

Goldsboro Weekly Argus.

LANDRETH'S
EXTRA EARLY
PEAS AT COST.
MILLER'S Drug Store

VOL. XVI.

GOLDSBORO, N. C., THURSDAY, MARCH 1, 1894.

NO 18

OLD JOHN HENRY.
Old John's 's' made of the commonest stuff—
Old John Henry—
He's tough, I reckon, but none too tough
Too tough though's better than not enough,
Says old John Henry,
He does his best; and when his best's bad,
He don't fret none, nor he don't git sad,
He simply 'lows it's the best he had,
Old John Henry.
His d-d-er's 's' of the plainest brand—
Old John Hen ry
A smilin' face and a hearty hand;
'S reigns at all folks understand,
'Says old John H nry.
He is stov' up come with the rheumatiz
And they hain't no shine on them shoes
of his,
And his hair hain't cut, but his eye-teeth
is,
Old John Henry,
He feels hisself when the stock's all fed,
Old John Henry—
And slep's like a babe when he goes to bed,
And dreams of heaven and home made bread,
Says old John H nry.
He ain't refused as he'd ort to be
To fit the statute of po-etry,
Nor his clothes don't fit him—but he fits 'em,
Old John H nry,
—J. Whitcomb Eiley.

that he had withdrawn from the Senate committee on Finance, whether or not it comes about as a result of the debate in the Senate or personal solicitation with the Senator cannot be said, but at all events, Mills, late this afternoon, reconsidered his action and will remain with the committee until the bill is passed.
"There was a vast amount of work connected with the Tariff bill," said Mr. Mills, this evening, "and I was tired of the trouble it was causing. I was put on the committee temporarily, to fill the vacancy caused by the absence of Mr. McPherson, and during the time he was away I gave the best effort I had to the work in hand. Now that Mr. McPherson has returned, I thought it was no more than right that he should take his own place on the committee. That was the only motive I had for saying I would leave the committee. This afternoon McPherson told me his health would not permit him to do the work and that I must continue. Under the circumstances I could do nothing else, and shall remain with the committee until the bill is reported. That is all there is about it."

A GREAT FALL.
If anybody had predicted five years ago, that to-day Erastus Wyman would be in prison, charged with numerous forgeries, the prophecy would have been considered an infamous libel.
For many years until a few months ago, Erastus Wyman was considered not only one of the ablest financiers in New York, but was also regarded as a man of unquestionable integrity. He was prominent in many great public enterprises, such as improvements on Staten Island. For years he was the general manager and controlling spirit of the great commercial agency of R. G. Dana & Co., Wyman was an actual industrial and enterprising citizen. He not only took a large part in practical affairs, but contributed frequently to the magazines and newspapers of the country. He was a man of remarkable resources and fine attainments. In New York, he was accounted a millionaire, and was consulted about great projects almost as much as any man in that city.
A year ago, to the surprise of almost everybody, Wyman made an assignment of all his property for the benefit of his creditors. It was not even suspected then that he had gone wrong, and there was very general sympathy for what was considered his misfortune. It turns out that for years past he has been perpetrating the boldest kind of forgeries, and that years ago, he was spared only by the kindness of his old friend, Mr. Dana. Instead of turning from his evil ways, Wyman continued on the old line until he fell into the clutches of the law.
This is one of the most remarkable down-falls that has recently occurred in the United States. Wyman is an able man, possessing rare business qualifications. He could have made a fortune honestly, but there was something in his nature which drove him to wicked methods and placed him in the cell he now occupies. There is certainly little excuse for a man of his capacity when he plays the rascal.

