels }
 50 Quarter-Barrels, Extra No. 1.

100 tons Nut and Round Coal.
 For Sale by the Subscriber.
 DAVID SMALL.
 Ch'town, Feb. 2, '83.—1m pat

SPRING, 1883.



For Charlottetown and Summerside, Prince Edward Island.

THE CLIPPER BRIGANTINE 'ISABELLA,'

Classed A1, 9 years,
 W. KENNEDY, Master,
 WILL SAIL

From Liverpool for Above Ports ON OR ABOUT 25TH MARCH,
 Taking goods at through rates for all Stations on the P. E. Island Railway.

For rates of Freight, apply in Liverpool to R. M. C. STUMBLER, Esq., 4 India Building, Water Street, or here to the owner.
 R. F. QUIRK.
 Ch'town, Feb. 22, 1883.—2w

A POSITIVE CURE

Without Medicines.
 ALLAN'S SOLEB MEDICATED BOUGIES.

Patented October 16th, 1876. One box No. 1 will cure any case in four days or less.
 No. 2 will cure the most obstinate case, no matter of how long standing.
 No nausea, drowsiness, or constipation, or costiveness we cannot cure with West's Vegetable Liver Pills, when the directions are strictly complied with. They are purely Vegetable, and never fail to give satisfaction. Sugar Coated. Large boxes, containing 30 Pills, 25 cents. For sale by all druggists. Beware of counterfeits and imitations. The genuine manufactured only by JOHN C. WEST & CO., "The Pill Maker," Chicago and Toronto. Free trial package sent by mail prepaid on receipt of a 3 cent stamp. Sold by FRASER & REDDIN, and all druggists.
 aug14—dy & wky ly.

Price \$1.50. Sold by all druggists, or mailed on receipt of price. For further particulars send for circular. P. O. Box 1,533.
 J. J. ALLAN CO., 83 John street, New York

\$500 Reward!

WE will pay the above reward for any case of Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, Sick Headache, indigestion, Constipation or Costiveness we cannot cure with West's Vegetable Liver Pills, when the directions are strictly complied with. They are purely Vegetable, and never fail to give satisfaction. Sugar Coated. Large boxes, containing 30 Pills, 25 cents. For sale by all druggists. Beware of counterfeits and imitations. The genuine manufactured only by JOHN C. WEST & CO., "The Pill Maker," Chicago and Toronto. Free trial package sent by mail prepaid on receipt of a 3 cent stamp. Sold by FRASER & REDDIN, and all druggists.
 aug14—dy & wky ly.

PERSONAL—Gossip.
 Langtry has returned to New York.
 Lord Randolph Churchill's health is far from re-established, and will not admit of his entering actively on parliamentary business this session.
 Prof. Blackie in a recent lecture said that the Scottish Highlanders are at once the best behaved and worst treated people in the Queen's dominions.
 Hon. Sackville West, British Minister to Washington, and Sir Charles Tupper were entertained at lunch by the St. James Club, at Montreal, on Saturday.
 The Marquis of Lorne while in California had several dozen quails shipped from that State to the head-keeper on the Inverary moors, with a view to having them acclimated in Scotland.
 Tom: "What have you been doing with yourself? I haven't seen you for a month."
 Dick: "Study, my dear fellow—study."
 Tom: "Study?" Dick: "Legal study—I'm trying to pass a mother-in-law."

