A RUSSIAN RAILROAD

To Connect the Baltic Sea With the Pacific Ocean.

SENATOR INGALLS ON THE FINANCIAL BILL.

No More Dangers to the Settlers Anticipated: Soldiers Ordered Home.

By Telegraph to the News.

TWO INDUSTRIAL QUESTIONS.

And Fisheries and a Transcontinental Railroad.

ST. PETERSBURG, Jan. 14.—The Russian ministry and the press are engaged in discussing two industrial questions. The first of the utmost importance is the building of a transcontinental railroad; the second, is the scientific exploration in the Kommandorsky islands. It is quite decided that the government is to build a railway which will connect the Baltic with the Pacific. The entire line from Riatorsk to Vladivostok, a distance of 4,000 miles will cost, including rolling stock, $175,000,000. The lines are to be begun at different points at the same time, and are to be completed in six years.

The second question is due to a long article in an official paper based upon a report prepared by M. Otloff, the Russian Consul-General at San Francisco. He has been in a position to see what was done by Americans and foreigners on the coast of Kamtschatka, and to a long report to his government he throws great blame on the Americans. It is to be feared that the spiteful report will lead to the exclusion of Americans from any concessions on the Kommandorsky islands.

Under Bonds.

WASHINGTON, D.C., Jan. 14.—W. V. Harder, agent of the National Life Insurance Company of Vermont, is under bonds for the embezzlement of $10,000.

The Wrong Man.

PARIS, Jan. 14.—Figaro announces that the man arrested at Olot, Spain, is not Pedlowski, the alleged murderer of General Selivenskoff, but an Austrian named Heine, formerly on the editorial staff of the Temps of this city.

THE FINANCIAL BILL.

Senator Ingalls Addresses the Senate and Denounces the Independents.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 14.—In the Senate the financial bill was taken up immediately after the reading of the journal. Ingalls addressed the Senate, beginning his speech with a bitter denunciation of the Independent Party in politics.

He said that there were two portentous evils which menaced the safety, if they did not endanger the existence of the republic. The first was an ignorant, ignorant, ungrated, spurious suffrage contaminated by the sewage of decayed nations, suffrage intimidated, suppressed in the South, suffrage and corrupt, apathetic and indifferent in the great cities of the North, so that it was doubtful to his mind whether for half a century there had been a presidential election in this country that expressed the judgment and intelligent judgment of the whole body of the American people. The election bill was intended to deal with one part of the great evil to which he alluded, but it was an imperfect, partial and incomplete remedy. Violence is bad, but fraud is no better and it was more dangerous because more insidious. There could be no safety and no stable and permanent peace in this country and under this government until it was just as safe for a black republican to vote in Mississippi as it was for a white democrat to vote in Kansas.

The second evil to which he had adverted was the tyranny of combined, concentrated, centralized, consolidated and incorporated capital, and the people were considering that a great problem. At the beginning of the twenty century, the American people had become profoundly convinced that the ballot was not a panacea for the evils of society; that it has not abolished poverty, nor diminished injustice; they had discovered that political equality did not result in social fraternity; that under democracy, the concentration of greater power in fewer hands was more possible than under monarchy. George Washington, the first president of the republic, had, in 1799 the largest private fortune in the United States. All his belongings valued the sum total of between eight and nine hundred thousand dollars. That was less than a century ago. Since that time, the growth of the wealth and the opulence in the United States had no precedent in the building of nations. The people of the United States now form one-third of the world's mining, one-fourth of its manufacturing, one-fifth of its farming population and possessed one-sixth of its accumulated wealth.

He had read, in the morning papers, Sherman's speech, a considerable part of which was devoted to the defense of the millionaires. The pile had suddenly explained to a concession of the fact that the property of the country was passing into the hands of those, whom the Senator for Ohio called, by euphemism, speculators of the country. These men had no politics but plunder, and no principle but the equilibrium of the account book. It was no wonder that the laboring and agricultural classes of this country had attained awakened, and the capitalists must take a warning.

