NEWS FROM WASHINGTON.

The Appropriation Committee at Work.

WASHINGTON, March 1.—The appropriation committee of the Senate has been at work the whole day getting the appropriation bills in shape. It is believed that the condition of business is such as to make an extra session very improbable. Three appropriation bills, viz., postoffice, agricultural and general deficiency, have not yet passed the Senate, but the first named is well advanced toward final action and the other two will be reported tomorrow.

The condition of the other appropriation bills is as follows: The army, military academy, fortifications and naval have either become laws or merely await the President's signature to become laws; the sundry civil, and diplomatic, pension, Indian, District of Columbia, sundry civil and legislative, executive and judicial bills are in conference, and on some of them the conferees have made substantial progress toward an agreement. On the several appropriation bills in conference there are radical differences of opinion between the Senate and House, but there is no reason to apprehend that one side will not yield, after it has made stubborn resistance and finds it necessary to give way in order to avoid an extra session.

IN A CONFERENCE STAGE.

The Copyright and Postal Subsidy bills are in a conference stage, and vigorous efforts will be made to enact them into laws in some shape before final adjournment. The friends of the Subsidy bill, it is understood, will accept the measure passed by the House on motion of Cannon, if it is impracticable to secure a more liberal law. Action on the unfinished appropriation bills and conference reports and on the questions of copyright and subsidy, will commence substantially at the time of the Senate's meeting, now and noon Wednesday. The work of the House is considerably further advanced than that of the Senate, and in addition to acting upon the conference reports, it will be very likely to give some attention to the Bourman impeachment resolution and to the special report of the Ballin investigating committee.

CUBA'S EXHIBITION.

Mr. Curtis of the State Department, who has charge of the Latin-American department of the Columbian Exposition, has just returned from a visit to the West Indies in the interests of the exposition. In his report Curtis announces the appointment by the Captain-General of Cuba of a board of thirty commissioners to represent the island at the exposition and secure a collection illustrating its resources, products and industries for exhibition there. This board, he says, includes the most prominent, enterprising and influential men of the colony, ten of the thirty bearing the name of excellentissimo. The chairman is the excellentissimo senior, Don Antonio Anzuberta, a gentleman of great wealth and wide experience in commercial and political affairs, and he has a very high standing in Spain, as well as in the colony.

"The desire of the people of Cuba," the report says, "especially the sugar and tobacco planters and manufacturers, to promote their commercial relations with the United States, amounts to anxiety, and I may also mention in this connection a matter of news I learned in Havana, which is that the commercial organizations of the republic of San Domingo have raised a purse to pay the salary and expenses of an envoy, to be sent by the government to Washington for the purpose of negotiating a reciprocity treaty with the United States. A similar spirit prevailes the group of West India colonies and will, I am sure, stimulate their representation at the exposition."

While in Havana Curtis secured for the historical section of the exposition a plaster cast of the tomb of Columbus.

INGALLS' SUCCESSION.

A conference of the Republican senators was held tonight for the purpose of selecting a president pro tempore of the Senate in place of Ingalls. Senator Sherman presided. Three members were nominated for the position—Frye, Hoar and Manderson. Six or seven ballots were taken, and on the last ballot Senator Manderson received the nomination. On motion of Frye, the nomination was made unanimous.

PASSED OVER TEMPORARILY.

The conferees on the sundry civil appropriation bill met to night and were still in session at 10 o'clock. The item in the paragraph making the appropriation for the World's Columbian Commission was reached each side stated its position, after discussion, the item was finally passed over temporarily.

Suppressing of Betting.

LONDON, March 1.—The people of Paris are now intensely agitated over the suppression of betting. The French Government's action, it is declared, will eventually result in the death of racing in France and be one of the greatest detriments to horse breeding which will be severely felt by the cavalry. Besides, it will encourage the worse evils of secret betting.

PARIS, March 1.—Owing to the betting excitement an immense concourse of people attended the races today.

The Empress Wants Her Son to Keep Cool.