The Opposition intend to proceed against Joseph Tasse, M. P., for violation of the Independence of Parliament Act, being the proprietor of *Le Canada*, as is alleged, the recipient of Government orders for printing and advertising.
 General Sheridan is said to be already house-hunting in Washington in anticipation of succeeding General Sherman, not only as Generalissimo of the American army, but also, in a measure, as one of the social lions of the capital.
 D. B. Woodworth, M. P., for King's, N. S., quite distinguished himself in the recent Ontario elections, especially at public meetings in the counties of Leeds, Greenville and Russell, and the town of Prescott. At Russell he proved more than a match for Patterson of Brant.
 Professor John Stuart Blackie recently lectured on "Luxury" in Glasgow, and after describing a dinner he had heard of, in which there were thirty-nine courses, he said that he considered such a "spread" a magnificent call to self-denial, because each diner had to say "No" to every second dish.
 Mr. Benjamin's retirement from active practice at the English Bar calls out from the *Law Times* a statement that "his rapid and brilliant success culminated in his making in his last year the prodigious income of \$125,000." It adds that when in practice in the United States he received in one case "a fee of 10,000 guineas" that in England he once received a fee of 1,000 guineas, and in several recent cases he received 500 guineas.
 A glover's apprentice, at Prague, about 18 years of age, hanged himself the other day, and left behind him a letter to his parents stating that he had been selected by a secret society to take the life of one of the chief officers of the police of the city—Police Director Stepkal—and that he had committed suicide in order to evade the performance of this task. If he had not carried out the behests of the secret organization, the writer added, he would himself have been assassinated by his colleagues.
 Lord Beaconsfield once gave great offence to the class of people who sleep with Homer under their pillows by speaking of the Greeks as an "in-erecting" nation. But even those who were offended would not deny that a recent sitting of the Greek Parliament was interesting. The following is a scene:—M. Dimitrakakis—You lie! (To M. Mandalos)—I repeat it. M. Dimitrakakis—Then you are a liar! M. Mandalos—And you are another! For this speech M. Mandalos got his ears boxed, while several deputies attacked him with sticks upon which the sitting was suspended amidst cries and vociferations.

Red Cloud's formal address before the U. S. Committee on Appropriations last week was carefully drawn up in writing, signed by the Sioux chief, and witnessed by Larimer. It read as follows:—Law Chiefs: I am an Indian! Look at me! My name is Red Cloud. I have sense. The Government through General Cook in 1876 took wrongfully 605 horses from me and my people. I have sense; so have my people. I represent them. I am in debt, and have a large family. Secretary Teller asks me to take cows for my horses. If the Government gives me all the cows they have already promised, I will have more milk than we can milk. I am a man of sense. I want money to pay my debts. Law Chiefs, pay me not in cows, but cash. I am at peace; let me remain thus.
 There is apparently no other way of getting rid of money with such absolute certainty and celerity as to sink it in a hole in the ground. What millions have been thrown away in mining operations in the reckless and uneducated search for oil and gold and silver and copper and lead! One of the worst features of this business is that its devotees, not content with squandering their own funds, have in thousands of instances victimized their confiding friends. The scamp in New York who sunk in a Utah mine six hundred thousand dollars, held in trust for three sisters, brings into a strong light the passionate, crazy gambling that is carried on in the name of mining development and discovery. It is a device of the devil with which he tempts men to their ruin.
 This, from a Paris letter, is the latest about Rochefort:—"He haunts the Chamber like an unquiet spirit; the place has all a fascination for him; it reminds him of all the influence he has missed by his want of the gift of oratory. If he had the same power with his tongue that he has with his even-tempered pen, he would rule France instead of ruling only a newspaper office. He could never face Gambetta on the platform; at most he could only give him a stab from the dark of his desk. His face is now less intensely ill-favoured than it was on his return from New Caledonia, when fasting or trouble had reduced it to the appearance of so much skin stretched in a very tight fit over a skull. Yet it is still the most pitifully unattractive and insincere face in the whole thing—the face of a creature powerless for anything but hate. He has a gift of expression, and that is all; his talk, in so far as the matter of it goes, the talk of a child, full of wild rumors of the calibre of those which circulate on school-benches. When Rochefort is not in the lobbies, he is listening to the debate, glaring down at the tribune like a toothless lion watching the feast he can never hope to devour. The speaker often look up and talk at him as if he were the personification of the damnable envy and malice which in turn lays them all low."

Lord Beaconsfield once gave great offence to the class of people who sleep with Homer under their pillows by speaking of the Greeks as an "in-erecting" nation. But even those who were offended would not deny that a recent sitting of the Greek Parliament was interesting. The following is a scene:—M. Dimitrakakis—You lie! (To M. Mandalos)—I repeat it. M. Dimitrakakis—Then you are a liar! M. Mandalos—And you are another! For this speech M. Mandalos got his ears boxed, while several deputies attacked him with sticks upon which the sitting was suspended amidst cries and vociferations.