IN THE HOUSE.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 14.—The House went into committee of the whole on the army appropriation bill.

THE INDIAN WAR OVER.

Four Companies of Soldiers Ordered Home Today.

OMAHA, Jan. 14.—On the assurance of General Miles, no more danger to the settlers is anticipated. Four companies of military stationed on the frontiers are ordered home today. There are still thirteen companies in the field, but they will be ordered home by the end of this week, unless more trouble occurs.

Germany Suffering from the Cold Weather.

BERLIN, Jan. 14.—The cold weather is causing much misery here. Over 20,000 people are out of work and must remain so until the weather moderates.

KOCH'S LYMPH.

It is announced that Professor Koch will publish tomorrow the ingredients which enter into the composition of his lymph.

It is ascertained from authentic sources that it has produced chemical processes in the body that probably belong to the group of albuminose compounds.

Parnell has Abandoned the Idea.

LONDON, Jan. 14.—The Star says Parnell has abandoned all idea of resuming the leadership of the Irish Parliamentary party.

A Shock of Earthquake.

BROCKVILLE, Ont., Jan. 14.—A sharp shock of earthquake was felt here early this morning.

Contempt of Court.

LITTLE ROCK, Ark., Jan. 14.—J. C. Maxey, the clerk of Conway County, has been committed to jail for contempt of court in refusing to produce the ballot box in the congressional election of November last. Application will be made to the United States Supreme Court for a writ of habeas corpus.

A Spiteful Trust.

BOSTON, Jan. 14.—The Post says that the principal manufacturers of spools, bobbins and shuttles in this country are interested in a combination scheme and have had a man in England who was successful in interesting British capital in a proposed trust and in formation of a syndicate with $5,000,000 capital to purchase the business.

Lives Lost at Sea.

NEW ORLEANS, Jan. 14.—The City of Dallas, here from Puerto Cortez, brings news of the wrecking of a schooner between the Bay Islands and the Cayman. Fourteen lives were lost including Captain Kirk Connell.

Prospective Strike of Telegraph Operators.

CHICAGO, Jan. 14.—Chief Thurston of the Brotherhood of the Railway Telegraphers in the United States says that all the operators employed by the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railroad will strike Friday morning. General Manager Earling of the St. Paul road, however, says he does not anticipate a strike.

LETTER FROM THE CAPITAL.

The Force Bill—Edmunds Sat Upon.

Perhaps nothing in politics has ever created more commotion in Congress than what is known as the Force Bill, lately laid aside through the tacking of several republican Senators, among whom were the two from Idaho. But this measure, with all of its vicious points bristling like "the quills of a fretful porcupine," still calls attention to itself, and in sound the leaders of the party in power are using their influence to have it become a law.

It is singular that the two Senators who are the most prominent in cramming this unpalatable measure down the throat of Congress are the same two that have for years been the pilloried "hyenas" of the "Mormon" people and consequently of Utah Territory. These gentlemen are Edmunds and Hoar, whose record for constitutional law opinions has been so baneful as to cause more confusion and hardship in that western territory than it can well be conceived by the rest of the country even if a peaceful policy were now adopted towards the majority of the citizens there.

These senators have, however, received a setback during the present session of Congress, which ought to satisfy any one who loves to see just retribution. The recent manly item in pressing the force bill was itself sufficient to draw down the full weight of public indignation upon their heads, and has sent their names down to posterity in a most unenviable way through the opposing political press of the country; but now this has been supplemented by a direct snub from their own party.

The measure having been, after a most desperate struggle on his part, voted out, of present consideration at least, and Edmunds, whose royal word ever this was held, on endeavoring to rally the rebelling members of the party on this subject, was the recipient of a timely if not a gentle tap on the head by being called to account yesterday for non-attendance to his duties, and for leaving the burden of public business on those upon whom he was denouncing in his most sarcastic style. It is said that he has been accustomed to come into the Senate chamber very late, and then in a bad humor. His bullying propensities, formed a bar probably to his being taken to task before, but he received such a rebuke from one of the Senators attached yesterday that his optics bunged out like beads from the eye sockets of a wooden frog, and his beard seemed to lose its wonted severity, and hung "limp and lifeless" from his ashen lips.

