

What Saved Her.  
Just a little frozen pond—  
Call it Silver like,  
Just a little maiden,  
'Fraid the ice will break.  
Just a little pair of skates  
Strapped to dainty feet.  
Maiden very timid,  
Stylish, though, and sweet,  
Just a little pebble,  
Frozen in the ice;  
Maiden skating backwards,  
Thinks she doing nice,  
Skates they strike the pebble,  
Shrieks they read the air,  
Likewise maiden clutches  
It in mad despair.  
Everybody rushes,  
Thinking maiden dead,  
Or that she has surely  
Cracked her stately head.  
All their fears are groundless,  
Such was not her lot,  
For the pretty little maid  
Wore a Psyche knot.

## UNCLE PAT.

### CHAPTER VIII.

A SCREW LOOSE.

A bad quarter of an hour was in store for him at Dalcho's. When he appeared among them arrayed in spotless white flannel, ready to do battle in tennis, his reception was a trifle discomfiting. Never a word was said about his presence. He did not care two straws about the rest, but Fanny! surely she might have said something! She might at least have tossed him a word or a smile instead of lavishing them all on Mr. Boothby's dog. By her rapt and ecstatic looks one might have supposed that all ordinary subjects, his unworthy self in particular, were blotted out from her mind, and that she lived for pugs and pugs alone.

"Oh, Mr. Boothby," she was sighing, "do you think that dogs have the higher intelligence?"

"Intelligence!" cried Boothby, plunging boldly, "they have intellect!"

"I'm so glad you think so," she replied, with a grateful glance from her blue eyes. "I think so too, but never had the courage to say it."

"They know how to make use of it, too!"

"They do, and what is more, it has not taught them *laissez faire*. You very soon know whether a dog really likes you."

"Ginger likes you, Miss Pentland, there is no mistake about that!"

"I'm not sure! He is on his company manners now. Perhaps he makes up for it by being quarrelsome at home?"

"No, no! There is no quarreling at Tallybeath. Quarrel! Why, my pugs are no more likely to quarrel than I and Mr. Carstairs."

"Does not Mr. Carstairs keep dogs?"

"Yes," said that gentleman, with a grand air, "Mr. Carstairs keeps dogs, but not useless ones. It may be my bad taste, Miss Pentland, but upon my word I cannot see the beauty of pugs."

"You want educating, Carstairs," said Boothby.

"Education has taught me enough to know that a snub nose is fatal to beauty," said he, tartly.

"Perhaps you think the Semitic type the highest?" Mr. Boothby rejoined, flashing angrily; and Mr. Carstairs' look of horror at having unwittingly evoked personalities was mingled with wonder at his companion's unwonted boldness. So accustomed was he to Boothby's docility that the slightest insubordination was alarming.

"Dogs are all very well in their places," he said carelessly when he recovered himself, "but I don't care about them."

"But you don't deny their fine qualities?" Fanny observed.

"Well, affection is a sorry, humdrum sort of virtue after all."

"But they have mettle; mettle is not humdrum."

"The only creature faithful to the end," murmured Boothby.

"Upon my word, Boothby, you are exclaiming yourself. Ha! ha! Miss Pentland must be vastly enlightened by that 'crabbed old saw.'"

"A crabbed old saw is better than a bad pun, any day!"

"A matter of taste, my dear fellow; just like dogs."

"And tastes differ!"

"Exactly, and an educated person's taste is generally governed by common sense."

"Dear me," Miss Fannie sighed again, "what a simpleton I must be to like Ginger."

"Ha! ha! you have put your foot in it now, Carstairs!" and Mr. Boothby's laugh was the laugh of triumph, till the young lady cruelly cut it short by adding, "But I am not a simpleton at times, Mr. Carstairs. Come, you and I will play Mr. Boothby and Harry, unless indeed Mr. Wynter wishes to keep himself to himself as he has all the morning."

"Harry is ready and eager for the fray!" cried he, jumping up.

Ready as he was, though, he could not make the game lively. Of course it had no charm for Mr. Boothby.

"Dull as dominoes!" said Fanny.

"Wynter serves too hard," said Carstairs. "We don't want any Renshaw exhibitions. We want a quiet game such as ladies and gentlemen play."

Then Fanny struck in again: "Why did he serve so gently to her? If she played the game she liked to play it honestly. She did not like to be treated like a child."