Red Cloud's formal address before the U. S. Committee on Appropriations last week was carefully drawn up in writing, signed by the Sioux chief, and witnessed by Larimer. It read as follows:—Law Chiefs: I am an Indian! Look at me! My name is Red Cloud. I have sense. The Government through General Cook in 1876 took wrongfully 605 horses from me and my people. I have sense; so have my people. I represent them. I am in debt, and have a large family. Secretary Teller asks me to take cows for my horses. If the Government gives me all the cows they have already promised, I will have more milk than we can milk. I am a man of sense. I want money to pay my debts. Law Chiefs, pay me not in cows, but cash. I am at peace; let me remain thus.
 There is apparently no other way of getting rid of money with such absolute certainty and celerity as to sink it in a hole in the ground. What millions have been thrown away in mining operations in the reckless and uneducated search for oil and gold and silver and copper and lead! One of the worst features of this business is that its devotees, not content with squandering their own funds, have in thousands of instances victimized their confiding friends. The scamp in New York who sunk in a Utah mine six hundred thousand dollars, held in trust for three sisters, brings into a strong light the passionate, crazy gambling that is carried on in the name of mining development and discovery. It is a device of the devil with which he tempts men to their ruin.
 This, from a Paris letter, is the latest about Rochefort:—"He haunts the Chamber like an unquiet spirit; the place has all a fascination for him; it reminds him of all the influence he has missed by his want of the gift of oratory. If he had the same power with his tongue that he has with his even-tempered pen, he would rule France instead of ruling only a newspaper office. He could never face Gambetta on the platform; at most he could only give him a stab from the dark of his desk. His face is now less intensely ill-favoured than it was on his return from New Caledonia, when fasting or trouble had reduced it to the appearance of so much skin stretched in a very tight fit over a skull. Yet it is still the most pitifully unattractive and insincere face in the whole thing—the face of a creature powerless for anything but hate. He has a gift of expression, and that is all; his talk, in so far as the matter of it goes, the talk of a child, full of wild rumors of the calibre of those which circulate on school-benches. When Rochefort is not in the lobbies, he is listening to the debate, glaring down at the tribune like a toothless lion watching the feast he can never hope to devour. The speaker often look up and talk at him as if he were the personification of the damnable envy and malice which in turn lays them all low."

Red Cloud's formal address before the U. S. Committee on Appropriations last week was carefully drawn up in writing, signed by the Sioux chief, and witnessed by Larimer. It read as follows:—Law Chiefs: I am an Indian! Look at me! My name is Red Cloud. I have sense. The Government through General Cook in 1876 took wrongfully 605 horses from me and my people. I have sense; so have my people. I represent them. I am in debt, and have a large family. Secretary Teller asks me to take cows for my horses. If the Government gives me all the cows they have already promised, I will have more milk than we can milk. I am a man of sense. I want money to pay my debts. Law Chiefs, pay me not in cows, but cash. I am at peace; let me remain thus.
 There is apparently no other way of getting rid of money with such absolute certainty and celerity as to sink it in a hole in the ground. What millions have been thrown away in mining operations in the reckless and uneducated search for oil and gold and silver and copper and lead! One of the worst features of this business is that its devotees, not content with squandering their own funds, have in thousands of instances victimized their confiding friends. The scamp in New York who sunk in a Utah mine six hundred thousand dollars, held in trust for three sisters, brings into a strong light the passionate, crazy gambling that is carried on in the name of mining development and discovery. It is a device of the devil with which he tempts men to their ruin.
 This, from a Paris letter, is the latest about Rochefort:—"He haunts the Chamber like an unquiet spirit; the place has all a fascination for him; it reminds him of all the influence he has missed by his want of the gift of oratory. If he had the same power with his tongue that he has with his even-tempered pen, he would rule France instead of ruling only a newspaper office. He could never face Gambetta on the platform; at most he could only give him a stab from the dark of his desk. His face is now less intensely ill-favoured than it was on his return from New Caledonia, when fasting or trouble had reduced it to the appearance of so much skin stretched in a very tight fit over a skull. Yet it is still the most pitifully unattractive and insincere face in the whole thing—the face of a creature powerless for anything but hate. He has a gift of expression, and that is all; his talk, in so far as the matter of it goes, the talk of a child, full of wild rumors of the calibre of those which circulate on school-benches. When Rochefort is not in the lobbies, he is listening to the debate, glaring down at the tribune like a toothless lion watching the feast he can never hope to devour. The speaker often look up and talk at him as if he were the personification of the damnable envy and malice which in turn lays them all low."