LONDON, March 1.—Empress Frederick wrote a letter to her Kaiser Thursday night begging her son to keep cool. She saw no reason, she said, for shortening her stay because of adverse publicity, as every one she met treated her in the politest manner and she felt grateful, in fact, for the attention received.

A Shooting Incident.

PARIS, March 1.—A peculiar accidental shooting incident, resulting fatally, is reported from Tropez. The affair occurred near the city tonight in some wheels forming a part of the domain of the Chateau Carnebeuf. Vicomte Brinjles, armed with a gun, was walking through the woods, when he was shot. It is feared fatally, by a gamekeeper. The Vicomte entering the fire, killing one gamekeeper and wounding another. The Vicomte supposed the gamekeepers to be poachers while they mistook him for a trespasser.

The Breezy West.—Mr. Traveler—"And how did you like our beautiful Western country, Miss Query?"

Miss Query—"I was completely carried away with it!"

Mr. T.—"Indeed!"

Miss Q.—"Yes, but fortunately I came down on a haystack and got off without a scratch."—Ex.

A MINER'S QUEER REQUEST.

His Pal Gave Up $3,000 and Secured a Fortune by Disobeying the Will.

The other day we met on Kearney street and all from Winnemucca saluted Jack Bragg, whom usually said worn miner's appearance was on this occasion replaced by a gorgeous display of varied colors, pink pants, red coat, yellow vest, watch chain, white tie beaux and purple face shone above these evidences of prosperity with the placid contentment of a full harvest moon.

"Hello, Jim," we said, "glad to see you looking so prosperous. Must have struck it rich recently."

"Yes I have," said Jim, and then as he blushed fain we allowed a little he continued, "that I had a mighty tough time, though. My partner had died—you remembered Ned—has gone up the chuff."

"Dead, eh?"

"Yes, I'll tell you how it was. You see, Ned and I had a quartz claim two years ago. Don't matter now what it was all about. Maybe Ned was wrong, and maybe I was, but at the same time, neither of us would back down—couldn't, you'd say, and so we went, and the upshot was that we parted, and a good never to speak to each other again."

"And didn't you?"

"No, we were there for us, as we had been pards, think and think, for three years together. Well, about six months after that Ned got a giant gravel vein up on the Feather where they've been tearing the river bed, and he struck it rich—cleaned up right on to $100,000 in two months."

"And how were you getting on?"

"Why, about middling. Working up on Gold Hill for $3 a day. Well I was kinder sneakin' glad to hear of Ned's luck, for all we were sore; but the next thing I heard was that he'd invested his money in Sacramento lots. He knew just long enough to make his will. Well, the lawyers wrote us how Ned was worth just about $100,000, and the will gave $3,000 apiece to each of three distant cousins of his—they had all cuss out from the east when they heard of Ned's luck—and the balance, some seventy odd thousand, just as though we hadn't quarrelled. But Ned's sisters was a vicious set of cows, and she will grudged that some of us should get the money if we attended the funeral. He didn't want anybody at the funeral but just the executors. The will said he had lived lonely, and he wanted to be buried lonely. There's just the words, and I felt they were intended for me, sure. The disposition of the rest of the estate—about $200,000—is provided for in another codicil, to be opened the day after the funeral, but we all agreed it was decided for a charitable object, for Ned hadn't and kin 'cept the cousins.

"Of course you stayed away from the funeral?"

"That's just the point. Somehow I felt so miserable and downhearted—you see Ned was the oldest partner I ever had—that I determined to go and see him settled down on his last copy any way, money or no money, and I did."

"And the cousins?"

"None of 'em went. Bet in they were so disgusted at the 'divvy' that they closed out down to Tucson to see about breaking the will. So I was the only mourner at the funeral. My friends all thought I was $3 for the crazy house to throw away the $3,000 like that—well, I just couldn't help it. It mopped me. Enough to be the lone lone I ever strike."

"How was that?"

