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THE CUMBERLAND NEWS.

SEVENTH YEAR. CUMBERLAND, B. C. SATURDAY, JUNE 17th 1899

Stevenson & Co.

Boys' Boots and Shoes.

For good value in boys' strong, well made boots and shoes, take a look over our stock. We have all sizes from sevens to twos. We have now first class rubber soled running shoes for boys and men.

Hats

We have just received a consign- of men's hats in latest shapes

Linings

We have the latest thing in colored dress linings of good quality and in a variety of colors at 20 cents a yard.

Boys' sweaters and washing blouses at close prices at

Stevenson & Co.

A Carload

of those Excellent

HEINTZMAN PIANOS

Including one of their Magnificent

..Baby Grands..

ARE ON EXHIBITION AND FOR SALE AT

M. W. Waitt & Co.'s

60 Government St., Victoria.

Don't fail to get our Terms and Prices before selecting a piano.

NEW POTATOES..

at the

BIG

STORE.

Simon Leiser

Off the Wires

HEAVY FIGHMING AT MANILA

Manila, June 14.—There has been heavy fighting in and around Manila. The American fleet bombarded the rebels yesterday, killing over five hundred. Towns have been wrecked by the bombardment. Women and children who had fled during the bombardment were afterwards camping in the ruins of their homes. The next battle will probably be fought at Imus.

FINED FOR GAMBLING.

Nanaimo, June 15.—Last night three men, W. Brown, G. W. Shipman and G. Y. EcArthur were arrested. This morning they were fined $20 and costs each for shaking dice. Police determined to put a stop to gambling.

FRASER RIVER RISING.

Yale, B. C. June 15.—Fraser River has risen 37 feet above low water in the last two months.

SALMON SEASON LOOKS BLUE

Vancouver, June 15.—The Salman season looks blue. The canners say the English market is over-stocked owing to pigheadedness and ignorance of the advisers of Dominion Government the outlook for a good season is dismal. No new hatcheries have been provided and regulations in force simply tie up the industry, all owing to American canneries on the American side to obtain an advantage in the business.

BLOCK BURNED.

Vancouver, June 15.—The Rubenowitz block was burned this morning. Loss $6000. It was one of the oldest buildings in the city.

A TORNADO.

New Richmond Wyoming, U.S.A. June 15.—No Bodies were recover- last night from the wreck of this place caused by a tornado which passed over this city Tuesday. It is believed that the greatest mortality in any one place during the cyclone occurred in the basement of the hardware store of Mark Williams. A large number of persons fled to the basement and were overwhelmed. Several bodies have already been taken out, but it is estimated that a dozen dead are still in the ruins. The Hawkins family were in the second story of their residence when storm broke out and at once rushed to cellars Before they could reach first floor the house was a mass of ruins and five or six members of the family killed. Fully 100 corpes, twice as many mangled people, 40 acres of piles, bricks shivered, planks scattered, heaps of household goods, dead horses, throughout which the wind has driven shard splits of the boards; smouldering fires where houses stood previous to cyclone and in the midst of all trees as bare of leaves as in the middle of winter, and for the most part stripped o bark. This is what the funnel of death wrought in the space of three minutes upon the town of New Richmond. Sixty-five children are missing and a large number of adults.

MAIL SERVICE.

Nanaimo, June 14.—Sealed tenders are being called for by the Goveanment for a mail carrier between Cumberland and Parksville, a distance of 50 miles, to carry mails once a week between these two points on the new road.

ANOTHER PRIZE FIGHT.

New York. June 15.—Fitzsimmill, within the next ten days, challenge Jefferies to meet him again in the near future in another fight for the heavy weight championship.

SHARKEY ACCEPTS.

San Francisco, June 14.—Sharkey has accepted Jeffrie's challenge to fight early in September.

STRIKE.

Denver, Colo. June 15.—Three thousand employees of the Trust smelters in Denver, Pueblo and Leadville walked out at noon today, after having extinguished the fires in the big furnaces and put everything in perfect order idleness. Stiike is due to refusal of American Smelting & Refining Works to pay the same wages for eight hours as has been paid heretofore for ten.

CASE OF KIDNAPPING.

New York, June 15.—Carrie Jones pleaded guilty to-day to the indictment of kidnapping Marion Clark. She was remanded to the tombs.

London, June 15.—U. S. Ambassador rececived from foreign office a communication on Alaskan question, which is understood is satisfactory arrangement of the affair.

CHARTERED BY U. S. GOVT.

Nanaimo, June 15.—The collier Wakefield which has been carrying coal between here and San Francisco, has been chartered by the U. S. Government for transportation for Manila.

COUNTY COURT.

Before His Honor Judge Harrison.

Ryder vs Dunlop. Action on an I.O.U. Mr. Simpson in behalf of defendant moved in chambers to change venue to Nanaimo. Mr. Eckstein for plaintiff opposed application on the ground of want of jurisdiction and insufficiency of affidavit. Objection sustained. The trial of the action in court resulted in judgment for plaintiff with costs. Roy vs Sharp Judgment for plaintiff.

Westwood vs Williams, Mr. Eckstein for plaintiff. Judgment for plaintiff. Eleven Chinese were naturalized.

At the opening of court the Judge commented rather severely upon the absence of the aegistrar, who was detained in the office by business. The court adjourned to Comox where the last two cases were taken up.

LICENCE CNMMISSIONERS.

S. C. Cliffe and A. H. McCallum were granted licenses. The others were left for further consideration on June 30.

The application of A. H. Bull of Heriot Bay, Valdez Island, was rejected.

The summary manner in which the Licence Commissioners refused the application of H. A. Bull of Valdez Island for a Hotel Licence was startling. The name of the applicant was read when instanter, the voice of the commissioners was refused upon demand of Mr. Bull for reasons a letter from the Superintendent of Police quoting instructions from the Attorney-General was read. The A. G. did not wish the application granted. We We may enquire whether the A. G. was by the Legislature constituted a Licensing Board? Nothing in the Act itself gives him a voice over the Commissioners.

The Legislative Assembly, not Mr. Martin, enact the laws. The persons appointed by statute, ought to be the judges in questions that that parliamentary body refer to them. But somehow or the other the Hon Joe Martin manages to dictate what shall or shall not be done.

Mr. R. Simpson of Nanaimo came up to attend court, Thursday.

Mr. H. G. Shaw of Victoria came up on Wednesday's steamer. He will remain at Courtenay for a week.

Doubtless many throughout the district will avail themselves of the K. of P. Excursion to take a trip to Vancouver. The fare is very low and as the Vancouver papers promise, a big celebration, (H. M. Ships taking part) in that city, visitors will be well repaid for their time and expense.

A down east editor has drawn up some new game laws which he wants adopted. The following is a summary: "Book agents may be killed from October 1 to September 1; spring poets from March 1 to June 1; scandalmongers, from April 1 to February 1; umbrella borrowers, from August 1 to November 1, and February 1 to May 1, while every man who accepts a newspaper two years, and, upon being presented with his bill says, "I never ordered it," may be killed on the spot without reserve or relief."

I Have Received

BY DIRECT IMPORTATION, A CHOICE SELECTION OF

English and Scotch Suitings.

Call and Examine.

P. Dunne

THE LOVE SIGN OF THE ROSE.

She trained a little rose to grow
  And grace the gate above,
And hence I love the pathway so
  That leads me to her love.
And oft my heart before me goes
To read the love sign of the rose.

Though fairer bloom for lovers' tryst
  To me it seems as fair
As if an angel's lips had kissed
  And blessed it, blooming there.
For heaven its sweetest smile bestows
On the dear love sign of the rose.

The pattering of little feet,
  When shadows blur the light,
And rosy twining arms that meet
  And necklace me at night—
These my glad heart enraptured knows
At the dear love sign of the rose.

Not far away love's steps shall stray
  In thorny paths to roam,
While o'er the meadows of life's May
  Shine signals sweet of home.
When night falls drear, one heart still knows
Rest at the love sign of the rose
—Frank L. Stanton in Atlanta Constitution

MIRIAM'S DREAM.

"You won't really go at this time of the year, will you?"

"Rather. I'd go in December if Dick were at the end of the journey."

"Well, I would not cross the Atlantic in the middle of November for a dozen sweethearts."

Miriam laughed gleefully. She and her Dick had been separated for three years, and now he had fallen into a good berth at Toronto and had written to her to decide whether they should both spend their winter in loneliness or whether she would go to him and settle down at once as his wife.

Miriam did not hesitate a moment. She set aside the shortest time possible for winding up her affairs in England and arranged to sail in the Sivonian from Liverpool to Halifax.

"But you'll have a dreadful overland journey after that. It must be a long way to Toronto," said her friend Nora. "I don't know how you'll get through all by yourself."

"Ah, but I'm not going to. Dick has been sent by his firm to New York on some business, and he intends to take a berth in the Meldrum, a coasting steamer, which will bring him to Halifax about the same time that I get there."

Miriam was in a fever of joy and was altogether oblivious of such small matters as intense cold, a pitching, rolling ship and battened down hatches. The good ship fought gayly through a stormy, ice threatened sea, and at last a morning broke when the sun shone fair and the waves sank into a comparative calm. Passengers swarmed on deck, congratulating each other on their escape from prison, and the anxious captain sighed with relief to think that the worst was over. He was upon his bridge, stamping up and down to keep the blood circulating in his feet, when ahead of them he saw a strange speck dancing on the waves.

As he drew nearer he found it an apparently empty boat, and he sent off one of his boats to tow the stranger to the steamer. When it reached the side, however, the limp form of a sailor was lifted from it. Under care and good treatment the blood began to run again through his stiff veins, and he was able to tell what had befallen him. But before that happened his boat had been landed on deck, and the name upon it—Meldrum—made known.

"How funny!" cried Miriam. "A steamer sailing from New York to Halifax is named Meldrum."

"Aye, missie," said a sailor ominously, "and this is one of her boats."

"But how can it be? How could it have got loose out here?"

"If that poor chap lives he can tell us that, and no one else perhaps."

After some time the sailor's words began to beat into Miriam's stupefied brain. She tried to speak to some one standing near, but her tongue would not move, only her knees shook so much that she nearly fell. Her neighbor drew her to a seat.

"Is the Meldrum wrecked?" Miriam asked, with tragic eyes.

"I do not know, but I hope not. That poor fellow will tell us, if he lives."

That evening it was known that the Meldrum had collided with another vessel in the storm, and that, although all the boats had been lowered, they had one after another been swamped. The rescued sailor had just jumped into one when its ropes snapped, and he was therefore the only person saved.

The stewardess took the tidings with a cup of tea to Miriam as she lay inert and despairing on her sofa, and she let the woman gossip out her news without uttering a sound. At last the stewardess went away, and Miriam lay still, not thinking, only suffering.

Later she crawled into her bed, where, through the night, visions of Dick, as a boy, as a youth, as a man, rushed through her mind. Sometimes she saw his face shining through the darkness, but when she clasped him round the neck he was cold as ice and wet with salt water.

Then she was out on the upper deck and not alone. By her side stood some one—a huge man, a giant, who seemed to reach to the sky. His clothes changed their color from light to dark, from black to brown. His great body undulated all the time, and when he put his arm round her he seemed to be surrounded with a dry, suffocating warmth. Then he pointed a long arm to the [illegible] tempestuously further [illegible] by her [illegible] bring [illegible] It p[illegible] for a [illegible] and a [illegible] which [illegible] tone [illegible] and [illegible] she saw a picture which she [illegible]

In the [illegible] circle of light a boat rocked help[illegible] in the wat[illegible] Un[illegible] still were [illegible] dozen people [illegible] together to [illegible] the w[illegible] bodies [illegible] that Dick was there, and [illegible] his name shrilly. There was a sudden movement in the [illegible] face peeped out [illegible] passed.

Miriam lay in her berth, the new dawn already lightening the sky. Then a fever chill she got up and went on deck to see nothing but the gray sky and grayer sea, to hear nothing but the throbbing of the engines and the sough of the wind and waves. Breakfast time came, but she heeded it not. For hours she stood immovable, gazing to the northeast over the bulwarks. What did that dream of hers mean? Was Dick floating somewhere helplessly, with other passengers?

It was noon when the wind, veering, sent a cloud of smoke over her head and a shower of black smudges upon her hands. With them came a passing sensation of warmth. This slight incident awoke some vague memory connected with her dream. The black column of smoke, changing at its edges to brown, thinning out until she could see the gray sky through it, starting ever from her side and yet reaching far into the distance, caught her eye.

Inspiration followed quickly. The smoke was the giant of the night before, and where it pointed lay Dick and his companions! Sight danced into her eyes, hope beat strongly in her heart. She turned a glorified face to the ship. What could she do? How save them?

