

lotteries shall not be legalized in any State. The vote stood 95 to 88.

The remainder of the day was spent in consideration of the resolutions. All were passed as reported from the committee, but a warm debate was provoked by the question of the government ceding the arid lands to the States and Territories.

A resolution deploring the law of the Forty-ninth Congress prohibiting foreign capital from investing in real estate and mines was adopted.

THE MAJORITY REPORT ON ARID LANDS

urged the cession of arid lands to the States in which they are situated, and limiting individual purchases to 320 acres, at not less than \$1.25 per acre, and that only citizens of the United States be eligible as purchasers, the fund derived from such sale to be devoted to the development of irrigation and the reclamation of arid lands. The minority report was devoted to a strong argument for a system of government irrigation that would bring the lands under cultivation.

After much debate, participated in by Senator Warren of Wyoming, Judge Belford of Colorado, Delegates Gunn of Idaho, Morse of Colorado and Hardy of Utah, various amendments were offered and voted down and the majority report adopted by a large vote.

It was voted to hold two meetings each year, one in February and one in November. A basis of representation was fixed.

At the evening session the silver reports were heard. The majority favored the free and unlimited coinage of silver and the minority report was withdrawn. There was a lengthy debate on the question tonight, participated in by Symms, Ferry, Goodwin of Salt Lake and others.

DENVER, May 22.—Mr. Hyde, of Utah, is not one of those men who let a chance of carrying his point slip by. In the Trans-Mississippi congress today, when the Trimble resolution came up, he resumed his endeavors to have the congress recommend statehood for Utah.

Editor Goodwin then moved that the resolution be made general in its provision, and read that all the territories be admitted as soon as qualified.

The latter was carried and the resolution on Indian matters was replaced by a substitute to abolish reservations and tribal relations; disarm the Indians; give them land in severalty; make them amenable to the laws of the State in which they might be, and open the remainder of the reservation lands to settlement.

The day was spent in discussing the resolutions and the only changes of moment were these mentioned above.

The night session was spent in a discussion of silver, the question being as to whether to favor the coinage of all silver or simply the American product. Many of the delegates left for home this evening believing the main work of the convention done. Those who remained used up a great deal of oratory and rhetoric on the question. At about 2 o'clock the congress ratified the majority report in favor of the coinage of American silver only. The majority was very narrow, being by three votes. The convention then adjourned and will meet next year in Omaha.—Herald.

AN IMPOTENT CONCLUSION.

He was seated opposite to me at dinner, and when my eyes first fell upon him I felt certain I had seen him somewhere before, though I had no recollection of ever having spoken to him, or of his name.

A slim young man of middle height, well dressed and of fair complexion—in fact, with an air of general washed-outness not uncommon among young civilians who have devoted their childhood to hard study and spent their years of adolescence in the tropics. During the ten years I had lived myself in India I had encountered dozens of young men almost the facsimile of this one in appearance—almost, but not quite. That deep mark coming down beneath his brows, which were contracted in a pained frown, and the pale, unquiet eyes which looked at you from beneath them, were sufficient to redeem him from the charge of being cast in too commonplace a mould; while a sort of suppressed activity in his slowest movements proved that he was not a victim to that climatic lassitude which is so hard to shake off even on the hills. Without judging from his pallor I could have told that this was not the result of healthful energy, but of nervous excitability. He was suffering, but whether from physical or mental causes I could not say.

Curiosity impelled me to question my neighbor, a small vivacious lady who had been introduced to me earlier in the evening as Mrs. Fane, and who seemed more than usually informed concerning the ins and outs of Simla society.

"That is young Greyle," she returned promptly to my inquiry. "A very rising light in the political department. It's a name which is always bound to get on in India, and he has plenty of influential connections. He seems to haunt the houses of members of council, and when I was asked here, tonight I felt certain of meeting him."

"Not a very lively guest. He has scarcely opened his lips since he sat down."

"And at these dismal functions every Englishman is bound to do his duty?" laughing; then, with a softer note in her voice, she added: "But he, poor fellow, had a great shock some time ago, and has not yet recovered from it."

Just then somebody else addressed her, and though I was too interested not to make several efforts to discover more about Mr. Greyle, I hesitated to assert my primary right to my partner's attention, as the conversation had become general, and seemed to owe all its sparkle and life to her.

"I feel I have been defrauded of you shamefully," I insinuated in the momentary hush which precedes the departure of the ladies.

"Comfort yourself with the reflection that you have been sacrificed for the public good. If I had not talked no one else would have done so, I am sure. It is getting near the end of the season, and we are all more or less exhausted. I am quite worn out."

"A day or two of thorough rest—"

She stopped me with a little horrified gesture.

"If it were known or even suspected that I had spent an evening under my

own roof, it would be considered a sign of waning popularity, and I could not bear up under such a supposition. No I shall go on to the end. Tonight at any rate, you will admit that I have earned my dinner."

She smiled at me over her shoulder as she went out, and I was sufficiently attracted by her gaiety and good looks to seek her out when we went into the drawing room. As I sank into a seat beside her she whispered dolefully.

"I have a dreadful presentiment they are going to play games. Look at the group near the doorway, they are certainly plotting something for our amusement."

I replied that it was very likely. The last time that I had dined here I remembered they had had a dumb crabbo, and mine had been the mournful privilege to see three esteemed lights of the Indian legislature and a yet more exalted personages wallowing on the ground as fishes, while a lovely lady angled for them from the sofa with a string and crooked pin.

"Why can't they treat us as reasonable beings, and leave us in peace?" fretfully.

"They are afraid we might take advantage of their kindness to fall asleep."

The discussion in question was becoming more and more animated; disjointed sentences reached us where we sat.

"I don't believe in it a bit."

"They talked of trying to discover the Whitechapel murderer that way."

"And are you really a believer in spiritualism, Mrs. Jerome?"

Then one of the most thrilling voices I had ever heard—so low and sweet, yet with such a reverberating ring that it penetrated to the farthest corner of the room—answered seriously:

"It is not quite the same thing. I am sure there is in everybody a psychic force which might be cultivated, though, perhaps not for our good. I have seen some strange things done that way—I have done one or two things myself which could not be explained by natural causes—but I am always frightened," breaking off with a little tremulous indrawn breath.

"She has only just come up to Simla," divining my unspoken thoughts. "She is staying at Glenarm. Glenarm has always been the seat of spiritualistic learning. No I don't know her at all. I don't even know who she is."

In the meantime Mrs. Jerome had been persuaded to exercise her gift for our amusement, and had left the room while it was discussed what she should be asked to do.

"Do you think she could be 'willed' to take a cigarette out of this case and light it?" asked one, "or blow out the candles on the piano?" asked another; and more suggestions were made, all of which were impatiently set aside by a short materialistic-looking man who had before expressed his utter want of faith in such manifestations.

"Of course she could do that, or anything else of the same sort. A little ordinary intelligence, combined with an unconscious accentuation or relaxation of pressure from the person who is supposed to influence her will, is sure to produce the desired result. 'Will' her to do something perfectly impossible, and she will still blow out the can-