"Why the next day when the vision will was opened we found it really gave the entire balance of the clean up to whichever of us four disobeyed the condition for the above legacies. So you see I came in for the whole lump just like a kiyi. And do you know, as sure as you's a live I shall always believe that Ned put up the whole job himself, just to see whether I'd be true!"—San Francisco Examiner.

Grandfar Complaints.

Aurora, the goddess of the morning, was lamenting among the gods that she, who was so much passed by mankind, was so little loved and sought after by them, and least of all by those who sang of her and praised her most.

"Grieve not at thy fate," said the goddess of wisdom; "it is not thine the cause. And consider, too," continued she, "who are those that neglect thee, and for what rivals they desert thee. Behold how whilst they are passing by, they be buried in the arms of sleep and waste away both and soul. Besides, had thou not friends, had thou not a mighty protector? All creation bows thee; all the flowers smile and look themselves in thy rosy light, in new bridal beauty."

"The circle of Bacchus welcomes thee each countess some new device to hail thy brief visits. The industrious husbandman, the stubborn sage, and even maidens, thee drink from the cup which thou proffers hasteth and strength, quest and long life, thereby welcome in that they enjoy thee, undisturbed by the minor road of sleeping fools. That thou dream it little happiness to be beloved, and be unappreciated by the mighty crowds? Do the highest pleasure of love among fool and man."

Aurora blushed at her grandfather complaints, and every fair one who is pure and thinks, after the decision, she came good fortune for herself.—New York Ledger.

The Commerce of Finland.

Finland is visited yearly by about 10,000 vessels, bringing rubber more than 1,200,000 tons of merchandise, and carrying away about the same amount. The exports from Finland are, for the greater part, forest products, half being of planks, deals, firewood, etc., with 4 per cent. of tar. Flax and hemp, chiefly bother, furnish an additional 15 per cent. of the whole; agricultural products 3 per cent. more; game and fish 3 per cent. of cattle and reindeer, remainder furs, furs, furs and paper and pulp work. On the other hand, the goods brought into the country are fabrics, grain, metals, wool, cotton, tobacco, wine, oil and beverages. The exchanges with foreign countries are made to the extent of 30 per cent. by the ships of Finland, of which the commercial fleet numbers 1,600 vessels, having 250,000 tons burden. There is no lack of commodities for water.—Henry Lansdell, D. D., in Harper's.

The Glass Snake.

People are there is no such thing as a glass snake, but they are mistaken. It is true this reptile is not very common, and is becoming more and more rare, but it is still occasionally to be found. The peculiarity of the name is its joints are so loosely connected that if you strike it with a stick it breaks into half a dozen or more pieces. The old superstition is that the pieces would unite if let alone. There is no truth about this part of the story, though, like many other creatures of the lower order, this snake is believed to have the power of regenerating a portion of its tail should it just be broken off. But when thoroughly broken up by a hard blow the pieces make, as they did it in the country, is quite dead, and the case with which it is killed accounts for its rapid extinction.—Interview in St. Louis Globe Democrat.

Fortunatus.

"You're in a hurry," said the impertinent conductor.

"Yes I am you quite wrong," retorted the eccentric passenger. "Quite the reverse. I'm in a hurry car."—Harper's Bazar.

In making custards and custard pies heat the milk to the scalding point before adding it to the beaten eggs and sugar; bake at once in a hot oven. The time required for baking them will thus be reduced one half.

A TRAMP STORY.

"Denver Pete" Gives His Last Dollar to the Acquaintance of His Youth.

The day was as even more than usually peaceful of vagrants, and at 11 o'clock p.m. the big main pasture in the area of the station was packed with outcasts, scatter of all sorts and ages. They were well sorted and heavy headed below from the lumber country edged, behind them, were crowded thousand of their fit kick. There were old men and young men, alike ragged and hungry looking, and they crowded one and all around the big stove as though they never expected to see another. Among the unkempt and ill smelling lord there was one more striking character, "Denver Pete," a big, muscular man, with a face like that of Bill Sykes, and a voice that might be likened to the harping of a double edged file, set in a chair with his cap drawn over his eyes and both hands pushed deep in his trousers pockets.