She saw a foot surmounted by blue cloth moving methodically on the deck above, and in a moment flew up the stairs leading to the captain's bridge. The captain turned round sharply at the sound of strange footsteps, and peremptorily ordered her down. Clutching his arm she cried:

"Captain! They are out there, under the line of smoke! A dozen survivors of the Meldrum are drifting helplessly and nearly dead!"

The captain glanced in the direction indicated. How should this frantic young woman have seen what his practised eye could not discern? Then he guessed that she was the person who, they said, had lost her lover in the wreck.

"My dear," he cried, patting her hand, "go to your berth and lie down. You are in great trouble."

But the haggard, hopeful eyes stared brightly at him.

"For the love of humanity, captain, use your glass. You will see them. I know you will."

To humor her he took a careful survey of the horizon, upon which the sun was shining. At first he shook his head, then he stood for a long time examining the spot under the thin edge of the line of smoke. He rubbed his glasses well and looked again, then said quietly:

"Something is there. Sit down in that corner and wait."

The course of the steamer was altered slightly and a boat was lowered once more to gather in the ocean's drift. To his surprise the captain saw that the distant object was really a boat, without sail or oar. How could the girl have known it? Then the group of people became visible, all evidently in the last stage of exhaustion, and he went over to Miriam and told her to look through his glass and see if her friend were there.

She took it from his hand with a wild sob and gazed long and steadily at the coming boat, then gave the glass back in the midst of a passion of weeping, nodding her head to signify that she had seen Dick. Then she set herself to regain self control by the time the boat came in. When it did, she was waiting in the hospital for her beloved.

For the next 24 hours she shared the duties of nurse with one of the stewardesses and saw Dick's eyes open with the first gleam of consciousness in them. With a contented look at her he fell asleep, and on the ship's arrival at Halifax he with all those who had been saved were well enough to be moved to more comfortable quarters on shore.

The captain made friends with Miriam during those few hours and learned how it was that she knew the boat was afloat. He could hardly believe it, and he could not explain it, but was contented to accept the fact as it stood and to be present at the simple ceremony which made Dick and Miriam man and wife.—Buffalo News.

A Man of Straw.

From time immemorial straw, probably because of its inseparable connection with bread, the staff of life, has had a more or less sacred significance. Our Aryan forefathers strewed their altars with it and swore on it as we swear on the Bible. It is easy to understand how this practice would lead to the stalk of corn being used as the symbol of a binding contract. For instance, the Latin for a stalk is stipulatio, whence naturally comes "stipulation."

In mediæval times the presentation [illegible] fast [illegible] and [illegible] straw, pl[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [

CUTTING UP AFRICA.

ABOUT THE PARTITIONING OF THE DARK CONTINENT.

For All Practical Purposes It Has Been Parceled Out Among the Powers of Europe—The Recent Peaceful Settlement Between France and Great Britain About Completed the Job.

The recent peaceful settlement of the dispute between France and Great Britain as to their respective rights in the territory adjoining French Ubangi and the Nile watershed in Africa practically completed the partitioning of this great continent among the European powers.

Just what this means is made clear by the map of Africa, brought up to date, given herewith, and which gives the actual boundaries of African territories as they have been delimited by the great powers of Europe. The first great delimitation occurred in 1885, when the Berlin-African Congress was held. Five years later saw a further rearrangement on paper, and between 1890 and this year of grace, 1899, the great powers have been busily at work clearing up disputed points and parceling out millions of square miles and millions of human beings with as little concern as the corner grocery clerk handles sugar.

Ever since 1896 the boundaries have been as they are to-day, since that year marked Italy's abandonment of the role of a great African power, and its claim to a protectorate over Abyssinia lapsed. Since 1896, therefore, the three great African powers have been and doubtless will continue to be, in the order of their importance, Great Britain, France and Germany. France, it is true, has under its control, and claims, under the doctrine of the "sphere of influence," territory that adds up a vaster aggregate than do Great Britain's possessions, protectorates and spheres of influence, but as Lord Salisbury once jocularly remarked, much of it is very "light soil." A protectorate over the largest part of the Sahara looks big on paper, but means little in fact. In the way of actual agricultural and commercial value Great Britain's territories are far ahead of the African possessions of all the other powers put together, though the 900,000 square miles of Belgian Congo has great possibilities and certain of the French and German colonies are rich in resources.

So far as the future of Africa goes, leaving out of consideration for the moment the ultimate destiny of Morocco, an independent Mohommedan sultanate; Tripoli, a dependency of Turkey; Abys-

MAP OF PARTITIONED AFRICA.

sinia, a native state; Liberia, a negro republic; Orange Free State, and the South African Republic, both Dutch commonwealths, it is clear that it will be determined solely by the interests of Great Britain, France and Germany. The concerns of Spain and Portugal are negligible. Spain has a bit of the Saharan desert on the northwestern coast, a few other bits, islands, etc., and Ceuta, a strongly fortified port on the coast of Morocco. Portugal is land rich, but is bankrupt, and it must soon sell out its African possessions to its richer neighbors. This will mean in all likelihood that Germany will get Portuguese East Africa to the Zambesi, and England the rest of it from the Zambesi south to Natal. As English influence will indubitably control the Orange Free State and the Transvaal (South African Republic), in time South Africa from the Congo Free State to the Cape of Good Hope will be "all English," as Cecil Rhodes once dreamed would be the case, with the exception of the arid waste of German West Africa and Portuguese West Africa.

It is also difficult to see how England, now in control of the entire Nile watershed, and occupying Egypt, can be kept from enjoying Italy's meagre African colony on the Red Sea, Eritrea, from absorbing Italian Somaliland and from practically holding Abyssinia in the hollow of its hand. Possessing the Nile Valley, the best portions of the Niger Valley and the most profitable and resourceful section of Africa south of the Congo Free State, Great Britain has truly the lion's share of the Dark Continent. France may annex Tripoli, now that Italy is out of the African race, and some of the interior Saharan states still unappropriated, and Germany may compound with Portugal in the west as in the east. So, save Morocco and Liberia, the destiny of most of the states is determined.

Morocco is a question by itself. Owing to the strategic importance of its position on the southern side of the entrance to the Mediterranean, the nation that possesses Morocco and Ceuta would disturb the balance of power. England, owning Gibraltar, would frown on any other European nation facing her across the straits. And no one of the great powers will permit England to possess a second Gibraltar and so control both pillars of Hercules. As a result of these jealousis, therefore, Morocco is the only unappropriated native and independent state in Africa that is likely to keep its own, not through its own strength but by reason of the dissensions of those who would seize it. However that may be, the fact is Africa is now completely partitioned, on paper, by the great powers, even though millions of natives and dusky monarchs do not know they have been shifted from one allegiance to another.

As this map represents the latest conventions, it is ahead of any atlas and should be kept for reference, as it will be the groundwork of all African maps for years to come. Some idea of the vastness of the territories carved up so freely is given when it is remembered that Wadai and Darfur, in the Soudan, are both about four times as big as Pennsylvania. French Congo and French Ubangi are each about as large as Texas—265,000 square miles—while nearly five States of Texas could be carved out of Algeria, French Soudan and the Saharan region over which France claims a paramount influence. British East Africa is also about as big as two States of Texas, and so these figures run.

Africa has some magnificent distances. It is 3,000 miles long from Tunis to Cape Colony, Cape Bon to Cape Agulhas. From Cape Verde to Cape Gaurdafui is 4,000 miles, while at the Tropic of Cancer the continent is 3,800 miles wide to 1,300 at the Tropic of Capricorn. It is credited with an area of 11,514,500 square miles and a population of 163,953,000.

BULGARIA AGAIN.

A Movement Which May Yet Incorporate a Large Portion of Macedonia With Bulgaria.

The reports of collisions on the Bulgarian-Turkish frontier have been expected for some time, since Bulgaria has been carrying on what is known as the Macedonian agitation all winter, and the whole nation has been roused to a great pitch of sympathy with their fellow Christians of the Bulgarian Church scattered through Macedonia in Turkey in Europe. The most patriotic want to see a large portion of Macedonia incorporated with Bulgaria as Roumelia was in 1886; others who call themselves the Macedonian Autonomists want Christian Macedonia erected into an autonomous state

BULGARIAN MACEDONIA MAP.

under the direction of the concert of Europe, which has never forced the Porte to put into effect the promises made to the Macedonians in the Berlin treaty.

As shown on this map the state desired by the autonomists would be a province carved out of Macedonia, with Salonika as the capital, and comprising the already existing Turkish vilayets of Salonika, Monastir and Uskab, within the following limits: The line of delimitation to start from the Servian frontier, near Vranja, following the northwestern limits of the districts of Prochovo, Kumanovo, Katchanik and Tetovo. It will coincide with the crest of the Karadagh, and from the summit Lubotine, on the Schar crest, will reach the Korab, the highest peak of the Deebat Mountain. From the Korab the line will follow the valley of the Veleschtiza, starting from the valley of Radomir, as far as that river's confluence with the Black Drin. From that point the line will follow the Drin Valley to the village of Ndret, and from there, after skirting the western limits of the cazas of Ochrida and Goritza as far as the summit of the Gramos, the line will coincide with the southern limits of the districts of Kastoria, Kailari, Vodena and Karaferia, to the point of intersection between the line and the River Bistritza. From this point the line will follow the bed of the river to the Ægean Sea, and then, passing along the seashore and embracing the peninsula of Chalcis, will reach the mouth of the Karasu. From there the frontier of the province will follow the course of the Karasu as far as the torrent near the village of Rahiboschi, whence, following up the same torrent, it will reach the frontier of Eastern Roumelia, and thence skirt the frontiers of Bulgaria and Servia.

It is not likely the concert of Europe will agree to carving out this new state from Turkey, and it is more unlikely that the Porte will permit itself to be so dismembered. The agitation, however, is not likely to result in anything more than frontier flurries such as that reported at Kizyl-Agatch recently, unless Russia or Austria, or both together, favor action by Bulgaria or the other Balkan states. As it is believed they are opposed to a Turco-Bulgarian war and to any kind of an outbreak in the Balkans, the revolution is likely to be postponed until a more convenient season. Bulgaria, however, since Crete has become an autonomous Christian state, is all the more desirous of upholding the claims of Macedonia to the attention of Europe.

A Little Too Much.

The Gentleman—How's this? Last week it was the right leg you had lost?

The Grafter—Say, you can't expect a fellow ter stand all week on one leg!

GO FAR ON ERRANDS.

LONG DISTANCE TRIPS WHICH MESSENGER BOYS HAVE MADE.

Two Who Have Been Sent Across the Ocean—Story of the First Incident of This Kind—The Shortest Trip on Record.

Sending a messenger boy across the ocean on an errand is not an unprecedented piece of extravagance, but it is done so rarely as to make the event somewhat noteworthy. The arrival of "Private 757" of the London district messenger service with messages for persons in New York, Philadelphia and Chicago and instructions to beat the mails recalls some previous long distance errands on which messenger boys have been sent.

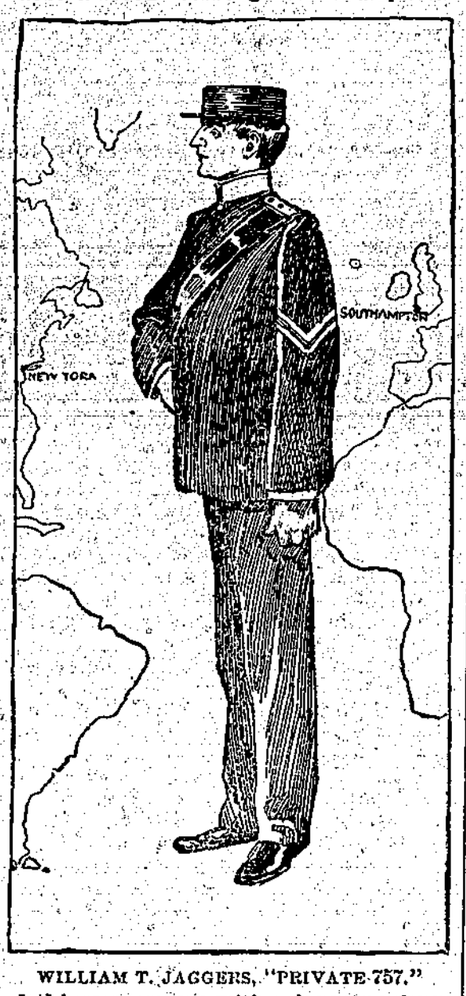
"Private 757," who has recently received so much attention, is in his unofficial capacity William T. Jaggers, a bright London bred youth of 16, who has been in the service less than half a year.