And Harry thus adjured, set to with a will, and by dint of sending the balls skimming just over the net, returning them with volleys or cuts from the hoop, and bumping Mr. Boothby into an unseemly and pitiable state of heat, finally succeeded in winning the set, and putting both gentlemen into a state of deadly animosity towards him.

He did not notice this, but he noticed Fanny's change of manner towards him. He had had fine experience of her waywardness, but never before of aggressive outburst. He ought to have gone to the Hanovers! Joanna had nothing to do with it—she was sure of this! All that old business had been a standing joke with Fanny at Peckham. Still—the note bothered him.

"You made friends with Joanna?" he said to her when the two gentlemen took their leave.

"Yes," she replied, coolly. "I like her. She is outspoken."

"That is not what most people think of her. She does not make many friends. When she does, though, she is staunch."

"Staunchness is better than softness. She was outspoken to me, at all events. I

would sooner people spoke out like Mrs. Baldew than not all."

"For goodness' sake don't go back to that, Fanny!"

"Perhaps we had better not. What is the matter, Mr. Carstairs?"

"The matter is that Hugh is drunk!" he replied, excitedly. "I suppose this accounts for your ducking, Winter?"

"He was all right when I left him."

"Well, he is half drunk now and wholly insolent. He is showing off that brute of a fish of yours, and manhandling on about meddling in the village. It seems we have all been meddling. Now if there is a place in this world that wants meddling with it is Rannoch! There is not a man in it who attends to his own business. Pollock lies, and prigs, and gossips; Robson boozes in the tap, and lets his daughter make coffee. 'Pon my life it is revolting. A clean sweep should be made of it. This fellow Hugh should be sent about his business."

"Hugh may not think so," Monnell observed quietly.

"There it is! There it is! The fellow is petted and spoiled. Good-bye, Miss Pentland, good-bye!" and with this he bounced out of the room.

"A screw loose," he said in an undertone to Boothby, as they drove off.

"Where! where!" said Boothby, starting out of his reverie, and scanning the harness.

"Where? There!" said Carstairs, angrily, pointing with his whip back to the house.

"Indeed," said Boothby.

"Yes, indeed," echoed his friend. "Something has disagreed with all of us. Hanover's lunch perhaps. We have swallowed a Hanoverian philtre. Dawleigh sulked and did not show at all."

"Lord Forton is dying."

"I never heard that the prospect of a title depressed a man. No, there is a screw loose there too. I thought Joanna was jumping clean into Dalcho's. Something has disagreed with her, I suppose. There is old Monnell, too, like a bear with a sore head. If there is a man I have a profound contempt for it is Pat Monnell! He enunciates commonplaces as if they were the profoundest wisdom. He must bray, and the worst of it is—like the blind fiddler on board the steamer—you must listen to him. There is no order about him. Chaos everywhere. Sit down in the smoking-room, and like as not you smash a pipe. Fishing-rods, orels, hunting-crops, gags, higgledy-piggledy, anywhere but where they should be."

"If he had order he is the sort of man who would be a Socialist."

"I don't see that."

"Of course not, because you're blinded! Look here, dear boy. I hope you are not going to make an ass of yourself with that girl."

"I hope not."

"No use to ride the high horse, B. When two fellows have lived together all their lives, surely they can speak frankly to each other!"

"They would not be worth much if they could not."

"Then I may have it out?"

"Certainly."

"Well, old man, you are hit, and hit hard. A dozen little things tell me that. Nothing escapes me. You were in the blues yesterday, and never moved out. You were practising that tune she played all the blessed day. You muffled the cornet, but I heard it. By Jove, you made it pathetic, too. You have not known her more than forty-eight hours!"

"About the same time you have known her, Carstairs. You drove over to Dalcho's yesterday."

"I asked you to come."

"Oh, yes; I believe you asked me."

"Why speak like that? You know I asked you—you wouldn't come. You preferred blaring on the trumpet."

"And you preferred driving to Dalcho's. All right!"

"I drove across to let Miss Pentland see how quiet the bays are. When a man begins to construe motives you may be sure he is hit and hit hard. You make it a personal matter."

"I think you put it in that light."

"Because I know what has happened before."

"You seem strangely exercised about this, Carstairs."