THE TARIFF IN THE SENATE.
Mr. Mills announced yesterday that he had withdrawn from the Senate finance committee. He had been engaged on the sub-committee which is preparing to report the tariff bill to the Senate.
The announcement of Mr. Mills' withdrawal from the committee was taken as a very significant fact and was interpreted to mean that the majority of the sub-committee was acting on a line which Mr. Mills could not approve. We are glad to know that Mr. Mills has reconsidered his determination to withdraw from the committee and that he will continue to labor with it to the end. His services are certainly needed on that sub-committee. Not only is he thoroughly posted on the tariff, but he is an ardent advocate of the true Democratic principle on this question. It is said there are influences at work in the Senate to change the Wilson bill very materially in the direction of protectionism. Some of the Democratic Senators on the finance committee are weak-kneed when it comes to genuine tariff reform and are reported to be opposed to some of the best features of the Wilson bill. If this is the case, the country cannot afford to dispense with the services of Mr. Mills on the finance committee. He could be relied upon to fight for genuine tariff reform on the floor of the Senate, but he can do so much more effectively after he has served on the sub-committee and found out exactly how the weak-kneed Democrats propose to alter the bill. The Wilson bill is not an extreme measure, and if the Senate endeavors to make it still more conservative the country will be disappointed and the Democratic party will be placed in a very dangerous attitude. We expect to see Mr. Mills take the lead in the battle for a true Democratic tariff, which will soon begin in the Senate.

THE STORY OF LIFE,
John G. Saxo.
Say, what is life? 'Tis to be born;
A helpless babe, to greet the light
With a sharp wail, as if the morn
Foretold a cloudy noon and night;
To weep, to sleep and weep again,
With sunny smiles between and then?
And then space the infant grows
To be a laughing, sprightly boy,
Happy, despite his little woes,
Were he but conscious of his joy;
To be, in short, from two to ten;
A merry, moody child; and then?
And then, in coat and trousers clad,
To learn to say the Decalogue,
And break it, an unthinking lad,
With mirth and mischief all agog;
A trust of fit and fen
To capture butterflies, and then?
And then, increased in strength and size
To be, anon, a you h fall grown, SA
A hero in his mother's eye;
A young Apollo in his own;
To imitate the ways of men
In fashionable, and bent
And then, at last, to be a man,
To fall in love; to woo and wed;
With soaring brain to scheme and plan
To gather gold, or toil for bread;
To sue for fame with tongue or pen,
And gain or lose the prize; and then?
And then in gray and wrinkled old
To mourn the speed of life's decline,
To praise the scenes his youth beheld,
And dwell in memory of Lang-Syne
To dream awhile with darkened ken,
Then drop into his grave, and then?

CHEAP WHEAT.
Since cheap wheat means cheap flour and cheap bread—two things in which everybody is virtually interested—our regrets for the present flabby condition of the wheat market should be tempered by the recollection of those sweet uses of the wheat grower's adversity. And while no one can withhold sympathy from the farmer who is forced to sell his wheat at less than it cost him to grow it, yet in the long run the present unfavorable conditions must right themselves. That is one beauty of unrestricted trade in any article. When over-production has weakened the price, the low price checks production, and with decreased production the price soon rallies.
In the case of wheat, so many countries enter into the problem that only those who have become confirmed in the statistical habit will undertake to say when or to what extent the rally will take place.
In the first place wheat is not a low as it looks. Its purchasing power has not decreased to anything like the extent of the decline in price. Sixty-cent wheat in 1894 will buy a great many more of the necessities of life than it would have bought in the days when one dollar a bushel was considered the minimum price at which wheat could be profitably raised.
But there has been some decline in the intrinsic value of wheat, and that we owe to overproduction. We have steadily increased our surplus for export without regard to what the rest of the world has been doing. Wheat has always been the favorite crop for a new country whose climate was adapted to it. Our Western prairie lands invited its production on a big scale, and exclusive cultivation of it at diversification of crops. We have increased our acreage without doing much to improve the yield per acre. Production has increased more rapidly than consumption. In 1840 we produced about five bushels of wheat per head of population. In 1891 we produced nearly ten bushels to each inhabitant. In twenty years we have about doubled the acreage devoted to wheat. We are exporting at a rate that has averaged for the past three years about 170,000,000 bushels. Even that export movement has not been efficient to take up the surplus produced in elevators and warehouses—the visible supply—has steadily increased, until at this time it is larger than ever before in our history, reaching the total since January 1 of over 80,000,000 bushels.
While we have been producing wheat in this fashion, other countries have not been idle. India has not much increased its production, but improved transportation facilities have brought to the European market at little cost a surplus that was formerly not felt in competition with other wheat. Russia likewise has been improving its routes to market, besides increasing its acreage and yield. France is raising about the same amount as it has raised annually for years. India seems little disposed to further increase its production, but Russia's yield is growing. Australia is raising more and more. Chili, Argentine Republic and other South American countries have barely begun to show their possibilities in their direction, but are sending increasing quantities of grain to displace our supremacy in the European markets. The result was inevitable. The price had to come down, with every wheat-growing country in the world that had an exportable surplus pouring the bulk of it upon English docks.
Curtailed production is sure