To say the question put was amazed would be to express it, in very conservative language, and everybody seems to have conceded that his power was broken. Whether he will rally and fight, or simply inform by being earlier in his seat, is not yet known. Anyhow, his "say so" will hardly be as appalling as heretofore, and it is only a matter of time for such men to fall victims to contempty difficulty, at least. They generally get too full, like the office, when drunkenness of the country. These men had no politics but plunder, and no principle but the equilibrium of the account book. It was no wonder that the laboring and agricultural classes of this country had attained awakened, and the capitalists must take a warning.

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Scrofula

is the most virulent and most general of all diseases. Scarcely a family is entirely free from it, while thousands everywhere are its suffering slaves. Hood's Sarsaparilla has unfortunately success in doing every form of scrofula. The most severe and painful running sores, swellings in the neck or joints, cancer in the eye, causing partial or total blindness, yield to the powerful efforts of this medicine.

The Worst Type.

"My son was afflicted with the worst type of scrofula, and on his condemnation of the surgeon I gave him Hood's Sarsaparilla. Today he is sound and well. After discharging it was said there was not enough medicine in Illinois to effect a cure." J. Gilmartin, Hopedale, Ill. Be sure to get

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. Hood & Co., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

Called Domestic Sewing Machines just received at Young Bros., 59 Main St.

A PSEUDO EX-CONVICT.

Curious Experience of a Clergyman with an Alleged Jailbird.

I am going to reveal to my indulgent reader a little experience I had. I don't know it will interest him, but it has been the subject of considerable questioning with me ever since it occurred. I was sitting in the dark Thursday evening; Augusta came to the door, saying, "There is an man downstairs who wants to see you." "Ask him up here." I said. In walked a man, medium height, shabby clothes, long rather lank, short, hair black, mixed with gray; eye sharp, with restless look, hatless in his shirt sleeves a combination of apparent timidity, hemeekness and rather poor pity.

"Good evening, what can I do for you?"

"I come to you," he answered, "in rather a strange time and on a strange errand. I have been out of Juliet prison three months. I have been in the city the larger part of the time. I have been sick. I have been hanging in the streets, railroad and police. I have been starved; I make an honest living. I was some free, and I said you are a man who will help me."

Moved at once to the touch of the story, I seated him in the room with some decent of warmth. "What can you do?" I asked. "I learned in Juliet to paint, but I will do anything." "Are you a good painter?" "Yes, sir." "All right, I think I can get you some work." "You may like to write to Juliet about me; I became a Christian there; the chaplain was—" "My brother was Elder." "No, I think he very glad to know all about you. I will write at once. I'll get you some work as soon. You come to my city office to-morrow, and I think I can help you," I said, and bade him good morning.

The second day after he appeared. I took him into the livery stable where I hire my peculiar assistants to pretend ventilation and said to the proprietor, "Mr. G——, don't you want to hire this man to help you in various ways, and you give him his board and lodging?" "Certainly I do." The man, whose name, by the way, was Frederick J. Dubuque, seemed very grateful. "Now," I said to Mr. Dubuque, "let's go to the carriage man and see if we cannot get you some regular work at painting." The carriage man finally consented to give him work, and he was to come round next Monday for it.

That afternoon I was going to make some parish calls, and I said to the man, "Come out with me and hold my horse." We had a good chance to talk during this ride. He told me the story of his life. He ran away from home at 14, fell into bad company, began to steal in a small way and then became a shop breaker. Never, he said, had he broken into a house. This he said with a good deal of pride. He had friends living in Williamstown, N. Y., and also in Walpole, Mass., had a son about 18 years old. He wrote dear several years before. He told me about the 120 in Juliet, the cell fever, etc., and his temptations to steal since coming to the city.