Of course it was an American, a Mr. Robert G. Davis, who sent No. 757 on this far cry. Probably Mr. Davis wanted to astonish Londoners and keep up the national reputation. You can almost hear the surprised Britons exclaiming: "How deucedly odd, don't you know! And so American!"

The only other incident of the kind on record happened in 1887. It was a good deal of an advertising scheme. It was engineered by Daniel Frohman, who had just begun his management of the Lyceum theater in New York. At that time he engaged E. H. Sothern, who has been with him ever since, to play in a piece called "The Highest Bidder." It was only intended for a short run, but the star and the play made a great success, and both were kept on the boards.

Mr. Frohman was young in his career as a manager, and Sothern was new as a star, and they felt so elated over their first hit that a souvenir was proposed for the fiftieth night. Mr. Sothern made the drawings himself, a series of sketches typical of the play.

Mr. Frohman saw the superintendent of the American District Telegraph company, secured from him one of the most trusted messengers and dispatch-



WILLIAM T. JAGGERS, "PRIVATE 757."

ed this messenger with a large package of the souvenirs to London, that they might be delivered there to his professional friends, including Sir Henry Irving, Mary Anderson, Mrs. Kendal, Beerbohm Tree, George Alexander, William Terriss and many of the most important actors and actresses of the English capital, the press and also "Buffalo Bill," who was then giving his first exhibition in England.

"Buffalo Bill" had the entire Wild West show photographed, with Mr. Frohman's messenger boy in the center of the group. This picture is still on exhibition among other relics at the Lyceum theater. The messenger boy returned on the same steamer which took him over with the signatures of all the persons who had received the memento of Mr. Sothern's fiftieth night.

It was the first time that a messenger boy had been sent upon so long an errand, and many of the newspapers computed the time at so much per hour, and many counted a large financial outlay at the rates named. A special contract, however, had been made with the company. The young man who was sent was Eugene B. Sanger, who has since become an actor of some repute.

Then there was that instance of the New York clubman who sent a messenger from that city to Aiken, S. C., last fall. William C. Eustis, a well known pony polo player and a member of the New York Knickerbocker Athletic club, was responsible for the trip.

Mr. Eustis had engaged to take part in a private theatrical presentation in Aiken, an enterprise which was being arranged by some of the swell society people who have made that a famous resort. At the last moment Mr. Eustis found that business would prevent him from keeping his engagement. So he rang for a messenger boy, packed the costume for the part in a suit case and sent it with his apologies and regrets in the same offhand manner that he would dispatch a messenger a dozen blocks on a business errand.

These are some of the longest trips on which messenger boys have been sent. Perhaps the shortest was the one on which a messenger was dispatched by a wealthy and eccentric young man whose odd ways of spending money greatly interested the residents of Atlantic City about two years ago. This man bought a hotel because he wished to stay there overnight and purchased a livery stable because he wanted a team. Among other property he owned a building in which he had an office that was not more than eight feet wide. One day he called a messenger to hand him his suit case, which was on the other side of the room.

FRANCIS TALBERT.

SIR CLAUDE MACDONALD.

The British Minister to China, Who Is Taking a Rest.

Sir Claude Macdonald, the noted British diplomat and minister "plenipo" to China, is returning to England full of honor and glory for his splendid work in the recent Oriental flurry. He matched his brilliant wits against Li Hung Chang and defeated that diplomat in the various affairs in which these two distinguished men came together. Sir Claude is a K.C.B. of the creation of 1898, and for three years he has lived in the east (China and Corea) as a diplomatic agent of the Uni-

SIR CLAUDE MACDONALD.

ted Kingdom. He is a son of the late General J. D. Macdonald. He was educated at Sandhurst, and when a youth he entered the Seventy-fourth Highlanders. In 1882 he was given the brevet of major, and in that year he served through the Egyptian campaign. He was in the Suakin expedition (1884-5) and won the medal with three clasps, the Khedive's star, and the fourth-class Order of Osmanieh. For five years he was a diplomatic agent in Egypt, and he was consul-general at Zanzibar in 1887 and 1888.

Ostrich Eggs.

Ostrich eggs are sold as curiosities, and they are sold also for museum collections In the first case it may be that the great egg is emptied through a hole in the top and that the egg is then suspended by a wire or cord. Eggs sold for natural history collections are commonly emptied through an opening in the side, the egg when placed upon its shelf with the opening downward, appearing perfect and whole.

Ostrich eggs are made into drinking cups. The egg is perhaps six inches in length by five inches in diameter, making a cup of considerable size. The top of the egg is cut off around down to about a quarter of its length, and the rim of the cup thus made is finished with a mounting of silver or gold. The cup is supported by a holder made of one of these metals, with the feet and the supported arms rising from the base up the sides of the egg, more or less elaborately wrought. Eggs thus mounted are used also for cigar holders Ostrich eggs not mounted are sold for $1 each.

Didn't Fish on Sunday.

The late Rev. Myron W Reed was fond of gun and rod and always took his summer vacations in the woods. During one of these summer sojourns in the woods the actor Joe Murphy and Mr Reed met They became chums within three days On Sunday Murphy was getting out his fishing tackle to try for trout. It was a beautiful day for fly fishing. Mr. Reed looked on and made no sign.

"Why don't you get out your tackle?" asked the actor. "We'll never have a better day than this."

"Oh," was the answer, "I thought I would go to church today."

Not caring to fish alone, Murphy went with him. After a long walk through the woods they came to a little church in a clearing, and, to Murphy's amazement, his companion, whom he had not suspected to be a clergyman, stepped into the pulpit and preached the sermon.—New York Tribune.

Blessing the Animals In Mexico.

One of the most picturesque customs in Mexico is that of blessing animals, called the blessings of San Antonio The poorer class take their domestic animals of all kinds, dogs cats, parrots, sheep, horses, burros, etc., to be sprinkled with holy water and to receive through the priest St Anthony's blessing It is the custom of the common class to clean and bedeck their animals specially for this blessing Dogs are gayly decorated with ribbons tied around their necks Sheep are washed thoroughly until their fleece is white as snow and then taken to the father to be blessed The beaks of the parrots are gilded Horses and burros are adorned with garlands.

Righted Himself.

Young Candid (at the amateur theatricals)—Did you ever hear such horribly discordant, ear splitting—

Old Proudfoot—Sir-r! That's my eldest daughter, and—

Young Candid—I repeat, sir, such ear splitting clatter as the idiots behind us are making? Why, I can't hear a word of the song.

THEATERS IN PARIS.

ALL ARE AT THE MERCY OF PIRATICAL TICKET MONGERS.

These Agents Are In League With the Society of Dramatic Authors and Composers, and the Latter Rule the Theaters With a Rod of Iron.

The great abuse that the theater going public in France has to put up with is the ring of piratical ticket agents who buy up nearly all the good seats whenever there is a popular piece running and at once double or quadruple the prices, owing to their successful corner, which, in consequence of vested interests of various sorts, the law is powerless to prevent. These ticket mongers lie in ambush near all the leading theaters and are frequently in league with the "buralistes," or women who, from time beyond memory, have sold places at the regular ticket offices of the theaters.

When asked about the system of selling tickets at the Paris theaters, Mme. Sarah Bernhardt replied: "I have tried in vain to find some way of suppressing the ticket mongers, but this is impossible in France unless the matter be taken up by parliament. The chief obstacle is the Society of the Dramatic Authors and Composers, which is a monopoly and rules all theatrical managers with a rod of iron. It makes contracts with each manager, specifying the amount the society shall take, which is usually 15 per cent of the gross receipts. If the manager refuses to sign the contract, no plays by members of the society can be performed at his theater. This would close his doors, because every dramatist in France is a member of the society. All this bears directly on the sale of tickets.

The contracts between the different managers require that the author whose work is produced shall be entitled to 100 francs' worth of tickets, in addition to two dozen seats placed at his disposal for the first and second performances. Besides this, every author who has one act produced at a theater is entitled to one free seat at the theater for every performance during one year, no matter whether it be his own play that is given or the play of some one else. The author who has four or five acts played at a theater is entitled each night to a free seat for five years. Six acts entitle the author to a free entrance for life. The dramatist who has 12 acts produced at any theater has a right to two free entrances each night for his lifetime, with reversion after death to such third person, also for life, who may be named by will.

"You can imagine," continued Mme. Bernhardt, "how terribly hampered a theatrical manager is in Paris, especially when it is remembered that the assistance publique takes each night for the Paris poor one-eleventh of the total gross receipts. But the worst of it is that the authors usually transfer the tickets secured to them by the Society of Dramatic Authors and Composers to the ticket mongers or other agents, who sell them at the highest price obtainable. This I consider a real grievance and explains the impossibility of doing away with the ticket mongers. I think the Society of Dramatic Authors is to blame for this."

As M. Victorien Sardou was listening attentively to this conversation, and as he is the president of the Society of Dramatic Authors and Composers, the writer asked him to express his opinion on the subject. The prince of French playwrights replied: "The tickets and free entrances accorded to French dramatic authors with hereditary reversions constitute vested interests that have accumulated for generations, and to do away with them would be an impossible task. Years ago, when I was just old enough to go to the theater, it was not so bad as it is now. In those days there was a famous theatrical hairdresser to whom all the dramatic authors handed over their tickets to be disposed of, and from whom they often borrowed money. He got the whole business into his hands and founded the present community of ticket mongers. I quite agree with Mme. Sarah Bernhardt that it would be impossible to make any change at present."

The explanations given by Mme. Sarah Bernhardt and M. Sardou will enable an American to understand why it is that when he presents his ticket at the entrance of a Paris theater it is not glanced at hastily by a single gateman, as in New York, but is critically examined by three grave officials. One of these is the ticket taker of the theater; another is the government envoy, who verifies the gross receipts, so that the assistance publique may get its one-eleventh, and the third is the agent of the Society of the Dramatic Authors and Composers. Convenient features of all the Paris theatrical ticket offices are small plaster and wood models of the auditorium, with each seat distinctly numbered, so that the purchaser can see at a glance the position of his seat.

The ushers and cloakroom attendants at Paris theaters, as well as the ticket sellers at the ticket office, are invariably women. The cloakroom women take charge of overcoats, cloaks, umbrellas, etc., for which they give in return a round wooden numbered check. During the last "entr'acte" they will, if so requested, return the garments to the occupants of the boxes or stalls, so that time may be gained in putting them on and leaving the theater. It is a peculiar custom for men to wear their hats at Paris theaters while the curtain is down. They are always immediately removed, however, as soon as the curtain rises in deference to the performers. The programmes are sold at the theaters for 25 centimes (5 cents) apiece and contain well executed portraits of the authors, actors and actresses, with little scraps of biography, and frequently with short historical sketches of the theater itself.—New York Tribune

A Weak Diagnosis.

"You are suffering from—well, to put it in the ordinary vernacular, an inflamed condition of the spinal column. You should try cooling applications along the back. What is your present occupation?"

"Oi've driven an ice wagon for 20 years, sor."—Cleveland Plain Dealer

THE CUMBERLAND NEWS,

—ISSUED EVERY SATURDAY.—

M. E. Bissett Editor.

Subscribers failing to receive THE NEWS regularly will confer a favor by notifying the Office.

The columns of THE NEWS are open to all who wish to express therein views on matters of public interest.

While we do not hold ourselves responsible for the utterances of correspondents we reserve the right of declining to insert communications unnecessarily personally.

☞ When writing communications to this paper, WRITE ON ONE SIDE ONLY of paper used. Printers DO NOT turn copy.

☞ Advertisers who want their ad changed, should get copy in by 12 a.m. day before issue.

SATURDAY, JUNE 17th, 1899.

Speaking of the anti-Japanese legislation, the Victoria Times remarks:- It should not be forgotten that disallowance of the Act will also remove the restrictions upon Chinese.

It is rather tiresome to listen to the hypocritical cant of some individuals who go around posing as the laboring man's friend when any thinking person may easily see the motive actuating them—to corral the laboring man's hard earned dollars. When such indivieuals are convinced that they cannot succeed in their selfish scheming they very soon show their true colors—as did the Nanaimo Review.

It is now some time since Mayor Mounce and Ald. R. Grant took their Seats at the Aldermanic Board. We understand that some question was raised as to their qualification. We do not pretend to know how this is. But if the assurances we have received in the matter carry any weight then, their respective qualifications are without doubt all right.

Be the question as it may, one thing certain remains, viz; that it would be difficult to find two men so qualified to govern the City as those to whom we refer. Mr. Mounce and Mr. Grant are identified, as it were, with the history of Cumberland. They have their all in the place. In fact no two individuals have so much interest at stake as they. It seems only reasonable that such gentlemen would serve the City for its good. It is an old maxum that they who make a success of their own affairs will in a delegated position do the same for these who place them there.