He was talking about the Christmas he had when a boy, of a little brick house he remembered way back in Ohio state, when the door of the tramp room opened for the entrance of a new guest. He was a youngster, the veteran of Pete wasn't a hole on his face, and the clothes he wore were fitted that he had not been tramping it long. The lad looked at the crowd around him, and then turning to the janitor asked if there were any beds. A hoarse laugh from the old timers, in which the officers joined, told that beds were not among the luxuries of life in tramp dom. The door closed, and the boy found himself left to the selfed spot he could find on the floor. He was picking his way through the recumbent rags to a far corner of the place when the voice of "Denver Pete" bade him stop.

"Come here, you!"

The stranger drew near, as though expecting some new gibe at his substantiate.

"Where's yer home?"

"I came from Hardin county, O., and worked in a commission house on Liberty street until two months ago. Then I got sick. I was just let out of the hospital and haven't my money, so I had to come home."

"Where's your folks?"

"At Kenton, O."

"Able to work now, ain't you?"

"Yes. I am going to work as soon as I can get something to do."

"Ever been trampin' before?"

"No, sir."

"Shut up and let folks sleep, can't you?" yelled a voice from across the room.

"Go to Jericho!" responded the questioner, at the same time taking from a pocket inside his shirt a greasy leather wallet. He drew forth a five dollar bill, crumpled and torn on the edges, and handed it to the youngster with the remark:

"See here, pard, I guess you ain't used to tramping. Times ain't no hole here—nothin' but boards and hard boards at that. They don't serve breakfast regular, an' the place isn't your style inclose. Here's a bill. You go out and tell the hotel keeper the lodgings ain't up to the mark. The five'll keep you through the week, and then ye kin look for a job."

"But maybe I can't get one right away," broke in the other.

"Well, suppose ye can't, but try. My mother used to tell me there wasn't nothin' like tryin'. It didn't never do no much good, but you take her tip and try."

"I'll pay you back as soon——"

"All right," broke in the leader. "You just address the letter 'Denver Pete,' Police Station, St. Paul, an' I'm liable to get it."

The sick man thanked his deliverer profusely, shook his hand and withdrew.

"Got any more jokes to scatter, Pete?" asked a grizzled veteran of the road.

Pete got up and looked at the crowd before him.

"I guess fellers," he said, "reckon I done a fool job on that kid. Well I knowed him. I come from Ohio myself, down around Kenton. I knowed his sister, too, an' mud ter take her sleigh ridin' behind my old dad's grays. She wouldn't have me, of course; couldn't expect it nohow, but I hain't going to see her kid brother goin' hungry.

"Where'd yer get the five?" asked a consumptive looking fellow.

"Been savin' it for a month to celebrate on," and with that reply "Denver Pete" curled up near the base burner for the night.—St. Paul Globe.

The Way of the World.

This is a story for grown up people. Your boys stood on a street crossing; they ranged in years from 6 to 15; the first three held bags in their hands; fourth had none.

"I wish," said 6-year-old, rolling his eyes at the boy next to him, "that my bag was big as your's."

"And I wish," said 8-year-old, rolling his eyes at the next boy, "that my bag was as big as your's."

"And I wish," said 10-year-old, rolling his eyes at the big boy without a bag, "that I was as big as you, so I wouldn't care for such a boyish thing as a bag."

"Well," said the big boy, with a kind of regretful expression, "I'd tell you what I wish. I wish bags weren't as awfully jilly fun to me as they once did."—West Shore.

Mr. Clayton's measurements demonstrate that stands of all kinds float at about the same height in the United States as at Apsala, Sweden, and at other parts of the world, where special observations have been carried on.

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ORNAMENTED WEDDING CAKES Shipped All Over the Territory.

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STOP IT NOW, SOON IT WILL BE TOO LATE.

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An Imp of indigestion sat
Within the chimney flue
And looked quite dreary as he said
"There's naught for me to do!
I and my brothers in the stove
Will never caper more.
It's got one of those wholesome things
They call a Wire Gauze Door!"

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