After a while we came to the end of the list of visits, and I bade him good night, handing him a quarter in payment of his services, against receiving which he manifested a proper degree of diffidence. I asked him to take the horse back to the stable. "I shall come round Monday to see how you are getting on." The last word he said to me was, "You have not heard from Juliet yet about me." I said, "No."

The second day following I stepped in to see how the work was coming on. They said the man had brought the horse back, but they had not seen him since. Hoax vanished my friend into the unknown. Two days after I heard from Juliet that never had there been a man of the name of Frederick J. Dubuque confined in that prison.

I want to ask a question. What was the purpose of the man in coming to me?—Clergyman in Chicago Advance.

Velocity of the Wind.

Wind velocities differ greatly according to locality, even on the land, where they are usually lower than at sea. They are higher at Sandy Hook, for instance, than on the Equitable building in the city. They are greater, too, at an elevation than on the earth's surface; greater, normally, in the winter than in summer, and greater in early afternoon hours than in the early morning. The mean hourly velocity at the signal service station in New York city for about fourteen years was reported in 1885 to be 9.4 miles, while at Hatteras it was 14.6. Probably the severest blast recorded by the signal service in this city was experienced on Feb. 26, 1886, when for a few minutes a speed was attained computed to be at the rate of eighty-four miles an hour.—New York Tribune.

Sig. If Possible.

There comes a day, near the last of November, when diners at a well spread table may feel inclined to repeat the remarks of a new recruit at West Point some years ago.

The young man was a rough diamond, a recent importation from rural districts, and when the carver was ready to serve him he asked:

"And now, Mr. C——, what part will you take?"

The answer was at once forthcoming.

"Importuitor," said Mr. C——. "Sig pleas, anywhar!"—Youth's Companion.

Not the Place.

Attendant (in railroad waiting room)—Hey, sister, no going to sleep here. This isn't no church.—Life.

Any Excuse Welcome.

He Nurse—You are to be discharged to-morrow as cured.

Barrington (who has fallen deeply and in love)—My sou, would it be improper for me to propose to you? I'm sure I can give you a comfortable home. [illegible] a day or two longer?—Judge.

He Was "Delicious" Cold.

A friend of mine, the younger member of whose family are given to using attractive phrases much affected by the youth of this good old town, tells me that, after many fruitless efforts, he succeeded in forcibly bringing the ability of the bulbs to their attention the first time he saw a lemon squeezed it. With them every new thing was "awfully" sweet, every social gathering they attended was "awfully" jolly. One evening he came home with a budget of news. A friend of his had failed in business. He spoke of the failed as "absolutely" rich. He had ridden uptown in the car with a noted money-lender and bill, who is described as "horribly entertaining and to cap the climax he spoke of some lemon that was set before him at a country hotel as "divinely" mean.

"I should think, papa," said the elder daughter, "that you were one of your kind." "Not the least, my dear," he said pleasantly. "I am lonely enough to follow the fashion." I confess my "divinely mean" will wait a good deal of labor. It was "awfully sweet" and gave it my better. You will find me "as the cool lemonade." And soon, he added, "the one little person you place of this delicious drink best." All we can say of a person who is as friendly as they come, is that he is no hearing.—Boston Post.

Persons and Their Affairs.

In the winter of 1866-67, I was one day, which, my friend the Rev. John Russell and myself were returning alone a long day's hunting across Dartmoor (near Kingsbridge) and found ourselves in the neighborhood of the Manor. Mr. Russell proposed that we should call on his old friend Mr. Mason, the owner of Widdecombe, and a well known sportsman. Being somewhat uncertain of the road, we inquired of a male the way to Mr. Mason's. "He yer gooing to Widdecomb?" was the reply; "yes to sure, and yu'll see somewer thun big at t' corner of t' road." "He might have been there when you left," replied Russell, "but not now."