Red Cloud's formal address before the U. S. Committee on Appropriations last week was carefully drawn up in writing, signed by the Sioux chief, and witnessed by Larimer. It read as follows:—Law Chiefs: I am an Indian! Look at me! My name is Red Cloud. I have sense. The Government through General Cook in 1876 took wrongfully 605 horses from me and my people. I have sense; so have my people. I represent them. I am in debt, and have a large family. Secretary Teller asks me to take cows for my horses. If the Government gives me all the cows they have already promised, I will have more milk than we can milk. I am a man of sense. I want money to pay my debts. Law Chiefs, pay me not in cows, but cash. I am at peace; let me remain thus.
 There is apparently no other way of getting rid of money with such absolute certainty and celerity as to sink it in a hole in the ground. What millions have been thrown away in mining operations in the reckless and uneducated search for oil and gold and silver and copper and lead! One of the worst features of this business is that its devotees, not content with squandering their own funds, have in thousands of instances victimized their confiding friends. The scamp in New York who sunk in a Utah mine six hundred thousand dollars, held in trust for three sisters, brings into a strong light the passionate, crazy gambling that is carried on in the name of mining development and discovery. It is a device of the devil with which he tempts men to their ruin.
 This, from a Paris letter, is the latest about Rochefort:—"He haunts the Chamber like an unquiet spirit; the place has all a fascination for him; it reminds him of all the influence he has missed by his want of the gift of oratory. If he had the same power with his tongue that he has with his even-tempered pen, he would rule France instead of ruling only a newspaper office. He could never face Gambetta on the platform; at most he could only give him a stab from the dark of his desk. His face is now less intensely ill-favoured than it was on his return from New Caledonia, when fasting or trouble had reduced it to the appearance of so much skin stretched in a very tight fit over a skull. Yet it is still the most pitifully unattractive and insincere face in the whole thing—the face of a creature powerless for anything but hate. He has a gift of expression, and that is all; his talk, in so far as the matter of it goes, the talk of a child, full of wild rumors of the calibre of those which circulate on school-benches. When Rochefort is not in the lobbies, he is listening to the debate, glaring down at the tribune like a toothless lion watching the feast he can never hope to devour. The speaker often look up and talk at him as if he were the personification of the damnable envy and malice which in turn lays them all low."

Red Cloud's formal address before the U. S. Committee on Appropriations last week was carefully drawn up in writing, signed by the Sioux chief, and witnessed by Larimer. It read as follows:—Law Chiefs: I am an Indian! Look at me! My name is Red Cloud. I have sense. The Government through General Cook in 1876 took wrongfully 605 horses from me and my people. I have sense; so have my people. I represent them. I am in debt, and have a large family. Secretary Teller asks me to take cows for my horses. If the Government gives me all the cows they have already promised, I will have more milk than we can milk. I am a man of sense. I want money to pay my debts. Law Chiefs, pay me not in cows, but cash. I am at peace; let me remain thus.
 There is apparently no other way of getting rid of money with such absolute certainty and celerity as to sink it in a hole in the ground. What millions have been thrown away in mining operations in the reckless and uneducated search for oil and gold and silver and copper and lead! One of the worst features of this business is that its devotees, not content with squandering their own funds, have in thousands of instances victimized their confiding friends. The scamp in New York who sunk in a Utah mine six hundred thousand dollars, held in trust for three sisters, brings into a strong light the passionate, crazy gambling that is carried on in the name of mining development and discovery. It is a device of the devil with which he tempts men to their ruin.
 This, from a Paris letter, is the latest about Rochefort:—"He haunts the Chamber like an unquiet spirit; the place has all a fascination for him; it reminds him of all the influence he has missed by his want of the gift of oratory. If he had the same power with his tongue that he has with his even-tempered pen, he would rule France instead of ruling only a newspaper office. He could never face Gambetta on the platform; at most he could only give him a stab from the dark of his desk. His face is now less intensely ill-favoured than it was on his return from New Caledonia, when fasting or trouble had reduced it to the appearance of so much skin stretched in a very tight fit over a skull. Yet it is still the most pitifully unattractive and insincere face in the whole thing—the face of a creature powerless for anything but hate. He has a gift of expression, and that is all; his talk, in so far as the matter of it goes, the talk of a child, full of wild rumors of the calibre of those which circulate on school-benches. When Rochefort is not in the lobbies, he is listening to the debate, glaring down at the tribune like a toothless lion watching the feast he can never hope to devour. The speaker often look up and talk at him as if he were the personification of the damnable envy and malice which in turn lays them all low."