"Not altogether strangely," Carstairs replied, quickly. "I know the old wearing, hopeless affairs. Besides this sort of thing is in bad form with a girl that is engaged."

"Ah!" cried poor Boothby, despairingly. "If I thought I was likely to behave like a cad, I would pack up my bag and bolt."

"That's right. I am glad to hear you've plucked enough to say it. Who was that skulking fellow on the bridge? Hugh?"

"Yes. He was not long in getting here."

"He is in his normal attitude now, anyway. Laziness. It is not often he hurries! Why should he? He can get enough to eat and drink without work, so his body is safe. Why should he hurry?"

"He looked as if he would like to stick a knife in us."

"I'll stick a spoke in his wheel before I have done with him. I'll put a stop to this wretched business. Look now; there is Fawke, the boillus of the village. There he is on the watch. No doubt Robson is drinking, and Maggie sawing and hammering. I have made up my mind, Boothby, to put a stop to this. It is stoking."

"I wonder why Wynter did not turn up at lunch to-day?" Boothby asked, when they had passed the village.

"There is a screw loose there too," replied his friend, knowingly.

And he woke up the sober bays with a lash that sent them spinning down the road to Tallybeath at double quick time.

### CHAPTER IX.

FOR LACK OF A WORD.

It almost appeared that Mr. Carstairs was right when he said that the Dalcho's party had been upset by Mr. Hanover's hospitality.

There was no mistaking Mr. Dawleigh's depression, and as his aunt could only put it down to some hitch in her pet project, she, too, lost a little of her accustomed sprightliness. Mr. Wynter, in steady and determined pursuit of the great picture that was to bring the world to his feet, detached himself more and more from the rest, and Mr. Monnell fretted and fumed over the extraordinary interest that Mr. Hanover gradually developed in Fanny.

It was certainly a notable fact that a confirmed invalid, a man who intrenched himself in his own corner, from year's end to year's end, nursing a weak heart and a

bad digestion, should suddenly throw physic to the dogs, give up coddling, and surprise every one by his almost daily drives to Dalcho's and his persistent attention to Fanny.

Monnell managed to shirk him, but every day the danger grew more palpable. Again he attacked Fanny about the jant abrad, but she would not hear of it. He painted the picture in rosy colors, but she would not look at it. She scouted the idea. Joanna had won her heart, for Miss Joanna possessed the secret of being sympathetic without being guishing. Fanny took to her, but nevertheless, Fanny was disgusted and dissatisfied.

She had felt a flush of shame at being unable to answer Joanna's oft-repeated queries about her father and mother, and of this Joanna made mental note. "Nobody's Child" rang in her ears, ranked deeper and deeper, and made her chafe more than ever at the mystery that hung over her.

"About Harry, too. Joanna had a laugh at her about the 'sudden affair.'" "Harry was always noted for his soft heart," said she. There it was! "A soft heart!" What were these words but a reproof of her cheap surrender?

Then to finish. As she drove back, perched on the box seat of the tandem cart, Carstairs incidentally told her of the note he had delivered to Harry. The very one, no doubt that had been so carefully torn up before her very eyes in the boat! What was there to hide? She hid nothing from him. If there was one thing she hated more than another it was a hot-and-corned work. She was all aflame when she thought of it! Go away, indeed! Not she! She would fight it out then and there. Harry should be brought to book, and by hook or by crook she would find out the truth about her father and mother.

But, resolved as she might be, that was to be a matter of time, and in the meanwhile Mr. Monnell had to undergo the protracted torture of sitting on guard watching Mr. Hanover, while Mr. Hanover sat and watched Fanny. If it was not Hanover it was Carstairs or Boothby, for Fanny had thrown the Apple of Discord into Tallybeath and Carstairs that hitherto unbroken record of cordiality between Damon and Pythias. Encouraged by Harry's apparent neglect these low-sick swains grew bolder and bolder, dropping into Dalcho's at all hours, vying with each other in their lavish gifts to Fanny, and driving Mr. Monnell to the verge of distraction by their clumsy efforts to propitiate him. Mr. Boothby's humble gifts were eclipsed by Mr. Carstairs' grand ones. When the young lady's penicil for sweets was discovered, and Mr. Boothby sent sundry packets of the homely yet wholesome Edinburgh Biscuits, they were forthwith "into it" shade by baskets of Carstairs' famous crystallized violets from Bond Street. His present of the favorite pug Ginger was surpassed by that of the prize rattle Tim, and the poor bunches of purple heather which meant nothing, by sprigs of that rarer species which meant so much.