"Wuth, yes he be." Stop, sarcastic. I'm goin' that way; wait till I shut this gate, and I'll show ye." With this he trudged along by our side till we came to a cross road, and pointing to the guide post said, "There he be," and when Russell inquiring he meaning, he replied, "Lord, mawster don't 'ee know—allwer pointing t' way ye should go and never gain' hisself." When we arrived at Mr. Mason's door Russell repeated the story. "Bring him!" quoth the person, "that's my man Jan; I'll give 'im a bun."—Thomas Fisher in London Sportsman.

Prince Napoleon in Exile.

As to Prince Napoleon's daily life in his Frangipani retreat, he rises with the sun, bathes or works in his studio and receives visitors. It may there be, until luncheon, which is announced for 11 45 a. m. and never lasts more than half an hour. Immediately afterward, and no matter what the weather may be, he takes a long walk beyond the confines of his park, and returns between 2 and 3 p. m. to open his mail correspondence, which comes to hand during his afternoon stroll, and which is always voluminous and very regular.

This occupies him until the dinner hour. In the evening he plays chess with neighbors or with faithful Parisian friends, such as M. Adolphe Baron Brunet and one or two others who arrive in turn. Each shows his cards for a few days. He prides himself upon being a good player, but upon himself a very bad one, especially with M. Adolphe, who rips with him in the silliest and most comical manner imaginable. He retires toward 11 o'clock.—Paris Gaulois.

A New Boiler Well.

An artesian well, now partly completed at Pesth, Hungary, has reached a depth of 1,640 yards, and by the time it is finished will be the deepest of its kind in the world. It is intended to supply hot water for a great bath house connected with a large hotel; it proves that which is obtained has a temperature of 164 degs. Fahrenheit, and it is expected that 1,500 yards will raise the temperature to 180 degs. or 200 degs. The most curious feature about this well is the adaptation to it of automatic machinery for boring, the water power for which is supplied by the well itself. By this means the boring has been conducted at double its previous rate. Surely this is a great age when water spouting from a well can be so harnessed as to increase the depth of the well from which it issues.—St. Louis Republic.

LEGAL NOTICE.

In the Probate Court in and for Salt Lake County, Territory of Utah.

In the matter of the Estate of Silas Atwood, deceased.

Notice of time and place for the reception of persons to exhibit claims against said estate.

PURSUANT TO AN ORDER OF THE Probate Court of Salt Lake County, Utah Territory, to the undersigned, executrix of the last will and testament of said deceased, notice is hereby given to all persons to whom said estate is indebted, or who may have claims against said estate, to present the same, with the vouchers thereof, to the undersigned, executrix of said estate, at the office of Messrs. Dickson & Dickson, Rooms 10 and 11, Dickson Block, Salt Lake City, Utah Territory, on or before the 14th day of March, A. D. 1891, which said day is the time appointed by said Probate Court for the hearing of all claims against said estate, when and where all persons interested may attend and present the same for adjustment.

Dated this 14th day of January, A. D. 1891.

MARY E. ATWOOD,
Executrix of the last will and testament of Silas Atwood, deceased.

DICKSON & DICKSON,
Attorneys for Executrix.
Office: Rooms 10 and 11, Dickson Block, Salt Lake City, Utah.

SUMMONS.

In the Probate Court in and for the Third Judicial District of Utah Territory, Salt Lake County.

In the matter of the Estate of Thomas H. Hooper and Sarah Hooper, deceased.

Elizabeth Hooper, Joseph E. Hooper, Thomas H. Hooper, Jr., Sarah Hooper, Edward S. Hooper, Samuel A. Hooper, Ann Hooper, Frederick W. Hooper, Lucy Hooper, Lucinda Hooper, Lucinda Hooper, Jr., Thomas Hooper, Jr., Lucinda Hooper, Jr., Thomas Hooper, Jr., Lucinda Hooper, Jr., Thomas Hooper, Jr.,