to follow the present low price. A farmer will not continue to raise wheat to feed to his hogs, unless meat is very high. Whether or not this curtailment of production shall materially improve the price, it may eventually lead to improved yield per acre and consequent greater profit per acre, even at a price which would have been regarded a few years ago as ruinous. The wheat-grower's salvation is in cheaper production; the present holds out to him little hope of permanent restoration of high prices.

Organize for Victory.
Let the Democrats in North Carolina begin to organize for the battle ahead. It they are to win this year they must lock shields and keep step to the music of harmony and sound principles. Although it is what is called an "off year," it is an important year for North Carolina. In our judgment, it is of more importance to all North Carolinians, whether natives or by adoption, to have control of the State in all of its departments, than to have control of the Presidential Chair and all that concerns it. North Carolina may get along well and even be prosperous under vicious rule in the Executive Department, as has been the case when the President might happen to be a Harrison, but it cannot possibly prosper with bad laws at home and a ravaging crowd of officials in the chief offices of the State.
It is all important then that the Democracy should have control in North Carolina—that they shall control the legislature, the Executive Chair, the other State offices, and the Judiciary, and in the countries. We believe that a fair public economy prevails take it through the State. Where there may be abuses here and there, in the main the white officials aim to be frugal and upright.
Our esteemed contemporary, the Raleigh News Observer Chronicle, says in a recent issue:
"We are to nominate county officers, members of Congress, Judges and a state Treasurer, and the forces are to be marshalled and led into the field against the opposition. Heretofore the State Convention has generally been held in June, and this has led to early county conventions. We do not think it will be so early this year."
Our voice would be for a late convention, and for a very active campaign following swiftly on its heels.
We think that opinion sound, and that a late meeting is preferable to an early one. Thorough organization—if that be possible in North Carolina—and an active canvass when it begins, will be essential, we think. If the Democrats are not united and very earnest and diligent, they will lose the Legislature and the Congressional delegation, or the most of it. Both would be calamities, but far the greater calamity will be the loss of the Legislature.—Wilmington Messenger.

A VICIOUS ATTACK.
New York, Feb. 22.—What was intended to be a celebration to-night of Washington's birthday on an elaborated scale had been planned by the New York Southern society. Owing to strange mischance, however, many of the guests of honor expected did not put in their appearance, Secretary Carlisle was one who had to decline.
While President DeLoan was speaking, ex-Mayor Abram S. Hewitt entered the banquet hall. He was asked to fill the place of Secretary Carlisle, and respond to the toast of "Out National Credit."
After prefacing his remarks with a tribute to Secretary Carlisle, he proceeded to lay out the Southern States; he said:
"But the character of Southern statesmanship has decreased from the time before the war, and her Senators and Congressmen today are as pigmies compared with the intellectual giants of that day. The Statesmen of to-day show little signs of having studied the great economical questions affecting the interest of the country. The silver question was at the very foundation of public credit. It was due to the adoption of a currency not based upon the intrinsic value of the coin that brought about the silver crisis. The difference between the true and false value of the silver dollar is called the seigniorage. The South wanted to coin this seigniorage. They might as well try to coin a vacuum. It was even worse than that. It was trying to coin a negative quantity on the other side. There is one thing the south wants to learn. It is that public credit cannot be maintained until all concerned realize that there is no royal road to value and that Southern representatives must rise to the heights of the men who represented the South in Con-