Not long ago we remarked on the probability of Mr. Martin's Anti-Japanese Legislation being, disallowed. Time has confirmed our anticipation in the matter.

It is, difficult to conceive how any intelligent person who has studied the subject, as the Attorney-General was supposed to have done, could have wasted the time of the House discussing a measure already doomed to the Dominion waste basket. We are inclined to believe that the Attorney-General was actuated with a desire to hypocritically pose as the workingman's friend. It is only a question of time when the veneer that covers Mr. Martin will wear away and the rough material become exposed.

BETTER DRAINAGE.

The town is about to secure better sewerage system. A drain will be run from the big swamp towards Theobald's store. Another starting from back of the Presbyterian Church will connect with the first and continue through the lower flats and swamps until a good outlet is reached in the Trent River. The drain from the Presbyterian Church will provide an out-let for the sewerage of that portion of the town most needing it. For the present a box drain will be put in, but later on it is intended to replace the wood with tiles. After a few years it will be necessary to deepen the swamps through which the drain passes in order that a steady flow moy be secured.

Under existing conditions, breeding ground for bacteria is found in the town, and if the matter were not attended to at once, grave fears might be entertained for the spread of germs in the the hot dry months of August and September. Dr. Staples brought this danger under the notice of the City Council and to his solicitations credit is due for the proposed improvement in our sewerage system.

THE WEDDING MONTH.

Although June is the wedding month, The Canadian Magazine in its current issue has nothing particular to say on the subject. Nevertheless the number is an attractive one, containing a splendid short story by Gilbert Parker, three French-Canadian Sketches by different writers, two instalments of continued stories, and a number of splendid articles. One of the most interesting of the latter is entitled, "With Rifle and Rod in the Moose Lands of Northern Ontario." It is illustrated with numerous photographs of waterfalls, rapid, canoeing experiences and camp-fire scenes. Another very attractive article is an illustrated description of our spring garden birds, issued by the Ontario Government, has attracted much attention. Among the other contributors are the late Senator Boulton, Beckles Wilson, Prof. William Clark (the new President of the Royal Society) Florence Hamilton Randall, A. H. U. Colquhoun, Arthur J. Stringer and John Stewart Thompson. The Canadian Magazine is now in its thirteenth volume.

A CHANGE.

Lineman, Thos. Hudson has engaged anumber of men to move the telegraph line between Deep Bay and Qualicum fsom the woods to the road. Heretofore the great trouble with the telegraph line has been that falling timber frequently interrupted communication. The line, being off the main road, a great deol of trouble was experienced in repairing it.

A subscriber has sent us the following anent the friendly encounters between the NEWS and the Islander:—

There were once two cats it Kilkenny
Who each thought there was one cat too many.
So they howled and they fit,
They scratched and they bit,
Until of two cats there wasnt any.

SUBSTANTIAL AID.

McKenzie & Mann are to get a subsedy of $1,000 per mile and a free right of way from the municipalities of Richmond and Inverness, $4,000 per mile from the provincial and Dominion Govts. for building a 68 mile railway through eastern Nova Scotia.

The City Council Chambers will after the 1st July be moved to the upper storey of the Fire Hall.

Eleven Chinamen were admitted to British citizenship at the recent session of the County Court here.

At the rate work is going on at No.6 Shaft it will not take long to reach the lower seam of coal.

LENGTH OF MILES.

Distance Measurements in Use in Different Countries at the Present Time.

It is no wonder that there is some uncertainty about the length of a mile. English speaking countries have four different miles—the ordinary mile of 5,280 feet, and the geographical or nautical mile of 6,085, making a difference of about one-seventh between the two; then there is the scotch mile of 5,929 feet, and the Irish mile of 6,720 feet; four various miles, every one of which is still in use. Then almost every country has its own standard mile. The Romans had their millia passum, 1,000 paces, which must have been about 3,000 feet in length, unless we ascribe to Cæsar's legionaries great stepping capacity. The German mile of today is 24,818 feet in length, more than four and a half times as long as our mile. The Dutch, the Danes and the Prussians enjoy a mile that is 18,440 feet long, three and a half times the length of ours; and the Swiss get more exercise in walking one of their miles than we get in walking five miles, for their mile is 9,153 yards long, while ours is only 1,760 yards. The Italian mile is only a few feet longer than ours, the Roman mile is shorter, while the Tuscan and the Turkish miles are 150 yards longer.

The Swedish mile is 7,341 yards long, and the Vienna post mile is 8,296 yards in length. So here is a list of twelve different miles; and besides this there are other measures of distance, not counting the French kilometer, which is rather less than two-thirds of a mile. The Brazilians have a millia that is one and one-fourth times as long as our mile; the Neapolitan miglio is about the same length; the Japanese ri, or mile, is two and one-half times ours; the Russian rerst is five-eighths as long as our mile while the Persian standard is a fersakh, four and a half miles long, which is said to be equal to the parasang, so familiar to the readers of Xenophon's Anabasis. The league that is familiar to readers of French and Spanish books varies just as does the mile. In Brazil it is three and four-fifths miles long, in France it was three miles, in Spain it was two and two-third miles, and once on a time in England it was two and one-half miles long The only measure that is about the same in every country is the meter, and even that varies slightly, for in France it is 39,370,432 inches in length, while in this country it is 39,37079 inches— a difference to be mentioned, but not to be considered in practice.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat

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ST. GEORGE'S PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.—SERVICES at 11 a.m. and 7 p. m. Sunday School at 2:30. Y. P. S. C. E. meets at the close of evening service. REV. W. C. DODDS, pastor.

St. John's Catholic Church—Rev. J. A. Durand, Pastor. Mass on Sundays 8:30 or 11 o'clock a. m. Notice of hour given each Saturday.

CORPORATION OF THE CITY OF CUMBERLAND.

Amendment to Sec. 18 of the Trades License By-Law from any transient trader or other person or persons who occupies premises in the city for temporary periods, and who may offer new goods or merchandise of any description for sale by auction or any other manner, or to solicit orders for any goods to be manufactured or made, and ready goods, to be afterwards delivered by himself or any other person in addition to any other license before mentioned a sum not exceeding ($100) one hundred dollars for every six months or part thereof, and not less than ($50) fifty dollars for any six months.

Read 1st time April 10th, 1899
Read 2nd time April 14th, 1899
Read 3rd time May 8th, 1899
Reconsidered and finally passed May 19, '99

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The clothes must satisfy him, or he can have his money back.

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ARTIFICIAL FERTILIZERS AND HOW TO USE THEM.

By J. R. Anderson.

Read at the Regular Meeting of the Comox Farmers' Institute May 18th, 1899.

(Continued.)

1. As a rule, a lack of nitrogen is indicated by a weak growth of stalk and leaf and a pale green color; a bright deep green color of the foliage, indicates that nitrogen is not lacking, but it does not necessarily follow that more may not be added with advantage.

2. Imperfect flowers and fruit, with an axcessive growth of foliage, indicate an insufficiency of potash and phosphoric acid in proportion to the nitrogen. An abundance of potash is indicated when fleshy fruits of fine flavor and such crops as potatoes, corn and grass can be successfully grown.

3. Phosphoric acid is generally not deficient in soils which produce good early maturing crops of grain with full heavy kernels.

Now as to the quantity of fertilizers to be used, and how much of each element is required. This is s question which is probably as frequently asked in connection with the use of artificial fertilizers as any other, and it is a question that is probably the most difficult to answer. Granting that we know fairly well whether nitrogen, phosphoric acid or potash, or a combination of all, or any are required, how can it be ascertained how much to put on an acre of land? A variety of conditions must be considered, sdch as the quantity of available plant food there is in an acre, and how much the growing crop would require. Provided these questions were answered there would be little difficulty, but unfortunately this information is not always available, and hence, upon the judgement of the farmer, must greatly depend the answer. The following table will give the farmer some idea of the approximate quantity of nitrogen, phosphoric acid and potash, which is removed by the several different crops mentioned, bearing in mind that the figures do not in every case represent the amount of plant food removed from the soil. In some instances it is suplied from the air, as in the case of leguminous plants which derive most of their nitrogen from that source, therefore, less nitrogenous fertilizers should be added to the soil for such crops. On the other hand, iu the case of fruits more of the several fertilizers should be added since the demands of the tree in increasing its growth is not taken into account:

Kind of crop, Apples, yield of grain, fruit, etc., 10 to 12 tons; lbs of nitrogen, 26 to 52; lbs of phosphoric acid 2 to 4; lbs potash 40 to 80. Pears, 8 to 16 tons; lbs of nitrogen, 16 to 32; lbs of phosphoric acid, 5 to 10; lbs of potash, 13 to 26. Plums, 4 to 8 tons; lbs of nitrogen, 15 to 30; lbs of phosphoric acid, 2 to 4; lbs of potash, 20 to 40. Barley, 20 to 40 bushels; yield of straw etc., 1,350 to 2700 lbs; lbs of nitrogen, 37 to 74; lbs of phosphoric acid, 11.5 to 23; lbs of potash, 34 to 68. Oats, 30 to 60 bushels; yield of straw, 1,600 to 3,200 lbs; lbs of nitrogen, 30 to 60; lbs of phosphoric acid, 11 to 22; lbs of potash, 25 to 50. Rye, yield 15 to 30 bushels; yield of straw, 2,100 to 4,200 lbs; lbs of nitrogen, 24.5 to 49; lbs of phosphoric acid, 13 to 26; lbs of potash, 21 to 42. Wheat, 15 to 30 bushels; yield of straw, 1,600 to 3,200 lbs; lbs of nitrogen, 31 to 52; lbs of phosphoric acid, 10 to 20; lbs of potash, 13 to 26. Corn, 30 to 60 bushels; yield of straw, 2500 to 5000 lbs; lbs of nitrogen, 42 to 84; lbs of phosphoric acid, 16 to 32; lbs of potash, 17 to 34. Beans, 20 to 40 bushels; yield of straw, 1800 to 3600 lbs; lbs of nitrogen, 50 to 100; lbs of phosphoric acid, 20 to 40; lbs of potash 35 to 70. Peas, 15 to 30 tons; yield of straw, 1500 to 3000 lbs; lbs of nitrogen, 54 to 108; lbs of phosphoric acid, 16.5 to 33; lbs of potash, 26 to 52. Clover hay, yield, 1 to 2 tons; lbs of nitrogen, 41 to 82; lbs of phosphoric acid, 9 to 18; lbs of potash, 44 to 88. Timothy, yield, 1 to 2 tons; lbs of nitrogen, 25 to 50; lbs of phosphoric acid, 10 to 20; lbs of potash 30 to 60. Mixed hay, yield, 1 to 2½ tons; lbs of nitrogen, 28 to 70; lbs of phosphoric acid 7 to 17.5; lbs of potash, 31 to 77. Potatoes, yield, 100 to 200 bushels; yield of straw, 750 to 1500 lbs; lbs of nitrogen, 16.5 to 33; lbs of phosphoric acid, 10 to 20; lbs of potash, 31 to 62. Turnips, yield 350 to 700 bushels; yield of tops, 2½ to 5 tons; lbs of nitrogen, 40 to 80; lbs of phosphoric acid, 26 to 52; lbs of potash, 90 to 180.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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The Tireless Stormy Petrel.

During a recent trip across the Atlantic the passengers on one steamer had a vivid illustration of the endurance of the Stormy Petrel. Shortly after the ship left the Irish coast two or three of these birds were sighted at the stern of the ship. One had been caught at some previous time and its captor tied a bit of red flannel or ribbon around its neck and let it go. The bit of red made the bird very conspicuous, and it could be easily identified. That bird with others that could not be so easily distinguished followed the ship clear across the ocean. Rarely, during the daytime at least, was it out of sight and if for an hour or two it was lost to view while feeding on the refuse cast overboard, it soon reappeared, and the last seen of it was within a few miles of Sandy Hook, when it disappeared, perhaps to follow some outward bound steamer back to Ireland. When the fact is considered that the ship day and night went at an average speed of 20 miles an hour, the feat performed by the daring ocean traveler can be better appreciated. When or how it rested is inexplicable.

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CHINN AND HIS KNIFE.

A Unique Product of the Blue Grass Country.

READY TO DEFEND HIS HONOR.

The Gory Colonel Is Proud of His Trusty Blade, Which Has Figured In Many Encounters—Handy Weapon In a Row.

Kentucky is still in a state of feverish excitement over the Jack Chinn and Senator Bronston incident, in which the colonel referred to the state legislator as "a redheaded thief." The trouble with Bronston was due to the fact that he was the attorney for Mrs. Sally Crawford, a creditor of Chinn's. Being unable to find any property of Chinn's that was not in his wife's name, Bronston intimated that

COLONEL CHINN AND HIS KNIFE.

the transfer had been made with Mrs. Chinn's connivance in a way that was morally fraudulent, if not legally so. There were political differences also between them, but Chinn says that his attacks on Bronston are due to the fact that Bronston made insinuations against a woman.