Whatever Boothby did was capped by Carstairs; whatever Carstairs said was pooh-poohed or ridiculed by Boothby. Fanny played them off on each other with great skill and quickness, and there sat both, Mr. Hanover, grim and silent, hated by both.

Mr. Carstairs had an excellent opinion of himself. No man a better. He was quite alive to the comic side of the situation and had no idea of making sport for the Phillipses. He hesitated a little at approaching Monnell. He did not like him, and preferred having some colorable excuse for opening the subject. Chance favored him. The rumors about Harry and his picture were alarming. Accordingly he spoke, but Mr. Monnell not having the same kindly feeling towards him as he had to the gentler Boothby, rather disconcerted him at the outset by declaring that he had lived long enough in the world to have discovered the propriety of allowing people to manage their own business.

"Very true, sir, but water forgets he is in the country, where everybody knows everybody. He is getting talked about. One word from you may prevent mischief. Bad mischief, too!"

"What about?"

"Maggie Robson—it may be gossip—but—"

"You treated it for what it was worth?" the old man asked sharply. "You did not permit Wynter's name to be mentioned improperly in your presence?"

"I give you the information as it was given to me."

"Information? Bible-babbling! Listeners are as bad as babblers. If it were not for the one we should not have the other!"

"I assure you, Mr. Monnell, I was as annoyed as you are. It seems what Wynter is sketching Maggie—"

"What of that?"

"Nothing; but you know that Hugh is. He doesn't like it. He is furious—dangerous! Vowing vengeance and all that sort of thing."

"Let us hear the story and strangle it," said Monnell.

### (To be Continued.)

He Did Not Call.

The man who tried Dr. Sage's Catarth Remedy, and was sure of the \$500 reward offered by the proprietors for an incurable case, never called for his money. Why not? Oh, because he got cured! He was sure of two things: (1) That his catarth could not be cured. (2) That he would have that \$500. He is now sure of one thing, and that is, that his catarth is gone completely. So he is out \$500, of course. The makers of Dr. Sage's Catarth Remedy have faith in their ability to cure the worst cases of Nasal Catarth, no matter of how long standing, and attest their faith by their standing reward of \$500, offered for many years past, for an incurable case of this loathsome and dangerous disease. The Remedy is sold by druggists, at only 50 cents. Mild, soothing, cleansing, deodorizing, antiseptic, and healing.

The charge is made by Liberals that a bag of mail matter shipped from the Log-berg newspaper office, the Icelandic journal in Winnipeg, to Gimli, Man., has been destroyed or detained by the post-office officials. The paper strongly favored Mr. Taylor, the Liberal candidate, against A. W. Ross, the Conservative.

J. H. Wood, of Birtle, Man., has gone to make inquiries respecting the great Wood legacy which is now awaiting a claimant. Mr. Wood thinks he may be one of the heirs.—Chicago Canadian-American.

### ANOTHER STRIKE THREATENED.

The Pennsylvania Company Propose to Resist Employees' Demands.

A Pittsburgh despatch says: The Pennsylvania company which operates the Pittsburgh, Fort Wayne and Chicago; Pittsburgh, Cincinnati and St. Louis; Cleveland and Pittsburgh, and the other leased lines of Pennsylvania west of Pittsburgh, have refused the demands of 3,000 conductors, brakemen, engineers, firemen and baggage-masters. The advance demanded would amount to \$558,636 per year. This amount, capitalized at 3 1/2 per cent, represents over \$19,000,000 or more than enough to double-track the north-west and south-west systems between termini, or almost enough to build and equip a competing line between Pittsburgh and Chicago. The shareholders of the Pennsylvania company have had no dividend on their investment in eight years. The Pittsburgh, Cincinnati, Columbus, and St. Louis Railway Company have never had a dividend. The demands must therefore be refused.

### HARD ON PARNELL.

The Bishop of Down Issues a Letter to his Diocesan Clergy.