gress previous to the war.
"There are other Statesmen from the South who have succumbed to the fallacy that positions in the Supreme court of the United States are local questions to be settled on demand of local politicians. It might be supposed that the Supreme court bench represented the whole United States and that it be as local as the foot of a mountain. It is not a football for ward politicians to kick about from one end of the United States to the other. Such men as Calhoun, Benton, Reeves and Crawford would have resigned their positions in the Senate and gone home in sackcloth and ashes rather than abandon a principle such as this to a man without character or worth and who had no right to speak for the great State of New York."
At this point there was quite a sensation among guests. Of this Mr. Hewitt took not the slightest notice but proceeded to ask:
"Are you less brave now than you fathers were thirty years ago when they sacrificed everything they possessed to their convictions, that they will allow your Congressmen and Senators to misrepresent both their country and the South?"
Proceeding, Hewitt went on to praise the Wilson bill, particularly the provisions which place iron and coal with the tariff question he said that Southern Representatives had displayed a lack of intelligence away below the standard of the men who preceded them. "It was hard to explain this," he said. "After the war many Southern men came North. Those who remained that had brains devoted themselves to business with a view of regaining their shattered fortunes. Possibly the remaining devoted themselves to politics."
"The course of the Representatives in Congress from the South could not be explained simply by devotion to section or locality. It was the result of gross ignorance. The present stagnant condition of the trade was brought about by the silver bill, and the South in solid phalanx voted for the bill, thus making themselves responsible for this stagnation and demonstrating that there was no greater enemy of the public interests as the fool who rushed in where angels feared to tread."

The conclusion of Hewitt's speech was read in silence. The gauntlet thus thrown down was immediately taken up by Lyndsay Gordon, a young New York lawyer of Virginia birth. He said:
"With all due deference to the opinion of Mr. Hewitt, I will venture to say that the men who stand in Congress to-day from the South are as true, pure, upright, and sincere in their convictions and as well equipped both morally and intellectually, as any man there from the North, East or West. It is possible, nay, even probable, that the people in the North may be unable to comprehend the influences that mould the sentiments of the Southern people. Those of them who have voted for the Silver bill have done so with the eye to the advancement of their country at large. Nor must it be understood that Southern statesmanship is at a discount. The Treasury is guarded by a Southern man. The great navy of Uncle Sam is being built under the direction of a Southern statesman. A Southern man is in charge of the Interior Department and a Southern man presides with dignity and ability over the deliberations of the House of Representatives. A Southern man, great, pure and spotless, has been raised to the Supreme court bench, and a Southern man is responsible for the new Tariff bill. This is the record of the men of the South today. They are Southerners, they are statesmen, but, above all, they are American citizens."