Red Cloud's formal address before the U. S. Committee on Appropriations last week was carefully drawn up in writing, signed by the Sioux chief, and witnessed by Larimer. It read as follows:—Law Chiefs: I am an Indian! Look at me! My name is Red Cloud. I have sense. The Government through General Cook in 1876 took wrongfully 605 horses from me and my people. I have sense; so have my people. I represent them. I am in debt, and have a large family. Secretary Teller asks me to take cows for my horses. If the Government gives me all the cows they have already promised, I will have more milk than we can milk. I am a man of sense. I want money to pay my debts. Law Chiefs, pay me not in cows, but cash. I am at peace; let me remain thus.
 There is apparently no other way of getting rid of money with such absolute certainty and celerity as to sink it in a hole in the ground. What millions have been thrown away in mining operations in the reckless and uneducated search for oil and gold and silver and copper and lead! One of the worst features of this business is that its devotees, not content with squandering their own funds, have in thousands of instances victimized their confiding friends. The scamp in New York who sunk in a Utah mine six hundred thousand dollars, held in trust for three sisters, brings into a strong light the passionate, crazy gambling that is carried on in the name of mining development and discovery. It is a device of the devil with which he tempts men to their ruin.
 This, from a Paris letter, is the latest about Rochefort:—"He haunts the Chamber like an unquiet spirit; the place has all a fascination for him; it reminds him of all the influence he has missed by his want of the gift of oratory. If he had the same power with his tongue that he has with his even-tempered pen, he would rule France instead of ruling only a newspaper office. He could never face Gambetta on the platform; at most he could only give him a stab from the dark of his desk. His face is now less intensely ill-favoured than it was on his return from New Caledonia, when fasting or trouble had reduced it to the appearance of so much skin stretched in a very tight fit over a skull. Yet it is still the most pitifully unattractive and insincere face in the whole thing—the face of a creature powerless for anything but hate. He has a gift of expression, and that is all; his talk, in so far as the matter of it goes, the talk of a child, full of wild rumors of the calibre of those which circulate on school-benches. When Rochefort is not in the lobbies, he is listening to the debate, glaring down at the tribune like a toothless lion watching the feast he can never hope to devour. The speaker often look up and talk at him as if he were the personification of the damnable envy and malice which in turn lays them all low."

Red Cloud's formal address before the U. S. Committee on Appropriations last week was carefully drawn up in writing, signed by the Sioux chief, and witnessed by Larimer. It read as follows:—Law Chiefs: I am an Indian! Look at me! My name is Red Cloud. I have sense. The Government through General Cook in 1876 took wrongfully 605 horses from me and my people. I have sense; so have my people. I represent them. I am in debt, and have a large family. Secretary Teller asks me to take cows for my horses. If the Government gives me all the cows they have already promised, I will have more milk than we can milk. I am a man of sense. I want money to pay my debts. Law Chiefs, pay me not in cows, but cash. I am at peace; let me remain thus.
 There is apparently no other way of getting rid of money with such absolute certainty and celerity as to sink it in a hole in the ground. What millions have been thrown away in mining operations in the reckless and uneducated search for oil and gold and silver and copper and lead! One of the worst features of this business is that its devotees, not content with squandering their own funds, have in thousands of instances victimized their confiding friends. The scamp in New York who sunk in a Utah mine six hundred thousand dollars, held in trust for three sisters, brings into a strong light the passionate, crazy gambling that is carried on in the name of mining development and discovery. It is a device of the devil with which he tempts men to their ruin.
 This, from a Paris letter, is the latest about Rochefort:—"He haunts the Chamber like an unquiet spirit; the place has all a fascination for him; it reminds him of all the influence he has missed by his want of the gift of oratory. If he had the same power with his tongue that he has with his even-tempered pen, he would rule France instead of ruling only a newspaper office. He could never face Gambetta on the platform; at most he could only give him a stab from the dark of his desk. His face is now less intensely ill-favoured than it was on his return from New Caledonia, when fasting or trouble had reduced it to the appearance of so much skin stretched in a very tight fit over a skull. Yet it is still the most pitifully unattractive and insincere face in the whole thing—the face of a creature powerless for anything but hate. He has a gift of expression, and that is all; his talk, in so far as the matter of it goes, the talk of a child, full of wild rumors of the calibre of those which circulate on school-benches. When Rochefort is not in the lobbies, he is listening to the debate, glaring down at the tribune like a toothless lion watching the feast he can never hope to devour. The speaker often look up and talk at him as if he were the personification of the dam