A London cable says: The Bishop of Down has sent a letter to the clergy of his diocese, in which he warns the faithful not to attend Mr. Parnell's meeting in Newry. He says he hopes the poisoned atmosphere of the divorce court, and the filthy, disgusting, and scandalous details of the O'Shea case have not reached his diocese. The proposed meeting, he declares, will be a wanton insult to religion, to the bishop, and to the priests, and a laudation of a heaven-cursed crime. "Let God arise," he says, "and His enemies will be confounded. Forbearance has encouraged this inquiry. Let the brave men and true, who love godliness and hate adultery, use lawful means to save the honor and good fame of their mothers, wives, and sisters, by resenting the daring aggression of those attempting to prostitute the country to aggrandize an individual and hide their own filthy conduct."

### Marvelous Aluminum.

Eugene Cowles and a few other gentlemen of this city have unique souvenirs, or pocket pieces. It is a coin about the size of a dollar, made of pure aluminum. To the eye it resembles in sheen and color a silver dollar, but take it up and it is as light as a paper. The coin is stamped with a picture of the Haymarket Theatre in Chicago, and bears suitable inscriptions. Mr. Cowles says the imprint of the die can never be effaced by the corroding act of time. Bury an aluminum coin, and at the end of 10,000 years the inscriptions will be as plain as ever. Had the ancients used aluminum for their coins, in place of gold and silver, we would know much more about their customs than we do, for such blurred and indistinct inscriptions upon the coins of antiquity that have come down to us. The souvenirs were presented by Elijah Davis, a colored man, formerly of this city, but now part owner of the Haymarket Theatre.—Lockport Union.

### Of Course It's a Woman.

"The hand that rocks the cradle is the hand that rocks the world."

The mother, sitting beside and rocking the cradle, often singing her sad lullaby, may be thus shaping, as it were, the destinies of nations. But if disease, consequent on motherhood, have borne her down, and sapped her life, how mournful will be her song. To cheer the mother, brighter her life, and brighter her song, Dr. Pierce's of Buffalo, has, after long experience, compounded a remedy which he has called his "Favorite Prescription," because ladies preferred it to all others. He guarantees it to cure nervousness, neuralgia, pains, bearing-down pains, irregularities, weakness, or prolapsus, headache, backache, or any of the ailments of the female organs. What he asks is, that the ladies shall give it a fair trial, and satisfaction it assured. Money refunded, if it doesn't give satisfaction.

### An Advertising Genius.

A poor country congregation found itself badly in want of hymn books, and the clergyman applied to a London firm, and asked to be supplied at the lowest (church) rates. The firm replied that on condition the hymn books contained certain advertisements the congregation could have them for nothing. Necessity knows no law, and the minister sorrowfully complied, thinking to himself that when the advertisements came they could be removed from the leaves. The hymn books arrived, and, joy of joy, they contained no inter-leaved advertisements. At the thanksgiving service the good parson joyously gave out the Christmas hymn, and the congregation sang the first verse with fervor. When they reached the last line they found out that this was what they had been singing:

Hark the herald angels sing  
Beacham's pills are just the thing,  
Peace on earth and mercy mild,  
Two for man and one for child.

### Archbishop Dennison's Famous Toast.

"Here's health to all that we love,  
Here's health to all that love us,  
Here's health to all those that love them,  
That love those that love them  
That love us."

Do you notice what a large circle this wish for health includes? and will you notice the reference is not to the wine-cup, but to a standard medicine, the "Golden Medical Discovery," that can bring health to the large number of friends we each love. True, it is not a "beverage," and does not inebriate, but is a health-giving medicine, a blood-purifier, liver invigorator and general tonic—a remedy for Biliousness, Indigestion, and Stomach troubles. It cures Consumption, in its early stages, Bronchitis, and throat diseases.

Mrs. Langtry is about to withdraw her "Antony and Cleopatra," which has been a losing speculation and will appear in Rose Coghlan's new play, "Lady Barter."

According to the returns from the last census there are about 15,000 Canadians in Buffalo.

Buffalo brewers say they can use Western barley, but it is not either as good or as economical as the Canadian-grown, which is richer.

### THE LAST OF TECUMSEH.

Gorgeous Military Funeral of General Sherman.

New York in Mourning—Floral Tributes From West Point.