Jack Chinn is one of the most unique products of the blue grass country which has produced many interesting types.

Giving voice to his sentiments, Colonel Jack says: "I am a southerner and a gentleman, by Jupiter! A man should fight if his honor is attacked. He should fight if a woman is assailed, and the best thing for him to fight with is a bowie knife which is the gentleman's weapon."

The bowie knife he always carries with him, and, according to Kentucky traditions, has frequently used it with deadly effect. Colonel Chinn is proud of his "trusty blade," which is variously spoken of as a "bowie," a "spring back" and, more often than either, as the "Chinn knife." Many and curious are the tales told in Kentucky as to how Colonel Chinn carries his knife and the manner in which he opens and draws it when occasion requires. Men talk about it constantly in the blue grass country and tell each other that the colonel carries the knife down his back, attached by some secret contrivance to his collar. But the colonel says these are all fairy tales. He declares that he carries it in the right rear pocket of his trousers. When he has need to produce it, ready for use, he dexterously shifts it to his larger front pocket, where, under cover, he opens it and then swiftly brings it into service.

He has been in a score of desperate fights in the past 20 years, has been hurt several times himself, but generally it is the other man who is hurt.

There isn't a more expert knife user in all the country than is Jack Chinn. Colonel Bowie himself, the inventor of the knife that bears his name, was not more proficient in its use than this Kentuckian. He knows where to strike, when to strike, how to strike and what to do with the knife after it has been sent home.

When Colonel Goodloe and Colonel Swope, Republican politicians, quarreled, Chinn advised Goodloe to settle the trouble with a bowie. He loaned him his favorite knife and gave him some lessons in using it. Goodloe killed Swope in the postoffice with 13 knife cuts, scientifically delivered. Chinn claimed and got most of the credit for this incident.

Chinn was a starter on the race track. He carried his flag in one hand and his bowie in the other and made the jockeys mind. At the Latona (Ky.) track once he had a dispute with Jack Dowlan, who said he was not a gentleman. This is the one thing Chinn will not stand. He whipped out his bowie and made a workman like rip for Dowlan's stomach. The latter had been mean enough to provide himself with a steel shirt, and Chinn lost the point of his favorite knife. "Only a cad would wear a thing like that," said Chinn, contemptuously. Then he turned on his heel, and Dowlan's social standing was impaired by this criticism. In spite of his idiosyncrasies, Chinn has the reputation of being square and honest in all his dealings and very truthful.

Chinn's most dramatic use of his big bowie knife was a short time ago when he sharpened it up and started for Nevada to help re-elect Senator Stewart, whom he admired. Chinn claimed that he was quicker with the knife than any one else engaged in the campaign. David Neagle, the man who killed ex-Judge David S. Terry, went there as the man who used his revolver most rapidly, and as he was for Stewart, too, the combination looked irresistible.

Chinn once proved his pluck by standing at the door of the Kentucky senate chamber and holding at bay some armed men who were about to lynch a number of senators who had taken an unpopular stand on the question of re-electing Blackburn. Popular opinion was divided as to the propriety of the lynching, with perhaps a preponderance in favor of the enterprise, but the gleam of Chinn's revolver settled it in favor of the "nays."

Colonel Chinn drinks bourbon whisky, chews long green tobacco and cusses, and the flutter of a petticoat is as attractive to him as is the red flag of a race track. In appearance he is the rollicking, roistering, nervy Kentuckian, and he plays poker and is a past grand master at old sledge.

Colonel Chinn comes of a racing family, he being a son of a member of the old racing firm of Chinn & Boyden, well known a generation ago. They owned many famous race horses in their day, and the colonel has himself been the breeder and trainer of some notable performers on the turf.

A GOOD FINANCIER.

New Assistant Secretary of the Treasury Has Made a Fortune.

Mr. H. A. Taylor, the new assistant secretary of the treasury, is a Wisconsin man with wide business interests. If his appointment was made on the theory that a man who can look after his own financial affairs can look after those of the nation, then the selection was a logical one, for Mr. Taylor has certainly taken care of his own dollars.

Mr. Taylor is a native of New York state, but he went to Wisconsin when only a boy. His first business venture was in the printing business. He started a paper when but 19 years old and has been the owner of newspapers from that time until the present, although

MR. H. A. TAYLOR.

for more than half of that time he has given no personal attention to that line of business. He has been for many years engaged in real estate, lumbering and banking. He is now interested in banks at Hudson and Madison, Wis. He controls the Wisconsin State Journal, the official paper of the state, and is also largely interested in the manufacture of telephones and telephonic apparatus.

Mr. Taylor has held numerous political positions. He was first appointed a timber agent to protect the public lands in Wisconsin and for six years held that position. He was appointed by President Garfield as United States consul at Marseilles, France, which position he held for three years, resigning before his term of office expired in order to return to look after his private business. In 1889 he was elected to the state senate in Wisconsin, and after two years' service resigned that position to accept an appointment under President Harrison as United States commissioner of railroads. In 1889 Mr. Taylor was a candidate for governor of Wisconsin, but was defeated by a few votes by W. D. Hoard.

Rightly Expressed.

If a grown up man made a speech on mixing sand with sugar, it would be quite permissible to describe it as an adult-oration. —Pick Me Up

A Real Financier.

"Slimpurse is a great financier."

"Financier?"

"Yes. He can make two silver quarters rattle in his pocket so you will think he has $5 or $6."—Ohio State Journal.

LADY LION KILLER.

Exciting Adventures of Mrs. Alan Gardner in New Zealand.

All London is lionizing Mrs. Alan Gardner, the lion killer. Her husband is a brother of Lord Onslow of New Zealand, and himself a famous hunter. Mr. and Mrs. Gardner visited New Zealand and together cut loose from civilization and penetrated into the remotest regions in the search for game. Thus far Mrs. Alan Gardner has come through her encounters with wild beasts without a scratch of claw or mark of teeth. That she will always be as fortunate is not possible, for the stories that have been told of her intrepidity in the hunt show that she is absolutely fearless when on a shooting expedition. From the numerous hunting episodes related by her admiring husband, for it is extremely difficult to induce Mrs. Gardner to talk of her achievements, one is selected that is especially thrilling.

The husband and wife were hunting in Somaliland, a mountainous and, for the most part, unexplored country in the eastern part of the African continent. It is a wild place, wild in the nature of its inhabitants, besides being given up to a large extent to wild beasts. This latter feature of the country just suited Mr. and Mrs. Alan Gardner, and they penetrated into the interior, killing small game as they went and looking daily for lions.

One morning they came across the tracks of an animal that they knew at once could be none but the king of beasts. All the morning and part of the afternoon they followed the trail through the densest of African forests, until at last the odor of decaying flesh poisoning the warm bright day apprised them that the lion's lair was near.

A deep growl came threateningly from the bush near by, and Mrs. Gardner shot in the direction of the sound. The answer was a terrific roar that crashed through the forest in company with the noise of the rifle. Next instant there came flying through the air a huge lion, with eyes ablaze, claws outstretched and snarling jaws. It was a situation to paralyze the nerves of a strong man, but Mrs. Gardner never flinched or wavered. In telling the story afterward Mr. Gardner said:

"My first impulse was to shoot at the big brute, but a quick glance at my wife showed that she was perfectly cool, and I

MRS. GARDNER SHOOTING A LION.

determined to let her have the whole glory of the kill. The spring of the lion was a true one, and it would have gone hard with us had Mrs. Gardner's aim failed. I must confess that I was more nervous than she as she fired at the big head with the bristling mane. The bullet entered the lion's eye, penetrated to the brain and killed him instantly.

"A quick jump alone saved my wife from being knocked down and perhaps seriously injured by the falling mass that landed almost directly where she had stood. We brought the skin back with us, and it can now be seen at our country home."

As for Mrs. Gardner, she says she had no time to feel afraid. The leap came so suddenly that the instinct of self preservation alone was sufficient to keep her nerves strong and make her aim true.

A peculiarity of the nature of this modern Diana is the ease with which she transforms herself from a huntress of wild beasts to a quiet and dignified country lady. No one is more popular at the social functions, where Mrs. Gardner is lionized. It is found difficult to reconcile the appearance of the modest little lady of the gentle face and graceful figure with the stories of big killing and narrow escapes from death in primitive forests at the claws and teeth of fierce beasts.

The Only Thing Left.

James Brown is rich and stingy. An acquaintance of his met Brown's son the other day. "Your father seems to have lost a good deal of money lately. The last time I saw him he was complaining and saying he must economize."

"Economize! Did he say where he was going to begin?"

"Yes, on his table, he said."

"Then he must be going to take away the tablecloth," was the filial declaration.—Exchange.

In a Trice.

Many persons use the phrase "in a trice" who have no conception of its meaning. A trice is the sixtieth part of a second of time. The hour is diivded into 60 minutes, the minute into 60 seconds and the second into 60 trices, or thirds, from the Spanish tris.

The cardinal's hat is oval, with a double purple frieze having 30 tassels falling over its back. This costly hat is never used without discomfort until the day when it lies upon its owner's coffin.

POLICEWOMAN WILDER

A Honolulu Heiress Who Has Her Own Way.

UPHOLDING THE HUMANE LAWS.

In Her Capacity as Police Officer She May Make Arrests Without Warrants, and Brutal Male Drivers Must Curb Their Anger.

Helen Wilder, the Hawaiian heiress, has just been given a judgment by a Honolulu jury in a suit for damages brought against her by a man she had arrested for cruelty. The case was of unusual interest to Honolulu, because it determined the fact that Miss Wilder, in her capacity as a police officer, may make arrests without a warrant.

The suit was brought by Oloof Hollefson, who drives a street car in Honolulu. One day Miss Wilder noticed that one of Hollefson's mules was bleeding on the shoulder from a chafing collar. She compelled him to leave his car and passengers and drove him off in her carriage to the police station, where she had him booked for cruelty to animals.

There was a heated argument over the legality of the arrest, counsel for Hollefson claiming that as no warrant had been served the arrest was illegal, and therefore $5,000 was due for a damaged reputation and durance vile.

When the jury brought in a verdict in favor of Miss Wilder, she put on her soldier hat and sauntered out of the courtroom humming "My Honolulu Lady."

Then Honolulu puckered its brow for a moment over a knotty little problem: "Who would have paid that $5,000 had the decision been otherwise? Would the government have been responsible or would Helen Wilder have been compelled to sign a check for that amount?" However, in Hawaii Nei people do not worry long over useless conjectures.

Even if Miss Wilder had been forced to pay the money it would not have been such a dreadful calamity, for a girl who has $150,000 in her own right, besides "great expectations," can afford to pay for the privilege of arresting a man.

And if it had fallen on the government? Well, it is worth $5,000 to have a policeman who is an heiress.

Helen Wilder calls a spade a spade. She chooses to be called a policeman, disclaiming her right to the title of "special officer." She does not even object to the sobriquet of "cop."

But then the things that Helen Wilder does object to are the very ones that are

HELEN WILDER, HEIRESS AND POLICE OFFICER OF HONOLULU.

most dear to the heart feminine. She wouldn't give a lei of sweet scented maili for all the gowns that Worth ever made.

She dons a short skirt, a shirt waist, a military hat, and rides her horse with the daring of a vaquero, or she handles the reins with the dexterity of a pioneer stage driver. In a rowboat she can paddle as swiftly and easily as a Kanaka fisherman. Wherever she is, whatever she may be doing, she carries a pair of handcuffs to snap on the wrists of the tormentor of children and animals.

Helen Wilder goes wherever her duty calls. If the checkrein of the swellest turnout in Honolulu is drawn too tight, she commands the driver to stop and unfasten it. Fear she has never felt. Cooly, Jap, Kanaka or white man, she arrests them all in spite of threats. Let the drivers overload the buses or the Waikiki tram cars pull out overloaded, and out come her handcuffs. She will brook cruelty toward neither children nor animals.

It was reported that the captain of a steamship that put into port at Honolulu had mistreated his children. Helen Wilder boarded the steamship and investigated the charges. She found that the captain for some slight offense had locked the children in a stateroom for several days, keeping them on bread and water. To the surprise and indignation of the protesting captain, this young woman promptly marched him down the gangplank to jail.

But, arrived there, she was told that the captain, not being a resident, must be released. So the steamship put off for Victoria, the captain vowing vengeance. When he landed there, he found that a local society for the prevention of cruelty had been requested from Honolulu to take him in charge, and he was met with a formal request to explain things. In this way Helen Wilder followed him up and endeavored to have him punished for breaking the law, as she claimed.