AS TO LITERARY THOUGHT
Mr. Sydney G. Fisher has created some stir by his article in the Forum last month asserting that immigration had killed literature in America and offering in proof of his hypothesis, the fact that nearly all of our great writers were born in the period of forty-five years between 1780 and 1825. The great immigration which set in about the latter date, he averred, destroyed the homogeneity of the people and so dried up the springs of literature.
Incidentally he claimed for New England, and Massachusetts in particular, the origin of nearly all of those giants in the world of letters. Edgar Allan Poe, whom he included in the list, was, it is true, born in Boston, but his writings do not show that he considered himself a Bostonian or even a New Englander. In fact, he is on record as having written disrespectfully of Boston Common and the Frog Pond itself, but then he was an erratic genius in every respect, even in that of being a genius, as not all of his lauded contemporaries were.
Passing that, it is instructive to note how a man of Massachusetts birth and lineage, who boasts descent not only from John Adams but also from Thomas Shepard and John Cotton, Mr. Charles Francis Adams, regards the value of homogeneity as a factor in literary development. In his book, "Massachusetts. Its History and Its History," this representative of the best thought of the old State says of Cotton Mather's "Magnalia," that it is "the one single literary landmark in a century and a half of colonial and provincial life—a geological relic of a glacial period—a period which in pure letters produced, so far as Massachusetts was concerned, absolutely nothing else—not a poem, nor an essay, nor a memoir, nor a work of fancy or fiction of which the world has not cared to take note."
Again he says:—
"From Cotton Mather to Nathaniel Hawthorne is a long stride, but in Massachusetts literature there is no intermediate stepping-stone. The 'Magnalia' was published in 1703, 'Twice Told Tales' in 1837, that year of profuse germination; and, between the two, so different and yet both distinct and unmistakable products of the Massachusetts mind, the one a boulder and the other a flower—between them there is—nothing!"
The Revolution, incomparably the greatest political event in the history of the world, did not evoke a single poem worth reading, from the minds which it should have impressed had not 1000 minds been hardened beyond any possibility of receiving an impression. Joel Barlow's nine-inch "Columbiad" was poetry in comparison with the doggeral of his contemporaries; but if writing poetry were a capital offence, no jury of sane critics would hesitate a moment in giving him a verdict of not guilty.
As to the major premise of Mr. Fisher, it may be granted that no succeeding generation has produced the equals of Poe, Lowell, Longfellow, Whittier and Holmes, for already the fame of Bryant has sensibly waned and he cannot be included among the permanently great; but the art of poetry itself has declined rapidly in this commercial age, when men of genius are no longer content to wait for the slow and meagre rewards grudgingly bestowed on the bard. In the better recognized domain of prose, however, we have writers like Aldrich and Harte—to name only two among many—who are fully the peers of Hawthorne both in fertility of imagination and perfection of style. It is shockingly audacious to say so, of course; for both of those writers are gifted with exquisite humor, and your true literary worshipper takes up a book, as he goes to the theatre, to be edified, not to be amused. Nevertheless the creator of Hamlet was the parent of Falstaff.
Mr. Adams has invented a happy phrase to describe the lauditors of the past in our history. He characterizes them as "filio pietistic" devotees of "ancestor-worship," as are the Chinese. The sentiment which inspires them is laudable, within due bounds, but when it leads to depreciation of our own age it is a trifle illogical. When it results as in Mr. Fisher's case, in looking far afield for the explanation of a literary dearth which exists only, or chiefly, in the brain of the seeker, it is ridiculous. We do not know who Mr. Fisher is; but when he maintains that foreign immigration, which in other

lands has ever proved to be a help rather than a hindrance to literary fecundity, has a contrary effect here, we question his critical acumen. We hope to live to see the day—having a consuming desire for extreme longevity—when the literary censor of the middle of the twentieth century will say: "Ah, those were the golden days of American literature, away back in '94, when Sydney G. Fisher lived and flourished!"

I'M GLAD I AM A LIVING.
That this here world is a world of woe
I don't make no denial,
An' speak as one who's had his share
Of human grief and trial.
I sometimes wish it all was past,
Hein's so worry driven,
But t'hen I figger out at last,
I'm glad I am a livin'.
Our troubles come like flies in cake—
There's lots more cakes than fly,
There's ten square deals to every fake,
Ten miles to every sigh.
There's sneaks, but lots of good men too,
There's hardin' but there's givin',
An' that is why I take this view,
I'm glad I am a livin'.
I've found that in this vale of tears
The patent proof umbrells
Is kinder casin' up the fears
Of some poor other fellow,
Don't treasure up your rights an' wrongs
Don't grudge, but be forgivin',
Make this the chorus of your songs,
I'm glad I am a livin'.

ELOQUENCE AND PATRIOTISM.
We give most of our editorial page this morning to the concluding paragraphs of Senator Daniel's great speech on the Hawaiian question, in which he sweeps the keys of history with master hand and eloquent touch, bringing out the strong points of political ethics from a Republican standpoint and making the spirit of patriotism assert itself in unceasing and just admiration of the clear brain, patriotic nerve and sturdy purpose to do the right that characterize Senator Cleveland.