A New York despatch says: New York is paying every possible tribute of respect to the memory of Gen. Sherman. The dawn of his funeral day opened bright and clear. Its light fell on thousands of the national flags floating at half-mast from public and private buildings alike. The courts remained closed and the exchanges closed at noon. General business was brought almost to a standstill. One hundred policemen under command of Inspector Steers and Capt. Berghold, guarded the block in 71st street, between Eighth and Ninth avenues, in which the Sherman house is situated, from the intrusion of all excepting those especially invited to the house. No others were permitted to enter the block. A number of wreaths of flowers were received at the house this morning from intimate friends of the Sherman family. Among them was one large wreath of pink and white roses resting on a background of evergreens, sent by Mrs. Andrew J. Carnegie.

A few minutes before 11 o'clock a large floral shield was received at the house from West Point cadets. The shield was six feet in height and four feet broad. It was made of white and blue immortelles and bore the inscription, "William Tecumseh Sherman, from his Westpoint boys' class of 1840." At the top of the shield was the American Eagle worked in blue immortelles and at the bottom a sword and scabbard in the same flowers. The base of the shield was made of white calla lilies.

About 12.25 the caisson draped in black and drawn by four horses was drawn up in front of the Sherman House. The horses were mounted by regulars and an army officer was in charge. At the caisson was an orderly leading the black charger which bore the military trappings of the general. A black velvet covering almost hid the horse from view, but the boots and saddle were plainly conspicuous. The services were read at 12.30. The prayers were read by Rev. Father Sherman. In the front parlor were all of the members of the family. Secretary Blaine and wife and Mrs. Damrosch were present in another room. Father Sherman was assisted by Rev. Father Taylor and two other priests.

### THE KNOT.

A Naval Officer Contributes Some Facts in Its History.

In the several articles that have appeared lately, says a naval officer in the New York Times, apropos of the meaning of the nautical term "knot," no mention has been made of the reason for selecting 28 and 14 seconds as the intervals to be marked by the sand glass, instead of the more simple half and quarter minute—an oversight which leaves the discussion still in much obscurity. The knot of the log line within my own memory measured an even eight fathoms and was divided into quarters of two fathoms by strips of burning picked into the strands of the line. The successive lengths of eight fathoms were marked with strands of yarn knotted with one, two, three, etc., knots, whence the name. The speed of the ship was invariably designated as so many knots and fathoms of this line measured by a suitable glass. The proportion 3,600 seconds: 30 seconds:: 6,086 feet: 50.7 feet shows a reasonably close approximation to a half-minute interval and an eight-fathom knot; and it is my impression that these were the first adopted length units. Which was the original time would be hard to say; perhaps the half-minute interval in heaving the log in the early days of slow speeds; then the eight-fathom knot, because it was easy to measure, permitted a ready division into halves and quarters, and was quite accurate enough for the speeds and methods of the day. With the advent of clipper ships, higher speeds, and improved methods of navigation a revision became necessary, and the first change was from a half minute to twenty-eight seconds, still preserving the eight-fathom knot. The fourteen-second glass then followed to prevent too much line running out at the higher speeds. The last change was to shorten the knot eight inches in conformity with the proposition, 3,600:28::6,086:47.84, and to do away with the halves and quarters, using instead divisions of two-tenths marked as before. The columns of the log-books preserved for some time the old headings "knots" and "fathoms," giving place only in recent years to "knots" and "tenths."

### THE IMPERIAL PARLIAMENT.

A Close Vote on the Disestablishment Question—The Newfoundland Question Again Discussed.

A London cable says: Baron Henry de Worms, Political Secretary of the Colonial Office, in the House of Commons, in answer to a question upon Newfoundland matters, said that the Government of Newfoundland had protested against the fact that the convention between Newfoundland and the United States had not been sanctioned by the Imperial Government. Baron de Worms added that the documents relating to the French *modus vivendi* and the Washington convention negotiations would be laid before the House before the vote on the colonial estimates was taken, so as to enable the House to discuss fully the Home Government's action in the matter.

In the House of Commons this evening Morgan's resolution in favor of disestablishment of the church in Wales was rejected by 235 to 203. The close vote was greeted with loud Opposition cheers.

Mr. Gladstone made a speech in favor of disestablishment. His argument that an enormous majority of the Welsh were outside the pale of the church, and that the opinion of the people expressed in a constitutional manner demanded an equitable settlement, met with the heartiest response from his followers.

A despatch to the New York World says that the Brazilian Assembly is likely to reject the lately concluded reciprocity treaty with the States.