Other women in other cities have been made special officers, but Honolulu claims that there never was a special officer like Helen Wilder. She wears her star constantly, and she uses the power which it gives her constantly. She deals with all sorts and conditions of men. Rich or poor, it matters not to her. Millionaire planters and Kanaka alike must obey the humane laws.

IS STILL HANDSOME.

Something About the Wife of Our Embassador to England.

Mrs. Joseph Choate, wife of our embassador to England, who has been sharing with her distinguished husband the woes of house hunting in London, is a charming, dignified matron. She does not look as though she had been married more than a dozen years, although it was in 1860 that she became Mrs. Choate. In fact, Mrs. Choate is a remarkably young looking woman. Her cheeks are still rosy with health, her eyes dark and brilliant, and her hair is only slightly tinged with gray.

Although she has never aspired to be a social leader, Mrs. Choate will preside gracefully over our embassadorial home at the court of St. James—when such home is established. The Choates always lived very quietly in New York, not because society was not ready to receive them, but because they cared little for society. For one thing, Mr. Choate was too busy making big fees, and for another Mrs. Choate preferred to devote most of her time to her children. She is the mother of two sons and a daughter. One of the sons is now a grown man. The other son and Miss Mabel Choate are with their parents in London.

Mrs. Choate is a native of Salisbury, Conn., but she spent most of her girlhood days in Cleveland. Her maiden name was Caroline Dutcher Sterling. She has one brother, Mr. E. C. Sterling of St. Louis.

Mrs. Choate is still a very handsome woman. She has refined and intellec-

MRS. JOSEPH CHOATE.

tual features and a forehead of intellectual prominence, crowned with masses of soft, wavy hair. She has a winning personality, a cordial, unaffected manner and is possessed of great social tact. This last is an attribute which will win her many friends in London.

The domestic life of the Choates has been one long romance. The great lawyer has ever been a tender lover. One of the best anecdotes told about Mr. Choate illustrates this very well. It happened that the distinguished jurist and his wife were guests at a private dinner. Some one inquired of him who he would like to be if he could not be himself. He paused a few seconds, as if thinking over the list of the world's celebrities, and then his eye rested upon his wife.

"If," he answered, "I could not be myself, I should like to be Mrs. Choate's second husband."

Dividends Instead of Taxes.

More village Arcadias! The Dalecarlian village of Orso is not, says a correspondent, the only Continental community which rejoices in freedom from rates and taxes. Staufenberg owns a large tract of forest land, which yields enough revenue to pay all the municipal expenses, and besides to allow a "dividend" to every citizen of about £1 a year, also a certain amount of free fuel. The Town Hall, water supply, schools, municipal bakehouse, etc., are all maintained in a state of high efficiency out of the revenue of the public estate. Klingenberg-on-the-Main pays its rates and taxes, and gives an annual bonus to its inhabitants, out of the royalties on its rich beds of fireclay. Communal meadows and forests pay all the rates of Langenselbold, in Hanau, and each citizen gets besides two cords of firewood and 20 marks a year in money. Freudenstadt, in Baden—thanks to the possession of 5,000 acres of land—supplies its inhabitants with free wood for firing and building, with free pasture for their cattle, and with roads, schools, churches, fountains, hospital, communal music, etc., without levying any rates, and gives each family a "Christmas box" of £2 1s or £3. Kampen, on the Zuider Zee, derives its income from the letting of municipal lands, and the rate-collector is unknown. —London Chronicle.

An Exception.

"Remember," said the good man, "that there are sermons in stones."

"Not in those that you run against with your bike," retorted the cynic, and the argument was necessarily at an end.—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

JACKSON'S END.

"I tell you, fellows, 'tain't no fun to swim a bunch of steers when the water is as cold as it is now."

The speaker was a short, thickset cowboy, whose fiery red hair had gained for him the sobriquet of "Colorado," the Mexican name for red, which was frequently shortened to "Colly" among the "punchers."

"J'ever have any 'sperience at it, Colly?"

Colorado by this time had finished rolling his cigarette and was waiting for the cook's pothook, which he had thrust into the campfire, to get redhot to light it. Having done this and taken a few preliminary puffs, he answered: "Yes, I hev an a mighty tough one it was too."

"Tell us about it, Colorado," said the cook. "Whar was it, an how did it happen?"

"Yes, Colly, le's hear the story," chimed in the Kid.

"I was workin fer the 'Diamond' outfit up in Utah, 'bout three years ago, an the old man he come off down here into Arizona an bought a bunch of steers to take up thar. He had written his wagon boss to come down with an outfit big enough to handle 2,000 head, an we struck the Little Colorado river 'bout the mouth of the Canyon Diablo wash, where we was to receive the herd 'long in June. We didn't have no partickler hap'nin's comin down, an we got the herd turned over all right an built a 'squeeze shoot' an branded 'em all before we started back, so as if any got lost the outfit could claim 'em on the brand an 'bout the last of June we pushed 'em off the bed ground one mornin, 'bout daylight, an pulled our freight fer the home ranch.

"The cattle were all good to handle an didn't give us no trouble to hold nights, barrin one or two little stampedes, an we drifted on down toward Lee's Ferry without any mishaps, 'ceptin one night it were a-rainin like all possessed, an I wakes up a feller named Peck to go on guard. Peck got up an put on his slicker, walked over to where his pony was tied an mounted. We was camped on the banks of a wash called Cotton Wood creek, an along there the wash had cut down into the 'dobe flat some 10 or 15 feet deep. Peck he's 'bout half asleep an gets off wrong fer the herd an rides straight up to the edge of the creek, thinkin all the time he's a-goin out on the prairie to the herd. His pony sort of balked on him an give a snort, but Peck, bein a crossgrained sort of cuss an only half awake, just bathed him with his quirt an jabbed his spurs into him. The pony give a jump an landed in the middle of the creek, with six or eight feet of muddy water runnin in it. Lord, didn't he wake up sudden like an squall for help! We all turned out in a hurry, but he swam across an, the opposite side bein sort of slopinlike, the pony scrambled out. Then Peck was afeered to cross back in the dark an stayed over thar all night, a-shiverin an a-shakin an a-cursin like a crazy man. When we got up for breakfast that mornin at 4 o'clock, it was clear an cold an dark. The cook he goes down to the creek an hollers to Peck, sort of sarcastic like, 'Come to breakfast, Peck,' an Peck he gits mad an swears at the cocinero pretty plenty an said ef he didn't go back he'd turn loose on him with his six shooter, an the cook, bein pretty frollicky hissel', he goes back to the wagon an pulls his Winchester an starts fer the creek ag'in, when Jackson stops him an turns him back. When it come daylight, Peck went down the creek a mile and finds a place to cross what it wa'n't so deep, an so gits back to camp jist as we was pullin out.

"The Big Colorado were a powerful stream when we reached it, bein all swollen by the meltin snows up in the mountains, an we all kinder hated to tackle it. The old man told the wagon boss afore he left to ferry the outfit an horses over in the boat, but to swim the steers.

"You know how Lee's Ferry is. The river comes out of a box canyon above, an the sides break away a little, an then a mile below it goes into the box ag'in, where the walls is 3,000 feet high an the current runs like a mill race. It was shore a nasty place to swim a bunch of steers, an Jackson, the wagon boss, he knowed we had a big job on hand when we got there. Jackson was the best wagon boss I ever see or worked under. He was a tall, slim chap, could outwork any two men in the oufit, wa'n't afeerd of nothin, an, though he couldn't read nor write, I tell you, boys, he saveyed cows a heap. What he didn't know 'bout cows wa'n't worth knowin. He didn't let the steers water the day before, so's they'd be powerful dry an take to the river easier.

"We fust got the chuck wagon over on the ferryboat, which was a big concern, long enuff to drive a four horse team on to, an which was rowed by six men. The cook he was mighty skeery 'bout goin on to this here boat, 'cause he said 'bout a year afore that he'd been a-punchin cows in southern Arizony, an a feller there shipped a lot of cattle up inter Californey to put on an island near Los Angeles. They loaded 'em on to flat scows with a high railin round 'em, an put 'bout 50 head on each scow an a puncher on it to look fer 'em. Goin over to the island the tug what was a-towin 'em by the horn of the saddle, so to speak, busted the string, an thar bein quite a wind a-blowin an big ole waves a-floppin around, the four scows began to butt an bump up ag'in one another like a lot of muley bulls a-fightin, an the cattle got to runnin back an forth an a-bellerin an a-bawlin, an them punchers, they shore thought their very last day had come. The cook he never expected to see dry land ag'in, an he jist vowed if ever he got back to the prairie that he'd punch no more cows on boats.

"Well, bimeby the tug got a new lariat on to 'em ag'in an corralled 'em all safe enuff at the wharf, but the cook 'lowed he war a dry land terrapin an wouldn't ever ag'in git into no such scrape, not ef he knowed hissel'. Howsumever, he did get up 'nuff spunk to tackle the ferry an went over safely. After we got the wagon acrost we went back an started the cattle down the side canyon what leads into the crossin.

"Jackson's idee was to get the hosses ahead of the steers an let 'em follow the hosses. You know hosses swim any wheres, an the cattle will allers foller 'em. So he puts three men in a little boat, two to row an one to lead a hoss, knowin the balance would foller him right acrost.

"The hoss wrangler hed the hosses all ready an jist as the leaders of the herd come down to the water's edge the boys in the boat pulled out, a-leadin a hoss, an the other hosses follered right in an was soon a-swimmin. Then, when they was all strung out an doin fine we crowded the steers into the water after 'em. They was all powerful dry an took to the water easy 'nuff, an afore the leaders knowed it they was a-swimmin in fine shape. Jackson wouldn't let us holler or shoot till we got 'em all inter the water, an then we jerked our six shooters an began to fog 'em an yell like a bunch of Comanches.

"You all know thar's only one thing to be afeerd of in swimmin a lot of cattle, an that's when they gets to millin. Jackson had swum cattle acrost the Pecos in Texas an the Yellowstone in Montana an saveyed 'xactly what to do. But this here Colorado at Lee's Ferry is a bad place to tackle, fer you're bound to get out on the other side afore you get into the box canyon, or your name's Dennis, 'cause once a feller gets into the canyon he's got to go on clean down about 100 miles afore he can strike a level place big enuff to crawl out on.

"Soon as the cattle got well strung out Jackson began to undress hissel'. He took off all his clothes but his shirt, an then he buckled his six shooter belt around him an pulled the saddle off'n his hoss.

"I says, 'Bill, you ain't a-goin to try to swim it, are you?' an he says, 'No, not less I have to; but if they gets to millin out thar we'll lose the whole herd, an the only way to break it up is to ride out an shoot among 'em an skeer 'em.' He knowed it were risky, for if anything went wrong he was shore to be carried into the canyon an drowned. But Bill Jackson wa'n't the sort of a wagon boss to stop at anything to save the herd, an sure 'nuff, 'bout the time the leaders got fairly into the middle of the river, 'long comes a big cottonwood tree a-driftin an whirlin down stream right into 'em. That skeert 'em an turned 'em, an, afore we knowed it, they was doubled back on the balance an swimmin round an round, for all the world like driftwood in a big eddy in a creek. This was what Jackson was afeerd of, an he pushed his hoss into the river an takes his six shooter in his hand. He was ridin a little Pinto pony they called Blue Jay, one of the best all round cow ponies I ever see.

"Old Blue Jay he jist seemed to save what was wanted of him an swum 'long without any fuss. When Jackson gits out close to the millin steers, he begins to holler an shoot, an he called to the fellers in the boat to come back an try to stop 'em. Now, you all know what a risky thing it is to go near a steer a-swimmin in the water, for he's sure to try to climb up on you. Jackson knowed this, but he swum Blue Jay right slapdab inter the bunch an tried to scatter 'em an stop 'em from millin.

"Just how it happened we couldn't tell, but first thing we seen Jackson was right in the middle of the millin critters, an in a minute they had crowded pore old Blue Jay under, an all we seen of Jackson was his hands went up, an then he was lost in the whirlin mass of horns that was goin round an round. A man had no chance at all to swim, 'cause their hoofs kep' him under all the time, an they was packed so close a feller couldn't come up between 'em, anyway.

"The boys in the boat tried to do something, but 'twa'n't no use, fer he never come up, an when they got too close one big steer throwed his head over the side of the boat an purty nigh upset 'em, so they had to keep away to save theirselves. But they kep' up a-shootin an a-hollerin, till the leaders finally struck out for the shore, an in a few minutes the whole herd was strung out fer the opposite side, an sooner than I kin tell it they was all standin on dry land an not a single one missin.