Senator Daniel said in conclusion:
The questions arising about Hawaii are those of race, of commerce, of international necessities and ambitions, of forms of government. But that of race is the predominant and paramount question which must and will work its way above all laws and above all logic. It is the whole story which Aesop knew in the olden time as well as we know now, that the clay pot and the iron pot in the stream can only preserve their autonomy by not jostling against each other.
The two thousand Americans in the islands constitute, with their German and their English brethren, the leaven of modern energy and progress, which will inevitably, in time, leaven the whole lot with the protensity of character and blood which always operates the same way under like conditions. They have all the spring, knowledge, adaptability, progressiveness, and resiliency of the young race which, rising in the British Isles, has swept over one great ocean and one great continent, and they are now the vanguard who have adventured in the waters of the western ocean and appeared upon a new scene of action.
I have nothing but sympathy for the body of our American brethren in those Southern islands. Blood is thicker than water, and the logic of instinct is higher than that which was ever written or can be written in book. I do not forget that my blood and theirs is one. Were I there amongst them I would be with them and of them. And I can not rebuke or blame them that they have sought by every accessible means to break the fetters of ancient barbaric power, and merge out of the chrysalis into the institutions which their race molded, and which they can not be at home without.
Since the recognition by President Harrison, albeit that recognition was based on misrepresentation and misconception, and especially since the withdrawal of the troops and the protectorate, the new government has taken root. We could not uproot it without disorganization, without evils numerous and widespread; and we would not be warranted in these measures. As the tree has fallen so must it lie.
To it and its American supporters I would wait over the waters my greetings of Godspeed. At the same time I am jealous of the honor of my country. I am jealous of the honor of its flag. Better the spilling of blood, bad as that be; than that our honor receive a stain or our flag be advanced where every honest heart can not be prompted to maintain it, where even the eager Harrison, who

washed it there, felt abashed at its presence and felt constrained to rebuke and order it down.
When American civilization had planted itself on the Pacific shore of California, civilization had belted the globe. Rising in the far East in the distant ages, and passing over Asia and Europe, it gathered new impulse in the island homes of the
and here upon this continent it has found in our own glorious Republic its grandest manifestation. It completed the circuit of the globe when it passed on the Pacific shores. What may be its career in that broad ocean beyond we can not yet define, but we know from the signs and omens that, as our own lands are filled up with a teeming population destiny points its finger to the farther shores. In St. Louis is a statue of Thomas Benton, with outstretched hand pointing westward; under it a scroll with the legend—
There is the East; there is India.
This little colony in Honolulu answers the prophetic finger of that extended hand. It is the first spray of a mighty wave which will eventually sweep westward with its ships and its arts and arms; and when the cradle of civilization shall be rocked in the ancient lands by a new hand, and shall hold within it a new face, that hand and face will bear the impress of the American stock from which it springs. Let not the first act in this new genesis of progress be tainted with odor of fraud or false pretense, or of that cunning which Lord Bacon calls "a crooked wisdom." Hither our fathers came and with high thought and high hand they conquered westward, where their children and their descendants go with uplifted brow, disdainful intrigue and low design, flying high the flag professed, and making power speak the naked truths of the Saxon tongue.
While I do not in all respects, in the sight of present events, say that every contemplated step of the present Administration was the wisest and best, I do say that it deserves commendation, not reproach, for its adherence to truth, and I honor the brave and rugged honesty that shines in its every action.
When all unpleasant incidents of this passing event are forgotten, and the small actors in the scene have disappeared from the stage, the great honest heart of the American people will not fail to render a just tribute to the President and the Secretary of State, who over all things cherished the honor of this people, and interpose themselves that it might not be tarnished.
No, Mr. President, honest men will not denounce the President nor his Secretary even if they conclude in the present condition of things that honest indignation against wrong carried them in strife for right beyond the bounds of that prudence which has been styled on the battle field "a rascally virtue." (On the contrary, they will judge calmly and righteously, and the aspirations of this great people, as of their high-minded rulers, will be for the new nation that it will lift its head up out of the fog of intrigue, and that it and its seed and its brethren may move still westward and westward to the Ultima Thule of hope.