"Meantime the boys in the boat had watched everywhere fer pore Jackson's body, but they never got sight of it, though they went clean into the mouth of the box canyon. They was lots of big trees an drift a-runnin, an we guessed his body had been caught in the branches of a floatin tree an carried down with it. Pore old Blue Jay come floatin past 'em, an they tried to catch him, but the current was so swift they couldn't do it. All they wanted was to get Jackson's silver mounted bridle off'n him, 'cause 'twas easy 'nuff to see that the pony was quite dead.

"Well, the rest of us crossed in the big ferryboat an rounded up the steers, which was grazin up the canyon on the other side, an moved 'em out a couple of miles to camp. Shorty, bein the oldest hand in the outfit, took charge an sent two of us back to the ferry to try an see if Jackson's body could be found, but the feller what run the ferry said 'twa'n't no use lookin fer him, 'cause the swift current would carry him miles an miles down the canyon without ever lodgin anywhere. So we went back, an Shorty gave it up an decided to push the herd on next day. We was a blue ole crowd that night around the campfire, I tell you. All the boys liked Jackson, an besides they was a-thinkin of his wife an two kids what was a-waitin for him at the headquarters ranch up in Utah.

"Shorty sent a letter from the next settlement to the ole man, a-tellin him what had happened, an we come along up with the cattle, arrivin safely at the ranch without any more misfortunes."

"An didn't they never find Jackson's body, Colly?" queried the Kid.

"Waal," said Colly, "that's a singular thing too. When we gets back to the ranch the ole man he was orful cut up about it, an hated to think that the body wasn't found. He'd been down in the Grand canyon the summer afore with a lot of fellers, an he said he believed he could find it 'bout 100 miles below the ferry, 'cause thar were a place thar down in the canyon whar the walls widen out fer some 20 miles, an thar was quite a wide valley with grassy meadows an trees. So he takes one of the boys an a pack outfit an goes off down thar. They had to leave everything on top of the canyon an climb down a-foot an pack their stuff on their backs. The walls was 6,000 feet high thar, an they had a hard time gettin down. Course it was jist a scratch, but I'm blest if after four or five days' hunt they didn't find it lodged in a pile of drift along the river. 'Twas easy 'nuff to tell Jackson's body, fer he'd had two fingers of his left hand shot off in a fight once. So they takes it to a place in the valley whar it was safe from flood, an buries it as well as they could, an the next fall, when 'twas cold, he went back an packed the remains out of the can, on an took them clean to the ranch an buried 'em jist as if it was his own brother. I tell you, the boys was ready to swear by the ole man after that."

But Colorado's story was finished, and as it was about 10:30 the second guard men began putting on overcoats and heavy gloves preparatory to two hours and a half of watching the herd.

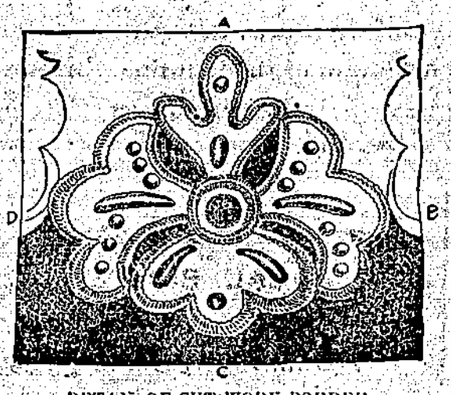
The stars were shining clear and bright, the bells of the horse herd came softly over the prairie, making a tuneful chime on the frosty night air, and as I untied the rope that bound my roll of bedding and kicked it out on the ground I could not keep from thinking of poor Jackson's death and wondering if the morrow held a like fate in store for any of us.—Will C. Barnes in Argonaut.

The Costliest Fur.

The most expensive fur is that of the black fox of Kamchatka, the skin of which when dressed becomes a very attractive blue. A single skin is worth as much as $1,000. A pelisse worn by the Emperor Nicholas lined with this fur cost $10,000.

Cut and Jewel Work Embroidery.

A novel and beautiful piece of work is well shown by the illustration from The Household. The outline of the design is buttonholed with white, and a Battenberg ring is buttonholed to the center of each figure. The coloring of the jewels is as follows. The round



DETAIL OF CUT WORK BORDER.

jewel shown in detail at A is yellow and the long one blue. In B the upper three, beginning at the center, are pink, blue and lavender, respectively. The long one is lavender, and the lower three, beginning at the bottom, are pink, blue and yellow, respectively. In C the round jewel is pink and the two long ones are yellow. D is worked like B. The jewels are outlined with a darker shade of their color. After the embroidery is completed the linen is cut away, as shown in the illustration.

Lusters For China Painting.

Lusters continue in vogue, says The Art Interchange. They are popular with china painters because they always fire with a beautiful glaze and present an iridescent surface that is peculiar to this form of decoration. The trouble in mixing one with the other is, being all alike apparently before firing, it is altogether a matter of guesswork. There is nothing to judge by, as there is nothing to indicate any variety or combination of colors before applying them. They need not be applied with any great degree of smoothness, as they fuse evenly though not appearing to do so before firing. There is an "essence" for thinning lusters that should be used instead of turpentine.

Chicken on Toast.

Season pieces of cold chicken with salt and pepper. Dip in melted butter, let this cool on the meat, and dip in beaten egg and in bread crumbs. Fry in butter to a delicate brown. Remove the chicken from the pan and pour in a cup of cream or some of the broth in which the chicken was cooked. Season this, and when it is hot pour it over slices of toast which have been arranged on a platter. Place a piece of chicken on each slice and serve.

Notes From The Ladies' World.

To remove the puckery appearance of embroidery just finished wet a clean piece of linen in clear, cool water, wring it out and place it on a clean wooden table. Then lay the work on its face upward. Pin the work down and stretch it as smooth as possible and leave it so for 24 hours.

White linen flosses should be used in embroidering plain linen damask dinner cloths; also for the lace edgings and insertions used for their further decoration and trimming.

Cording stitch, made by taking a long stitch forward on the face of the material and a very short stitch back on the underside, is used in the revived white embroidery on table linen.

The French knot, made by twisting the needle once or twice around the thread, passing the needle straight down through the work and drawing the knot twice, is another stitch used in white embroidery.

Satin stitch is much used in the revived embroidery. It is made of long, regular stitches closely laid together to present a smooth, raised satin effect.

Wellington After Waterloo.

Lady Mornington told me that when she went to see the Duke of Wellington after the battle of Waterloo and congratulated him he put his hands before his face and sobbed, saying: "Oh, don't congratulate me! I have lost all my best friends!"—Blackwood's.

AN ARAB SLAVE HUNT

DESCRIPTION OF A RAID ON AN AFRICAN VILLAGE.

The Surprise, the Flight of the Braves and the Capture of the Women and Children—The Ransom, and How It Was Extorted and Paid.

Perhaps the simplest method of describing the raiding system as practiced by the Arab bands in the forest region between the Aruimi and the Kongo would be in the form of a brief narrative of events based upon personal observation. The caravan whose adventures we are about to follow was under the command of Osmani, a middle aged Arab who had penetrated the continent from Zanzibar more than 20 years before. For two weary weeks the wretched party had traveled through an uninhabited portion of the great forest, trudging each day through densely matted undergrowth beneath the impenetrable canopy of primeval trees, and sleeping each night hungry and weary upon the sodden ground in the vitiated atmosphere of decaying vegetation.

One afternoon, when the party was almost in a condition of despair, one of the Manyema followers sustained a deep flesh wound from a hard wood spear which had been artfully concealed in the bushes beside a well worn elephant track as a trap for the natives of the forest are well skilled in woodcraft. Upon discovering this evidence of man's existence in the vicinity the caravan halted, while scouts were sent to survey the surrounding country. In a short time it was reported that within an hour's march a large native village had been sighted. Osmani's instructions were brief. "Two hours before the dawn we march upon that village. Tonight no fires, no noise, Sikia!"

The night air grew gradually colder. A fierce storm swept over the forest, and the rain, filtering through the thick foliage overhead, trickled in continuous streams upon the naked bodies of the raiders. It was still dark and raining when the hoarse whisper, "Tendele—tendele upesi" (March—march quickly) passed from one to another. The party set forth in single file. No word was spoken, and the only sound that betokened their progress was a slight swishing of leaves and the muffled tread of naked feet upon the spongy ground. Upon nearing the village clearing each man buckled his ammunition belt more tightly around his waist and wound a strip of dirty white cotton cloth about his head to serve as a distinguishing mark in the coming attack upon the naked natives.

With a shrill "Hae yah!" the raiders fired their first volley directly toward the huts where the natives were sleeping. "Llah—la—ihu!" roared the Manyema as they crashed through the bushes into the midst of a multitude of panic stricken savages, chasing the black figures hither and thither. Women and children shrieked, fowls flew cackling toward the woods, men's deep voices shouted incoherently, but the loud rifle reports and shouts of the relentless Manyema drowned all other sounds. Soon the village became enveloped in a dense white fog of sulphurous smoke and mist, in the obscurity of which the raiders' guns flashed forth tongues of fire.

Gradually the tumult ceased. The cool morning breeze dispelled the heavy cloud of mist and smoke, revealing the victorious raiders swaggering through the devasted village, driving scores of miserable women and children secured together in couples by means of lashings around the wrists. Soon the early morning sun shone in all its radiance, its bright beams glinting through the distant trees in sad contrast to the desolation of dead bodies and smoldering huts. By noon the raiders had established themselves in the former homes of the natives, a rough zeriba of brushwood was formed around the outside to serve as a precaution against any sudden attack, and the trembling captives were placed in the center under a watchful guard.

A few days after the attack upon the village the Arab chief Osmani gave instructions for two of the oldest of the captive women to be liberated. Two feeble creatures were brought forth and stood in abject terror before the marauding chief. "Go to your people who are hiding in the forest," said the Arab. "Tell them their women are alive, and tell them that we will set them free when they bring us elephant tusks. For each tusk of an elephant we will give back one woman. If within five days from now they do not come to us with ivory, we will take the women with us to another country and sell them to people who will kill and eat them. Go! Tell our words truly!" When the poor women realized they were free to depart, they darted forward with extraordinary agility into the woods.

On the morning of the fifth day the Arab camp was hailed by a voice from the forest. "Is it true that our women are still alive?" "It is true. It is indeed true," replied a Manyema in the native dialect. "I bring tusks of elephants. But first let me hear their voices that I may know you speak truly." The women were soon produced and were made to shout a reply to the native chief, who was all this time concealed from sight among the trees. After much delay, during which the Manyema in turns coaxed and threatened the timid and suspicious native, the young chief at length mustered sufficient courage to step forth. Depositing his burden of ivory in the open, he glanced meaningly in the direction of the Arab's camp. Instantly several women were liberated, and they rushed to the woods. In this fashion, during several subsequent days, the Arab chief was gradually relieved of his prisoners, and in their place he became enriched by a substantial stock of ivory.—Cassell's Magazine.

Hogs and Cholera.

A western farmer, feeding his hogs upon the ash pile of a deserted sawmill, lost none of his hogs from cholera, while his neighbors were all losing heavily. One of his neighbors, remembering how fond hogs were of ashes and charcoal, hauled ashes and made a bed on which to do his feeding, and when cholera came again he was likewise spared from its ravages.—Indiana Farmer.

ON AN AVALANCHE.

A Colorado Miner's Wild Ride Down a Mountain Side.

George D. Williamson, now engaged in mining near Lake City, tells a thrilling story of his experience in a snowslide in the mountains of Hinsdale county, in Colorado.

Mr. Williamson and a companion had been to look at a mining claim in which they were interested and were returning along the trail, when they came to a point at which there were evidences of a movement of the heavy mass of snow lying on the mountain side.

"I saw that it was liable to move again at any time," said Mr. Williamson, "and started back, with the remark that it was as much as a man's life was worth to attempt to cross the snow that had poured across the trail. From where we stood to the bottom of the gulch was about 1,000 feet, and we could see that the movement of the snow had stopped about 50 feet below the trail on which we were standing. I thought that by going around the snow carefully we could escape and save ourselves a long trip. I began clambering down the rocks on the edge of the slide. When I reached a point near the end of the slide, I looked back to where my friend stood at a safe distance and called to him that it was all right. A big dead tree had been brought down by the slide and rested on about three feet of snow, packed quite solid. The top of the tree projected about 20 feet beyond the end of the slide. Instead of going around the tree I sprang upon the trunk, intending to leap from it to the ground on the other side.

WILLIAMSON'S WILD RIDE.