In sight of mortal and immortal powers,
As in a boundless theater to run
The great career of Justice.

SUNDAY READING.
Made Up of Divers clippings.

The hope of the wicked is as dust, which is blown away with the winds, and as a thin froth which is dispersed by the storm, and as smoke, which is scattered abroad by the wind, and as the remembrance of a guest of one day that passeth by. But the just shall live forevermore; and their reward is with the Lord, and the care of them with the Most High. Therefore, shall they receive a kingdom of glory, and a crown of beauty at the hand of the Lord, for with His right hand He will cover them, and with His holy arm defend them.—Wisdom.
If you had lived, I would have come one day,
Perchance thro' many a rough and thorny way,
Come, just my head upon your breast to lay,
To look into your eyes, with earnest brow I would have said;
I wronged you once, that day, now so long past,
You looked for strength that should stand firm and fast;
I gave you weakness, but am come at last,
With somewhat better;—but alas! not now,
Since you are dead,
—Rannak Parker Kimball.

WASHINGTON NEWS.
Matters of interest at the capital.
WASHINGTON, Feb. 21.—The Senate has confirmed the nomination of following postmaster: Mississippi—Wm. Hampton, Oxford; North Carolina—Alexander H. Galloway, Reidville; South Carolina—James R. Davidson, Newberry.
WASHINGTON, Feb. 21.—The President to-day sent to the Senate the following nominations: Granville Stuart, of Montana, E. vey Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary of the United States to Paraguay and Uruguay.
John M. Savage, of New Jersey, U. S. Consul at Dundee, Scotland; Harrison Purcell, Register of the Land Office, and Larry W. Hunter, Receiver of Public Moneys at Montgomery, Ala.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND.
The President has decided to take recreation for a few days, but he has not yet determined where he will go except that his time will be spent on the water. The dispatch boat Dolphin, some times called "The President's yacht," arrived at the Washington Navy Yard last night, and it is believed that Mr. Cleveland will utilize the vessel for the trip. He will probably go Friday afternoon after the Cabinet meeting or on Saturday morning. The ducking season is nearing an end, and it is understood that Mr. Cleveland wants to get a bit of his favorite sport. Reports from North Carolina that the President will go to that State, cannot be confirmed.

ADVICE FROM RIO.
Secretary Gresham to-day received a cable message from Minister Thompson dated Rio, stating briefly that the insurgent war-ships Aquidaban and Republican had passed out the harbor this morning under fire of the Government forts. The conjecture is that they went after the cruiser Nietheroy, which a few days ago turned up in Rio harbor and then sailed southward.

Secretary Herbert has received official information that no yellow fever now exists on board the U. S. vessels at Rio and Montevideo. A dispatch received to-day from Admiral Benham says that all on board the ships at Rio are well. It is understood that the Detroit which has just rejoined Admiral Benham's squadron, after a tour of observation in the Southern Provinces of Brazil, reports that the stories of insurgent successes in that quarter are almost wholly fictitious.

CONTRACT FOR POSTAGE STAMPS.
The Postmaster-General to-day settled the long controversy over the awarding of the contract for printing the postage stamps for the next four years by rejecting all the bids and ordering that the work be done by the Bureau of Printing and Engraving. The principal bidders were the American Bank Note Company, of New York, which now has the contract, and Mr. Stealy, of Philadelphia. The Bureau of Printing and Engraving, through its representative, Captain Johnson, submitted an estimate which was materially lower than either of the two bids. The American Bank Note Company will print the stamps until July 1st, when the bureau will be prepared to do the work.

SENATE FINANCE COMMITTEE.
The announcement was made to-day, with Senator Mills' sanction,