"The moment I touched the log I knew I was gone. Whether the slide started of its own weight or whether my weight started it I will never know, but in an instant I was flying down the mountain. As the log began to move I dropped and fell astride it, grasping a limb in front of me with both hands. I heard the scream of my friend as I began to move, and then heard nothing more except the terrible roar of the avalanche behind me. There were no trees in the way, and the log went as straight as a die down the mountain side, fortunately for me keeping its position on top of the snow.

"I don't know what I thought. There was no time to do much thinking, and all my energies were devoted to the maintenance of my position. We passed some dead bushes, the broken twigs from which were dashed into my face, cutting the skin, and the wind almost stopped my breath. At the bottom of the narrow gulch the tree stopped for an instant, but before I could get off the pressure of the snow behind started it again, and it shot up the side of the opposite hill with scarcely any diminution of force.

"Gradually the avalanche spent its energy, and when the log came to a standstill I was sitting on the log holding the limb tightly, more than 200 feet up the mountain side, while behind me the snow, timbers and rocks filled the gulch to the level of my position, forming a ridge across the gully fully 150 feet high.

"The whole thing was over in half a minute, and, except for the scratches on my face, I was unhurt. As I shook the snow off and looked around I saw my friend tearing down the mountain on the other side of the gulch with the expectation that he would find my mangled body under the debris. Needless to say, he was astounded when he heard of my remarkable ride on the back of death."

In Morocco.

In Morocco the prevailing tone is grayish white, men's clothes and houses, towns, bushes, tall umbelliferæ nodding like ghosts in autumn—all are white, white sands upon the shore and in the Sahara and over all a white and saddening light, as if the sun was tired of shining down forever on the unchanging, dire. In no part of Morocco I have visited does the phrase "gorgeous east" have the least meaning, and this is always noted by the wandering easterns, who find the country dull and lacking in color compared with Asia, or, as the Arabs call it, "Blad Es Schark."—"A Journey to Morocco."

The Agricultural View.

Uncle Joe (reading)—The De Beers diamond mines yielded over 2,000,000 carats last year.

Aunt Hetty—Law sakes! Mrs De Beers ought to be a splendid butter maker with such cow feed.—Jewelers Weekly.

THE CUMBERLAND NEWS.

—ISSUED EVERY SATURDAY.—

M. E. Bissett Editor.

Subscribers failing to receive THE NEWS regularly will confer a favor by notifying the Office.

The columns of THE NEWS are open to all who wish to express therein views on matters of public interest.

While we do not hold ourselves responsible for the utterances of correspondents' we reserve the right of declining to insert communications unnecessarily personally.

☞ When writing communications to this paper, WRITE ON ONE SIDE ONLY of paper used. Printers DO NOT turn copy.

☞ Advertisers who want their ad changed, should get copy in by 12 a.m. day before issue.

SATURDAY, JUNE 17th, 1899.

THE GOVERNMENT DIVIDED

The idea of the nature of the meeting between the Vancouver delegates and the government in regard to Deadman's Island, given in a Vancouver despatch to the Colonist on Sunday morning, were substantially correct, as we learn from other sources. It is stated on the best of authority that the scene at the interview was unprecedented, the Attorney-General taking a very aggressive tone, and showing himself utterly beyond the control of the Premier. It is said though urged to remember that certain matters were only fit for discussion in the privacy of council meetings, Mr. Martin declared his determination to "set himself right before his constituents" then and there and made things more than unpleasant for Mr. Cotton. The latter gentleman did not say much, and is represented as having been in a condition of suppressed excitement. Those who were present will tear the Colonist out in saying that the exhibition was a most extraordinary one. No wonder as the facts are leaking out, people are asking themselves how long a house so badly divided against itself can stand.

We do not pretend to see the issue of the present serious division. How Mr. Martin can be permitted by his colleagues to remain at the council board with them is more than anyone on the autside can imagine. One difficulty in the way of his prampt ejection is Mr. Cotton's unwillingness to precipitate a contest in Vancouver with him over Deadman's Island as and issue. If Mr. Cotton felt sure of that constituency he would doubtless call upon Mr. Semlin to purge the cabinet of the Attorney-General's presence. Of course there would be considerable difficulty in getting a successor. There are few constituencies which the government would dare open at this time. The record of the past ten months is two disastrous for to care to face. We do not believe there there is a single constituency to which they feel they could look with any confidence for the election of a oandidate. Under these circumstances Messrs Semlin and Cotton, we can imagine, hardly knew what course to take. It would be to insult their intelligence to suggest that they are at all satisfied with Mr. Martin's conduct in connection with Deadman's Island and that they do not know as well as anyone else that Mr. Martin's conduct both in and out of office is heaping a load of of responsibility upon under which they must break down politically.

The Colonist does not wish to understood as holding the other members of the cabinet blameless of the grave administrative scandals and and legislative mistakes which the Attorney-General is most directly identified. They cannot shirk the responsibility of them, but it is fair to them to say that the province would be far safer in their hands without Mr. Martin in the cabinet than they are now. The whole cabinet ought to go, and will go long before the term of the present house expires; but the crying necessity of the hour is the ejection of Attorney-General Martin.—Colonist.

(CORRESPONDENCE.)

EDITOR NEWS:

As you invite discussion about the employment of Japanese in the coal mines, I take the liberty of mentioning a few things on the subject. Not every man who works above or underground is a miner. In the strict sense of the word a miner is one who digs or mines coal. It is not they above who ought to be judges, whether the Japs or other foreigners should be employed as helpers. It seems only reasonable that the miner should receive a better wage than the helper. I fail to see any reason against the employment of a Jap as a helper or servant of the miner. The concensus of opinion throughout the civilized world is rather in favor of the Japanese than otherwise. The educated white man acknowledges Japan as a brilliant and civilized nation—in many ways more civilized than the so-called white race. It is not held discreditable to a white man to associate with the Japanese. Why, therefore, should the latter be excluded from mining anymore than from elsewhere? If the Japs are to be kept out of the mines the miners alone should say so. BYSTANDER.

COMMENTS.

Congratulations to the Cumberland News upon its illustrated souvenir number. It is very creditable to the publisher and the place. —Victoria Colonist.

We are in receipt of the "Souvenir Edition" of THE CUMBERLAND NEWS. The edition is profusely illustrated with local views and it is a creditable production alike to its editor, office of publication and the city of Cumberland.—Wellington Enterprise.

As we go to press we have just received an advance copy of the Souvenir Number, published by our contemporary, The News. We regret that we have not time or space to properly review it, but are pleased to be able to state that it is a neat and artistic production, and reflects great credit upon the editor Miss Bissett, and her staff.—The Islander.

The Souvenir Number of the Cumberland News has come to hand. It is very nicely gotten up, and reflects great credit on the good taste and enterprise of its editor, Miss Mary Bissett. It contains a full description of the town of Cumberland, giving cuts of the Main street and all the principal buildings, with a write up of the Union Colliery Co.'s mines and the different business houses. It has been well patronized in the way of ads, and makes a nice, newsy souvenir.—Nanaimo Review.

A JAUNTING CAR.

Among the objects of interest to be seen at the Wharf last Wednesday, was an Irish jaunting car, the property of Mr. Geo. Roe. The car is straight from Dublin and is, we believe, the first of the kind to come to this district. The car has two wheels and the seats run lengthwise, so that passengers sit back to back facing the sides. In the rear are several receptacles convenient to the riders' reach and intended, doubtless, to hold temperance drinks. Underneath the car is a box-like compartment, the front of which is protected by Iron bars. This is to contain the "Blarney Stone." The bars are intended to prevent greedy persons from taking bites. Altogether, the car is a novelty out here, but is hardly safe to ride in for persons dreading the accent Hibernian. It is stated that the genial John Todd, who rashly ventured to test the accommodation of the jaunting car, has been speaking with a very strong brogue ever since.

LOCAL BRIEFS.

U. S. Nunevick, Rush and Thetis were coaling at the Wharf this week.

Buy our $1 kid glove. It is guaranteed the best in the market. Stevenson & Co.

We regret to hear of the serious illness of Mr. G. G. McDonald of the Elk Hotel.

Rev. Mr. Roberts and Mrs. Roberts have taken Mr. McDonald's cottage at the Bay.

We regret to chronicle the death of Mr. Parkins of the Settlement last Thursday night.

The race between Irish Lass and General on the 24th inst, promises to be a very interesting one.

Messrs C. J. Moore and P. Dunne having taken the oath of office and allegiance, are now full fledged J. P's.

Mr. Jack Hawkins, late of the Courtenay House, has been dispensing liquid refreshments at the Cumberland Hotel.

NOTICE.—Stevenson & Co. are sellitg pale blue ecru and nilegreen green chiffon laces worth 50c. per yard, at 25c. and 35c.

H. M. S. Virago, Amphion, Pheasant and Icarus were in Comox this week. The two latter left Friday for Behring Sea, via Esquimalt.

Tenders are called for carrying mail once a week from Parksville, on the Nanaimo Road, to Cumberland, and also from Cumberland to Comox.

We wonder if it is true that one of the noisome anti-Chinese agitators in this town is encouraging(?) white labor by giving contracts to Chinamen to clear off his ranch.

The unveiling of the monument of the late Alf. Walker by the "Woodmen of the World," will take place to-morrow (Sunday) June 18, at the Presbyterian cemetery, Sandwick, at 2:30 p. m.

In not publishing notices concerning public matters, it is not Government Agent's fault, but that of those who rule him. The meanness of a government which compels its officials to write out notices and tack them to fence posts when there are two news papers in the town has no precedent.

There was a social at the Presbyterian Church, Sandwick, on last Tuesday evening, given in honor of Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Tait, previous to their departure for the Old Country. A most enjoyable time was spent. There were quite a number down from Cumberland and Union. Light refreshments were served.

Rev. Father Durand will hold service in St. John's Church at 8.30 a.m. Sunday.

HOTEL ARRIVALS.

CUMBERLAND HOTEL.—R. Simpson, Nanaimo; A. Shaw and J. B. Boyle, Victoria; E. Levine and H. A. Bull, Valdez Island; G. T. Reid, Victoria.

CORPORATION OF THE CITY OF CUMBERLAND

TENDERS will be received up to Monday, 6 o'clock, p. m., the 19th June instant, for digging different drains in the City of Cumland.

For plans and specifications apply to James A. Carthew.

L. W. NUNNS, C. M. C.

Dated the 10th of June, 1899.

We wish to notify the people of Comox District that we have just received a carload of choice vehicles which are open for inspection in our show rooms at Courtenay, consisting of Express Wagons and Carriages, which we guarantee to be First Class in style and finish, which will be disposed of at reasonable prices. We are also prepared to do all kinds of repairing and guarantee satisfaction in all branches. We don't say very much, but we are in a position to saw wood just the same.

We thank you for your patronage of the past and solicit a share of the same in the future.

We Remain,
Respectfully Yours,
G. B. LEIGHTON,
Courtenay, B. C.

For a Good Spring Medicine

Try a bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla,

I have a full stock of all the Popular Medicines.....

Finest quality of Stationery, School Supplies. TRY

A. H. Peacey.

Notice.

NOTICE is hereby given that the undernoted have made an application for an Hotel Licence to sell intoxicating liquors under the provisions of the statutes in that behalf:

GEORGE HOWE, Nelson House, Union Bay.

FRANCIS D. LITTLE, Union Hotel, Union.

The Board of Licence Commissioners will meet to consider the above applications on Friday, June 30th, at one o'clock, p. m. at the Court House, Cumberland.

JOHN THOMSON,
Chief Licence Inspector.

Cumberland, June 15th, 1899.

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Single and Double Rigs to le
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TIME TABLE EFFECTIVE NOV. 19TH, 1898.

VICTORIA TO WELLINGTON.

No. 2 daily. A.M.		No. 4 Saturday A.M.
De. 9:00	Victoria	De. 3:0
" 9:39	Goldstream	" 3:3
" 10:19	Shawnigan Lake	" 4:1
" 10:58	Duncans	4:4
P.M.		P.M.
" 12:30	Nanaimo	6:0
Ar. 12:45	Wellington	Ar. 6:1

WELLINGTON TO VICTORIA.

No. 1 Daily. A.M.		No. 3 Saturday A.M.
De. 8:25	Wellington	De. 2:1
" 8:46	Nanaimo	" 3:2
" 10:04	Duncans	" 4:5
" 10:42	Shawnigan Lake	" 5:3
" 11:33	Goldstream	" 5.1
Ar. 12 00 M.	Victoria	Ar. 6 35 P.M.

Reduced rates to and from all points Saturdays and Sundays good to return Monday.

For rates and all information apply at Company's Offices.

A. DUNSMUIR, PRESIDENT. GEO. L. COURTNEY, Traffic Manager.

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FOR SALE.—A number of young pigs, different sizes. Berkshires. WM. LEWIS, Courtenay